



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per. 1419 e. $\frac{2931}{19.20}$

THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

VOL. XIX., 1853.

LONDON:
JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.
1853.

LONDON :
J. GADSBY, PRINTER, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.
FLEET STREET.

INDEX TO THE SIGNATURES.

- Abbott, James, 361.
 Abbott, Wm., 176, 300.
 A Poor Man, 148.
 Arrowsmith, 346.
 A Smoking Flax, 369.
 A Student, 189.
 Berridge, John, 13, 26, 36, 41, 132,
 144, 147, 156, 164, 179, 189,
 234, 268, 314, 324, 344, 356,
 390.
 Boorne, Ann, 175.
 Boorne, W., 120, 175.
 Broadbridge, C., 367.
 Brooks, T., 62, 132.
 Brown, W., 31, 56.
 Bunyan, 228, 390.
 Claydon, Mary P., 372.
 Claydon, Robert, 371.
 Coles, E., 19, 28, 30, 36, 44, 54,
 68, 75, 260, 324.
 Collinge, T., 212.
 Crisp, 333.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 67.
 Doddridge, 109, 132, 156, 183, 185,
 203, 239, 269, 284, 307, 333,
 368.
 E. S., 74.
 Fowler, Henry, 359.
 Gadsby, William, 204.
 Gill, Dr., 209, 356.
 Godwin, T., 29, 210, 345.
 Goodwin, C., 292.
 Goulding, C., 235, 269.
 G. T. C., 186, 304, 366.
 Gurnall, 317.
 Hammond, W., 185.
 Hawker, Robert, 26, 50, 62, 75,
 87, 100, 109, 174, 183, 314.
 Huntington, Wm., 26, 55, 62, 98.
 I. K., 274.
 Inquirer, 115.
 J. B., 278.
 J. C., 302.
 Jenkins, J., 27, 173.
 J. R., 43.
 Keyt, J., 51, 315.
 Lindsley, Dr. U. S., 20, 45, 76,
 110, 139.
 Lodge, Charles, 42.
 Luther, 81, 196, 246.
 Mason, John, 30, 36, 41, 100.
 Mason, W., 125, 172, 174, 206,
 234, 299, 354.
 Meade, M., 55.
 M. G., 355.
 Moore, W., 81, 337.
 Nathaniel, 180, 242, 279, 308.
 Newton, John, 13, 209.
 Owen, Dr., 30, 68, 147, 267, 277,
 336, 344, 354, 364.
 Parsons, E., 240.
 Perry, Joseph, 197, 229, 261, 293,
 325.
 Pierce, 147.
 Radford, J., 107.
 Robins, Edmund, 14, 37, 69, 101,
 133, 165.
 Romaine, W., 203.
 R. P., 115.
 Rusk, John, 283, 338.
 Rutherford, 218, 278, 346, 362.
 Shorter, D., 334.
 S. S., 196.
 Tanner, Henry, 145.
 T. B. 365.
 Tiptaft, William, 26, 228, 284, 301,
 307, 337, 363, 390.
 Toplady, 28, 213, 292, 301, 336,
 356.
 T. W. (misprinted J. W.) 82.
 Walsh, Caroline, 194, 214, 247.
 Warburton, John, 207.
 Whitefield, George, 13, 54.
 W. S., 18, 184, 360.

POETRY.

- Anonymous, 196, 228, 259, 291.
 D., 324.
 I. T., 36.
 T. W., 99, 131, 163.
 W. B., 68.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

NO. 205. JANUARY, 1853. VOL. XIX.

ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE “GOSPEL STANDARD.”

IN the world everything at this moment speaks of movement and progress. Science daily wins new fields; art advances in taste and beauty; trade flourishes; employment abounds; wealth increases; luxury prevails. Australia pours forth her golden treasures, and draws thousands across the ocean, to turn up, like Demas, her glittering ore. America opens wide her arms to myriads of needy emigrants. Steam-ships, railways, electric telegraphs, spreading in every direction and knitting in close bonds the most distant nations, all bespeak an era of activity and progress such as the world has never yet seen. Well may the prince and god of this world look from his dusky throne upon his devoted subjects and worshippers, and say, “All goes on well. Never did the sons of Adam post faster to hell.” The whirl of business; the ever-clanging hammer; the ever-whirring shuttle; the snorting of the iron steed, hourly dragging in his swift train thousands of throbbing brains; the incessant occupation of mind in office, shop, and counting-house; the clamour of “work, work, work,” ever knolling from the factory-bell—in this huge fermenting vat of life all seems heaving and moving. Men view these signs of the times and cry, “What prosperity! what success! Let us only have more of it; more business, more gold; greater crops, larger barns; then will we take our ease, eat, drink, and be merry.”

But where, with all this material prosperity, is religion—vital

godliness, the work of grace? Does this flourish too? Is the church, the Lamb's wife, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do striking conversions or remarkable deliverances abound? Does love reign in the bosom of churches? Do ministers preach with power and savour? Is God deeply feared, his promises firmly believed, his precepts carefully obeyed, his ordinances highly prized, his word dearly loved, his glory earnestly sought? Are those who profess the truth humble, prayerful, watchful, spiritually-minded, walking as living witnesses for God, and testifying to an ungodly world that they are children and servants of the Most High? Is the line of separation between the church and the world clear and distinct? And does she shine forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" Who can say so? Who can say of the church that she is flourishing, and that her prosperity runs parallel with that of the world? We may rather take up Joel's lament: "The field is wasted, the land mourneth; for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth. Be ye ashamed, O ye husbandmen; howl, O ye vinedressers, for the wheat and for the barley; because the harvest of the field is perished. The vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth; the pomegranate tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field are withered." (Joel i. 10—12.)

No one who knows what grace is, and what grace does, can help seeing that Zion's sky is much beclouded, that the life of God is at a low ebb, and that the blessings and consolations of the Spirit are much restrained. Go where you will, the same complainings reach the ear. Churches are much rent and divided, party spirit widely prevails, coldness and deadness benumb those who once seemed full of life and feeling. When the children of God meet there is little real spiritual conversation. Worldly subjects, the mere trifles of the day, the weather, the markets, and the crops, politics and gossip, thrust out the things of God. When religion is talked of, it is all at a distance; experience is lost in a cloud of generalities; the gifts and abilities, texts and sermons, changes and movements of ministers are a prevailing topic; some controversial point is breached, on which the combatants fall tooth and nail; the contending parties lose their temper; one warm word produces another, till the whole degenerates into an ale-house squabble, and poor religion is as much trampled down in the vestry as sobriety is in the tap-room. Where is love and union amidst this strife of tongues? What are the feel-

ings of the tender-hearted, the meek and quiet, the newly-called, the young members of churches, the exercised part of the flock, the doubting and fearing, when they see those who, for age and experience, should be fathers in Israel, cold and dead in conversation, asleep under the ministry, buried in carnality, and whose tongues can only wag when the world is on the carpet, strife at the church-meeting, or disputation in the vestry? When churches are made up of discordant materials, strife and disunion must needs exist. How can the stormy petrel and the timid dove dwell in the same nest? The dove cannot scream on the crest of the boiling wave and gather up its fishy prey between the heaving billows, revelling in wind and storm. Nor can the petrel lodge in the calm nest of love, cooing lamentations for the absence of its beloved.

It is, however, a mark that the Lord has not left his church that there are such doves still. "Behold, thou art fair, my love!" says the Lord to the church; "behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes." (Cant. i. 15.) "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled." "My dove, my undefiled, is but one." (Cant. v. 2; vi. 9.) These doves are the quiet in the land; the meek, who are to inherit the earth; the humble and contrite, who tremble at God's word; the marked in forehead, that sigh and cry for all the abominations; the tender-hearted Josiahs, who rend their garments at the discovery of the law; the Baruchs, who seek not great things for themselves, but whose life is given them for a prey. These abhor themselves, with Job; cry out "Woe is me!" with Isaiah; lament over Zion's desolations, with Jeremiah; lie on their side all the days of her siege, like Ezekiel; and rejoice in the building of the temple of the Lord, with Nehemiah. These pray for the peace of Jerusalem, love the very dust and stones of Zion, are valiant for the truth on earth, and cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart. True, they are, like Asaph, plagued all the day long and chastened every morning; like Heman, their soul is often full of troubles and their life draweth nigh to the grave; their hope, with Job's, is sometimes removed like a tree; like Hezekiah, for peace they have often great bitterness; and, like Joseph, the archers frequently grieve them, and shoot at them, and hate them. At the throne of grace, Satan resists them, as he did Joshua, the high priest, and accuses them before God day and night, as he did the ancient martyrs; snares beset their feet on every side; often do they slip and stumble in slippery places; lusts and passions work at a fearful rate; an evil heart is ever sprouting evil things; and gloomy despair sometimes opens wide

her arms, as if at the last gasp she would bear them away into the blackness of darkness for ever.

We do not say there are not some favoured individuals whose souls are more warmed by the beams, and watered with the rains and dews of heaven than those whose experience we have just sketched out. The Lord bless them more and more abundantly, and, if his will, increase their number! They are bright and blessed exceptions to the generality of the living family at this day. But they are, for the most part, deeply afflicted, and need these cordials; and if they have more of the consolations they have more of the afflictions of Christ.

But is the state of things at this day without a parallel in the word of truth? The latter days of the Jewish Church, just before the Babylonish captivity, and the period just before the prophet Malachi closed the canon of the Old Testament, appear to present very similar features—we may perhaps add, even worse. Read the prophecies of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, and see their lamentations over prophet, and priest, and people. “The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?” (Jer. v. 31.) “For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth falsely. They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.” (Jer. vi. 13, 14.) “Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar; say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it.” (Ezek. xiii. 10, 11.) Bold indeed and fearless were the denunciations of these servants of God against the ungodliness that abounded in those days. Without fear and without flattery they proclaimed the coming judgments of God upon a guilty nation. But how did they treat the suffering remnant? Did they make no distinction between the timid and the stout-hearted; the tremblers at God’s word and the doers of evil; the sickly sheep and the strong he-goats? Here are they eminently worthy of our imitation. Did they whip the afflicted saints with scorpions? Did they lash them with the same scourge as the ungodly world or the false prophets? No; on the contrary, they gave them repeated promises of the Lord’s favour. This was the burden of their testimony,

“Verily, it shall be well with thy remnant.” They encouraged them to seek the Lord’s face: “Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought his judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord’s anger.” (Zeph. ii. 3.) They encouraged them to trust in the Lord: “Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.” (Isa. l. 10.) They assured them that the Lord would appear to their joy; (Isa. lxvi. 5;) that he would be a wall of fire round about them, and his glory in the midst of them; (Zech. ii. 5;) that he would seek them out and deliver them out of all places where they had been scattered in the cloudy and dark day; that though the mountains should depart, and the hills be removed, yet that his kindness should not depart from them, nor the covenant of his peace be removed. Should not we follow in this track? If we are called upon to cry aloud and spare not; to lift up the voice like a trumpet and show the people their transgression and the house of Judah their sins, yet are we equally called upon not to make the heart of the righteous sad whom God hath not made sad. The inspired prophets, if they had a commission “to root out, and to pull down, to destroy, and to throw down,” had also a commission “to build and to plant.” (Jer. i. 10.) If the hail swept away the refuge of lies, there was still laid “in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.” Let not Jesus be overlooked; his precious blood be tacitly set aside; his justifying obedience be put out of sight; his grace forgotten; and his dying love neglected. We may see so much evil in ourselves and others as to see nothing else; have our eyes so fixed and riveted on the malady as to lose all view of the remedy; dwell so much and so long on Zion’s sickness as to forget there is balm still in Gilead and a mighty Physician there. There is much hazard of falling into a legal spirit in the endeavour to avoid an Antinomian one. Zion is sick and languishing. How is she to be healed and restored? By the law or the gospel? Does balm flow from Mount Sinai or Mount Sion? The sheep are sickly. To cure them, shall the under-shepherds beat them on the head with the crook and throw them over the hurdles, or shall they take them to the green pastures and the still waters? Shall they overdrive them, with Esau, or lead them on softly, with Jacob? Shall they rule them with force and cruelty, or feed them upon the mountains of Israel, in a good fold, and in a fat pasture?

(Ezek. xxxiv. 4, 14.) Strife exists in churches. How are these strifes to be healed and peace restored? By the ministers taking the whip into the pulpit, like a vixen mother, who flogs the children all round more as a vent for her own passion than for their good? A slap here and a box on the ear there will no more restore peace to a church than to a household. Families and churches are to be ruled by love, not by the rod. Let there indeed be a rod, and, when necessary, let it be brought out, for discipline is as needful in the church as in the house; but let not the rod be the main instrument, and not be used till all gentler means have been tried and fail. And if the rod be necessary, let it be steeped in the pastor's tears, and be laid on, not as a schoolmaster flogs a truant, but as a parent chastises a child.

We are bound, by the tenderest ties and the most blessed obligations, to show forbearance and forgiveness to erring brethren. We are not to justify their evil deeds nor wink at sin, but to consider ourselves, lest we also be tempted. We are not to be harsh and unforgiving, ever prone to censure and condemn, taking our brethren by the throat for a hundred pence, with a "pay me that thou owest," forgetting our own debt of ten thousand talents. We are not to be ever weighing and tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of judgment and love. We are not to sit as judges, but to stand at the bar as criminals; not to elevate ourselves by depressing others; nor increase our own comparative goodness by throwing into the opposite scale the deficiencies of professors. This did not the prophets. They identified themselves with the Lord's people in all their confessions. Who more blameless than Daniel? Yet read his confession (Dan. ix.): "*We* have sinned, and have committed iniquity," &c. Not, "*I*, Daniel, am free." Who more faithful than Jeremiah? Yet how he identifies himself with sinning Israel! "*We* have transgressed and rebelled." "Turn thou *us* unto thee, and *we* shall be turned; renew *our* days as of old." (Lam. iii. 42; v. 21.) Who more obedient than Moses? Yet he does not separate himself from transgressing Israel: "Pardon *our* iniquity and *our* sin." (Exod. xxxiv. 9.) When he departed from this putting his mouth in the dust, and taking the rod in his hand, smote with it not only the face of the rock but the backs of Israel, with a "Hear now, ye rebels," as if *he* too were not one, he shut himself out of the land of promise. He stood then as a god, and not as a man, and therefore did not "sanctify the Lord in the eyes of the children of Israel." (Num.

xx. 11, 12.) When Paul sent a rod to the church at Corinth, it was not in a self-exulting, self-righteous spirit, but "out of much affliction and anguish of heart, with many tears;" and when his reproofs were blessed to their repentance, he was "filled with comfort, and was exceeding joyful in all his tribulation." (2 Cor. ii. 4; vii. 4.) What an example of the highest faithfulness blended with the tenderest affection! He is slow to wound and swift to heal; last with the rod and first with the kiss; angry with the sin, but tender over the sinner; jealous of the Lord's glory, but mindful of his grace; careful for the purity and profit of the flock, but yearning to bring back the wandering sheep. Were pastors Pauls and churches epistles of Christ, there would be fewer divisions, and those sooner healed. But when an unyielding, unforgiving spirit is manifested on either side, when churches cannot bear with the infirmities of their ministers, and ministers will not give way where they are evidently in fault, a smouldering volcano lies under pulpit and pew which will one day burst forth into, in this life, unquenchable flame. "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

There is no truer sign nor more alarming symptom of the decline of vital godliness, than the want of love and union amongst those who profess the truth. If love to the brethren mark the dawn of spiritual life, the decay of that love most certainly denotes its decline. A house divided against itself cannot stand. A besieged city, if torn with internal faction, must fall before the enemy. Peace in the church is the next blessing to peace in the soul, and is most intimately connected with it. It is as absurd as it is hypocritical to talk of having peace with God when the heart is at war with the brethren. To peace, then, must we sacrifice everything but truth and conscience. Our strife should be, not to gain our own selfish ends, nor stiffly carry out our own opinions, nor rule and domineer over the minds of others, as if our own views were necessarily infallible, but to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. The prosperity of a church does not consist in the number of its members, nor in the praying gifts of its deacons, nor in its liberal quarterly collections, nor in the gifts and abilities of the minister, nor in the clear doctrinal views of the people, but in the love which knits the whole body together. The real increase of a church is not so much from without as from within, "the increase of the body unto the edifying itself in love." Without this internal increase members may be added to a church by scores, and yet the

whole body be a discordant mass of shapeless limbs, without union either to the Head or to each other.

We may be certain that the precepts of the New Testament for mutual love and forgiveness cannot be slighted and neglected with impunity. Our stubborn temper and unforgiving spirit may refuse to listen to the word of God, but we cannot, except to our own cost, set aside Scripture precepts and Scripture practice because our corrupt nature withstands them. God's ways may not please our carnal mind, but he will not alter them for that reason. If we walk contrary to him he will walk contrary to us, and if we are disobedient we shall reap its bitter fruits. If sin be at one end of the chain, sorrow will surely be at the other. If we sow to the flesh, we shall most certainly of the flesh reap corruption; but if we sow to the Spirit, we shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

But what we chiefly need, and that to which our prayers and desires should be directed, is the pouring out of the Spirit upon pastors and churches, and the whole church of God. No other means will avail. For want of this we are continually in extremes. We see this in the ministry of the present day, for the ministry is but a reflection of the times. Some are all for doctrine. Doctrine, doctrine, doctrine, and all in the hardest, driest form, is their unvaried staple. Most sweet and precious are the doctrines of the gospel when distilled into the soul by the Holy Spirit; but delivered in a cold systematic way as a mere creed, they are made a substitute for vital godliness, and thus become a curse instead of a blessing. Others, seeing the neglect in our day of practical religion, urge the precept continually, but in a spirit so legal, and with a temper so warm, that grace seems almost thrust out of sight, and the poor hearers are ever filled with bondage and slavish fear. And others, who preach experience, dwell so much on the workings of sin as almost to omit the workings of grace, and, pointing out the malady almost forget to dwell on the remedy.

But all these, and innumerable other evils under which Zion now labours, can only be remedied by the pouring out of the Spirit from on high. From Him alone comes a true sight of sin, repentance for it, confession of it, and turning from it. Then will Zion repent and abhor herself in dust and ashes; then will confession flow forth to God and the brethren; then will love and union be revived between ministers and churches; and then will the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Till that happy time arrive, our wisdom and

mercy will be to avoid strife and contention. A sight and sense of the evils in ourselves and others should teach us mutual forbearance. We are all in the hospital, and shall we quarrel with our fellow-patients? Should we not rather sympathise with each other's complaints, and be looking out for the arrival of the Physician who alone can cure each and all? On this common ground, even in the present dark and gloomy day, all the living family may meet. But if we cannot keep out of contention, and desire a matter of strife with the brethren, let this be our ground of dispute, Who is the greater sinner; who owes most to the Saviour; who shall live most to his glory.

I am now in my seventy-second year, and seem to have lived long enough for myself. I have known something of the evil of life, and have had a large share of the good. I know what the world can do, and what it cannot do; it can neither give nor take away that peace of God which passes all understanding; it cannot soothe a wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with comfort.—*Newton.*

Every dog that barks at me, and every horse that lifts his heel against me, proves I am a fallen creature. The brute creation durst not show an enmity before the fall, nor had they any, but testified a willing homage unto Adam by coming for a name. (Gen. ii. 19.) Eve no more dreaded the serpent than we dread a fly. But, when man shook off allegiance to his God, the beasts, by divine permission, shook off allegiance also to man.—*Berridge.*

Our Lord's turning the water, which was poured out so plentifully, into wine, is a sign of the plentiful pouring out of his Spirit into the hearts of believers. The Holy Spirit is in Scripture compared unto wine; and therefore the prophet calls us to buy wine as well as milk; that is, the Spirit of love, which fills and gladdens the soul as it were with new wine. The apostle alludes to this when he bids the Ephesians not to be "drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." I know these terms are unintelligible to natural men; they can no more understand me than if I spake to them in an unknown tongue, for they are only to be spiritually discerned. To you then that are spiritual do I speak, to you that are justified by faith and feel the blessed Spirit of Jesus Christ working upon your hearts. You can judge of what I say. You have already (I am persuaded) been as it were filled with new wine by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit! But you have not yet had half your portion; these are only earnest, and, in comparison, but shadows of good things to come; our Lord keeps his best wine for you till the last; and though you have drunk deep of it already, yet he intends to give you more. He will not leave you till he has filled you to the brim, until you are ready to cry out, "Lord, stay thine hand; thy poor creatures can hold no more!"—*Whitefield.*

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

[The valuable sermon of which we here present the first portion, was published many years ago, but has become very scarce, and we believe cannot now be procured. This has induced us to lay it before our readers.

Edmund Robins was a minister highly valued in his day, as an able, well-taught, experimental man of God, and preached to a congregation composed mainly of Mr. Huntington's hearers, who, after his death, met for the worship of God in Conway Street Chapel.]

"And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."—Exodus xxv. 22.

In the chapter preceding this out of which my text is taken, we have an account of Moses being called up into the mount to have converse with the Lord, and he was there forty days and forty nights; and during the time he was there he received orders from God about the tabernacle that was to be erected in the wilderness. And in the beginning of this chapter it is said, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering." And the things they were to offer, and which Moses was to accept of them, was "gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate." With these materials there was to be a sanctuary erected for the worship of the Lord; and the first thing that Moses had orders about was the ark.

This ark was made in the form of a chest; it was about four feet and a half long, and about two feet nine inches in breadth and in height; it was made of shittim wood, a very valuable wood, which grew in the desert of Arabia, and was smooth, tough, beautiful, very hard, and durable;* it was covered with gold within and without, and upon the top of its edge there was a crown of gold. Upon the four corners of it there were to be four rings of gold; two on one side and two on the other. And there were to be two staves of shittim wood, covered over with gold, to be put through these rings, and they were to be fixed into the rings; and the tribe of Levi, Aaron and his sons, were to bear the ark upon their shoulders and carry it from place to place. By these two staves, in the next place, there was a lid or cover to the ark, which was to be called the mercy-seat; it was made of solid gold. And out of this lid or cover, called the

* The shittim wood is generally supposed to have been obtained from a species of acacia, the same tree that furnishes gum Arabic. Google

mercy-seat, there were to be two cherubims made or hammered out, and they were to face each other, and rather to look downward, as if they were prying into the ark; so that the mercy-seat was laid upon the ark.

The ark contained the two tables of the law; and there was a repository by the side of it, I believe, where the golden pot of manna was, and Aaron's rod that budded, and also a copy of the five books of Moses, according to what Paul says to the Hebrews. (ix. 3—6.) Now, this ark being made, and the lid of it called the mercy-seat, and the cherubims on the mercy-seat facing each other, God promises to meet with them, and to bless them, and to commune with them "from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims," and this accounts for the Psalmist's prayer: "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." (Ps. lxxx. 1.) The ark was a very sacred vessel, and it was death for any to look into it but the priest; hence it was carried under a cover. (Exod. xxxvii. 1—9; Num. iv. 5, 6, 20.)

This ark was a grand type of Christ, as our Mediator, and the mercy-seat too. The wood it was made of being valuable may set forth the value of Christ to poor sinners; the beauty of it may set forth the glory of Christ in his person and work, so that he is the "fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely;" its being tough and hard may set him forth as the Son of Man made strong for God's own self; (Ps. lxxx. 17;) and its being durable may set forth the durableness of his merits and work. "Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver." (Prov. viii. 18, 19.) Its being overlaid within and without with gold may set forth the precious grace that the Holy Spirit adorned him with as man within and the perfection of his life without, so that he was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) The four rings that were at the four corners set forth the harmony of the divine perfections in him as Mediator; as David says, "Mercy and truth are met together" in him; "righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxv. 10.) The staves that went through the rings, to bear the ark, that were to be put upon the priests' shoulders, may set forth gospel ministers carrying Christ to poor sinners; or, as Paul says, "bearing him among the Gentiles;" for the tidings gospel ministers carry or bear is Christ crucified; as Paul says, "We preach Christ crucified;" and, says he, "I am determined to know nothing else among men." And, writing to the Hebrews, he says, "Remember them that have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

And that none were to carry the ark but the tribe of Levi is very plain from many passages of Holy Writ, one proof of which I will bring. Just before the death of Eli there was a battle between the Philistines and Israel, and Israel took the ark of God into the

field of battle with them, as it is recorded 1 Sam. iv.; and Israel was smitten; and the ark of God was taken. All the time the Philistines were in possession of the ark they had nothing but troubles or plagues; and they did in a curious way send it back to Israel again, as you see in 1 Sam. vi. When it came to Beth-shemesh, fifty thousand and seventy persons looked into it, contrary to God's order, and the Lord smote them. (1 Sam. vi. 19.) The men of Beth-shemesh immediately send it away to Kirjath-jearim, and it was fixed in the house of Abinadab, and there it remained a long time, until the days of David. At last David consulted with his captains and leaders, and determined to fetch up the ark from Kirjath-jearim, and bring it to his own city, and fix it in a tent that he had provided for it.

Now observe, instead of its being carried upon the shoulders of the priests by the staves that were in the rings of the ark, David has a new cart made to put it upon, a yoke of oxen to draw it, and two men to drive it. As it was going along, the oxen stumbled; the ark upon the cart shook; Uzzah, one of the drivers, puts forth his hand to stay it; God strikes him dead. This breach filled David with slavish fear, and he was afraid to bring the ark home; hence he leaves it at the house of Obed-edom. God blesses the house of Obed-edom for the sake of the ark; it remains there three months. God's blessing the house of Obed-edom appears to stir up jealousy in David; and he being convinced of his error in not putting it upon the shoulders of the priests, consults with his great men, and tells them that none ought to bear the ark of the Lord but the Lord's own priests. And, says David, "The Lord made a breach upon us at the first, because we sought him not after the due order;" and then in harmony they all unite, and with great joy and solemnity the ark is brought into the city of David, and pitched in the tent appointed for it. (1 Chron. xiii., xv., xvi.) Some years after this, it was by Solomon fixed in the temple, in the innermost part thereof; and there it was until the temple was destroyed by the Chaldeans. The ark was wanting in the second temple; and as it was a symbol of the divine presence, the loss of it presaged the approaching abolition of the whole of the ceremonies. It was called the ark of the covenant and the ark of the testimony, because the law of God was in it, or his testimony, or that covenant he made with Israel. It was called the ark of his strength, where he rested. (Ps. cxxxii. 8.) So that, according to the above account, it was unlawful for any to bear this ark but the Levites, the Lord's ministers; and so it is the same to this day, as it regards the antitype, Christ. And the Levites were to be chosen, called, washed and clothed, sanctified, consecrated, and anointed, before ever they were ceremonially fit for such an office. (Exod. xl. 9—16.)

Now the word Levi signifies joined; and all that are fit to preach Christ to poor sinners are joined to the Lord. First, In God's purpose; and, secondly, though by the fall they have a corrupted will, but being one with Christ in covenant love they shall be made willing to leave the world and its wretched practices behind, and the spirit

of it, and human wisdom, and self-righteousness, and all supposed strength, and, in a word, all things that stand in opposition to Christ, and be truly willing to come as poor, needy, empty-handed sinners to Christ for all. And when this is the case there is manifestly a joining; and when it pleases God to reveal his Son in the heart the hope of glory, and the blood and righteousness of Christ are felt in the conscience, and the love of God in some measure believed in, so that the soul is filled with joy and peace in believing, this makes it clearly known to the sinner that he is joined to the Lord, and one with Christ, the covenant Head. Such a man is a Levite, joined; such a one is chosen in God's purpose in Christ, manifestly chosen out of the world in time, called by a divine power out of darkness into light, washed in the blood of Christ from all his filthiness, and cleansed from all his idols by divine love; clothed without by the righteousness of Christ, and within by the sweet adorning of the graces of God's Spirit; sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and set apart from this vain world, and consecrated to God's service, and anointed with the oil of joy. Such a soul, if God gives him a door of utterance to speak of what he has felt, tasted, and handled of the good word of life, is a proper person to bear or to carry our spiritual ark, Christ.

Further, the ark was a type of Christ, inasmuch as it contained the law, or the two tables of stone upon which the law was written. So the law of God is in the heart of Christ, and he undertook to fulfil it as man's Surety, and in time he did obey it; and it never can condemn a soul that trusts his all in Christ. And as the ceremonial law was deposited in the side of the ark, it might be to show that the blood and water that came out of the side of Christ would fulfil all that; his blood to answer all that was typified by the blood under the law, and the water to answer to all that was typified by the rinsings by water under that dispensation; so that, as Paul says, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe." And neither devil, sin, death, law, nor hell, shall ever hurt that soul that has a grain of true faith in Christ; the devil cannot, for Christ has destroyed the power of him for all his redeemed; sin cannot, for it was all atoned for by him; the law cannot, for it has in Christ all its demands; death cannot, or hell, for Christ has triumphed over all these upon the cross, and as a proof of his victory has arisen from the grave, ascended into heaven, taken his seat at the right hand of God, and ever liveth to make intercession for his own, and declares because he lives, they shall live also. Moreover, the ark is said to have a crown of gold upon it, and it may set forth how the saints of God crown him Lord of all by a living faith, and how he will be crowned by them in the world to come, when they will be unitedly ascribing "Salvation to God and the Lamb for ever." Once more, the blessing of God attended all that had a reverence for the ark. And so all that adhere to Christ, and embrace the darling Son of God, shall never be ashamed or confounded world without end.

I will speak a word or two now of the mercy-seat, or the lid or cover of the ark. It was just as long as the ark, four feet and a

half, and it was the same in breadth, two feet nine inches, and it was all of gold. This might set forth to us that mercy is extended as far as the merits of Christ; and as the mercy-seat was laid upon the ark, it may show us that if the ark was wanting there could be no mercy for us; or, in other words, justice will not admit of mercy being shown to us unless it gets satisfaction from the ark, Christ. Further, out of this solid lid of gold, or mercy-seat, there were two cherubims hammered or beaten out, one at each end, and they faced one another, and bent downwards, as if they were looking into the ark, and with their wings they covered the mercy-seat; and it might set forth to us the harmony of good angels and God's ministers in the redemption by Christ. Angels are cherubims and servants to the church; (Ps. xviii. 9; Heb. i. 14;) and Peter says they desire to look into these things. (1 Pet. i. 11, 12.) Hence they sung at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And gospel ministers are set forth in Ezekiel x. as cherubims; and we are sure that they wish to look more into the work of redemption. Thus the ark and the mercy-seat was God's resting-place, and so is Christ. Here it was, according to my text, that God met with the children of Israel, and did commune with them from above the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims; here he communed with them, and they with him.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF FAITH IN A PURE CONSCIENCE.

My dear W.,—I sit down to write you a few lines. Through mercy we are all well. I got home from Poynings in the morning, where I left the friends well. On Wednesday evening I was somewhat shut up as to utterance, yet it seemed to have been made more useful than common. I spoke from John xii. 50. I hope you are not left without a portion. Elkanah gave portions to Peninnah and her sons; yet to Hannah he gave a worthy portion, for it is said he loved her. Those whom God loveth, he giveth himself to be their portion. This indeed is not for any worthiness in them; and, sooner or later, how evident does he make it appear to them. Such in his sight as standing in Adam could not draw his affections towards them; but it was in Christ from everlasting. Such was his love for them, that "he gave his only-begotten Son to redeem them" from the misery and wretchedness which they were in; for instead of loving God, they hated him with a perfect hatred. This is proved when the law of God in its spirituality reaches the poor quickened sinner's heart. Such indeed can but wonder that it pleased the Father to treasure in his dear Son a fulness of grace for lost sinners. This has been the river, or fountain, which has never ceased to be a sufficient portion for a poor and needy sinner; one that has been, and from time to time is humbled to accept the punishment of his guilt. Such a one can tell a little of the worth of that portion which God's love to sinners is. It is

wonderful what a light it conveys into the soul of the mystery of faith; so much so as to wonder indeed at such a love. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed," &c., says John; that heart which nothing short of grace could ever bring forth evangelical repentance in, and without which, says Christ, "ye shall all likewise perish." How great is that truth! If a man would give all he has for it, it would be utterly despised afterward by the Giver of it. Then what a portion for one so to have repentance bestowed as a gift as to know all his sins are forgiven, in being enabled to receive the Son! "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Such a portion, then, is faith that works by love. This portion likewise not only remains in the heart of Christ for his people, but it is said to be shed abroad in theirs by the Holy Ghost, who is likewise said to be given unto them. "O taste and see that the Lord is good," says such a one; and I believe this portion can never be spent, though always supplying the poor and needy, hungry and thirsty. It is such a portion likewise, when received into the heart, as brings the perfection of beauty. How most delightful to the soul are the graces of the Spirit where Christ the Lord is Lord of all! Such a possession does it fill the soul with, as to say, "I shall be satisfied when I awake up in his likeness;" awake up free from every feature of my old Adam, where my Jesus and my soul shall no more for ever lose sight of each other, but dwell for ever in the paradise of God, which indeed is his presence. A little of this portion sometimes brought on the table, and Christ at the head, saying, "Eat, O friends," &c., will increase our strength in him, and enable us, as the apostle exhorts, "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." An appetite for this portion is needful. May God the Lord increase that in your soul, so that he dwelling thus, both to create the appetite and be the food, you will go from strength to strength till you appear before him in Zion.

My kind love to all friends at Blackham, and to any other to whom this portion might concern that has any knowledge of the unworthy writer. Accept my love. God bless you.

Brighton, Sept. 20th, 1838.

W. S.

The blood of the Lamb has so overcome that there needs no more sacrifice for sin; nor anything exterior to itself to make its redemption eternal. And to have sin thus taken away cannot be said of the world universally. The reason is plain, because sin being gone, nothing remains to charge the world with. But nothing is more evident than that the generality of men lie plunged in sin, and are bond-slaves of corruption to the last. It must, therefore, be another world, or tribe, to whom this great blessing must be assigned, and of whom verified; and since there is but one more, (who are called God's elect,) I conclude that they are the men and the world intended; for we know that they "are of God; and that the whole world beside lies in wickedness." (1 John v. 19.)—Coles

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY, OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

[The writer of the Experience of which we here give the first portion, was an American physician, who having met with some of the works of Mr. Huntington in the United States, was so blessed in reading them, that he opened a correspondence with Mr. Eades, of Newgate Street, and afterwards forwarded to him the account of the dealings of God with his soul which we here lay before our readers.]

I was born in Danbury, in Connecticut, Jan. 12th, 1777, of religious parents, who were very particular in educating their children in the knowledge of God and the Scriptures, endeavouring to impress upon their young and tender minds a sense of the omnipresence of Jehovah, his perfect knowledge of all our thoughts, words, and actions, and our certain accountability to him at the general judgment. In my childhood, they took every possible advantage of extraordinary providences to impress on my mind the superintendency of the Almighty; to establish me in a belief of a general and of a particular providence; that God takes care of all his works, but has a special interest in those who love, fear, and worship him in the beauty of holiness; endeavouring to excite in me a solicitude to obtain the favour of God, that I might be the particular object of his paternal care; instilling into my mind the great safety of those that are at peace with him, asserting that he is angry with the wicked every day; that there is no security, no, not for a moment, out of Christ; that out of him God is a consuming fire.

When I was about three years old, my parents removed into Bloomfield, New Jersey, selling their effects for continental money, which became depreciated in their hands, and left them on the world, with only their industry and frugality, under providence, for a maintenance. My father's object in going to New Jersey was to get learning, or, as it is now called, to study divinity. I believe, however, that he who goes to man to get qualified to preach the gospel, goes the ready way to darkness and error, and turns his back upon God, whence only true knowledge of divinity can be obtained. I am so far from believing human learning essential to the ministry of the word, that I do not believe it to be necessary. And were I called to prove the assertion true, a reference to the late W. Huntington would suffice; for without it he preached and wrote with more power and force of truth than any since the apostles' time. When God intends a man for the ministry, he can and will furnish him sufficiently for the work, (1 Cor. ix.) without the Arminian arm of Uzzah. The poet, speaking of the power of God, has well said,

“He can give wings when he commands to fly.”

All popular professors here make human learning essential to the ministry of the word. They make it of more consequence than the

Holy Spirit of God. They say that men are not now to obtain it in that immediate way in which the primitive saints did; *i. e.*, by inspiration; but by study and application. I find that our clergy, with scarcely an exception, are for arrogating to themselves more power in the church and more honour from the world than Christ allotted them. They do not appear to be contented in having their superiority consist in their likeness to Christ. "I am among you as one that serveth." Christ says of his people; "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." How many of the clergy are there at this time who manifest themselves to be more of the world than of Christ! for of what a man savours most of that is he most like. Who of them loves not worldly honour and quiet life, the reverse of tribulation, (Rev. vii. 14,) and that are not in esteem with carnal men, and that do not receive from them honours and titles the apostles never did or would? Has the world become so well polished as to rub out the offence of the cross? No, never, never. The cross will give umbrage to carnal minds; no worldly or artificial gloss, however sterling, can ever lessen the offence. It is now become honourable to appear religious, yea, a disgrace not to be in a profession; yet if I speak to them of heart-work, of "visions and revelations," they are as speechless as the man without the wedding garment; or they will "turn and rend me." "Do you suppose God manifests himself to you more than he does to any other?" (Prov. xii. 18.) But theirs is not a religion that will secure its possessor from danger, or ward off the destroying angel. It will not silence a long list of crying crimes, give confidence in a day of trial, nor sever the subject of it from the wrath of an incensed God when he comes to make inquisition for sin. "They are of the world; therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them." "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for so did their fathers of the false prophets." But to his own he says, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake;" yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God," &c. (Rev. vii. 14, 15.) This is the path to heaven ordained of God, all others lead down to hell, though approved of by scribes, Pharisees, and high priests. There are many professors of religion who live in such exact conformity to the world and so far off from God, that he will not manifest himself to them; but as they are popular, and in esteem with carnal Christians, they are at ease in Zion, and condemn all nearer approaches to God than they experience, as enthusiasm and delusion; and as the world and nominal Church do not know the things of the kingdom, they raise themselves in their esteem in proportion as they put out the light of real Christians. Thus the blind lead the blind till they both fall into the ditch together; and there is no remedy, for that darkness has so blinded their minds that they will

not admit the knowledge of the truth. Christ says that "many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many," and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, *if it were possible*, they should deceive the very elect. I should not have travelled so far out of my way after false religion and false ministry if it had not intruded itself upon me.

But to return. At about three years of age, I was violently afflicted with a black canker in the throat, (a fatal disease among children at this time,) which came very near ending my life. The attending physician and my parents gave up all hope of my recovery; but providentially I survived that sickness, beyond expectation.

Nothing material, in my recollection, befell me till I was seven or eight years old, when I had an attack of the scarlet fever, from which I escaped with "the skin of my teeth." Soon after my recovery, there was a remarkable attention to religion in Newark, Orange, Horseneck, and Bloomfield (New Jersey). Many children were much affected. My eldest sister, then six years of age, manifested an evident change of heart, which has since appeared in her life and conversation. The youth flocked as "clouds, and as doves to their windows." At that time God came down with "power and great glory," and manifested himself to multitudes of every age and character. It was a time of love, and the Saviour "spread his skirt over them." I had very serious impressions on my mind at this time, and was much concerned for myself, and "prayed without ceasing;" i. e., thought I did. And although I was very fearful that I should be left behind and not called into Christ's fold, yet all my concern wore off, and I returned, after a few weeks, to my native insensibility. "O Judah! what shall I do unto thee? for thy goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

I do not recollect anything material, except occasional convictions of sin, which would put me upon praying for mercy and that I might escape the wrath to come, till I was near ten years old, when I was thrown from a horse and taken up for dead, and remained apparently so till they procured a surgeon, who lived three quarters of a mile from where I fell. When he arrived, he bled me, and succeeded in restoring apparent life, though it still hung in doubt. This catastrophe happened about one o'clock, P.M. From two in the afternoon till four o'clock next morning, I was so violently distorted with convulsion fits that there was very little hope of my recovery, or of my ever coming into shape again if I should, I was so exceedingly deformed by the cramp. However, through the goodness of God, I recovered from this death also, though I felt the effects of it sensibly for years afterwards. About this time there was a great revival of religion in the place, (Newhamptstead, State of New York.) The Spirit of God seemed to bear down all before it. Old and young felt its uncontrollable sway, and acknowledged the presence and the power divine. There was some shaking among the dry bones in one or two of the adjacent towns, but small. At

this time I do not recollect of having any particular concern for myself.

Five or six years after this, I went to swim with a great number of boys; one of them leaped upon me from the shore in an unguarded and unexpected moment, and down we went to the bottom together, he with both his arms clasped fast round me, and my face from him. He could not swim at all, but caught me only for mischief, or, as he termed it, "to have a scape with me." As I did not like to scuffle in the water, to avoid him I kept a little out from the shore, not expecting that he would venture beyond his depth. I seized his hands, and, with a desperate effort, disengaged myself from his embrace and whirled him round in the water; so back to back we struggled to rise to the surface. With his feet he hit me in the calves of the legs, and I him, and that held us for a time where we were. I went down by surprise in the act of inspiration, which kept me strangling in the water, and, having little or no air in my lungs, I was less buoyant. Wearied with vain efforts to extricate myself from the water, I left off struggling, and was at the point of giving up the hope of getting out; but perceiving I was clear of my antagonist, hope revived; I made a fresh attempt, and was saved from this death. The other would have been drowned, but by the help of a rail which some one reached to him, he was pulled out of the water, but could not stand alone.

As I never kept a diary or minuted down events at the time of them, I must depend altogether on memory, unless the ever-blessed Comforter will deign to bring past events to my mind.

All along in my teens I had occasional convictions of sin and fears of the wrath to come, which, like a slave in chains, drove me reluctantly to prayer. But these convictions never lasted long, for I soon, very soon, forgot these impressions, and glided down the tide of time with the giddy multitude thoughtless and unconcerned.

When I was twenty years of age, I began the study of physic in Johnstown, State of New York; and I followed it one year and taught school at the same time. From six years old I had a settled determination to learn the healing art whenever an opportunity should offer. My father was against it while I was under age, as he thought the study of second causes led the mind from God. About this time, President Adams was raising a few standing troops, and I had an idea that if I could but get into the hospital department, it would be the most eligible situation for me to obtain medical knowledge, as I was poor, and unable to pay in advance for medical education. Accordingly I visited a recruiting captain, who gave me his word that if I would enlist as a private, (for he said that he could admit me on no other terms,) he would use his utmost influence to procure me the place I wanted when we should arrive at the place of general rendezvous. And I believed him, for "the simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going." But when we arrived at head quarters "the butler forgot Joseph." However, the knowledge I had gained of physic in the above-men-

tioned year's study initiated me into the favour and employment of the surgeon the first interview that I had with him; so I bade my *kind* captain adieu, and went to serve in the hospital till the army was disbanded. Thus the Lord had mercy on me, and granted me just the place I wanted, though I had no heart to ask him for it, and though I was long afraid that I had sold myself in vain to obtain it. Nor was the berth of a student barely all that I got by the place. For the first surgeon, from some trouble unknown to me, had recourse to intemperance to obtain a relief from anxiety, and followed it to such excess that he soon terminated his life. The first mate, Dr. J. H. Douglass, on whom the whole charge now devolved, was much attached to me, and gave me the exclusive charge of the hospital in his absence. I compounded the principal part of the medicines used in our regiment of men after the death of the first surgeon, Dr. S. Finley, of Maryland, till the disbanding of the army. I have forgotten the name of the second mate, by appointment, as I never saw him but once, he not making his appearance at camp till orders were issued for discharging the army. Under these circumstances I occupied the place of first mate, (without the appointment or salary,) and a Dr. Downer that of second mate, on the same terms. Dr. D. was an excellent surgeon and physician. I continued with him some time after the army was disbanded, when I left him and returned to my parents, who at this time lived in the western part of the State of New York. I forgot to mention, in its proper place, a severe attack I had of the yellow fever while in the hospital, and from which I did but just recover, which is the fourth hair-breadth escape from death.

I was never much attached to company, but avaricious of books. From some of them I learned to account for everything that took place from second causes, leaving the great First Cause of the question. From the time that I was twenty-one years of age until twenty-five, I neglected the public worship of God and every religious institution *wholly*; was as wicked as my capacities would admit of, shunning the penalty of the civil law, (under that providential restraint that is exercised upon the elect while under "tutors and governors,") not considering that the eye of God was ever upon me. I had occasionally a kind of horror or confused sense of guilt, conceived myself so impure by reason of sin that I thought it a pollution of the Bible even to lay my hands upon it, and I was sure not to peruse any divine subject. At this time, when, in human view, my conversion was the most unlikely event that could have taken place, the Lord spoke to me "in the secret place of thunder, and proved me at the water of Meribah;" "for God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," he sealeth instruction. In such a time there appeared to me a human form, clothed with a loose white garment, after the similitude seen in engravings of ancient dress, at the foot of my bed, a resplendent figure, telling me in an audible voice the following words only, "If you do not attend to the salvation of your soul immediately, you will be *damm'd!*" The im-

pression this made upon me, though great beyond description, did not awake me. I wept my pillow wet, and did not wake till late in the morning. I was confounded at what had passed in my sleep, but soon found means to quiet the agitation I was in. This happened while I was at my eldest sister's, who had married, and lived fifty miles from my place of residence. A few weeks after I returned to my sister's again. The evening came on, and I retired for rest, but no sooner were my eyes closed in sleep, than the same vision appeared, with far more splendour and painful reality than at first. The process and effect were similar, only I could not so easily rid myself of distressing anxiety as at the first. However, in a few hours the impression *wholly* wore off. After three or four weeks had elapsed, journeying, I lodged at the same place. No sooner had I retired to rest and fell asleep, than the same vision returned a third time, with awful identity and astonishing reality. It appeared to come from the opposite side of the room each time, walked deliberately up to the foot of the bed, stood, gave me an impressive penetrating look, delivered the same words as before, and immediately vanished from my sight, as at each of the other times. I now endured the greatest possible anxiety about my future state, and more pungent anguish than I had ever experienced before or since. The stimuli of external objects being interrupted by sleep, there was nothing to divert the mind or turn off the attention from the subject. My face and pillow were again literally bathed with tears. Notwithstanding my restless anxiety, I did not awake anything like so early as usual. My common time for waking was three or four o'clock, but each of the above-mentioned times, particularly the last, I did not awake until seven or eight o'clock in the morning. In vain I strove to recover the usual thoughtless gaiety of my mind, the scenes of the night past effectually drove me from my "refuge of lies; the waters overflowed my hiding-place." An inexpressibly heavy burden lay upon my mind all the following day. There was, however, no real conviction of sin, but merely an impenetrable darkness or chaotic state of things.

Late the following night I retired to rest, but my mind was too much agitated for sleep. While I lay in this situation, there came a powerful influence on me, directing me to prayer. How to pray I knew not. Although I continued to resist the inclination to prayer, I durst not go to sleep without it. I was like "a wild bull in a net, full of the fury of the Lord, the rebuke of my God." (Isa. li. 20.) The impression now made was not to be obliterated; pressing necessity so urged as not to be controlled. Through the irresistible operation of the Holy Spirit, I was compelled to leave my bed, and on my knees to make a solemn determination that I would immediately seek the pardoning love and mercy of God or die supplicating at a throne of grace. The above was a desperate case; but the language of mortals falls so far short in the description of it, that I am not able to paint the scene in such glowing colours as it was exhibited to me.

Before I left my sister's, I told her the resolution that I had made

under this irresistible impulse, enjoining inviolable secrecy. I afterwards informed my mother on the same terms. They were the only persons that had any knowledge or suspicions of my being under serious impressions; and I never after, during the time I was under conviction, said any further to them on the subject; and they never even hinted to others the information I had given them, nor asked me a question about it.

(To be continued.)

A man who is a slave to one sin depend upon it will be a slave to more. A wicked man must have companions; and so must sins. Show me a man who is not right in his actions, and I will show you a man who is not right in his words. If he cheat, he will also have to lie.—*W. T.*

Pulpit lips, like pulpit cushions, are chiefly lined with velvet. Amazing reverence is shown to Satan in a pulpit; it seems the privy counsel of his highness. We never hear his name or habitation mentioned in a modern sermon, which makes some people fancy that the devil sure is dead.—*Berridge.*

The worst diseases in this world are the leprosy, the plague of the heart, the dead palsy, and that of being born blind. The blood of sprinkling cures the first, sovereign grace the second, the promise of life the third; and he counsels us to buy eye-salve of him to expel the deadly and dismal gloom from the mind and understanding.—*Huntington.*

At death, the very being of sin in the body is over. For that being dead in which it burrowed, no hiding-place is found for indwelling sin, from whence to send forth its baleful irruptions from day to day. The wall of mortality fallen down, the root of sin, as ivy on a similar removal, falls out with it, and can bud no more. The very sink of iniquity, both of original and actual corruption, is dried up, and will never again send forth any of its puddle. I feel the blessedness I am speaking of, in the moment I am writing. By anticipation I already enjoy it. Yes, gracious God of all my mercies, the hour is hastening when I shall never more speak an idle word; never more think an improper thought; never again be the subject of those corrupt affections which now, like the scum of the pot, too often rise up and bubble, but which thy grace restrains from running over! These, with every other evil of my unrenewed body, will at once cease. And although I know that the whole troop of evils, like the army of Egypt, will pursue me as it did Israel to the borders of the sea; yet I know also that the new and living way the Lord there opened for his people hath been, and is, and will be opened for my salvation. Death ends the warfare. The Lord says to me as to them, "The Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever!" (Exod. xiv. 13.) Oh! the inconceivable blessedness which immediately opens at death to every redeemed and regenerated child of God, in the temporary separation of soul and body!—*Hawker.*

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. II.

I received my dear sister's letter, and have perused it. In reading it I was much affected. I pitied her, and sympathised with her, and in a measure felt for her, as I knew what she must feel herself. But I said, "Whence shall I help her? out of the barn-floor, or out of the wine-press," when one is so empty and the other so dry? These are the days of darkness. If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. But these have not surprised her; they have come according to prediction. Neither have they come without a debate, but in measure have they shot forth, and the Lord has stayed "his rough wind," so that it has come by degrees, as she has been able to bear it; and remember, "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged." By these things men live; they cannot do without them. "*But God is faithful*, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able." "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Is not this a ground for everlasting consolation? Then what hinders you rejoicing and walking steadily?

"But how shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." Neither has any strange thing befallen you; for the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren now in the world. "But my path is full of darkness, and my soul full of heaviness." But has this altered the case? Has this made any change in the purpose of him who is in one mind, and none can turn him? Has he not both spoken unto you, and himself has done it? "Yes," you will say, "and 'I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.'" Well, this is better than running before him, to fall down and break your bones; for a child left to himself must certainly fall. O Mary! there is no death in the pot, though there is a wild gourd of your own gathering in it. Be quiet, be patient, be submissive, and humble yourself under his mighty hand. Let Faith alone; I know where she is, and what she is doing in these days. Now is her time; she has already obtained promises, and she will, ere long, get the victory, and, by humble prayer and prevalent acts, be made more than a conqueror "through him that hath loved us."

I have considered the passage (Ezek. xlv. 9) my sister mentions. But her conceptions of the north gate, and of the entrance through it, appear to me to be wrong. It certainly is, in general, the case, that those who have come in through the south gate, that is, those who have passed the strait gate under the powerful influence of the spirit of love, and have for many days lived under the same, have gone out by the north gate, that is, they have found heavy trials, and much of the darkness of temptations in their last days. But then we are not to conclude that it means that they are forsaken, driven before the storm, given up to the hands of the enemy, or filled with wrath and bitter anguish. Though they may find bands in their death, and their strength much weakened, yet Israel has

never been forsaken of his God; nor does it mean that God leaves them to shift for themselves, take his loving-kindness away from them, and suffer his faithfulness to fail; no, nor yet that he withdraws so as not to be seen, or that he ceases to visit them, often to revive, comfort, and nourish them: "Even to your old age, I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you." This is enough; all that it means is, that they shall be often in heaviness through manifold temptations. But *Faith will discover his hand when she cannot see his face*; and he will be present always, whether we see him or not. When, on the other hand, many whom you may now see hanging in the gate, and feeling much of the north wind, and perhaps will yet hang longer, when they come through, will go out strait before them, that is, pass home in their first love. This is the sovereign manner in which he deals with the children who are all included in the same everlasting love. Nor does this clash with other parts of his word, such as you have mentioned, the path of the righteous shining; for though his path may be very crooked and full of tribulation, yet if God assures him, and the Spirit bears him witness that it is *the* path, then he has light, and discovers the footsteps of the flock before him, and he is seen that he is in the right path, and says, "Though I am tried, yet I am *safe*. I know this is the way, this is the 'light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn.'"

J. JENKINS.

[A correspondent, who signs himself R. R., has favoured us with the above letter, written by the well-known friend and correspondent of Mr. Huntington, and whom he used to call "The Welsh Ambassador." We shall be pleased to receive the other letters by the same pen; which R. R. has kindly offered to send.]

He that made the world is surely well able to govern it and to overrule whatever comes into it. He would never have suffered sin, the only enemy, to invade it, if he could not have quelled it at pleasure.—*Coles*.

I have, through the blessing of God, been perfectly well through this whole day, both as to health, strength, and spirits, and gone through my church duties with the utmost ease, freedom, and pleasure; yet I have experienced nothing of that spiritual comfort and joy which I sometimes do; a demonstration this that they are prodigiously wide of the mark who think that what believers know to be the joys of the Holy Ghost are, in fact, no other than certain pleasing sensations, arising from a brisk circulation of the blood and a lively flow of the animal spirits. In this light the consolations of God are considered by those who never experienced them. I myself am a witness that spiritual comforts are sometimes highest when bodily health, strength, and spirits are at the lowest; and when bodily health, strength, and spirits are at the highest, spiritual comforts are sometimes at the lowest; nay, clean gone, and totally absent — *Toplady*.

LOVE IS AS STRONG AS DEATH.

My dear Friend,—I received yours. Jonathan is thy name, and thou hast a love to David and to David's God and Saviour. Those who love David are lovers of the truth, because there was a secret in David's heart and conscience which caused such a strong feeling of affection in Jonathan's soul toward David; and this same secret, in some measure, was put into Jonathan's heart. These two divine principles met together and twined round each other, so that Jonathan's soul was knit to David, and he loved him as he loved his own soul. And what can be compared or likened unto love? What a strength there is in it! But who can enter into the power of divine love, hidden in the compassionate heart and bowels of a Three-One God, and the wonders which love has done for you, and me, and all the election of grace? Love devised a way to save the lost and ruined among mankind; love drew the plan; love provided the remedy; love made the covenant; love ordered it in all things and made it sure to the heirs of promise; love gave the Surety to stand in the breach. Love pays the debts by promise; Love leaves his Father's throne and comes down and assumes human nature; love takes our nature into union; love is born into this world; love comes to John to be baptized of him in Jordan; love goes into the field of battle; love fights with the devil, and love gains the victory; love preached the gospel; love healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf, raised the dead, and cut the string of the tongue of the stammerers, brought the prisoner out of the prison-house, delivered the captives, and set at liberty them that were bound. Love obeyed all the precepts of law, satisfied divine justice, trode the wine-press alone, bruised the serpent's head, answered all the demands of law and justice; love made an atonement for sin; love quenched all the floods of wrath; love buried all our sins in the depth of the sea, so that many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; love conquered sin, death, hell, and the grave; love quickened our dead souls into life, led us to the foot of the cross, took off our filthy garments, put on a change of raiment, washed us from our filthiness, and gave us a love-kiss. Then well may it be the song of the redeemed, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father;" and we shall reign with him for ever and ever. Love supports us by the way, and gives strength equal to our day. Love leads us through the wilderness; lets down bread and water into our hearts; gives our souls a smile; puts the broad seal of pardon, justification, and sanctification upon our souls; gives us our passport; invites us to the wedding; opens the door of the bride-chamber; brings in the guests; washes the bride's feet; spreads the table, and comes forth and serves his sheep and lambs; feeds his flock like a shepherd; gathers his lambs in his arms; carries them in his bosom; and gently leads them that are with young. O what wonders love has done!

And what has love done for you and me? Love has been my support in trouble, my comfort under persecutions, my refuge in storms, my shelter in temptations, my hiding-place from my enemies, my foundation under fears, my strong tower in distress. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew him not." Then love must be stronger than death, stronger than the law, stronger than justice, stronger than sin, stronger than men and devils. Therefore sin shall not have dominion over us, because we are not under the law of condemnation, but under the law of love, which is the perfect law of liberty. And love has engaged to bring all the redeemed to glory; for, having loved his own which are in the world, he loved them unto the end. The love of the Father in his choice is from everlasting; the love of the Son in his redemption is everlasting; the love of the Holy Ghost in his quickenings is also everlasting. So the Lord could say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

The Lord bless you and yours, and the few children with you.

Yours, for the truth's sake,

Woburn, March 17th, 1852.

T. G.

One that truly fears God is afraid of sin; he sees more evil in it than in all the evil in the world.—*John Mason*.

The nearer (if I may so say) anything is to God, the greater is its enmity unto it. The more of spirituality and holiness is in anything the greater is its enmity. That which has most of God has most of its opposition.—*Owen*.

Adam stood not so long as to beget a son in his first image; it is seen by his first-born Cain what all his natural seed would naturally be. And though some do presume to magnify man, and to speak of him at another rate; yet evident it is by Scripture light, and the experience of those renewed, that man fallen is poor, blind, naked, and at enmity with all that is truly good; and that he is never more distant from God and his own happiness than while in high thoughts of himself, glorying in his own understanding, strength, worthiness, and freedom of will, improvement of common grace, and the like; for these make him proud and presumptuous, and to have slight thoughts of that special and peculiar grace by which he must (if ever) be renewed and saved. But the Lord himself (who best knows him) reports the matter quite otherwise (and we know that his witness is true); namely, that "all the imaginations of their heart are only evil continually," (Gen. vi. 5,) "that their inward part is very wickedness," (Ps. v. 9,) "that every man is brutish in his knowledge; altogether brutish and foolish; yea, even their pastors;" (Jer. x. 8, 14, 21;) that is, the very best and most intelligent among them; "that their hearts are full of madness," (Eccles. ix. 2,) "wise to do evil, but to do good have no understanding," &c, (Jer. iv. 22.)—*Elisha Coles*.

OBITUARY.

MR. R. PAPWORTH, OF ELSWORTH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The principal design of the following pages is to present to the readers of the "Gospel Standard" the particulars of the last illness of the dear friend who is the subject of them. At the same time, it will be perhaps advisable to give a short account of his life and experience from the first.

Richard Papworth was born at Elsworth, in Cambridgeshire, where he lived and died. For many years he pursued his occupation as a farmer, but had retired from business a few years before his death, which took place July 16th, 1852.

His mother died when he was an infant, and his father when he was about ten years of age. Soon after this, his uncle, who was appointed his guardian, also died, and he was exposed to the influence of an ungodly cousin, who endeavoured to lead him into all manner of vice; but the fear of the Lord preserved him. He had convictions of sin and a sense of the Lord's eye being upon him, which checked him, so that he could not enjoy the sinful pleasures of the world. Speaking of this period of his life, he said, "Those words used to follow me, 'Mine eye seeth thee.'"

When very young, he was sent to school at Huntingdon, and while there he was much distressed about his soul. When he left school, deep convictions of a righteous law followed him, and that word in particular: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." To quote his own words, "After about three years, as near as I remember, groaning under this burden of sin, though kept strictly moral, I saw myself a hell-deserving sinner; and I used to think, What must I do? I do not know what to do. One night, as I lay upon my bed, I thought I saw hell flames, and that some one had got hold of me. He said, 'It is all of no use;' he had now got me fast, and in I must go. I cried out, 'Lord, save, or I perish!' And I thought I cast my eyes upward, and saw one clothed in white, and shining, coming leaping over the hills. I cried out again, 'Come, Lord, come quickly;' and immediately I heard a voice saying, 'Loose him and let him go, for I have found a ransom.' The strong hand was made to let go, and then it was sounded in my ears, 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.' This brought such peace and consolation into my poor heart that I was fully persuaded my ransom from the pit of destruction was procured, though at that time I had never heard the gospel preached."

There were at this time Methodists in the village where he lived, and they saw a great change had taken place in him, upon which they tried hard to persuade him to join them; but he felt his own helplessness so much that he dared not. He could not make such vows and promises as they did; and he soon found also that he could neither do with their preaching nor with the conduct of some

that he knew. He felt that while he earnestly desired to be kept spotless, it must be a stronger arm than his own or any arm of flesh that must keep him and uphold him in the path, that his footsteps might not slip.

After a few years, he went with some of the poor people of Elsworth to the adjoining parishes of Yelling, Papworth, and Eltisley, to hear a Mr. Evans, a Welshman, who was in the Church of England, and succeeded Mr. Venn, formerly a curate under dear old Berridge. Although he believed Mr. Evans preached the gospel, and he enjoyed his ministry at times very much, yet he did not dare to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper or make an open profession at this time. One of the foremost of the little party who went to hear Mr. Evans was a Miss Jane Webb, who was so decided for the truth, that the clergyman of Elsworth said of her, "she crazed the whole parish." This person afterwards became his wife, and they continued their Lord's Days' journeys after the truth for many years. When Mr. Evans left the neighbourhood the lovers of truth were scattered, and for some few years our dear friend had no settled resting-place where he could hear to the satisfaction of his soul. At length both he and his dear wife were led to Godmanchester. This was about the year 1830, and he regularly attended this place until he was laid aside by the illness that terminated in his death.

His experience was certainly remarkable in this; though the Lord blessed him with a deliverance at the first, yet he was soon again entangled with the yoke of bondage; and so he remained for above fifty years, but all this time his walk was most consistent.

He was a very diffident, quiet, unobtrusive man. If Christian friends were conversing together, though his heart was with them, scarce a word would drop from his lips. Thus he continued till Feb., 1846, at which time I had a solemn conversation with him as he was driving me in his gig to a village where I was going to preach, a labour of love which he was always ready to undertake. I had felt him laid on my heart for some time, and therefore asked him about the Lord's dealings with his soul, and if he felt easy in not making an open profession of his love to the Lord Jesus, by being buried with him by baptism into his death. He said he had been much exercised about it, but he had so many fears; he had been so stumbled with the conduct of some who had for years stood high in a profession, he feared lest he should be left to bring a disgrace on the cause. Another fear was this, that he should have nothing to say; he could not speak out what he felt. He never could; he liked to hear others speak, but was always held back himself.

The very week after this conversation took place he was thrown down by a pony cart, his face being much cut and bruised and his shoulder dislocated. He bled profusely, and was insensible for two or three days. When he came to himself he seemed quite a different creature. His heart was enlarged and his mouth was opened. He began to bless and praise the Lord for *all* his goodness to him, both in providence and grace. From this time he was not like the same man. It was a privilege to be with him and hear him recount the

acts of the Lord while he was confined to the house from the injuries he had received. I paid him a visit, and spent perhaps two hours conversing with him, or rather in listening to him as he related, with a full and overflowing heart, what the Lord had done for his soul. The Holy Ghost, he said, was a Remembrancer to him, and brought to his mind all he had gone through from the first—from his boyhood to the present moment. He spoke sweetly of the sufferings of his dear Lord; what agonies he had endured when bearing his sins upon the tree. "His visage was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." This he said in allusion to his own face, which was much disfigured and mangled. "What is this to what my dear Lord went through! And what is so wonderful, I feel no pain; I have not felt any all along" (though it had required five or six men to pull in the shoulder which was dislocated). "O what has the Lord wrought!" and then he would begin again to speak of the sufferings of Christ for poor sinners.

When he recovered sufficiently, he was proposed as a candidate for church fellowship; and when he appeared before the church to relate his experience he was highly favoured. He spoke in the same strain and in substance as above. Many will remember that soul-melting season. A door of utterance was given him, and he spoke with such savour and simplicity that the tears flowed down many a cheek as well as his own. It was like a renewal of the former days, when the Holy Ghost was poured out on the primitive church, though in a less degree. They exclaimed, "What meaneth this?" And so I believe many felt. "Is this the man whom we have known so long and never could get a word out of him? With what liberty, and fluency, and savour he speaks!"

The next Lord's Day he was baptized, and the weather being very cold, it was suggested to him that, in his delicate state, perhaps it would be better to postpone it. He said, "If the river were all ice I would go in." With his arm in a sling, he was baptized in the river Ouse, on Lord's Day, April, 1846, in company with two others. I would here mention a circumstance concerning one of the two who were baptized with him, and which he himself referred to in his last illness as a remarkable providence.

He had been a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" from the first, and had all the volumes bound up to the last year. There was an inquiry addressed to the editors in Vol. I.; for the year 1835, page 64, requesting their views on the "Pool of Bethesda," signed "A Broken-hearted Sinner." This piece, together with Mr. Gadsby's reply, were very sweet at the time to him, for it just suited his own case. He felt it was what he was waiting for, and it caused him to feel a union of soul to the then unknown "Broken-hearted Sinner." The Lord so ordered it that she was set at happy liberty under the word at Godmanchester, a few weeks before him, and they were baptized together. Thus were they, who in the year 1835 were many miles distant and perfect strangers to each other, though taught by one Spirit, brought together to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and at the same time, though the way each had been

led had in many things been so different. They continued warm friends till the end of his pilgrimage.

From the time of his joining the church to his last illness, a period of nearly six years, he was kept, for the most part, in a sweet and humble frame, trusting in the Lord. In his dark seasons, he could not cast away his confidence nor forget what the Lord had done for him. He was not what is called a deeply-exercised man, being neither a man of strong passions, nor assailed by fierce temptations. But there was something so gentle and peaceable about him, and at the same time so simple and conscientious, that no one who knew him, if they knew the Lord, could help loving him. I remember a circumstance that occurred during this period, which, though simple, is sweet to my mind, as illustrating his character. Mr. M'Kenzie, had been preaching one week evening at Godmanchester, and after the service our friend had a few words with him in the vestry. The remark Mr. M'Kenzie made to me afterwards was this, "I do love that dear old man; I should like to have him with me in the coach to-morrow."

On the 5th of Dec., 1851, he said to his daughter that, according to his age and his feelings, he thought he should not be here long; but he continued to go about till the 17th of Dec., though he seemed very poorly. His illness might then be said to have commenced, and his daughter, to whom he was much attached both by the ties of nature and grace, has furnished us with the following particulars of his last days.

In the beginning of his illness he said this word used to follow him, "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward." One morning his daughter went up to his bedside and asked him how he was; he said, "I cannot tell you; my mind has been so much troubled. I have been as if tempest-tossed on the sea; and worst of all, I could not see Jesus. I thought of poor Peter, 'Save, Lord, or I perish!'" She said, "Don't you remember Mr. Grace speaking from that text: 'So he brought them to their desired haven?' that there might be wave upon wave; and at times as wrought that they often

'Fear they never shall reach the shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.'

But so is the way to the haven of rest." The next day when she went in he said, "My dear, what a sweet word that has been to me that you spoke yesterday: 'So he brought them to their desired haven.'" During the day, he said,

'Ah! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly flies away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day!'"

There was no immediate danger apprehended, but just as he was going to bed he began to raise blood, and brought up more than a quart. In the middle of the night it returned again, and he lay to all appearance nearly exhausted. When he was a little revived, he began to speak of Isaiah xxvi., which his son-in-law had read to him the evening before. He said what sweetness he felt, and

that it was as if the pearly gates were about to open, and that the harp was prepared for him, and that he was about to enter. And as soon as the morning broke a little, he said, "This is what is called Christmas Day; but whether this is the day or not, there was a day when my dear Saviour was born. I have had such sweet meditation on the Holy Child, Jesus!" And he asked for his own hymn book, to find a hymn, and he said he should like Mr. Parsons, his son-in-law, to read the 709th hymn,

"The Lord that made both heaven and earth," &c.

Nearly all day he talked of a precious Jesus to the friends about him, and said how he had manifested himself to him; and to one he said, "I wish you would write" to several ministers that he named, whom he had heard preach, "and tell them how much I love them for their works' sake, and how the Lord is supporting me and blessing me." He said, "I have had such a view of the covenant engagements, and how the disciples sorrowed that their Lord should leave them; but he told them he could not have sent the Comforter if he had not ascended. You see the grave could not hold him; no more can it us when the resurrection morn shall come. But the spirit shall return to God that gave it." He was favoured day after day to utter forth the praises of the Lord, and Psalm cxlv. he said was just his feelings: "I will extol thee, my God, O King."

When Christian friends came to inquire after him he said, "Let them come up and see me; it will not hurt me. I wish I could tell you all my heart; but it is as Berridge says,

'I lisp and stammer forth
Broken words, not half his worth.'

O what wondrous love! It is all love; nothing without it. I have been in the heights, but the Lord said he would show me greater things yet. What I now enjoy is no more than my little sup of milk to what it will be when I drink full draughts. O I could willingly take wing and see what treasures there are laid up for them that fear the Lord! He will show them his covenant. How sweet my meditations have been upon the glorious Trinity in unity! O the union I feel with Jesus and the members where I used to worship, and not only them, but many that I have never seen, but whose writings I have read!" Several he mentioned that he believed had died in the Lord. He said, "I shall see them, for my heart is all above. Although I love my dear children and friends, yet to depart and be with Christ is far better."

When his grandsons came home from school, he had them by his bedside and talked much to them. He said, "O my dear boys, may the Lord bless you in your youthful days and put his fear in your hearts, and may you be preserved from the sins of this present evil world! And I hope you will love each other, and reverence your parents, and listen to their instruction. And may you remember your dear grandfather; and his desire towards you is, that to you may be given the fear of the Lord."

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.

ON DESPAIR.

What is despair? A wild and rancorous weed,
 Of power so great, who can from it be freed?
 A gulf, in which dark gloom and fear prevail,
 And grief and woe too deep for thought t' unveil!
 A state no tongue nor language can express,
 And which no human skill will e'er redress.
 The soul, a prey to grief and horror keen,
 In vain seeks hope where only dread is seen.
 E'en death, a friend to his desponding mind,
 Flies from his wish like clouds before the wind;
 Life is a state of dying and suspense,
 And every thought is agony intense.
 The morbid soul preys on its own disease,
 Till all the gifts of Providence displease,
 And prove a means t' enlarge the baneful power
 Of wretchedness, increasing every hour.
 What hideous scenes his miseries forbode!
 E'en friends appear to aggravate the load;
 An awful spectacle of hopeless life,
 Abandoned joy, and universal strife.
 Say, what is earth to such a soul as this?
 A blank, a blot, a worthless wilderness.

I. T.

[The writer, we believe, has known experimentally something of the despair which he describes, and we have therefore the more willingly given the above lines insertion.]

Should not we groan for that which makes the whole creation groan?—*John Mason.*

The church is safe. The Son of God being their Head and Saviour bespeaks aloud their security. They are, indeed, compassed about with difficulties, dangers, and deaths, and yet they live; yea, they overcome, and shall in the end prove more than conquerors. The reason of all is, their Head is in heaven, whence all relief comes; and that avenue cannot be stopped.—*Coles.*

But we must take a little further notice of our young pilgrim. He was left disconsolate, with a raw back and weeping eyes, just flogged out of Moses' school, and seeking balm to heal his wounds, but finding none. At length the invitation reaches his ears, "Come unto me, thou heavy-laden soul, and I will give thee rest." He hears and wonders, listens and adores. A gleam of joy steals into his heart; a joy he never felt before, springing from a cheering hope and dawning prospect of deliverance. This kindles high esteem and kind affection for the Saviour, who appears all lovely in his sight, and often draws a heavenly tear from his eyes. The name of Jesus grows musical, his love adorable, and his salvation above all things desirable. The weeping sinner now enters upon a new world, and joins himself to the praying citizens of Zion. Jesus is welcomed as his King and Saviour, and receives hosannas from him. He begins to understand what grace means, even mercy, rich mercy, freely shown to a lost and ruined sinner.—*Berridge.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 206. FEBRUARY, 1853. VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 18.)

I will now come to my text; the words are, "And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat." In offering you a few thoughts from the words, I will

- I. *Point out the place where God and sinners meet.*
- II. *Show you the ground of communion.*
- III. *Treat of communion itself.* And may the good Lord direct me to speak and you to hear to our mutual edification and comfort.

I. I am to *point out the place where God and sinners meet.* And here I will take upon me to say, upon the evidence of God's word, that the only place where God and sinners can meet is in Christ Jesus. In order to prove this, I will observe, that when Adam came out of the hand of God he was pure, holy, and innocent; or, as truth expresses it, he was created "in the image of God," made upright. (Gen. i. 27; Eccles. vii. 29.) Whilst he remained in that state of primitive integrity, he by no means wanted a Saviour, because he was free from sin; but as soon as the old serpent, called the devil and Satan, was cast out of heaven for his vileness, and all that adhered unto him, he used all the means possible to seduce our first parents; for Adam and Eve were in a mutable state, and mutable creatures, though created in God's image, and upon a level with God's holy law, for what the law demanded they were in possession of. But then it is to be observed, that what Adam had he had according to the tenor of the covenant of works, for that, in

substance was made with Adam. He was free to stand or free to fall. He did fall; and being the natural head and representative of all mankind, and they all being in his loins, and to descend from him by ordinary generation, when he fell they all fell into a state of apostacy from God, into sin, guilt, and misery; as Paul says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) "By one man" (meaning Adam) "sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." And again, "By the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation." (Rom. v. 12, 18.)

Now, by the fall, sin is fixed in every faculty of the soul. The memory retains evil; the mind is employed in meditating on vanity; the will is in downright opposition to God's; the judgment or understanding is so defiled and blind, that it calls evil good and good evil, puts darkness for light and light for darkness, takes bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter; and as for the conscience, that is so defiled by sin that it acts as Paul did, when he verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth; which he also did. Now, if his conscience had not been impure, he never would have thought that he was doing God service to murder the saints. As for the affections, it is plain that these are set upon other objects short of God; and as the whole soul is corrupted by the fall, the body and the soul being in union together, the members of the body are instruments of unrighteousness, as Paul says in Rom. vi. All the misery that is felt in time and to all eternity is the effect of the fall; so that the devil, in causing Adam to fall, threw the whole human race, at one stroke, into such a state of sin, that there is a vast distance between God and his creatures. And, for aught fallen man can do, he must remain in this state, at a distance from God, for evermore; for in the fall he lost all good, and obtained all evil in the room of good; and the determination of man, in this fallen state, is to have nothing to do with God, but to go on independent of him; so that he is not only at a distance from God by sin, but he loves the distance well.

If it be asked, Why did God suffer his creatures to come into such a state of sin and misery? with humility of heart I do believe, without being over-curious on the point, it was that he might display all the perfections of his nature in the eternal salvation of poor sinners, and by so doing get to himself everlasting honour and glory in the displays of his grace towards such poor sinful, helpless wretches; and thus lay them under such noble constraints to love, gratitude, and thankfulness, that they should bless him in a measure in this world, and for ever in the world to come, singing this noble song, "Salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever."

Now man being in such a sinful, miserable, helpless state, as briefly described above, stands in great need of a mediator, and never can, according to my text, have any communion with God, never can come near him without a mediator. If it be asked why they can have no communion with God without a mediator? I answer, By man's fall there are three things that stand in the way. In the first place, the

word of God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Now, in Adam all have sinned, and of course all must die, according to this truth, unless there is a surety provided for them; and the law of God allows of a surety, though it does not provide one. Now before a sinner can come near to God, truth must be cleared, for God is a God of truth, and he cannot lie; and as we are all sinners, we must die, or a surety die for us. As Milton says,

"Die man or justice must; unless for him
Some other, able and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction."

And as truth must be cleared, so, in the second place, God's holy, just, and righteous law must be perfectly obeyed before a man that is a sinner can be brought near to God; for man being a transgressor of God's law, it never will admit of a man's having any communion with God until it is obeyed; and as it requires perfection, it must of course have a righteousness adequate to its demands; so that here is the truth of God and a broken law that stand in the way.

And in the third place, man is guilty, being a sinner, and therefore the justice of God must be satisfied for the guilt of man, or else not one blessing can come to the sinner; for, as Paul says, without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. But neither angels nor men can perform such a work; angels cannot, for they are not in possession of human nature; men cannot, for their nature is corrupt, and their strength is all lost by the fall. Hence sensible sinners have cried out under a sense of what they are, "Put me in a surety with thee;" and, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." Hence comes in the everlasting love and good-will of God, in that he has, in infinite mercy and boundless compassion, provided a Surety to stand in the gap, and to make up the breach that was opened by sin; and this Surety is the Son of the Father, in truth and love. In his purpose of grace he gave his Son to his elect, and set him up to be future Man and Mediator, provided a body for him to assume, and in the fulness of time sent him into the world to stand in the sinner's law place; and thus he is said to be the Son of Man, made strong for God's own self. He was able to bear the whole weight for his people; hence the love of God and the love and condescension of God's Son is exceeding great to poor sinners; so that, as Paul says, he "spared not his own Son," but freely gave him up to divine justice for all his elect.

Herein is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, though he was rich, yet for the sake of his people he became poor, that they through his poverty might be made rich. (2 Cor. viii. 9.) According to the appointment of his Father, and as the fruit of his eternal love, he was sent; and as he had out of love to man undertaken his cause, as a royal volunteer, in his love and condescension he came. In the virgin's womb he took human nature into actual union with his divine; that he might, in the same nature that man had sinned in clear God's truth, give to the law a perfect obedience, and at last shed his precious blood to satisfy all demands; and thus he removed

all and everything out of the way that stood between God and sinners. Thus as man he obeyed, suffered, bled, and died; and the human nature in which he obeyed, suffered, bled, and died, being in union with his divine, stamped infinite dignity on his work, so that he is a proper Surety and a complete Mediator. Hence Paul says, "There is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" Christ, the anointed of God for this work; and Jesus, a Saviour able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

You may see the love and grace of God beam forth, as soon as man fell, in making this object known: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." It was set forth in Abel's sacrifice; hence Paul says, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh." The whole of the ceremonial law exhibited the dear Redeemer and his work; hence, as Paul says, writing to the Colossians, "Which are a shadow of good things to come; but the" substance or the "body is of Christ." And, writing to the Hebrews, he says the law was "a shadow of good things to come." The prophets were all agreed about this precious mediator; for "To him give all the prophets witness;" (Acts x. 43;) and by the Spirit they sweetly spoke of him. And when the Lord Jesus came, he declared that he was the Door, and the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; and that no man could come to the Father but by him. He is "a glorious throne" in his Father's house," or his church, and a precious throne of grace he is; and Paul's advice to us is, that we be constantly coming to it, that our needs be supplied.

In the dear Redeemer all the perfections of God's nature shine and harmonise. Here it is that mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss or embrace each other; so that poor sinners that are lost and ruined by the fall, and in themselves, are perfectly saved by this Mediator; not at the expense of divine justice, but consistent with it. And this is such a glorious way of salvation, that it is safe to man and honourable to God; so that the Father says, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." See how sweetly the apostles spake of this way. Peter says there is no salvation in any other; and Paul agrees with him and says, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." This is the glorious channel of all conveyance from God to man; this is what the mercy-seat and the ark typified. And as God communed with Israel from above the mercy-seat, and as that pointed out the Lord Jesus Christ, so to this day the God of all grace communicates through Christ his blessings to sinners, and, under the influences of his Spirit, they communicate to him; so that Christ is the grand meeting-place where God and sinners meet, so as to have communion with each other. Hence Paul beautifully observes, "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with

a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. x. 19—22.)

Now, if there is no possibility of coming near to God in this world, or in that which is to come, but through the perfect work of Jesus Christ, and he is the only way of salvation, what a mercy it is if the good Lord has taught us to see and to feel our need of him; if he has enlightened us to see our life of sin, led us to see our corrupt nature, and our cursed, condemned state as rebels against God in his law; if he has imparted to us life to make us feel what the light discovers; if he has chastened us that we should not be condemned with the world; hunted us out of all our refuges of lies; made us sick of our own ways; and by his power operated upon our wills so as to make us willing to leave the spirit and the practices of this world, and all our own supposed worth and worthiness behind; and to come as poor, needy, guilty, helpless, unworthy sinners to the feet of Christ, for all that salvation that is in him, and which we really need. For this precious Redeemer to be made known in the court of conscience so as to enjoy pardon and peace, what a mercy it is! and how does it call for our gratitude to the God of all grace! And what an awful thing it is to be left blinded by the god of this world, dead in sin, shut up in unbelief, given up to hardness of heart, and through pride to reject the Lord Jesus, to disallow of him, and to make him a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, so as to be offended in him and at him, as all worldlings, Pharisees, and hypocrites are; such as Arians, who deny his proper divinity, and call him a mere man; and all that deny his efficacious blood, the operations of his Spirit, his righteousness imputed; and, instead of trusting in him, the sure Foundation, are all of them building upon the sand. As sure as there is a God, dying in that state, all such will be damned for ever! Who is it that has made us to differ from these? The distinguishing grace of God alone; and therefore, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

(To be continued.)

If sin does not taste bitter, Christ cannot taste sweet.—*John Mason.*

If a wealthy neighbour should invite the poor parish widows to dine on Sundays at his house, this invitation would give no right to dine to any but poor widows. And supposing a man should borrow female clothing, put on a gown and petticoat, and call himself a poor widow, this female dress would not procure a right to dine, but might expose him to a cudgel. Yet this is now become the genteel way of coming unto Jesus. Men borrow at a church the garb and language of a Christian, and say most sad things of themselves while they are upon their knees, as if they were poor sinners truly, and yet would execrate a preacher who should say the same things in a pulpit which they uttered in a pew.—*Berridge.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE CHARLES LODGE.

My dear Friend,—I was very glad to receive your letter, I assure you, and should have answered it sooner, but E—— got it, and he kept it so long that I was forced to fetch it; and as you say, so say I, my soul is united to yours for life and death.

Dear brother, I was much concerned when you could not come to L——, for I had made much labour of it, I assure you; but the Lord

“Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

And what a wonder of wonders it is that he has had thoughts of love and not of evil towards us, “to give us an expected end,” namely, by regenerating, convicting, and converting our poor sinful, vile, contaminated, and depraved souls, showing us our sad state by nature and practice, and making us feel our total and utter inability to do anything that is spiritually good, so that we were exposed unto and deserving of everlasting condemnation. Though this conviction produced very painful sensations, yet they were profitable, and means in God’s hand to teach us the need of Christ well; and blessed be God the Spirit for glorifying Christ in us, by taking the things of Christ and graciously revealing them in us, and to us, and for us to enjoy. And as condemnation was felt and feared, justification was revealed, and made known and felt, by a given faith of the operation of God in the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, by which God manifestly justifies the sensibly ungodly from all his sins, and by and through the death of his Son can be merciful to all our unrighteousness and our sins, and our iniquities can remember them no more. Dear brother, sweet truth this, sweeter than honey or the honey-comb, and more to be desired than gold, yea, the revenue thereof than choice silver. These sweets I have enjoyed above thirty-six years, and unnumbered times since then. It was the first doctrine God the Spirit brought to heal my wounded spirit, and I have never given over mentioning it in my preaching. Iniquity is a mystery, as you have said, but being justified by Christ’s blood is above a match for it; thrice blessed be God, for his unspeakable gift.

The dear Lord is kind to me, though he keeps me very weak in body, as I am never well. I have been an afflicted man above thirty-eight years. The wisdom of God is manifested in this also, to keep me humbly dependent on him, crying daily to him to be guided by his counsel through this world, and afterwards received to glory. My wife has been five weeks very ill, so that for many days I never thought she would be better, and I should have been the most miserable man in Yorkshire. But the dear Lord has raised her a little longer; I am glad.

We are carried on by supplies at Rehoboth, but we are very few as a congregation; no increase; little or no unction; cold, barren, unfruitful. The Lord have mercy on us.

My brother, I am more plagued than ever with my old man; in

my flesh no good thing dwells. May God grant that sin may not have dominion over us; and may he bless us with this knowledge and faith, knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Christ, "that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." This passage was made a peculiar blessing to me better than a year since, so that I have not forgotten it yet. The Lord be with you in reading and in prayer, and in studying, but especially in preaching of love to your Master, to extol him, and glorify him with your body and soul, which are his.

And now, dear brother, may God bless us with such fervent prayer one for another as shall prevail with him for Christ's sake. Amen.

April 30th, 1845.

CHARLES LODGE.

"TWO NATIONS ARE IN THY WOMB."

My dear Friend,—“The preparation of the heart as well as the answer of the tongue is from the Lord,” notwithstanding the many and various opinions that are in the world, the vain hopes, delusive confidences, and ignorant imaginations which the heart of man is ever studying and practising. O how truly awful is the state of man! a fallen creature, bewitched by sin, enslaved by lust, captivated by the devil, a bond-slave to all error and lies, ignorant and out of the way, with all his boasted religion, outward sanctity, mock modesty, pretended charity, wisdom, and pliability! Yes, with all these external endowments, more foolish than the ox or the ass—a fool with a witness. The very light within him is darkness; and O how great is that darkness!

Dear friend, what abundant cause you have to be thankful, and admire that free, discriminating grace which opened your eyes to see, yea, more, your heart to understand the things that make for your peace, when thousands and tens of thousands have it hid from their eyes! O what have we but what we have received? But perhaps you may be thinking or saying, “O did I but know, that I was truly satisfied concerning this! O that I was manifestly a Christian! O how shall I ascertain so high a privilege? I fear after all I am only a hypocrite; ignorant and out of the way; having a name to live, whilst I am dead in trespasses and sins.” This, perhaps, is your lamentation. It is, ever has been, and will be to all the true-born flock of Christ in every age of the world, (the lamentation of Rebekah, “If it be so, why am I thus?” (Gen. xxv. 22.) In this heavy-laden manner grace drew her, and she went to inquire of the Lord. O what encouraging conduct is this for God’s people! If he is pleased to bless it, go thou and do likewise. Rebekah cried, and the Lord heard her and answered her petitions, and said unto her, “Two nations are in thy womb.” And thus it is with every poor sincere, troubled soul. Two nations and two manners of people, flesh and spirit; the flesh lusting and pulling one way against the spirit, and the spirit pulling the other way against the

flesh within you. After the spirit, you would know God, love God, obey God, live to him, glorify him, and do all you do in this sense to the glory of God. But, alas, alas! when you would do good evil is present with you, so that you cannot do the good you feel in the spirit's desire, nor enjoy that liberty so desirable, and which at times has been so animating and cheering to your ransomed soul. Thus it was with David, and therefore he cried, "Quicken me, O Lord, for my soul cleaveth unto the dust; bring my soul out of prison," &c. Is this your experience? are you groaning because you cannot groan, lamenting and weeping because you cannot? like poor Job, looking for light, but behold darkness; groping at noon-day for the wall; seeking, though faintly, for peace, and yet obtain bitterness? If so, consider the patience of Job, and see the end of the Lord. After he tried him, he came forth as gold seven times purified. Job lost nothing but his brass and his tin, his vain confidence, and his self-righteousness. Poor Hezekiah lost nothing in the end, but obtained the sweet sense of pardoning love and mercy, and therefore sung that delightful anthem, "Thou hast, in love to my soul, brought me out of the pit of corruption, and cast all my sins behind thy back." Are you in this track, in this path? if so, why then sorrow not as those without hope. This was Rebekah's path, Paul's, David's, Job's, Hezekiah with Hannah, and favoured Lydia; yea, of all the children of the kingdom, God be praised. And I trust poor R., with J., are included; yea, a great multitude that no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues have travelled this path, and safely arrived at the desired haven of rest. Therefore, dear heart, take encouragement. The Lord's way is the right way, and that is through much tribulation. In the womb of Rebekah the children struggled for the mastery, and Esau, according to sense, gained the pre-eminence, and came out first, and afterwards Jacob, to whom the promise was made. But notwithstanding Esau was so cunning in hunting, Jacob, though a plain, simple character, obtained the blessing. And thus it has been in every age of the world, manifestly the runner and willer has missed the mark, whilst the poor lame soul takes the prey; and this you will find to your soul's satisfaction when the set time to favour your soul is come; for, after you have suffered awhile, the Lord will establish, strengthen, and settle you.

Badmington.

J. R.

That which is from everlasting shall be to everlasting; if the root be eternal so are the branches. Surely, for this good end, among others, it is twice recorded in the Revelation, that "their names were written in the book of life, from the foundation of the world," (Rev. xiii. 8; xvii. 8,) namely, to signify and assure that the elect shall be safely and surely kept from those dreadful apostacies which the rest of the world shall fall into and be overwhelmed with. And hence, perhaps, it is that we read of nothing done in eternity but election, and things appendant or peculiar thereto; as the promise of eternal life, the Lamb slain, the kingdom prepared, &c.—*Coles.*

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY, OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 26.)

For several weeks the convincing operations of the Spirit were irresistible. During this time, the anxious solicitude I was under made prayer easy, and, as it were, spontaneous or involuntary. My principal concern was to obtain a manifested interest in Christ. The burden of my prayer was that God would subdue the enmity of my nature, and grant me absolute resignation to his will. However, I was sometimes afraid that I might die before my sins were pardoned or a spirit of reconciliation be given me. I took a tour of three or four hundred miles by water while under these serious impressions. I heard scarcely anything on my way but anathemas and imprecations in the dialect of hell. My path here might, with propriety, be said to be strewed with thorns. The temptations I was exposed to in this company were many and great. I was once ridiculed out of my reservedness, and joined them in a hand at cards, for pastime, as they called it. The compunctions I endured on this occasion were extreme; it seemed as if I had committed the unpardonable sin in so soon breaking through the resolutions that I had recently made. However, in the providence of God, even this proved an incitement to greater diligence and watchfulness afterwards. I was exceedingly fearful of being termed a religious hypocrite; so that I avoided all external appearance of seriousness or sanctity, until I should be renewed in the image of God. I seldom read any devotional book except when alone; affected my usual levity in company, not my former vanity of conversation; and at church, when I have felt the most poignant anguish, as if nature would dissolve, have looked around with as much apparent indifference as if all was quiet within, or I had heard nothing from the pulpit. A certain professor, speaking after my conversion with reference to this affected levity and apparent unconcern, supposed it to be real, and said that he felt so vexed at my volatile appearance in the meeting, that he wanted to get up and pull me by the ears. I do not recollect weeping but twice while under conviction. Once on reflecting that I had formerly been ashamed of Christ; (cause enough to make one weep;) and once on reading Christ's reproof, "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" (Matt. xvii. 17.)

Generally, through the abundant mercy of God, I had such a feeling sense of the malignity of sin, and of my danger in consequence of it, as urged me to the most persevering earnestness in seeking an interest in the Redeemer. Sometimes I was almost out of patience, perceiving no change; but at length the most important period of my anxiety, as well as of my life, arrived. Late on a Saturday night, I was called to visit a patient; after administering relief, I lodged with a young man with whom I had formerly been very intimate; his principles were Deistical. In the morning I

walked out for meditation and prayer, and my comrade followed me; I had not the courage to tell him that I wished to be alone, lest he should suspect the cause. Not finding any opportunity for retirement, I gave it over. Afterwards we went to meeting together. From the first effectual furrow of conviction that the Holy Spirit ever drew upon my soul to this time, I had not felt such an awful stupidity as I did this day. I saw no beauty nor felt any power in the public worship of God in the forenoon, nor could I conveniently retire from my former associates in the interval. I was naturally extremely volatile and light in my manner; possessed an unusually retentive memory, that was abundantly stored with such kind of trash as is gratifying to giddy, unreflecting youth. I treasured up in it a world of witty anecdotes, expressive pieces of prose and poetry participating of the romantic and marvellous; which attracted round me occasionally shoals of such as delight in vanity. In short, I was naturally so devoid of all stability, and so perfectly empty and vain in my gestures and conversation, that my father has, unnumbered times, reproached me for my intolerable levity, as he called it. It may not be improper to remark here, that my father was a preacher of the Scotch Presbyterian order, in disposition exactly the reverse of levity; esteemed by those whose judgments can be relied upon, as the most able person in their knowledge to unravel intricate providences, to give satisfaction in trying and obscure cases of conscience; who was always much resorted to in times of awakenings, by people under concern of mind, and from whom, in such cases, they always got more relief than could be obtained elsewhere; and under whose ministry the revivals above spoken of took place. So that from a child I had always an opportunity of hearing all kinds of wants and complaints made by people of all ages, ranks, and conditions, under soul-concern, to their minister, with his answers, which may account for my not informing any but the two afore-mentioned of my being under soul-trouble, as I had by this means obtained beforehand all the information that mortals could communicate.

But to return. In the afternoon worship I had some little satisfaction; but still I was so listless that I began to think that God was going to withdraw his influence from me. This gave me great uneasiness, yet the anxiety did not remove the stupor. When I returned from meeting, I read a paraphrase on the evangelists without any apparent benefit, and was on the point of giving all up for lost. However, while the rest of the family were repairing to bed, I walked out in a field alone, and, kneeling down, my desires for pardon and a knowledge of it were stronger than ever. My case appeared so urgent, that it seemed as if I could no longer take a denial. I was about to form a determination that I would never rise from the earth until I had obtained relief; but as I did not know when that might come, I concluded such a resolution unwarrantable. It wanted three weeks to the appointment of the communion of the Lord's Supper. I prayed that my request might be granted before that time. This petition gave me great remorse, as I immediately

after behold myself as a criminal; and, in that character, had been limiting the time when God should bestow upon me that favour he was under no obligation to do. My mind was now completely on the rack; my anguish was almost intolerable; the burden of guilt that lay upon me was hard to bear, "than all the world much heavier." I arose to go to the house to rest, but my distress was so great that I concluded first to wash my face in a cold rivulet that ran by, to see if that would not relieve the anguish I was in; a miserable remedy for a wounded conscience! Instead of this, however, I went aside, and, kneeling down again, begged of God, for Christ's sake, to grant me absolute resignation to his will. A sudden horror thrilled through my veins; I ceased to pray; I beheld myself guilty before God, as having no excuse to make; that I was *wholly* at his mercy; if he left me to perish, he would be just. In this silence and suspense I continued some considerable time. Everything in nature conspired to the solemnity of the scene. The night was remarkably clear and still, without a moon; the Cayuga lake (forty-two miles long and from two to five miles wide) smooth as glass; it being in the month of April, the streams poured down the rocks into the lake from every quarter. Except the noise of these rivulets, and the tinkling of bells, of which there were numbers on cattle and sheep near me, a dead, solemn silence seemed to reign over universal nature. This suspense (for it was a blank time with me; I had not a single thought in my power any more than a statue) was succeeded by an unpremeditated, supernatural, absolute, and involuntary resignation to the will of God, followed with inexpressible horror, as it were, chilling my blood. The reader may easily perceive the last sentence labours; for so tremendous was the scene; so unexpected and invincible the power that urged me forward; so unable, so disinclined to resist, and withal so fearful of the issue, that words can by no means convey an adequate idea of it. It seemed somewhat like leaping down a precipice in obscure darkness, without knowing where or on what I should land. (See Isa. xlii. 16.)

Here another pause, or total vacuity of thought, ensued; after which, to add solemnity to the scene, I was, without premeditation, irresistibly led to call heaven and earth to witness that I had solemnly and unreservedly dedicated myself, body and soul, to God; that I had for ever renounced the treacherous pleasures of sin. The whole of this scene was like a vision; for not heaven and earth alone, but the whole creation, with awful and overwhelming identity, soul-dissolving and soul-penetrating evidence, confirmed the deed. The dedication had irrevocably and for ever passed my heart and lips, innumerable myriads had confirmed and sealed it, while I felt myself to be weakness in the abstract, and the obligations I was now brought under by the above dedication, a burden too great for Gabriel himself to bear. However, I arose from the place, light as air; the burden of guilt that had lain so heavily upon me was now *wholly* removed. I retired for rest; but when the morning came, it found me without any consciousness of guilt, and without any sensible love or gratitude to God. These opposites I could not reconcile; for I

had previously formed an idea in my own mind how ardent, how glowing, how consummately great my love to God would be should he subdue my native enmity, and bring me into the bond of the everlasting covenant! I now concluded that he had withdrawn the convincing influences of his Holy Spirit from me. A painful anxiety agitated my mind; I prayed that God would continue my convictions, and not take from me a sense of my need of a Saviour. But I could no more feel the guilt that I had formerly done. I asked my father some general questions bearing on my case, in hope that he might throw some light on the subject; his answers were such as would have bolstered up a hypocrite and set a way-side hearer down short of the kingdom of heaven. But the testimony of man would not answer my purpose, as I was determined not to take up with anything short of the witness of the Holy Spirit himself.

Being naturally formed for friendship, and ardent in my attachment, I concluded that my love to God would be as much higher than that to the creature as himself is greater than all his works. Not finding any love at all accompanying the resignation I had made, and my consciousness of sin and guilt being wholly gone, I feared that all that had passed was delusion. (See Hos. xiii. 13, &c.) I continued in this dilemma until Wednesday afternoon, when it pleased God of his infinite, self-moved mercy, suddenly to dispel my fears. A ray of heavenly light beamed into my soul. Then for the first I beheld the mediatorial character and glories of Jesus Christ with ineffable clearness. My whole soul was captivated, lost, and swallowed up in the contemplation and enjoyment of redeeming love and grace. This scene was transacted in the wilds of the state of New York, between two and three o'clock, P.M. My father and three brothers, young men, with myself, were preparing fallow-ground; that is, clearing the timber and brush off uncultivated wood land. But as the most compassionate Saviour had sounded the jubilee trumpet, which none present heard or saw at this time but myself, I could work no longer, but dropped the "pruning-hook," and went off into the wood to keep holy day. My divine Benefactor and Deliverer now received the poor unworthy object of his eternal choice into the melting embraces of his dying love; "the Holy Spirit came upon me, and the power of the Highest overshadowed me;" while the Redeemer illuminated the transformed regions of my soul with unutterable bliss! I silently bathed in this ocean of felicity; I drank my fill of the well-spring of life; I washed my steps in butter, the Rock (Christ) poured me out rivers of oil, (joy,) the heavens dropped down righteousness; I was fed as with marrow and fatness; my soul was abundantly satiated with the glory. At length I was as lavish with expressions of heartfelt love and gratitude to God as an earthen vessel with the treasure of grace in it is capable of being. O how inexpressibly precious was my dear Redeemer in the rich, boundless, and overflowing manifestations of his gracious and transforming presence!

"The dear extatic scene no words can show,
And none but by experience can know."

Such was the overwhelming fulness of love manifested on this occasion, that I was wholly lost to myself, and altogether insensible of the lapse of time; but such was the length of time that I had been absent, that, when I returned, my father gave me a sharp reprimand for neglecting the work so long. But my mind was too much absorbed in contemplating on the things of the kingdom to feel the force of his reproof. Neither did I inform my father or any other person of my change till a week afterwards, when I offered myself as a candidate at a session convened for the purpose of admitting new converts into the church. They were as much surprised at such an application as they would have been if the greatest libertine in their acquaintance, without any apparent reformation, had offered himself as a subject for church membership with them. And as they interrogated me their astonishment increased, for I could readily resolve all their questions, except such as were applicable to those only who were "weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts;" at this I was a novice.

But to return. From this time I enjoyed sweet and almost uninterrupted communion with God for near twelve months; after which I experienced some small decay of spiritual fervour for almost a year, though not without some joyful foretastes of that exalted felicity prepared for the redeemed. This was succeeded by the most near, intimate, and exalted communion with God, accompanied with clear, strong, unwavering faith in Jesus Christ and confidence in the promises. I walked as in the immediate presence of God, and had, most of the time, clear and comprehensive views of his omniscience and omnipresence, which made me shun the very appearance of evil. I well knew, for I felt it, that "God is love." My heart was ravished with the riches of his grace; my whole soul was swallowed up in the prospect. There was an overflowing fulness. So great and so brilliant were the manifestations of Jesus Christ, that it seemed many times as if human nature would dissolve, and faith be changed for vision. My faith in Christ Jesus was so strong, my confidence in God so great, and the inexpressible, immediate, and intimate communion I enjoyed with the Holy Spirit such, that I never could or dare fully open to any one. (2 Cor. xii. 4.) I felt as free from sin and guilt as if there never had been such things known. In those days, and in that time, the iniquity of Israel was sought for, and there was none; and the sins of Judah, and they were not found. (Jer. i. 20.) I basked in the benign and refulgent beams of the Sun of Righteousness; washed in the fountain opened for Judah and Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness; (Zech. xiii. 1;) bathed in the river of life; took my fill of loves; and exulted in extatic bliss. I looked at the things that are not seen; the vast concerns of eternity rolled in continually as in a flood tide upon my mind; I conversed with invisible realities; by faith explored the regions of the spirits of the just made perfect; the earth, with all its concerns, receded and vanished from my view; while the ineffably precious, condescending, and glorious Redeemer took the unrivalled possession of my heart as my God and my All!

"I yielded my soul as a captive to grace,
 When the banner of love was unfurl'd;
 My spirit dissolved in the rays of his face,
 And I died to the charms of this world."

I had such enlarged views of the plan and way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and of the extent, purity, and spirituality of the divine law, that it seemed to me every one might behold it. It appeared evident to me that God could in no way be just if he did not punish the incorrigibly impenitent with everlasting banishment from his presence. I saw sin to be so exceedingly sinful, was so fearful of it, and of myself on account of it, lest I should fall into it, that I anxiously desired to die; yea, I daily prayed that God would take me away before I should dishonour him by backsliding. Many times, when I have attempted to pray, my Redeemer has prevented me with his grace; has answered my request before I had time to ask; (Isa. lxxv. 24;) has helped my infirmities with groanings that could not be uttered. This, this is grace indeed; grace "not to be thought on but with tides of joy, not to be mentioned but with shouts of praise." O how inexpressibly precious and transporting was it to exclaim, in the language of the poet,

"Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour, thou art mine!"

(*To be continued.*)

When God has laid out for a man a way, in vain does the man seek for a nearer one. We often see the things we aim at as travellers do towns in a hilly part, judging them to be near; but we see not the valleys and brooks that intervene.

Sure I am, that somewhat of my fallen *sinful* nature, is mingled with all I say and all I do. Even in the most solemn seasons, when engaged in divine employments, "who shall say how oft he offendeth?" If I pray, my very prayer-sins would be my condemnation; did not He, my Almighty High Priest, as Aaron his type shadowed, "bear away the iniquity of my holy things?" (Exod. xxviii. 38.) If I attend ordinances, or any of the several means of grace, how often may I detect myself in the vacant mind, and the absent affection, while in body presenting myself before the Lord. And what a train of thoughts sometimes rush in upon me, to carry off my attention, like what Job calls, "troops from Tema." (Job vi. 19.) I should blush, if conscious of what passes within me was open to the view of those about me. And yet do I not know, that however noiseless and inaudible such things are before men, they all come up and appear open before God! How solemn is that scripture to this amount: "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance!" (Ps. xc. 8.) If my salvation depended upon one good thought of my own, untainted with the tang of inherent pollution which is in me, and rotten at the very core, I could not command it.—*Hawker.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. KEYT.

Dear Friend,—I heard of your sickness, and am come to visit you in spirit and by letter. Were I with you in person, I should presume to feel your pulse, look at your tongue, and inquire how your heart beats towards the good Physician. But as I am only a mean domestic, and sometimes employed by my Master privately to carry medicine, which he provides and prescribes for his poor sick folks, I cannot pretend to surgery or physic; but knowing my Master's skill, tenderness, and liberality, I humbly besought him to condescend to visit you, brother John, whom I love in the truth and for the truth's sake, and also as an acknowledgment of your kindness, (in my last sickness,) together with Peter and Phoebe. The Lord in mercy remember you all. There is balm in Gilead and a good Physician there. This you know; therefore I only attempt to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance, that hyssop and blood are effectual purgatives, wine and oil for wounds, bands for broken bones, the cooling waters of the sanctuary from the fountain of life and wells of salvation for fevers, bitter herbs to strengthen the stomach, milk and lamb for declines, strong drink for those that are ready to perish, wine for the heavy of heart, and the fatted calf for the returning prodigal, together with the robes, shoes, ring, music, and dancing. And you know when the joyful sound of pardon and peace, by the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, is joyfully blown into the ear of the soul by the silver trumpet and the breath of God, it makes the mouth sound out God's praise, so that the daughters of Zion go forth with a shining countenance in the dances of them that make merry. And you also know that the feast of fat things, full of marrow and fatness, and wines on the lees well refined, are prepared for the citizens of Zion; and if any of these things are suitable to my friend's palate, may it please our blessed Lord to apply them for your good and his own glory.

But, my dear friend, I find many days of darkness. I have been a night and a day in the deep, suffered hunger, cold, and nakedness. Not that I now speak of want, God be praised. "Bread shall be given, and our water sure." "He will give meat to his people, and ever be mindful of his covenant." But it is needful (for some, that we might sympathise with Christ and his followers) to be stripped of all, and that the Lord might be enjoyed as our Portion. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." But of late I have been crying with David (Ps. xxii.) and Jeremiah, (Lam. iii.) &c., and at last my Lord's words sounded in my ears, thus, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Here my mind was drawn out in sympathy with my suffering Lord in his exquisite torture of body and soul on the cross and under desertion. Then I was carried back in contemplation to his last supper, and his amazing condescension in washing his disciples' feet. Then again to the doleful garden of Gethsemane, there to see him under the weight of our transgressions, with God's wrath lying hard upon him, forcing out agonising sweat of blood, atoning for his beloved.

There is a voice sounding in my soul thus, "*O remember me!*" and my heart answers,

"And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me."

But I must descend and return to the garden again, there beholding the majesty of the great I AM, speaking with the tongue of his human nature, which so struck his enemies with awe, that when they came to eat up his flesh they stumbled and fell; for thus we see it fulfilled, "As soon then as he said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground." (John xviii. 6.) In our translation it is, "I am *he*," but the word *he* put in italics has a tendency to obscure the glory of his Majesty, King Jesus, Jehovah of Hosts, the God of Armies. He is my Lord, and I worship him. (Ps. xlv. 10, 11; Isa. viii. 13, 14; 1 Pet. ii. 7, 8.) Those scriptures display, in the hand of the Spirit, *to the eye of faith*, the divinity and personality of our great Immanuel, the glorious God-Man, the Head of the Church, and he shall have the pre-eminence. I ever desire our King-Mediator to sit enthroned in my affections, and there sway his sceptre of power, justice, truth, and mercy. But where shall I get a sheet of paper large enough if my pen runs on this way? Have patience with me, John, for I cannot conceal his loving-kindness and tender mercy. O may it ever be for our comfort!

But I am to declare his goodness to unworthy me. On the Lord's Day previous to the Wednesday on which I was taken ill, Mr. B. gave me a token for good in time of need. On the Tuesday evening following, I walked home from Deptford Chapel, and I was a hungered, but we had not wherewithal to get a loaf. We went to bed, but hunger, &c., kept me awake; but, before I arose, the following words were brought to lead my thoughts to heaven, *i. e.*, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." There I eyed the fulness of spiritual provision; yet, being weak, I felt the weighty affliction of my poor wife and children. On the Wednesday morning, I found I must either go to bed again, or get out in the air; therefore I visited a kind friend, at whose table I am invited oftener than I can find freedom of mind to accept it. But on my way to their house, I was mentally wrestling with God in confession, prayer, and acknowledgment of past mercies; then the following scripture came, with some degree of persuasive, softening, meekening, humbling power to my soul, *i. e.*, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." Then poor little Faith handed this exceeding great and precious promise into my soul, which produced tranquility. Then Gratitude arose, with all humility, to acknowledge this so great a favour. Then the disaffected rabble began to sneer, jeer, mock, and deride, saying, "How do you know that Scripture came from God?" This question produced a gloom over the mind, and grieved the seed-royal that the King's promise should be doubted; but, as God would have it, Truth encouraged Faith, so he stood up in the audience of the people, saying, "It is the word of the Lord;" and so comforted the soul. Then the Infidels put another question, namely, "How do you know it was the word of God to you?" This

struck another damp upon a glowing breast. But Faith said, "It is the word of the Lord." Then Prudence urged Faith and Patience to watch and pray with all perseverance, and they joined as one, saying, "Let it be unto me, O Lord, according to thy word;" and soon after the same promise was sent again, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." So Faith *again* handed it into the soul; and it would have done you good to have seen the humbling tendency it had among the King's own loyal subjects doing his Majesty reverence. O what a respectful bowing of the soul there was, with an echo of, "Be it unto me, O Lord, according to thy word." All this was plainly to be seen, by the eye of faith in the mind, so as to affect the heart. Tears of gratitude were called up, and the singers were in motion for a song of praise to the Lord; but the favour was so great and overcoming, they could not sound it out, but looked on one another, smiled, and bowed their heads with self-abasement before the Lord the King. Soon afterwards it was suggested that the whole of this must be tried, which in general is the case with me, so there was a suitable petition put up.

All this was carried on in the way to my friend's house, where I dined and drank tea. Then they gave me a lift with them in a coach from the Borough to Fleet Street. From thence I walked, weakly and slowly, to Providence Chapel, and heard Mr. B.; but when the service was over, my troubles, *with increased force*, made a breach in my mind, and shook my poor weak frame. It was as terrible to my soul as a besieging army entering a breach made in a city, shouting, "Victory," with clattering of arms, and bloody swords and spears, and confused noise, with groanings from the wounded in garments rolled in blood, together with the ghastly appearance of the slain, &c. But what followed after on my body, in the coach and at the inn, you were an eye-witness to. Yet on my way in the coach I was pressed in Spirit to shout, to God's praise, by saying, "O what a privilege it is, in the face of appearance of death, to have a sense of the Father's love, the Son's redemption, and the Spirit's witness!" This witness of my adoption was a solid stay to my mind. I looked round upon you all with affectionate regard, and thought I should be glad to close my eyes upon you all, to see you no more in this world, but open the eyes of my soul upon Christ glorified, together with all the heavenly hosts of angels, and also spirits of just men made perfect in heaven above. And when I lay upon the bench at the inn, unable to rise or speak, I was divested of the fear of death, and I was resigned to his choice who gave himself for me.

Peter kindly accompanied me home; but when I alighted, I could not stand without holding. Some changes passed over my body and mind in the night, and in the morning the Lord condescended to proclaim his name before me. At this I was astonished, and I knew I was too weak to meditate, my head being disordered; but what my Lord condescended to bring was savoury meat, such as my soul loves. It consisted of mercy, grace, abundant goodness, long-suffering, pity, and compassion from the heart of Immanuel, God with us, also Jesus, who saves his people from their sins. However,

I can only give you an outline; but my heart blessed the Lord for his amazing condescension in visiting one so unworthy of the least of all his mercies; and of all the truth he has showed unto his servant. He was my only Physician, and, as a nurse, he condescended to make my bed in my sickness, and wrought in me submission to his will. This, together with a sense of his love to my soul, was greater comfort than the bed and pillow to the feeble body and fainting head. On Thursday morning I arose about dinner-time, and bowed my knees, desiring to return thanks unto the Lord for making his goodness pass before me; and while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sins, acknowledging God's favours, and imploring his mercy and food for the nourishment of my feeble body, wife, and family, one of my children came up to me, saying, 'I was wanted; so in much weakness I walked down stairs to see my kind friend C., and when he took leave, he left a one-pound note. What shall we say to these things? If God be for us, who shall be against us? Love is overcome with God's goodness, and words are swallowed up. What shall I say more, but O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together! and when it is well with you, remember me, as every day I am enabled to pray for you and all my friends in Christ Jesus, together with all my benefactors, known and unknown, also for Zion in her low estate, and my good old king; and as the Psalmist of Jerusalem said, so I say of my country, "Because of the house of the Lord my God, I will seek thy good."

Tender my love to all the seed-royal, and accept the same yourself, together with Mrs. K., as I remain, yours affectionately in Christ Jesus, bless his name. Amen.

Tuesday Morning, July 29th, 1817.

God in his sovereign prerogative greatly manifests his love to believers in so frequently choosing their seed; and the freeness of his grace in not rejecting wholly the seed of others.—*E. Colles.*

Covetousness is declared to be (Col. iii. 5) idolatry. "Joshua," said Ambrose, "could stop the course of the sun, (Josh. x. 12,) but all his power could not stop the course of avarice. The sun stood still, but avarice went on. Joshua obtained a victory when the sun stood still, but was defeated when avarice was at work." (Josh. vii.)

An awful silence appears amongst us, and I have good hope that the words which the Lord has enabled me to speak in your ears this day, have not altogether fallen to the ground. Your tears and deep attention are an evidence, I hope, that the Lord God is amongst us of a truth. Come, ye Pharisees, come and see, in spite of your satanical rage and fury. The Lord Jesus is getting himself the victory. And, brethren, I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not, but if one soul of you, by the blessing of God, be brought to think savingly of Jesus Christ this day, I care not if my enemies were permitted to thrust me into an inner prison and put my feet fast in the stocks as soon as I have delivered this sermon.—*Whitefield.*

INQUIRY.

The following case has been submitted to us for our opinion.

A married female was deserted by her husband. After the lapse of thirteen years she marries again, supposing he was dead; but after six or seven years' time the first husband returns. Can this female consistently continue a member of a gospel church?

ANSWER.

In the case, as thus stated, no mention is made of one important feature: Does the woman now live with either of the men? The word of God is most distinctly against her returning to her first husband; (Deut. xxiv. 3, 4; Jer. iii. 1;) and to live with the second during the life-time of the first is adultery. (Rom. vii. 3.) As a Christian woman, therefore, she must withdraw herself from both, and consider herself a widow. Her case is deeply to be pitied, especially if she be poor and dependent for support upon the man with whom she has been lately living, or if there be children. But the word of God is clear, and we think that the church cannot consistently allow her to sit down with them unless there be a complete and absolute separation on her part from both the men with whom she has lived.

As soon as the good Spirit of God begins to awaken, alarm, and to convince us of sin and unbelief, then the old things one after another begin to vanish; as God said unto Israel as soon as the passover was instituted, and God had begun to deliver his people, "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you." (Exod. xii. 2.) And when our deliverance is completed, then comes our new birth-day; then he says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth." (Job xxxiii. 24, 25.)—*Huntington.*

They that confess Christ shall be confessed by him; but professing Christ is not confessing him; these are distinct things. Confession is a living testimony for Christ in a time when religion suffers; profession may be only a lifeless formality, in a time when religion prospers. To confess Christ is to choose his ways and own them; to profess Christ is to plead for his ways, and yet live beside them. Profession may be from a feigned love to the ways of Christ; but confession is from a rooted love to the person of Christ. To profess Christ is to own him when none deny him; to confess Christ is to plead for him and suffer for him when others oppose him. Hypocrites may be professors, but the martyrs are the true confessors. Profession is a swimming down the stream like the dead fish, which many do; confession is a swimming against the stream, which none but living fish can. "He that confesses me before men, him will I confess before my Father in heaven." This promise is equivalent to a promise of eternal life; for whom Jesus Christ confesses, God the Father will never disown.—*M. Meade.*

O B I T U A R Y.

MR. R. PAPWORTH, OF ELSWORTH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

(Concluded from page 35.)

He manifested such love to those who waited upon him, and was so satisfied with all that was done for him, that it was a pleasure to be with him. His mouth was filled with praise and thanksgiving. To his daughter he said, "My dear, what a treasure you are to me to what an ungodly child would be. The dear Lord comforts me on every side." She replied, "My dear father, I think it an honour to have such a parent to wait upon, and I can never forget my kind parent; no one ever had a kinder." "O," he said, "my dear, I did not quite like to deprive you when young of a little company, but the Lord knew my heart, how I begged you might not be carried away with the vanity of this world; and he answered my prayer." She said, "Yes; and I remember you used to say, 'My dears, it is all vanity.'" He replied, "Yes, and so it is; but to have the fear of the Lord implanted in the heart when young, what a rich gem! It was that which kept me, for I had no parents; being left without a mother when a year old, and only ten when my father died; but the fear of the Lord preserved me. And I was thinking of little Moses. He was cast on the ocean of time something like me; but the Lord preserved him, and so he did me; and I was enabled to choose rather to 'suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' I never could enjoy it, for the Lord's eye was upon me, and those words used to follow me, 'Mine eye seeth thee.' O what a mercy! no thanks to me; the evils were in my heart, and so they are now, but they are not suffered to move their heads; they are all subdued by grace." His daughter told him the doctor said he must not talk, and thought he must be faint. "No," he said,

"I cannot faint with such a prop
As bears the earth's huge pillars up."

He wished to see several friends, and particularly one who assisted him when he was thrown out of the pony cart. "Ah!" he said, "how good the Lord was to me at that time! You thought, indeed, I was almost killed; but the Lord kills and makes alive. Since that time I have thought I never should lie on this bed again with such sweet and blessed feelings of a precious Christ as I then enjoyed, but it is just the same now." Then he went on to say that after his fall from the pony cart, when he became sensible, the first words that were spoken to his heart were, "'This sickness is not unto death.' And I said, 'What for, then, Lord?' He said, 'To show forth my praise;' and I thought I would praise him all the days of my life. But there have been some dark seasons since. Then I was afraid my cup would not be filled so full again; but it is. O if the Lord would but unloose my stammering tongue!" His daughter said, "My dear father, it is unloosed wonderfully." He replied, "I cannot tell you half; but do tell that person whom I mentioned to you that

there is a vitality in religion. I have heard him say, 'See how such and such act; there cannot be anything in religion;' but tell him there is; and if he stumbles at this, I fear he is on the dark mountains." After this, he brought up a great deal of blood again. When he could speak, he said, "Bless the Lord, my journey will be short now; but Jesus is my rest." After another attack, when we thought he must die, he stretched out his arms, and clasped them to his breast, saying, "Sweet Jesus, I clasp thee in my arms, the Antidote of death!" and he kept them so for half an hour, and we thought he would not unclasp them again." In about two hours he revived, and said, "O how good the Lord is! I feel myself gently sinking into his arms." And he took his friends one at a time by the hand and told them how happy he was, and how the Lord supported him. To one he said, "Love the truth, and the truth will carry you through. And, my dear friends, love one another; and may it be with a pure heart fervently; if it is not with a pure heart, it is as unstable as water. But may the Lord bless you, as he has blessed me." To one he said, "If you have a smoking desire, the Lord will kindle it to a flame." To his dear wife he said, "Do not weep, but rather rejoice; you have the same God to support you as I have; and if he does, O it is wonderful! He is faithful to his word. I love the word of God from one end to the other. There must be precept and promise—the spirit of it; and love is the moving cause." To another he said, "Love the truth; I know you love it; and those that do cannot set too high a value on it. It is far above gold, and silver, and rubies." The friend then read Hymn 591,

"How blest is the man who in Jesus believes,
And on him can cast all his cares;
A righteousness full and complete he receives,
That hides all his guilt, sin, and fears."

He said, "My dear, that is just for me."

They went down to tea, but before they had finished he was seized with another attack of the bleeding, and was again, to all appearance, all but gone. As they stood round his bed, expecting him to breathe his last, he said, in a faint whisper, "Water;" but he could not swallow it from a teaspoon; then he whispered, "sponge;" and he sucked it through a sponge, and said, "How nice." The nurse said, "How wonderful!" He heard her, and said, "You may well say, *wonderful*, for it is a mystery. I thought I was going this time, but the Lord's time is not yet come."

A person whom he wished to see, happened to call, and went and sat by his bedside. He said to him, "My dear friend, when I have heard you quote Scripture and argue, I thought what a fool I was; and I have just wisdom enough to know what a fool I am; but the goodness of the Lord is so great to me. I could wish you to enjoy the same, but I don't believe you do now, though I believe you have. But don't despise the weak, and be not carried away and puffed up with knowledge. O Ephraim! I would have given you up; but though you are a backslider, the Lord can restore you. Attend the means of grace where you can hear, and get food for your soul, and

don't deprive yourself of these comforts." All were astonished to hear him speak. His friend thanked him for his advice. He said, "If it is any good, it is what the Lord has given me; for I am but a babe, and what the Lord's will is concerning me I know not. He has a will, and I lie quite submissive to it. But I am obliged to alter that hymn which was so on my mind the day I came up stairs,

'Ah! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly flies away;'

I must alter it and say,

'Time *gently* flies away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day!'

One of his friends said they gave our Saviour a sponge. "Ah!" he said, "he had his enemies around him, but I have friends; it is all through his sufferings I am so blessed."

His medical attendant had not expected to see him alive again, as he lived seven or eight miles off; but when he went to his bed-side again, he said, "O my dear doctor, I am glad to see you once more. I thought you would come again; but I had my good Physician with me, and he prescribed water." But he said, "You take a little milk." "O yes," he replied, "I love the pure milk from the clean beast that chews the cud." After this he became much exhausted, and lay quiet. His daughter said to him, "How low you are!" He replied, "Yes, but the consolations of Jesus revive me; his garments smell of myrrh and cassia." At another time he said, "How the Rose of Sharon does revive me!" For the most part he now slept.

In the course of two or three weeks, to the surprise of all his friends, he so much revived as to be able to sit up, and continued so for many weeks. His mind was kept in peace on the Rock of Ages, and he often said how good the Lord was not to suffer the enemy to distress him. He was again able to read his Bible, which he so highly esteemed. One day his daughter went in to see him, and he seemed quite melted in tears. He took her hand with much affection, and said, "My dear, I have been walking up and down in this room by myself, weeping, with love in my heart, and thinking of those dear souls with whom I am united at Godmanchester. O the union! it will never be broken; it is in Christ. And I have been having such a sweet view of Moses and Aaron, and how the Lord united them together; how Aaron was mouth for Moses. So you see the body is not all mouth nor all ears; but each in its proper place; and though I have been such a poor timid creature, and often could not open my mouth, and for public prayer could not feel courage enough, yet there are those dear souls that have been mouth for me, and have told out the feelings of my heart. So every member in his proper place; and we shall all be satisfied when we awake in his likeness. But we must wait, and I desire to wait his time." His daughter was reading Rev. xiv. to him. He said, "My dear, none but the redeemed can learn that song." And when she

came to that verse, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth," he stopped her and said, "That is the Holy Ghost meant there; I heard that voice sixty years ago, many years before I heard it preached by any man. *That is the loud voice and powerful.* Man may preach with a powerful voice, and be inspired by the blessed Spirit, but if the heart is not opened it will have no effect. I was very young then, and very much distressed under the curse of a broken law for three years. I was at that time at school at Huntingdon. My master and mistress were particularly kind to me, and often used to have me in the parlour with them. They had only one son, and they made me his companion. They often used to play at different games in the evening, and they neither of them liked to lose, and I often saw anger would rise; this, with inward convictions, gave me quite a dislike to any gambling. I always hated the sight of cards, though I was often dragged into company." He then went on to speak of the way the Lord had led him when a boy. He afterwards spoke of Mr. Evans, and said, "After he left England, we had no settled resting-place, to hear to our satisfaction, until we went to Godmanchester, where we have attended for more than twenty years; and many of our late minister's (Mr. Scandrett's) texts and remarks are still fresh and dear to my memory, though he has been dead twelve years. But though I enjoyed his preaching, I was like the poor man waiting for the moving of the waters of everlasting love, to constrain me to walk in the precepts laid down in the precious Bible, I mean, believers' baptism, and uniting round the Lord's table to commemorate his dying love. I had so many fears; sometimes fearing if I made a public profession I should bring a disgrace upon the cause of truth; for I was ashamed at the conduct of some professors. Sometimes the devil and unbelief would tell me it was all a delusion; but this word was often upon my heart, 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart;' and I was kept still pursuing."

On the 20th of March, he was again seized with an attack, and brought up a great deal of blood, and we thought it must be his last trial. The following day he slept from exhaustion, after which he again revived, and said, "I think the Lord is going to take me this time, but I cannot tell; I must wait. I do not fear death; the sting is taken away. I was thinking my feet are on the rock, and all my enemies are under the rock, so they cannot hurt me; and I believe it will only be like falling asleep to me, the Lord is so good and gracious."

It wanted only a short time to his birthday; he mentioned it, and said, "I cannot expect to see it. Many times have I, like poor Job, wished I had never been born; but I am not under the curse now, nor have I ever felt under it since those words came, 'Loose him and let him go, for I have found a ransom,' though the devil and unbelief often tried to persuade me it was not true. But he was a liar from the beginning. Agur's prayer has always been my prayer, 'Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor

riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.' 'God moves in a mysterious way.' Mr. Brown must needs come this way, to bury me in the waters of baptism, though I believe I was born again before he was born. I love the dear man for his works' sake, and for the sake of his Master, whom he so willingly serves, and I as willingly when the Lord's time came, and that is the best time. Many wondered I did not come before, as I had a springing well within; but it was a spring shut up, a fountain sealed, until the seal was taken from my lips; and when the Lord opens, no man can shut; and while he shuts, no man can open."

A young friend, a member of the church, came to see him, who had been much exercised about the ministry. He said to him, "Many run, but I believe *you* wish to know your calling is of God. I hope it is. But if it is, you will have to go through evil report as well as good report. May the Lord be with you, and strengthen you; and pray be gentle with the little ones." His love and affection went out after several ministers whom he had heard, and whose texts he had noted down, and they were brought again to his remembrance.

For some weeks he continued better, and was even able to ride out, and walk a little in his garden.

On Lord's Day, June 13th, he was taken much worse; bringing up a great deal of blood. Once he looked up to his son-in-law, and said, "O Mr. P—, if the Lord had been pleased to take me when I raised the blood before! I felt nothing then; but it is hard work now. But I must still pray for patience." He said he had two things to pray for; one that he might have patience to wait the Lord's time; and the other, that he might be ready whenever the hour came." He was very ill all that night, but the next day he was a little better. He said, "Blessed be God, he has given me strength enough, but none to spare. I am in his hands, and he has promised never to leave or forsake me, and his everlasting arms are beneath me."

His daughter read the following hymn to him, as it had been given out at a prayer-meeting by a poor blind man (a particular favourite of his) the Lord's Day before, between the services:

"The moon and stars shall lose their light,
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay.

"But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand every storm, and live at last."

"O," he said, "I cannot tell you what I feel to those dear souls! it is almost more than my poor frail body can bear. O yes, we are both of one mind, and both of one heart, because the Lord has changed our vile hearts and fashioned them both alike." His daughter said, "He did not forget you in his prayer." He replied, "I be-

lieve I have the prayers of the poor, and I value them much. It is better to be a Lazarus in the next world, though it does not appear so in this." Some one proposed reading to him that hymn of Watts',

"Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things."

He said, "I am sorry when good men speak against Watts; there are many sweet and precious hymns of his." When it had been read, he said, "Yes, it is very sweet; and when it is the Lord's will, I shall be glad to be gone; but I beg for patience."

After this time he was so very weak that he spoke but little, and only a few words at a time, and he could not attend to reading. Now and then his daughter tried to repeat or read a verse or two to him; once from Ps. xxiii., "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." He said, "No, my dear, no evil. I continually feel the everlasting arms are underneath me, and he has promised never to leave nor forsake me. All I heard when you read to me was this, 'He leadeth me in green pastures,' and I was thinking they are strange green pastures for some to look at. But it is in the promised land that I am expecting to find the green pastures, forgetting all the things that are behind, and looking forward to that which lies before." He then lay down, much exhausted. Several times he said he believed death would only be like falling asleep to him; he was not molested with any fear, for he believed the Lord would keep that which he had committed to him. Another time he said death was no more than tasting a drop of honey. At another time he said he felt himself just like a lamb, "and you know the Lord himself says, he carries the lambs in his bosom."

His daughter says, the last week in June he was so sinking that she thought they would converse with him no more, but knowing it would gladden his heart, she told him of the experience of two persons at the church-meeting. It seemed quite reviving to him; and when he spoke of anything during the week it was of the baptism. He thought the time long before it came, and how he should love to be there, and thought it was wonderful he should live to hear of it. On the Thursday morning he thought it was the Lord's Day, and that the time was come.

On the 8th of July, when he was wanted to take a little wine and water or arrowroot, which was all the support he had taken for seven weeks, he said, "Don't disturb me; I hope the messenger, death, will come and unclot me, for I long to be gone."

On the 12th, we could not persuade him to take anything all day; he said he lay very comfortably. But in the night he took a few spoonfuls of arrowroot, and said it would soon be over; how he did wish his dear Lord would come and fetch him to his long home; it would be a glorious passport. His nurse said, "Then you are perfectly happy?" He said, "Yes; I long to be gone, when it is the Lord's will."

On the Friday morning, he beckoned his daughter to come to him; he took her hand, and said, "I bid you farewell," and something more she could not hear; but she did hear him say, "when it is the Lord's will." And so quietly did he fall asleep in the arms of his dear Lord, that neither his daughter nor the nurse, who were in the room, knew the exact moment.

In this peaceful manner our dear friend fell asleep in Jesus, July 16th, 1852, aged 72. On the following Tuesday his remains were laid in the tomb, to await the joyful morning of the resurrection.

The funeral was conducted with great simplicity and propriety. It was in the evening, in order that the labouring men of the village, many of whom esteemed and loved him, might have an opportunity of attending.

After the interment of the body in the burial-ground of the little chapel at Elsworth, where a short address was given, and the hymn, "Sons of God by blest adoption," was sung, we entered the chapel, and had a service there. The text was from Num. xxiii. 10: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A weeping ash now marks the spot where all that is mortal of Richard Papworth remains. May the weak and fearful be encouraged by his example. His experience was a fulfilment of those promises, "The tongue of the dumb shall sing," and, "At eventide it shall be light."

Godmanchester.

W. B.

Afflictions are a golden key, by which God opens the rich treasure of his word to his people's souls.—*T. Brooks.*

When we are brought to believe it is for our good and that in very faithfulness God afflicts us; to fear carnal ease; to fear being given up to our own heart's lusts; to fear that our convictions should go off and not terminate in pardon, peace, &c.; and yet no deliverance wrought out for us, to find a feeling after them, and a struggling to get under the load again; to a hungry soul thus taught, even these bitter things are sweet.—*Huntington.*

It is my mercy that the infirmities of age, which most men, even in perspective, shrink from, and in the earlier periods of life are apt to paint to their imagination as brooding with numberless evils, have dwindled into nothing, comparatively speaking, in my view. Now I am arrived in the midst of them; softened as they are, and more than softened, with the grace of God. True indeed, it is winter with me, but it is a kindly winter. Like the tree of the forest, long rooted, many a year in the succession of cold and heat have passed over me. I cannot expect, neither do I desire, any of the foliage of nature's buddings in vernal seasons; for little more is now left, either stem or branch, than the mere trunk. Nevertheless, the Lord that tempers all states and all events to his people, will graciously order all that remains to be filled in here below, in my eventful life; and as the prophet describes it, "will stay his rough wind in the day of the east wind."—*Hawker.*

REVIEW.

The Protector; a Vindication. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1849.

To be misunderstood and misrepresented is the common lot of men much raised above their fellows. Envy follows eminence as the shadow follows the sun; and envy, open-eyed to every defect, is blind to every merit.

Few greater men have lived in modern times than England's once feared and honoured Protector, Oliver Cromwell; and upon few reputations has the tooth of envy and hatred fastened with more venomous and lasting fang. Many circumstances have contributed to this. He was, not by choice but by necessity, a Republican, and monarchy is deeply enshrined in the English heart. He laid low a proud and dominant church, and stabled the horses of his victorious troops in her cathedrals. This the National Establishment can never forget or forgive. He helped to depose and put to death the King—a crime never to be justified or palliated, though Charles I. was one of the most faithless and worthless monarchs that ever swayed the English sceptre. He defeated and put to flight, on the plains of Worcester, that profligate prince, Charles II., a name never to be mentioned without abhorrence by every lover of liberty, hater of hypocrisy, upholder of morality, and friend of religion. But above all, he was a Puritan, and a professor, we would hope, a possessor of vital godliness. To political enmity, therefore, against him as a usurper, there has been added the deeper-seated and more enduring religious enmity against him as a saint.

But the same causes which made Cromwell's name abhorred by a Tory church and a profligate court have also handed down his character to posterity blackened by prejudice and overwhelmed with calumny. When death, amidst the tears and prayers of thousands,* had stopped that noble heart, and for ever paralysed that mighty hand, and Charles II. was restored to the throne, it was the interest of every hireling scribe to blacken the character and pour contempt upon the memory of that great man, whose very name had made the foes of England tremble.† Every ass could now kick the dead lion. Every dangling courtier had his gibe and jest at the stern Puritan who had chased away such profligates as the eagle drives

* "The sorrow of the Protector's friends and of the majority of the nation cannot be described. 'The consternation and astonishment of all people,' wrote Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell, 'are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them.' * * * 'I am not able to speak or write,' said Thurloe; 'this stroke is so sore, so unexpected, the providence of God in it so stupendous, considering the person that has fallen, the time, the season wherein God took him away, with other circumstances, I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord. It is not to be said what affliction the army and people show to his late Highness; his name is already precious. Never was there any man so prayed for.'"

† Cardinal Mazarin, the powerful minister of Louis XIV., is said to have changed countenance whenever the name of Cromwell was mentioned in his presence.

before him a flock of hungry vultures. But scoffing jests were not the only insults offered to his memory. Not content with blackening his name, they must needs insult his remains. His very corpse they dragged out of the grave, hanged it at Tyburn, and threw it into a hole dug under the gallows. His religion they called fanaticism, his letters and speeches cant, his assuming the reins of government when no one else could hold them rebellion, and his prayers and tears hypocrisy. Every mercenary writer and court preacher curried favour by ridiculing the words and actions of the man who had purged the church of erroneous and immoral ministers, selected for his bosom friends and associates those alone who feared God, put down with a strong hand balls and theatres, and assembled in Parliament men whose chief qualification was the possession of inward grace. Oxford could not forgive a ruler who had made Dr. Owen Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University, and Dr. Goodwin President of Magdalen; who had chosen his chaplains for their spiritual gifts; and who, in seasons of difficulty and trial, instead of consulting his cabinet, had sought the Lord with tears and supplications. These, in their eyes, unpardonable sins were not redeemed or counterbalanced by his making the name of England universally feared and honoured, by the stop he put to the victorious progress of France and Spain, or by the protection he afforded to the Protestants abroad, when he compelled the French minister to cast his shield over the very men for whom he had been whetting the sword.

The impressions of most persons as regards our Puritan ancestors have been formed from reading shallow histories, written by the infidel Hume or the hired scribbler, Goldsmith; and as these impressions are usually made in tender, unreflecting years, and are well suited to the carnal mind of youth, they become grounded in the memory as certain fixed truths. We have been taught at school to believe that Cromwell was a hypocrite and fanatic, because so we have read in Pinnock's Goldsmith. Here most persons' knowledge of the life and character of Cromwell begins and ends. Access to sounder sources of information few possess, or indeed care about. All that has been written of him by Owen, Baxter, Milton, Mrs. Hutchinson, &c., all the evidence derivable from his letters and speeches, the minute account still extant of his last illness and death-bed, and almost every other source from whence to form a sound judgment of his character, is to most, even educated, persons, unknown, and it is handed down from father to son as a most certain truth, that as Charles I. was a martyr, and is gone to heaven, so Oliver Cromwell was a hypocrite, and is gone to hell.

Without attempting to vindicate all the actions of Cromwell, yet one thing we may safely assert, that to him, more than to any other man, does England owe her present civil and religious liberty. That England is not a Popish country, that the Sovereign is not absolute, that the press is free, that Parliament meets, that we can assemble ourselves peaceably together to worship God in spirit and in truth, that the Bible may be circulated and read—in other words, that England is not

now a second Spain, Italy, or Portugal, is due, under God, mainly to Oliver Cromwell. What is called by church historians the Great Rebellion, was, in fact, a rising of English liberty against a vast conspiracy to make England a Popish country, and the monarch an absolute despot. Charles I. had married a Popish princess, a daughter of France, and there was a deep-laid plot to overthrow English liberty and English Protestantism. This conspiracy, hatched by Jesuits abroad, and to be supported by all the power of France, was, under God, defeated by the resistance of our Puritan ancestors. But however stout their hearts, or strong their hands, they wanted a guiding head. This Cromwell furnished them with. It was he who enlisted under his banner such soldiers as the world never saw before or since. "How can we be otherwise than beaten?" said he to Hampden. "Your troops are many of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and theirs are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. But I will remedy that. I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten." He was as good as his word, and enlisted in the eastern counties the young freeholders in whose hearts he believed the fear of God was. John Bunyan was one of these soldiers, and shouldered his musket at the gates of Leicester. These were the men who, at their watch-fires, read their little Bibles, or engaged in prayer alone or with each other, or sang their hymns and psalms, or listened to the sermons of their preachers, or conferred with each other on points of doctrine or experience. These were hailed with joy wherever they went, for they protected the widow and the orphan, scrupulously paid for all the food and forage which they required, and put down with a strong hand oppression and violence.

With these views and feelings, which we have long entertained respecting Oliver Cromwell, we acknowledge ourselves to have been much interested in the work at the head of the present article.

Dr. Merle d'Aubigné is favourably known in this country as the author of the best account of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland which has yet appeared. Deeply struck with the original letters and other documents relating to Oliver Cromwell which Mr. Carlyle has published, and experiencing thereby a thorough revolution in his own views concerning him, he felt desirous to communicate similar impressions to others. He thus writes:

"I am well aware that the task I have undertaken is a difficult one. We have so deeply imbibed, in early youth, the falsehoods set forth by Cromwell's enemies, that they have become in our eyes indisputable truths. I know it by my own experience, by the lengthened resistance which I made to the light that has recently sprung up and illuminated, as with a new day, the obscure image of one of the greatest men of modern times. It was only after deep consideration that I submitted to the evidence of irresistible facts."

We have seen no work which gives so complete an account of the Protector, or which furnishes so much original and authentic evidence of his real character. He does not vindicate all Cromwell's

actions, but he has shown, and we think satisfactorily, that what is called his ambition, and his mounting from step to step, till at last he ruled England with absolute sway, was in him not a matter of crafty and deliberate policy, but the force of unavoidable and uncontrollable circumstances. The struggle between the Parliament and the King was for life or death. If Charles prevailed, all civil liberty was at an end, and with the loss of civil, was involved the overthrow of all religious liberty. Nor was there hope of peace, for Charles was so thoroughly faithless to his word, that no stipulations or promises, oaths or treaties, could bind him. This, then, was Cromwell's unhappy position; we say unhappy, because he was forced by it into actions which must have grieved and wounded his conscience. When once he had drawn the sword, the question with him was this, "Shall I withdraw, or go on? If I withdraw, the cause is ruined. Not only I myself, but thousands of the Lord's people, must perish; tyranny will prevail, Popery triumph, the gospel be extinguished, and the blood of the saints be shed like water. If I go on, I may establish civil and religious liberty on a firm basis." We who, in the days of general liberty, sit under the shade of our own vine and fig tree, which were watered with the blood of our suffering forefathers, are very imperfect judges of the motives, feelings, and actions of men like Cromwell. Nor can we enter into his peculiar temptations and the perplexing difficulties of his position. He was fighting, as he believed, for the cause of God's saints. To abandon them would be to abandon the cause of God. Thus was he led on from one step to another, till at last it came to this point, that unless he took the reins of government, anarchy and confusion would reign in the land, evil men would have full license, property would perish, law would cease, and the whole kingdom be overrun with crime and violence. Any government is better than no government; and one government was alone practicable after the death of the King—the government of the army. And if this were indispensable, where was the arm that could wield that sword with such skill, power, and moderation as his? It would have been far better for him quietly to have lived and died on his farm at Huntingdon, to have strayed by the banks of the sluggish Ouse in prayer and meditation, and been gathered to his fathers without one drop of blood in his hand. But this he could not do. Like a man who incautiously enters a broad and rapid river, he had to swim for his life. The shore he had left he could no longer regain, but must now breast the waves which carried him by main force along whither he would not.

Unless we understand and bear in mind the circumstances of the times, and his peculiar position, we cannot enter into the character of Cromwell, and are most imperfect judges of his conduct and actions. The King was a faithless tyrant, besotted by love to a Popish wife, who was in league with France, and whose every movement was directed by the Jesuits. The Cavaliers, his soldiers, were a profligate, debauched set, atheistic in sentiment and dissolute in life; his counsellors were either semi-Papists, like

Laud, or violent and tyrannical, like Strafford. No promises could bind such a King. Restore him to power, he would use it to crush all liberty. On the other side was every principle and feeling dear to Cromwell's heart: his country's ancient liberties, the cause of vital godliness, the free conscience of the saints—at last his own life, and with that the lives of thousands. Where was he to stop? Instead of considering his misdeeds, consider his temptations, his peculiar position, the circumstances of the period. Consider, too, the largeness of his mind, the far-seeing views which he had, the universal deference paid to his opinions, and the critical conjunctures wherein, if he had not acted, all would have been lost. Consider, too, the use he made of his power when attained. How tolerant to all parties, how moral and religious his court, how unassuming his demeanour! Such a period as Cromwell's brief reign England never before saw, and has never since seen. Never were vice and immorality so put down, never was the gospel so widely preached, never did religion so prevail, and we may add, never did England stand higher among the nations, never was she more honoured, never more feared.

But we have dwelt so long upon the external circumstances of Cromwell's character, that we have left ourselves no space for our main object—the consideration of him in a religious point of view. We must, therefore, defer this view of our subject to a following Number, concluding, for the present, with a letter which we think will surprise some who have no other idea of Cromwell than a soldier or a usurper :

"To my beloved Cousin, Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his house, called Otes, in Essex:

"Present these.

"Dear Cousin,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God, by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find, that he giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies '*Prolonging*;' in Kedar, which signifies '*Blackness*;' yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though he do prolong, yet he will, I trust, bring me to his tabernacle, to his resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the first-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God, either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad. Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light, and give us to walk in the light, as he is in the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say he hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in his light. One beam in a dark place hath much refreshment in it; blessed be his name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. O I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light! I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true. I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of his mercy! Praise him for me; pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I

am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Salute your husband and sister from me; he is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath, of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters. Put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about.

"Once more farewell. The Lord be with you; so prayeth,

"Your truly loving cousin,

"Ely, 13th October, 1638."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE R. PAPWORTH, SUGGESTED WHEN MEDITATING ON HIS ETERNAL BLESSEDNESS.

The spirit has left its frail cottage of clay,
For the mansions of light and the regions of day;
It has entered that city of which we are told
That its gates are of pearl and its pavement of gold.

With the crown on his brow, and the palm in his hands,
A conqueror, and more than a conqueror, he stands;
The extent of his rapture no soul can compute,
For he harps with a harp that shall never be mute.

A little we know of the song that he sings,
For we heard him essay it while pluming his wings;
He lisped it among us, ere taking his flight
To the church of the first-born, the children of light.

'Twas of love everlasting, immutable, free,
That first shone on a worm so unworthy as he;
And the blood of the Lamb he delighted to tell
Had absolved him from sin and redeemed him from hell.

The strains were immortal, though mingled with earth,
And he struggled with weakness in giving them birth.
But now he partakes of that fulness of joy,
Where the wine has no mixture, the gold no alloy.

Nor sickness, nor sorrow, nor bondage, nor fears,
Nor sin that has ravaged this valley of tears,
Shall ever intrude on the ransomed above,
Arrayed in white robes, and made perfect in love.

No night shall be there, nor a cloud intervene;
While the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall be seen.
But the height of that bliss is beyond all compare;
For what heart can conceive of the happiness there?

Godmanchester.

W. B.

He that owns not God's hand in every dispensation, disowns his sovereignty; and he that repines denies his righteousness.—*E. Coles.*

True faith fixes on God's word in all its distresses. Whatever, says the soul, be my state and condition, whatever be my fears and perplexities, whatever oppositions I meet withal, yet I see in Jesus Christ, in the glass of the gospel, that there is no inconsistency between the glory of God and my salvation; that otherwise insuperable difficulty, laid by the law in the way of my life and comfort, is entirely removed.—*Owen.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 207. MARCH, 1853. VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZBOY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 41.)

Having thus shown you the place where God and sinners meet, and proved it to be Christ Jesus, and that it is only through him that poor sinners can have communion with God, I proceed to my next general head, and that is,

II. *To show you the ground of communion with God.* And do you observe, first of all, the real foundation of communion is union. Hence I will lay down this proposition, that all the persons that God has willed to save, and has loved with an everlasting love, are united to Christ in the eternal decree of election, and are one with him; and all such shall have communion with God in time and to all eternity, and none else. Now the will of God is the fountain of all the communion that God's people have with God; in fact, all the blessings they ever will enjoy come from the divine will. Hence he says to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" and Paul says that we are "predestinated according to the good pleasure of his will;" and he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." The fact is, that God willed, purposed, determined, and decreed to bless a number of the fallen race with all spiritual blessings before the world was in actual existence, and by his grace to make them meet for himself, and to bring them safe to heaven, that they may be found blessing him to all eternity; and the way is Christ. The blessed agent that makes these poor creatures meet is the Holy Spirit.

Now all that God willed to save and decreed to bring to glory he

loves with an everlasting love; this is plain from Jer. xxxi. 3: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And it is a free love; he does not love or save them for what he saw in them, for he saw nothing in them but sin, as says Ps. liii.; neither did he love them for what they would do, for they must be saved before they can do any good at all; but he loved them freely, because it was his will. And it is unchangeable love; it always will be what it ever was, full and free, without the least shadow of a turn; for "God is love," and God is unchangeable, and it is boundless, and also unspeakable. Hence says John, "God so loved the world;" so as not to be expressed; and he is quite lost in it, and therefore says, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." And, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Now, as God has willed to save poor sinners, and thus loved them, so he has entered into covenant with his co-equal and co-eternal Son and the Holy Spirit. The Father has provided for all his elect in his Son; hence we are said to be blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ. The Son of God has in covenant agreed to all his Father's proposals, and undertook to do all for them in obeying and suffering, as their Surety. And the Spirit, as a divine person, undertook to teach men their fallen state as sinners, the need of Christ to save them; to bring them to confession and prayer, to testify of Christ to them, and to make them meet for heaven. Hence Christ is said to be God's elect, and in covenant engagements to be set up from everlasting to be in time manifestly a Mediator; and all that God decreed to save, and loved, he chose in Christ. They are the Father's gift to him, and they are his charge, and they are said to be loved with the same love that Christ is, as it relates to his manhood; for the Saviour says, "And hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John xvii. 23.) And as Christ is the covenant Head and Representative of his people, they being all the objects of God's love, chosen in Christ, given to Christ, they are one with Christ, and ever will be what they ever were; that is, secure in Christ, bound up in the bond of everlasting love, so that they are eternally united to Christ; and devil, sin, nor death shall ever be able to disunite them. Hence we read of their security in Christ, and of their being "preserved in Christ" until called; and as God loves them in Christ, is determined to save them, and as they are one with Christ, eternally united to him, from this very source does all communion proceed.

And what is it that makes a man happy, even now? I answer, a manifestation of God's love to his soul, so as for him to know that he is one with Christ, the covenant Head. Hence says John, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him;" and if God did not love us in Christ, we should never have one particle of grace in this world, nor any heaven in the next; it all flowing from that love in uniting us to Christ. This is the real

ground of all the blessings that God communicates to us, and the ground of our communicating to God our confessions, our petitions, and our thank-offerings. Christ Jesus took our nature in the Virgin's womb, and in time we are favoured with his Spirit; and this Spirit actually joins us to him in a manifest way, as the fruit of eternal union to him; as Paul says, "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit" with him. Now our being chosen in Christ, the covenant Head, and loved with an everlasting love, did not prevent our fall in Adam, but rather included it; and though in the eternal decree of electing love we are one with Christ, and in him are blessed with all spiritual blessings, yet by the fall we are in a most wretched state, slaves to the devil, under the power of sin, enemies to God by wicked works, and rebels against God's law. As Paul says, "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

And as we hate God in this fallen state, so we do man. Hence we are said to live in envy and malice, to be hateful, and hating one another; and in this state we know nothing of our oneness with Christ, according to God's eternal decree. But then observe what God says to his Son, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." (Ps. cx. 3.) All the objects of God's choice, the persons that are given to Christ, shall be a willing people in time, which plainly implies, that before God's power operates upon their soul, they are unwilling; and the language of all their hearts naturally is, "We will not have this man to reign over us;" (Luke xix. 14;) "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." (Job xxi. 14.) And the Saviour says, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life;" (John v. 40;) which evidently sets forth the obstinacy and perverseness of man's will; and whilst a man is in such a state there is no actual joint. But it pleases God, according to his promise, to display his power in the soul of man, and to make him willing to leave his wretched course of life, which he is led to see is a life of rebellion against God; for where this power operates, there is a discovery made of sin, and such a soul is made willing to leave the spirit of the world as well as its outward practices. And though he may for a time try to make his heart better, and, through ignorance, to establish a righteousness of his own, yet it will in the end be made clear to him, by feelings within as well as by judgment without, that his whole soul is totally corrupt; that he is a lump of sin and a mass of iniquity; that all his vows, resolutions, and promises are of no use; and when he has properly tried his own strength, his righteousness, his supposed goodness, and all that ever he trusted in give way. His wisdom is turned into foolishness; his supposed righteousness made out to him to be the worst sins that ever he committed; his vows, resolutions, and promises all broken, until he is afraid to make another; all natural religion, all his acquired religion, proved to him to be worse than nothing, and his sin ever before him, guilt upon his conscience, the wrath of God pursuing him, the fear of death and judgment to come, so that his heart meditates terror. Such a soul, having divine light to discover

these things, and life to feel them, and a divine power operating in his soul, comes to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in him by God. This proves the honesty of his heart; and, like the Psalmist, he cries, "Search me, and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Such a one is jealous over his own heart, for fear that he should be deceived, and is continually suspecting himself. He is poor, and feels that he is, as a sinner, destitute of all good; and he is needy, so needy that he will never be satisfied until he can by faith eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, for nothing short of this will do for such a soul. And as the power of God operates in his soul, he is brought under some softening operations at times, and does really accept the punishment of his iniquity, falls in with the justice of God, and knows that he is truly deserving of that wrath which he can see is revealed in the law against sinners; at times stands astonished at the long-suffering of God, who has put up with his manifold provocations; and by the power of God in his soul, he falls down before God, confesses his crimes, and, being humbled, he begs, like the publican, for mercy, puts his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope, and would think it a great mercy to escape from destruction with the skin of his teeth. Such a soul is made willing to leave all things that stand in opposition to the Lord Jesus, and is willing to be saved by Christ alone, and therefore hungers and thirsts for him. God's promises hold forth to such souls every blessing they need, and his word gives them every encouragement they need, to press on to know the Lord for themselves as their covenant God: "For the needy shall not alway be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." "And for the oppression of the poor, and the sighing of the needy, now I will arise, saith the Lord; will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him;" and God never said unto any of the seeking seed of Jacob, Seek my face in vain.

Now, if a poor sinner is thus far taught and led on, there is manifestly a joint, or such a soul is joined to the Lord manifestly, inasmuch as his will, in the business of salvation, is one with the Lord's, and this work flows from such a soul being one with Christ in eternal love and choice; for were he not in the covenant Head, he never would be made willing in the day of God's power to come to Christ for salvation. But all this will not satisfy a poor sinner; there must be a vital union by a real receiving of Christ by faith into the heart, the hope of eternal glory; for there is no joy nor peace but in believing in the blood and righteousness of Christ Jesus. And when the good Spirit leads such a poor, sensible sinner forth, in the exercise of faith, to receive Christ with all that he is and has, so that the soul sucks and is satisfied with the breasts of consolation, by a living faith he milks out the blessed contents of God's promises, as suited to his case, he then is delighted with the abundance of Zion's glory; and the more he receives by faith, the more does he go forth in love to God, for his goodness to him in Christ. He loves Christ for the great things he has done for him; and he loves the Holy

Spirit for making these things known to him; so that such a soul is satisfied with the Lord's goodness.

This was the case with David, with Hezekiah, the publican, and the gaoler, and with the apostle. A vital union is then felt, faith in such a sinner's heart works by love, God in a very peculiar way is endeared to him, real friendship between God and such a sinner is enjoyed; the name of Christ is like ointment poured forth in such a man's soul, his meditation in the Lord is sweet, God is all in all to him, he feels what it is to be heavenly-minded, and enjoys life and peace. This is a little heaven begun in his soul; this is the union that is spoken of so much in Scripture, by the vine and the branches in it, by the head and its members, by the husband and the wife in union, by the foundation and the superstructure upon it, &c.; and though it may be and often is interrupted by the devil, sin, the world, and men, and things in the world, yet it never can be dissolved, for what God does is done for ever. But the joining that I have spoken of, when a man's will is brought to submit to God's, and this vital union that is brought about in due time by the blessed Spirit's testifying of the Lord Jesus, is all, from first to last, the fruit of good-will in God, and his electing love to his people in Christ from all eternity; so that the one is the fruit or the effect of the other; or, in plain English, what is done in time is the manifesting of what God has done in his eternal purpose. My security is founded upon what God has done for me in Christ from everlasting; and my comfort lies in its being made known to me by the blessed Spirit, which is done in time.

Hence I conclude by asserting, that every grain of grace that is given to me in time, such as the fear of the Lord to bring me to reverence his name, and by which I depart from evils and errors; all the light that shines into my heart, to discover my lost, ruined, helpless state as a sinner against God in his law; all the life under the influence of which I feel my wretchedness and my want of a dear Redeemer, and hunger and thirst after his atonement and his righteousness; all the faith he favours me with, whereby I receive his promises, his blood, and righteousness, and the hope I have in his mercy, whereby I am propped up and kept from sinking; all the deliverances he blesses me with in answer to the cries the blessed Spirit enables me to put up to God; all the rest, peace, and joy that is found in believing; all the support under all sorts of troubles that I feel; all the manifestations of love, and displays of his mercy; all the confessions, prayers, and thank-offerings, together with all the love that I have to his blessed name, his people, his word, ways, and worship; the repentance, godly sorrow, self-loathing, and self-abhorrence that I feel; all the meekness that is felt, whereby a soul vents out his grief before God; all the humility of soul that is felt, under a sense of what I am before God, and his great goodness to me in Christ, together with the blessed grace of patience, under the exercise of which the soul patiently endures sufferings from men and devils; in one word, all that is enjoyed in time that is good, or will be enjoyed to all eternity,

is the free gift of God in Christ. It all comes through the Mediator, Christ; and by the Holy Spirit it is all brought into the soul in time, in a measure; it will be all enjoyed fully in the celestial regions of eternal day; and in it all God will be glorified to all eternity. The whole of it springs from our being loved with an eternal love in Christ, and in the covenant of rich, free, sovereign grace, being one with him; or, to stick to the point, eternally united unto him.

(To be continued.)

BY THESE THINGS MEN LIVE.

My dear Friend,—I received yours, and feel obliged to the friends for their kind inquiries after my welfare. I do feel unworthy to be ranked with the people of God, and yet should be of all creatures most miserable were I not possessed of a good hope that the dear Lord has put me amongst the children, and given me a name and place better than that of sons or daughters.

I do not doubt that you think it long since you heard from me. I assure you it has not been from want of regard to you all as Christian friends, nor because I did not wish to communicate my joys and sorrows to my fellow-travellers; but such has been my weakness that I have been quite unable to write, and even now it makes me very unwell when I attempt to do so. I received a letter with yours, from my medical adviser, and he says I must avoid all exertion, either of body or mind, or it will greatly impede or interfere with my recovery.

I am thankful to say I am mending very slowly, and do hope, if the Lord will, to be able to see you all face to face in a short time. It has been indeed a very heavy affliction, but not one stroke too much to humble me and to show me a measure of what was in my heart, but to manifest the delivering hand of a covenant God and to give me another proof that he does love me and will not let me quite depart from him. During the first few days of my affliction the furnace brought up much dross to view, and I seemed left to hardness of heart and to my feelings shut up in unbelief. O the misery and wretchedness, to feel all the sufferings of body, and with it an absent God, with no power to supplicate a throne of grace, the heavens as brass, shutting out, as it were, our prayer, and all this in the prospect of shortly entering a boundless eternity! O this is indeed trying! and teaches us that nothing less than the exertions of that almighty power which first quickened us can revive us again, and bring again the graces of the Spirit into lively act and exercise. But O what a mercy we have to do with a faithful, covenant-keeping God! I trust my soul has proved him so again and again. He was pleased to pour out upon me a spirit of prayer, and enable me to plead with him and remind him of his promises, and also to put my mouth in the dust, to confess before him my folly and sin, as far as it was revealed to me, and to be

really humbled under his mighty hand. He gave me that firm hope in his mercy which again raised me from the borders of despair, and I was enabled to say in feeling, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him," &c. I well know now the meaning of Hezekiah's words, "Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." Hos. ii. also is very descriptive of the Lord's dealings with me. The Lord gave me that portion of his word with sweetness and power, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy steps." Indeed, though not carried out in ecstasies or joyous feelings, yet such has been the mercy mingled with the affliction, and such the stayed and at times peaceful frame of mind with which I have been favoured, (together with the deep sense of my utter unworthiness of the least mercy, and yet having a good hope through grace in the unchangeable love and mercy of my covenant God,) that I have been made more than submissive, and constrained to thank and bless him for all his dealings, but most for this severe affliction.

Yours in the truth,

D—, Sept. 18th, 1852.

E. S.

Death is in the believer's inventory of good as truly as life; neither can he enter into the joy of his Lord, but by passing through the same valley of the grave as his Lord has passed before him.—*Hawker*.

As Abraham dealt by his concubines' children, so does God by the Ishmaels of the world; he gives them portions and sends them away. (Gen. xxv. 6.) But the inheritance he reserves for his Isaacs; to them he gives all that he has, yea, even himself; and what can we have more?—*Coles*.

The blessed effect of this shining of the Sun of Righteousness on the *spiritual* mind is not dissimilar to what is induced by the rays of light from the sun of the firmament in the *natural* world. When at any time a refulgent beam of that great luminary of the day darts by a more pointed direction into a room than in his ordinary shining, we discover numberless floating atoms of dust, which though they were as much in the room before, yet are now only made visible by the sun's shining. It is the same by divine manifestations, shining more and more in the hearts of the Lord's people. The floating mists of indwelling sin then appear, which were before obscured. Discoveries are then made of the inherency of our corrupt old man of nature, which, though not daily seen, are daily there; and the blessed effect, under the gracious unction of the Holy Ghost induced thereby, leads the regenerated child of God to be more distrustful of himself, and to learn the greater needs be of the complete righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. And here indeed it is that the path of the just "shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" when, as the apostle states it, "we present every man (said he) perfect in Christ Jesus." (Col. i. 28.)—*Hawker*.

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 50.)

There was a remarkable revival of religion in the place at this time (Ovid, State of New York). The conversions, however, were among the aged and middle-aged; none under twenty-seven were hopefully wrought upon. One woman, seventy-five years old, was the subject of this work; she was the most tender and grateful creature that I ever beheld; only to speak of the mercy of God to her would overwhelm her. I have heard her, with a heart almost too full for utterance, and with eyes suffused with tears, declare her wonder and astonishment at the amazing love and condescension of God to her, after she had spent the prime of her life and the vigour of her days, and was old and worn out in the drudgery of sin and Satan. In silent wonder I adored the sovereignty of God, who had mercy on the old in trespasses and sins, and passed by, wholly passed by, the youth. However, there was a sympathetic seriousness among the young people for a time, but it soon wore off, and an awful stupidity followed.

One day, reflecting intently upon the danger of their setting their faces Zion-ward and then looking back, I beheld them arraigned at the bar of God, and interrogated thus: "How came you to turn your back upon me, after making such a specious appearance of seeking my face and favour? What could induce you, after the convictions you have had of the truths of my word, to prefer slavery to sin and Satan to my easy service?" Panic-struck and speechless, I beheld them sinking under the curse and vindictive wrath of God, to remediless, interminable woe and misery. The scene overwhelmed me, my strength left me, and I sat down to prevent falling. The dreadful state of a separation from God now appeared to me in all its horror, the tremendousness whereof loosened my joints and unhinged my frame; my spirit sank within me. I entreated the Lord to remove from me a prospect I was utterly unable to bear. My father and two brothers were in the field with me at work; but as my mind was much engaged with invisible realities all the morning, I had purposely withdrawn from them, to avoid interruption. After striving and praying to be relieved from this oppressive view, I recovered strength and arose to labour. My curiosity was now excited to know what further would become of them, and I pursued after them, from the place where I had last seen them; but a veil was thrown over the sequel of their state, so that I could not see in what kind of place they were, nor in what their punishment consisted. However, I knew that, according to the vision, they were lost. Amazed and overwhelmed with the dreadful thought, all my strength left me, and I sank down again to the earth. My anguish on their account was so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I kept from sobbing aloud, being oppressed with convulsive sighs. Again I prayed to be relieved from the view of their state,

when it was taken from me so far that I was able to rise to work, still revolving in my mind what further would become of them. My soul melted within me. I concluded that I would go to my father, and converse with him on the subject, as I had formerly heard him relate a similar case of himself. When I came within a little distance of him, all the former scenery was revived. I beheld them in full view of their awful inheritance.

“ Tremendous sight ! all hope now fled in air ;
They wring their hands in anguish and despair.”

I was now no longer able to bear the terrors of the amazing scene, but sank, astonished, to the ground. Trembling took hold on me ; my whole frame was convulsed above measure ; I expected that I should not survive the uncommon agitation I was in, neither did I desire. I apprehend that I had at this time as clear, identified, and impressive views of the general judgment as I ever shall have. I had also as clear an apprehension of external things as ever, if not clearer, but remained speechless, and the violent agitation I was in lasted near an hour and a half. When I recovered so as to speak, my father, who saw my convulsive motions, now came to me, and asked me what ailed me ; I told him, “ The youth,” and lost my speech again. He said that God would do no injustice ; that his wisdom, goodness, and power were fully equal to deal according to equity throughout his vast dominion. This I did not doubt of in the least. It was not from fear that any injustice would be done that I trembled ; but the future punishment of the wicked, when made known or identified to us by immediate revelation, is appalling to human nature. After my speech had returned, we had some further conversation on the subject, and parted. I was so completely absorbed in the contemplation of these things that I lost my appetite for my necessary food and water for three days. (Dan. x. 3, 15—17.) And the impression I received at this time gave me pain for a year afterwards, when I thought of it, and occasionally to this day, though eighteen years since.

After this, I found myself on the east side of the plain ; it appeared about a mile wide, and its length interminable to the eye ; the surface of it was level and as smooth as glass—a beautiful evergreen. While I stood admiring this extent of plain, there appeared two uncommonly large trees, one a little bigger than the other, as if plucked up by the roots, coming towards me from the south, with a moderate velocity, horizontal, root foremost, with all the leaves green, and in motion, like the quaking ash or poplar ; they passed by me, and went on toward the north with uniform speed, till lost in the blue abyss. One tree followed in the wake of the other ; their leaves seemed to answer the purpose of wings ; the movement of the trees was superbly grand, majestic, irresistible, uninterrupted, and wonderful. But I awoke, and behold it was a dream ! Again, with immense labour and difficulty I climbed up on the outside of a building so large and high that the top of it reached the clouds ; but I got up. This also was a dream.

After this, I settled in a place where the only church formed were Methodists, (Arminians,) quite a large society of them, and they used every possible means to proselyte me to their sentiments in vain. They furnished me with Fletcher's "Checks," and a whole host of Arminian writings; used various arguments to convince me of my errors; but I was invincible by all their labour. My change was so conspicuous that all that saw me recognised it. One formalist, to whom my life and conversation was a continual reproof, told me that he believed I gave more attention to religion than I should wish I had, even in the day of judgment. I was filled with all the fulness of God, and felt the privilege, importance, and benefit of being at peace, and in covenant with the eternal God, through Jesus Christ, pervade all my powers. I felt so entirely devoid of sin and guilt, that I was at a loss to know whether I had need do anything but praise the Lord continually, like the spirits of the just made perfect; for such was the exuberance of divine love manifested to me, that I did not feel any guilt or sin to confess, or fear of any to excite me to pray against it. I seemed to exist in the regions of holiness, to dwell on the suburbs of Paradise, to move in concert with the glorious and ransomed throng that continually surround the burning throne with ever-adoring praise, and converse with them in their own dialect in the language of the Canaan above. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people." (Ps. cxiii. 7, 8.) The Sun of Righteousness shone into my soul with infinite complacency and delight. His rays dispelled all the powers of darkness, sin, and guilt; wrath, fear, death, hell, and damnation shrank before his omnipotent touch, as though they had never been. But who can measure the immeasurable, describe the indescribable, or define infinity in the language of mortals?

As I was ever inviolably constant in my friendship to the Object of my affections, abhorring the least coldness or indifference, I concluded that I should be faithful to my "first love;" and the uninterrupted and sweet communion I enjoyed with God, such undeniably clear manifestations of his pardoning love and favour for nearly three years, confirmed me in the opinion. But, alas! I did not know myself, and I had not the benefit of an experimental guide like the late Wm. H., S.S., to lead me: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." And, "They which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths." As I moved in a region higher than any one about me, there was none to give me that gentle watchword that under such circumstances I stood in need of. I had, to use a sea phrase, much more sail than ballast, for I abounded in love and joy, but had no experience of self, and knew none experienced in such exalted scenes whose falls I could profit by. Every one endeavoured to pull me down that I was acquainted with, except my father, and he said nothing *pro* or *con* about it. To be short, I was lifted up with pride, and fell into condemnation. I imagined that I was in some degree an object of the divine favour on account of my own personal goodness, losing sight of the insuperable merits of Christ; not con-

sidering that, notwithstanding the grace of God, I was by nature still destitute of all good, utterly unable, independent of God, to perform one holy act, or even to produce one holy desire, and forgetting the declaration of Christ, "Without me ye can do nothing." Satan had a hand in all this; for he knew that the birth was so clear, well-marked, and legible, and that the candle of the Lord shone so bright upon it, that it would be lost labour to attempt to dispute me out of my adoption in the family of "the firstborn whose names are written in heaven;" therefore he never attempted it; (1 John v. 9, 10;) but he lifted me up to the wind and caused me to ride upon it. He expatiated largely on the goodness of my state; and as the Arminians, taking advantage of my exalted state, brilliant manifestations, glorious views, and consummate joys, endeavoured to proselyte me to their principle of sinless perfection and second blessing, telling me that if I would only own it, I was already in possession of them, Satan applied their doctrines. But I never believed a word of all that Satan or the Arminians adduced, so as to adopt their creed.

Faith must be tried, and "where much is given, much will be required." I was to learn my own weakness, and find out where my strength lay by experience; and a painful experience I have had of it; for I have been "sore broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death." Innumerable evils have compassed me about; my iniquities have taken hold of me, so that I am not able to look up. I have left my "first love," and God has hid his from me. Although I have a strong hope of obtaining the sensible manifestations of the Spirit, and the reconciled presence of God, through the infinite merits of Christ, yet I am in righteousness withheld from port. Howling winds drive me devious from the way in which I would walk;

"And day by day some current's thwarting force,
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course."

It seems as if the more I struggle for deliverance the faster I am bound with chains. In short, I "walk in darkness and have no light."

Notwithstanding the obscurity in which I am involved, I know that I love God and his holy law, and am daily pained with my own stupidity and the carelessness of others. Horror takes hold on me when men transgress the law and trample on the authority of God. I live under the enlivening expectation that my Redeemer will draw aside the veil that hides his mediatorial glories from my view, and that my sun will shine the brighter for rising out of the night of tribulation when he has sufficiently humbled me for my folly. If I could once believe that my salvation depended upon my persevering in the way of holiness, independently of the immutable promise and aids of divine grace, I could never pray again; for I find I have inherently no more power to obtain the consolations of the Spirit than to raise the dead. I would as soon attempt to swim by the help of a ton of lead as rely on my own works for justification, in whole or in part, before God. I am at best an unprofitable ser-

vant, sluggish and idle, cold, listless, and indifferent, where I should be all life and vigour. I am apt to think that I sometimes suffer more from stupidity than others from their sharper conflicts. But I would not dictate Infinite Wisdom in choosing what kind of rod I must be chastised with. I find my heart to be naturally a cage for every unclean and hateful bird, a sink of sin and wretchedness, from which nothing but the atonement of Christ can deliver me. I find so much distrustfulness of God, such ingratitude to the best of Benefactors, such a want of faith in the promises, that were it not for the invisible, almighty hand of God, I should sink into despair. And though often, or always, put to shame for my unbelief by unexpected relief, and in ways that the wisdom of man could never have invented, yet I am continually driving at the old trade. O the patience, long-suffering, and tender mercy of God! I want just such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ is, for I fall short of the glory of God in all I attempt to do.

“ So guilty, so helpless am I,
That I durst not confide in his blood;
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.”

I did not perceive myself to be declining, it was so gradual, until some time after I had strayed far away from that light, liberty, peace, and joy that I was wont to possess. But I have now just light enough to render darkness visible. God is contending with me by cutting off all my expectations from the creature; by withholding the quickening operations of his Holy Spirit from me, and leaving me to drag, as it were, my “chariot without wheels.” I am clearly sensible that I carry about with me a body of death, and daily groan under it, anxious for deliverance. Since Christ has hid his face from me, I am happy in none of the enjoyments of the present life; they have all lost their lustre.

“ My Sun is hid, my comforts lost,
My graces droop, my sins revive;
Distress’d, dismay’d, and tempest-toss’d,
My soul is only just alive.”

When will the Lord return? When shall I again enjoy the sensible manifestations of his reviving, transforming presence? Grant me thyself, O Lord, and I will ask no more!

“ Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.”

O that I could come near to him, even to his mercy-seat! Could I “shake myself as aforetime,” could I plead the promises by faith, I should receive an answer of peace. But, alas! my locks are shorn, the Philistines are upon me, and I must wait at the gate of wisdom till they are grown again, looking to God to preserve me amidst all the dangers with which I am surrounded till the hour of my release arrives.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE W. MOORE.

Dear Friend,—This is “the end of our conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” The Father of all our mercies has declared him his beloved Son, and has commanded us to hear him. And our Lord says, “Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do,” that the Father may be glorified in the Son; ask what ye will, and I will do it. He promised also to send the Holy Spirit to help our infirmities, that we might pray according to the will of God in Christ Jesus. In this way poor sensible sinners find mercy and grace to help in times of need; and though we know not how to order our speech, by reason of darkness, yet the same God who teaches thus can furnish us with every good word needful for us to speak, and every good work; for it is the will of the Father of mercies that the Holy Spirit should fill the hungry soul with good things. But what things are so good as grace from the fulness that is in Christ, saving, all-sufficient grace, suitable to our great need? Our wants are many, and sometimes cannot be numbered; but Jesus Christ is the Treasure-house of all spiritual and temporal blessings for his poor afflicted members, his brethren, sisters, mother, and friends; for he declares of him who does the will of his heavenly Father, “the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother;” and “this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.” Blessed are they which do his commandments, that ye believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love one another. Good old John the Divine, directed his little children to the Propitiation and Advocate of his little flock. He pointed out Christ Jesus as their God and Saviour, and said, “Little children, let no man deceive you,” (1 John iii. 7,) neither turn you aside from Christ, nor from the profession and confession of him, for if we deny him, he also will deny us.

And now, my little children, abide in him, that when he shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. To abide in him is to love him, and we can truly say, “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee,” that is, in comparison with thee, and none nor anything to the exclusion of thee. Now read what the Holy Spirit by John says, “And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also.” (1 John iii. 18—24.) And you have loved indeed.

The good Lord remember all my kind friends, and have mercy on them in that day, for in how many things they in your quarter and you have ministered unto me, you know very well. The good Lord bless you all according to your need and to his own praise. Amen.

August, 1816.

W. MOORE.

I never knew the meaning of God's word till I was afflicted.—
Luther.

OBITUARY.

ALICE DITCHFIELD, OF CHORLEY, LANCASHIRE.

My dear Friend,—Having been personally acquainted with the subject of this memoir for many years, and witnessed some of her soul exercises in the ways of Zion during that time, and also having had some account of her early days from her own lips, I have felt inclined to forward you a brief account, in hope that it may be useful to some of Zion's children who are still dwelling in Meshech and travelling in the path of tribulation. Yours in the truth,

Preston, Nov. 15th, 1852.

J. W.

Alice Ditchfield, of Chorley, Lancashire, was born and brought up in a dark and dead part of the country, (as far as gospel things are concerned,) attending the neighbouring church with her parents. In course of time she had the Church Catechism to learn. After often repeating the answers in a careless manner, it pleased the Lord, about the age of fourteen, to open her eyes to see and her heart to feel the awful and solemn mockery contained in the answer to the second question, "In my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." This lay very heavily on her conscience, feeling sensibly that it could not be true in her case. "'A member of Christ?' O that cannot be! 'A child of God?' What a sin," she exclaimed, "for me to tell such untruths, when God sees and knows what a sinner I am! 'An inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?' O I am sure I cannot go there, so unholy and wicked as I am!" In consequence, she refused to repeat the catechism. Being very much perplexed and distressed about it, and having no one to give her any information or consolation, she went to the Church minister, and told him what distress she felt about the catechism. He endeavoured to quiet her mind by telling her to be good, and then she might make herself happy. She endeavoured to do her best, but found she could neither do good nor be happy, so she went again to the minister, but got no consolation; only he admitted that, though no doubt good men had made the catechism, it was wrong in the things that gave her such distress; but he could not alter it; he hoped the time would come when the necessity of an alteration would be more seen, and that it would then be made right.

Her trouble and distress began at length to be noticed by those who knew her. One prescribed one thing, another something else; and, among her counsellors, one persuaded her to go to a fair, at some distance. When she entered a room at an inn there, she heard a voice powerfully within her, "What doest thou here?" and such a horror came over her that she left the room and went home, with a guilty conscience; and the words sounding continually all the way, she wished she had never been born. For weeks she laboured to find peace, but neither at home or at church could she find it; and feeling herself so wicked, and others saying that she must have done something very bad, she often felt the words as belonging to her, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

She had an aunt noted for piety, a Roman Catholic, and she thought if she went to her and told her of her state, she might be able to render her some assistance. Accordingly she went. Her aunt told her if she would only turn to their church, and learn their prayers, she would soon be happy; theirs being the only true church where real peace could be found. Being willing to do anything, she readily complied, feeling that the peace she desired was worth any sacrifice. But she found no ease for her guilty conscience; she therefore regarded her aunt as a physician of no value, and was compelled to abandon that way. Her burden still becoming heavier, and sin making her more and more ashamed of herself before God, often forced out of her soul, "What must I do to be saved? Is there any way?"

About this time she heard of a good preacher in the Establishment, about eight miles from where she lived, and she determined to go to hear him, feeling if it were three times the distance it would be no obstacle, if she could only hear "words whereby she might be saved." She went; the minister enforced with great power and energy the spirituality and curses of a broken law against the sinner, which made her tremble and quake. She continued to go for some considerable time, liking the preaching and being much attached to the preacher. Still she heard no "glad tidings of great joy" in her heart, which often sent her home groaning and sighing over her lost and forsaken state. After this, she went to hear another preacher in the same town, who took for a text, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin," which sermon was made a great blessing to her. Christ felt precious to her soul; she had hope in his precious blood, and went on her way rejoicing in the Saviour and his power to save, but not feeling her own personal interest as she could desire.

Soon after she became acquainted with the Independents, who appeared very kind to her, and took much interest in her spiritual welfare, as they called it. She became a constant attendant, though the chapel was a considerable distance from where she lived. Her mind continued much exercised about her state, and she often returned from chapel with great bondage and misery in her heart. Seeing and hearing others among whom she worshipped converse, she found that they were not troubled or plagued as she was, so she came to the conclusion that if she became a member it would be different; consequently she joined the church, but soon found that this union did not join her experimentally to the Lord, and she was more and more convinced that it must be the blessed Spirit alone that could enable her to say, "I am the Lord's!" which was what her soul hungered and thirsted after. She continued a member with them upwards of twenty years, during which time they often had supplies from various parts, some preaching salvation by grace and works, others entirely by the will of the creature and creature righteousness, which caused her soul to groan within her. Feeling her own righteousness as filthy rags, she could not help crying out against their yea and nay gospel, so that she was a speckled bird

among them, and all the self-righteous were against her. (Jer. xii. 9.) They would often ask her in an exulting way, "Well, how do you like this?" after hearing the uncertain sounds of grace, creature works, and self-righteousness, and at last Christ's work, brought in to make out weight, if the scales should turn the other way, making it neither law nor gospel. She often felt compelled to speak out her mind freely against all such preachers, feeling that if her poor soul be saved, it must be by the free grace, love, and mercy of a covenant-keeping Jehovah, through the blood and righteousness of the God-Man Mediator, which brought her to experience the sword which the Lord brought on the earth. (Matt. x. 34—36.)

Whilst she sat in bondage and misery generally under the preaching, no better results attended her at the prayer-meetings. I have heard her say, in effect, "O how my poor soul was tortured, and wounded, and driven away; but there was no shepherd among them 'to deliver out of the mouth of the lion,' 'to bind up,' or to restore; and when I had any sweet moments, love-tokens, or drawings out of love to the dear Lord, it was generally in private, when at times I could pour out my whole heart to him, tell him of all my troubles, and commune with him whom my soul loved above all earthly things."

At length there was a preacher settled who, I believe, knew not the way to the city, which caused her often to debate with him about his preaching. This he disliked, and at last told her that she was a Gadsbyite, and that he should not be dictated to by her. She then began to attend a room occasionally where a few despised people met. They had the name of being quarrelsome and of a bad spirit, which caused her to look with a jealous eye upon them. Still she heard something from the pulpit which united her heart more and more to the people. But she was told that they had a most awful creed, which they kept a secret until they got people among them. This secret creed perplexed her very much, until it pleased the Lord to cause the late J. M'Kenzie to call upon her, when she wished to have this secret creed opened up and explained. This gave him an opportunity, like Aquila and Priscilla with Apollos, of "expounding the way of God more perfectly," which was made a great blessing to her, in opening her understanding to see and feel that "secret of the Lord which is with them (only) that fear him." This made her still more decided for the truth, and such a troubler among the people she met with, that at length the minister told her that they could not worship together. The evil reports she often heard about the people at the room, caused her to fear and dread them, reasoning in her own mind, "If these reports should be true, and I should get among them, and find it out to be so, what must I do? I shall then be entirely an outcast." However, she attended at the room, and heard a sermon from these words, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," &c., (Rom. viii. 1,) which brought her to the determination to come out from among them, and like Moses, "choose to suffer affliction with the people of God." Consequently she sent in her resignation to the Independents. There were occasionally ministers who preached the truth among them; but such

came seldom, not being liked, though her soul then got a little joy and light by the way.

The ordinance of believers' baptism, as a command of the Lord, opening up to her mind, she desired to follow her Saviour, and, from a love to him, to keep his commandments. She was baptized in May, 1838; it was a sweet day and a precious time to her soul, feeling powerfully that in keeping his commandments there is great reward. Having been a long time in Egyptian bondage, and now being delivered, like the Israelites at the other side of the Red Sea, she sung the song of deliverance, of free, sovereign grace, through the precious blood of a crucified Jesus. She now felt the value of a gospel ministry, lamenting over her ignorance, after making a profession so long. The occasional ministry of the late J. M'Kenzie was especially made a great blessing to her; and under the sweet sound of a free-grace salvation, her deeply-exercised soul has often been refreshed and comforted. She was one of those who were subject to bondage through the fear of death, often dreading that grim messenger, and wondering how she would be enabled to meet him at last. So much did she prize the ministry of the blessed gospel, that she was exceedingly anxious for a chapel to be built in the town in which she lived; and although for a time it appeared impossible, yet she had the satisfaction of seeing a neat chapel built, and her soul often watered within its walls.

But I must leave any further particulars, and come to her last illness, during which time she had some sharp and strong temptations, and also much bodily suffering. Once when meditating on the sufferings of Christ with some solemnity and a feeling of sympathy with the Lord, a fiery dart was shot into her mind with such force that she felt the pain and smart of it for several days and nights. It was this, "You laughed at the sufferings of Christ;" and so quickly was this repeated, that it made her cry out in an agony of soul, "How could I laugh at the solemn and awful sufferings of the dear Saviour?" "You did; you did!" was returned, "and how can you expect pardon for that?" She said, "O the agony and distress I felt I cannot describe; for although my bodily pain was great, it was not to be compared to what my soul suffered, for having, as I feared, laughed at the groans and cries of a precious Jesus. I felt ashamed to look up, fearing I should meet his frowns, which I felt I could not bear. But one night, when my bodily pain was subdued and my cough quiet, I suddenly felt my soul softened, and a running after my dear Jesus; and these words came with great power, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.' 'O, I exclaimed, 'from *all* sin! then if I did laugh at the sufferings of Jesus, his blood cleanses from that also, blessed be his precious name!' And immediately I felt my wounds healed, and my heart filled with love and praises to his dear name for the great things he had done for me."

It now began to be manifest that her time was not to be long here, as she appeared to ripen very fast. Her pain being so great, early one morning she was obliged to be taken out of bed and

supported on a chair, when she desired Hymn 199 to be read, also Ps. xxiii., and that her husband should engage in prayer. Her soul appeared much engaged with the Lord. On being asked if she felt her safety in Christ, she replied, "I have not a doubt about that ; but I long to depart and be with him." She craved for patience to wait his blessed will.

About this time her aged father called to see her, and during the conversation observed, "Ah! Alice, you are not now skipping away to P. and B., on a Lord's Day, as you used to do." She replied, with great earnestness and solemnity, "No, father ; I am now resting with sweet confidence on that sure Foundation that I have found, which at that time I was running about seeking after with a hungry and thirsty soul;" and began to speak of herself as a base and vile sinner, saying that nothing but the free grace and unmerited mercy of God would do for her, when an eternal world was opening up to her.

To another friend who called to see her, she began again to speak to the honour and praise of the power of God in supporting her in her time of need ; and being cautioned by her son that she knew how talking brought on coughing, and what she had suffered by talking so much, she said, "You do not know what a good day I have had ; it has been a time of refreshing, and I must tell of what the Lord has done for me."

A very dear friend of hers, whose preaching had been made a blessing to her frequently, called to see her on the Lord's Day. When she saw him she appeared overcome, and called him to her, and in a low voice desired him to pray to the Lord that he would soon take her to himself, but afterwards was much tried about it: "What presumption it was in me to request such a thing ; it was fleshly, and I feel guilt on account of it;" and then cried out, "O Lord, pardon my impatience and my weakness, and give me grace to wait thy blessed will. I have need of patience." She requested Hymn 143, "Rock of Ages, shelter me," &c., to be sung, and the 156th, as being suitable to her feelings ; the 667th she often desired to be sung, "Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head;" also the 483rd, "Yes, I shall soon be landed."

She now became very weak and exhausted, through disease, pain, and coughing, which gave evidence of the "silver cord being loosed," and that the "wheel could not remain long unbroken at the cistern;" (Eccles. xii. 6 ;) but having a little respite, and her cough being still for a time, in the middle of the night she suddenly called out, "O it has come at last !" When her son asked, "What has come ?" she replied, "I have often wondered what sort of a welcome I should have at last, and it has just come : 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'" And then began, in sweet adoration and praise, "To him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," &c.

After this she said very little ; the things of time she appeared to have done with, and although life still possessed the body, her heart evidently was where her treasure was. Her husband afterwards asked her if she wished him to engage in prayer ; she answered,

"The king's daughter is all glorious within," &c. Thus she was arrayed within and without. And just when there was but one step between her and death, she was solemnly admiring the beauty and righteousness of her Saviour, while he disarmed death of its sting for her. She fell asleep quietly in Jesus, Oct. 13th, 1852, aged fifty-seven. "The memory of the just is blessed."

She desired, if anything was said after her death, that the text should be, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

The promises are made to encourage faith, not to cherish sloth.

The Lord, my condescending Instructor, has done by me as by the prophet. He has been leading me into those *chambers of imagery* which are in the heart, not explorable by natural researches. And the result has been with me as with him. Every door the Lord has opened before me has led to some new discoveries, which before had been concealed from my view. And as the gracious Lord led me through the several chambers of imagery, one by one, he gently admonished me as I passed in words like the prophet: "Hast thou seen this, O son of man? turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these." (Ezek. viii. 15.) My God has done the part of a spiritual anatomist; he has dissected and laid open to my view my heart. He made in it deep incisions. He has brought to my observation corruptions which, unknown to me, were festering there. And while performing this merciful office, he has accompanied high divine operations with the most instructive lectures. And the consequence has been, I have found his word (as the apostle described it) "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.) Nevertheless, though every operation has been humbling and painful, I have found the effects salutary; for thereby I have been brought into a better knowledge both of myself and of the Lord. Indeed, had any hand but his Almighty hand proposed the work, I should have revolted at it. Neither could any human eloquence have persuaded me that such depths of rottenness were lurking within me. I should have felt indignant at the bare suggestion; and, like one of old, had any charged me with it, have replied as he did to the prophet: "But what! is thy servant a dog that he should do such things?" (2 Kings viii. 12, 13.) But before him "who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins," I fall prostrate and lie in silence in the dust. Yea, even more than this. Convinced from such discoveries that "the half has not been told me," I can, and do, though with shame and confusion of face, most readily subscribe to that solemn decision of Scripture, in which the Lord himself is the Almighty speaker, when he says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?"—*Hawker*.

REVIEW.

The Protector; a Vindication. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1849

(Concluded from page 68.)

To understand and rightly appreciate the character of Oliver Cromwell, we must, in imagination, transport ourselves back to the peculiar period in which he lived. Though the principles of truth are immutable, and the precepts of the gospel unchangeable, and by these infallible standards men's actions must be judged, yet unless we can enter into the peculiar circumstances of that period of confusion and strife, we are most imperfect critics of the conduct of the great Protector. In these days we enjoy liberty of conscience, and civil or ecclesiastical tyranny is unknown. If we choose to write an article to show that the theatre is an ungodly amusement, or that government of the church by bishops is unscriptural, there is no Archbishop Laud to bring the Editor of the "Gospel Standard" before the Star Chamber, to fine him £10,000, publicly flog his naked back in Cheapside by the hand of the common executioner, put him in the pillory, slit his nose, cut off his ears, and brand his cheeks with a hot iron. If Cromwell's blood was stirred up to draw the sword against such tyranny, we can hardly help forgiving, if we cannot fully justify him. In viewing, then, his religious character, a few words on his peculiar position may not be inappropriate.

It has been observed by a distinguished writer* that there were, from the very outset, two reformatations in England—that of the King, and that of the people. The first began and terminated in the Establishment, and has therefore left deeply imprinted on her worldly, semi-papistic character. It was, for the most part, a mere external, political reformation, commenced from worldly motives and directed to selfish ends. The King (Henry VIII.) wanted a new and young wife, the nobles panted for the abbey lands, and the people were weary of priestly arrogance and Popish exactions. Gospel truth, spiritual religion, vital godliness—what charms had these divine and heavenly realities for a king bloated with pride and lust, for courtiers hungering after the fat lands and wealthy manors which lay outstretched beneath the shade of Woburn and Malmesbury Abbeys, or for the rude masses which had for centuries been trodden down into the mire of superstition by the iron heel of Popery?

But side by side, or, to speak more correctly, underneath this outward Reformation there was another of a wholly different origin, and of a totally distinct nature, pursuing its silent course. This did not originate with a cruel, licentious king, but with the King of kings; did not distribute broad acres among courtiers, but the riches of Christ among needy souls; did not merely drive from the cottage the monkish legend and the exacting priest, but sent in their place the word of God and a minister of truth. This Reformation was not a mere transference of the nominal headship of the church from

* Guizot.

a wicked Pope to a wicked King, or a change from singing prayers in Latin to saying prayers in English, or turning an altar into a table, or diverting tithes from a Popish pocket into a Protestant one; but a Reformation of heart and life—a regeneration of the soul, a spiritual work on the conscience, an implantation of grace and godliness. The offspring and produce of the external, political Reformation was the National Establishment; the child of the inward, spiritual Reformation was Puritanism.

These two reformations being, therefore, radically and essentially distinct, soon came into collision. He that was born after the flesh soon persecuted him that was born after the Spirit. No sooner did Queen Elizabeth feel herself firmly seated on the throne than she began to persecute the Puritans. Her successor, James I., followed her example, and Charles I. walked faithfully in his father's steps. The bulk of our readers are probably not aware of the persecutions suffered by our Puritan ancestors, to which we have indeed already alluded; but the following extract from the work before us may serve to give them a little idea of the shameful indignities and barbarous cruelties inflicted upon them:

"Dr. Leighton, father of the celebrated archbishop of that name, for publishing 'An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy,' was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000; to be set in the pillory at Westminster, and publicly whipped: to lose his ears, have his nostrils slit, and his cheeks branded with the letters S.S., 'Sower of Sedition'—a sentence that was executed in all its severity.

"Prynne, a very remarkable man, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. The first crime that he committed, and for which he lost his ears, was his having published a work entitled, '*Histriomastix, the Player's Scourge*,' directed against all stage-plays, masques, dances, and masquerades. The King and Queen were fond of masques and dances, and Henrietta of France often won loud applause in the court theatricals. Prynne was accordingly accused by Laud of sedition. His second crime was a work against the hierarchy of the Church. As he had already lost his ears by the first sentence, the stumps on this occasion were literally sawn off. 'I had thought,' said Lord Chief Justice Finch, feigning astonishment, 'that Mr. Prynne had had no ears!' 'I hope your honours will not be offended,' replied Prynne; 'pray God give you ears to hear.' Oliver's ear heard, and his heart throbbed with emotion.

"As Dr. Bastwick ascended the scaffold on which he was to suffer mutilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was about to lose. Upon her husband exhorting her not to be frightened, she made answer, 'Farewell, my dearest, be of good comfort; I am nothing dismayed.' The surrounding crowd manifested their sympathy by loud acclamations.

"On descending the scaffold he drew from his ear the sponge soaked with his blood, and holding it up to the people, exclaimed, 'Blessed be my God who hath counted me worthy, and of his mighty power hath enabled me to suffer anything for his sake; and as I have now lost some of my blood, so I am ready and willing to spill every drop that is in my veins in this cause for which I now have suffered; which is, for maintaining the truth of God and the honour of my King against Popish usurpations. Let God be glorified, and let the King live for ever.'

"When Mr. Burton, a Puritan divine, was brought on the platform, and was asked if the pillory were not uneasy for his neck and shoulders, he answered, 'How can Christ's yoke be uneasy? He bears the heavier end of it, and I the lighter; and if mine were too heavy he would bear that too. Christ is a good Master, and worth the suffering for! And if the world did but know his goodness, and had tasted of his sweetness, all would come and be his servants.'

"Such were the acts of Charles I.—acts that filled Oliver's soul with horror and anguish."

But how do these remarks bear, it may be asked, on the religious character of Oliver Cromwell? Thus. Before he appeared in public life he had for several years belonged to these despised and persecuted Puritans. This is in itself some evidence of his religious sincerity. He professed their principles, supported their ministers, and worshipped in their assemblies at a period when Dr. Leighton was pilloried, publicly whipped, had his ears cut off, his nose slit, his cheeks branded with a hot iron—cruelties and indignities worthy of savages and cannibals! Why? Because he had written a book to show that the government of the church by bishops was not scriptural. It certainly looks like sincerity, when a man of family and property like Oliver Cromwell casts in his lot at such a time amongst a persecuted and despised people. Had Cromwell merely put on his religious profession when Puritanism was rising and gradually obtaining the ascendant, his sincerity might be well called in question; but it was when it was trodden under foot that he joined himself to the sect everywhere spoken against.

There is, we believe, no distinct record of the time and way in which conviction was wrought in his soul, beyond the letter which appeared in our last Number; but from the following extract it would appear that it was soon after his marriage, 1620, when he was about twenty-one years of age:

"The next ten years were passed in seclusion, years in which a man is formed for life. Cromwell busied himself in farming, and in industrial and social duties; living as his father before him had done. But he was also occupied with other matters. Ere long he felt in his heart the prickings of God's law. It disclosed to him his inward sin; with St. Paul, he was disposed to cry out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' and, like Luther, pacing the galleries of his convent at Erfurth, exclaiming, 'My sin! my sin! my sin!' Oliver, agitated and heart-wrung, uttering groans and cries as of a wounded spirit, wandered pale and dejected along the gloomy banks of the Ouse, beneath a clouded sky. He looked for consolation to God, to his Bible, and to friends more enlightened than himself. His health, and even his strong frame were shaken; and in his melancholy he would often send at midnight for Dr. Simcott, physician in Huntingdon, supposing himself to be dying. At length peace entered into his soul.

"An important work, as we have seen, was finished in Oliver during the nine or ten years of obscurity and seclusion that intervened between his marriage and his obtaining a seat in Parliament. Milton, who knew him well, says of him, 'He had grown up in peace and privacy at home, silently cherishing in his heart a confidence in God, and a magnanimity well adapted for the solemn times that were approaching. Although of ripe years, he had not yet stepped forward into public life, and nothing so much distinguished him from all around, as the cultivation of a pure religion and the integrity of his life.'"

But Cromwell could act as well as profess, and made manifest that the grace of God which bringeth salvation purifies "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." It would seem that during his worldly days he had won large sums in gambling. The money thus sinfully obtained he felt he could now no longer retain:

"At the time when Popery was thus re-appearing at the court of England, the gospel flourished in the house of Oliver, who was occupied with his flocks

and fields, with his children and the interests of his neighbours, and, above all, in putting into practice the commandments of God. Salvation was come to his house, and his light shone before men. He possessed great delicacy of conscience, and of this we shall give one instance which occurred a little later. After his conversion to God, he remembered what Zaccheus said to Jesus, as he went into his house, 'Behold, Lord, if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' Cromwell had taken nothing in that way; but, like other men of the world, he had won some money formerly in gambling. This he returned, rightly considering it would be sinful to retain it. The amounts were large for those days; one of them being £80, and the other £120. His means were not ample; his family had increased; but such things had no weight with him. His religion was not one of words, but of works. As soon as his conscience spoke, he responded to its suggestions, however great the sacrifice he was compelled to make. He remembered Christ's remark, and acted on it during his whole life, 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'

On Cromwell's entrance into public life, and the gradual way in which his great abilities displayed themselves, it is not our purpose here to dwell. Our object is rather to gather up what evidences we can of his religious character. Let the following interesting anecdote be accepted as some evidence that he knew what secret prayer was :

"Sir John Goodricke, used to relate a remarkable anecdote, which we should probably assign to the siege of Knaresborough Castle, in 1644, and which was told him, when a boy, by a very old woman, who had formerly attended his mother in the capacity of midwife. 'When Cromwell came to lodge at our house in Knaresborough,' said she, 'I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder. Being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times, to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room. Having aired the bed, I went out, and, shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the key-hole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time; when returning again, I found him still at prayer; and this was his custom every night so long as he stayed at our house; from which I concluded he must be a good man: and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused.'"

But admitting, as we think must be admitted, Cromwell's sincerity, we feel it necessary to point out a most signal error, we might almost call it a delusion, which casts a long and lurid shadow over the whole of his public life, and has irreparably damaged his name. A persuasion was deeply imprinted on his mind, and not on his mind only, but on that of the Puritans generally in his day, that their cause was so the cause of God, that in fighting earthly battles they were fighting for the Lord, and that in killing their enemies by the sword they were destroying the foes of Jesus. This strange persuasion they seem to have imbibed from the letter of the Old Testament, instead of adhering to the spirit of the New. The Puritan soldiers, encamped on Roundway Hill or drawn up in battle at Cropredy Bridge, viewed themselves as standing in the same position as the children of Israel when they drew out their hosts in Gibeah against the Philistines. In their eyes, Charles and his Cavaliers were Amorites and Amalekites, Essex and Cromwell

Joshuas and Jephthahs. Oliver's broadsword was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" Naseby field, the valley of Ajalon; and the cutting off the King's head, the hewing Agag to pieces in Gilgal. This was a fearful and fatal mistake—the fundamental error which eventually ruined their cause, brought back a profligate prince, and well-nigh shipwrecked civil and religious liberty. It was indeed a grievous error, if we do not go so far as to call it a fanatical delusion, and did more harm to the cause of vital godliness than any other circumstance from the Reformation to the present day; but it was an error shared by some of the best and greatest men of that period, and therefore not to be laid at the door of Cromwell alone, as a damning and damnable crime. Had he originated this persuasion as a means to carry out his own ambitious designs; or, contrary to his better judgment, had he availed himself of it, when already existing, to ride by it into power; had he worked by it, as an instrument of deception, and attempted to sanctify evil deeds by colouring them over with religious hues, we should need no other evidence of the insincerity and rottenness of his profession. But no one can read his letters and speeches without being convinced that in this point he was no hypocrite, but was himself fully persuaded that in fighting with carnal weapons he was fighting the cause of God. He might be deceived, but he was no deceiver; he might be deluded, but he was no impostor. He never went into battle without prayer, nor came out of it without praise. He spent much of the night in prayer before he stormed Basing House. The Duke went to Waterloo from a ball at Brussels; Cromwell went to Naseby from off his knees. The world calls the one general a hero; the other, a hypocrite. Let the Scriptures decide which is the better preparation for death. But right or wrong, this persuasion that God was with him was confirmed to Cromwell by every successive victory; and the wonderful manner in which he triumphed, in the face of the greatest difficulties, rooted it more and more deeply in his mind. He thus wrote to the Parliament after he had taken Bristol by assault, Sept. 14th, 1645:

"For the Hon. William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

"I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, that this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

"It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made; their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, that in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know that faith and prayer obtained this city for you; I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that he have all the praise.

"Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer. They agree here, have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe have

the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual in the body [which is the true church], and to the Head [which is Jesus Christ]. For being united in forms, commonly called *Uniformity*, every Christian will for peace' sake study and do as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind, we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands, for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that, he knows not the gospel; if any would wring that out of your hands or steal it from you, under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What a remarkable dispatch from a commander-in-chief! And what a Parliament, to receive such a communication! Such a dispatch in our House of Commons would be received with shouts of laughter and derision. But let men say what they will, let them call it cant and whine—one thing is certain, that in that day God was openly acknowledged, that honour was paid to his name, that his glory was sought, and his favour desired.

Having seen how Cromwell writes to the Parliament, let us see how he writes to a brother soldier:

"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies, at Windsor: These.

"Sir,—It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of? The best men according to the flesh, are things lighter than vanity. I find this only good, to love the Lord and his poor despised people; to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them; and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being conformed to Christ and the rest of the body, *i. e.*, 'the Church') participate in the glory of a resurrection which will answer all.

"Sir, I must thankfully confess your favour in your last letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love, which, when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

"I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your lady, to whom I wish all happiness and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"London, 7th March, 1648."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

How are we to explain the above letter on the common assumption that Cromwell was a hypocrite? This, be it remembered, is

* To a person who really desires to penetrate into and understand the ruling principles of Cromwell's character and conduct, the above letter communicates more sound information than pages of what is called history. Hume says, that if Cromwell's speeches and letters were collected into a volume, they would form the most nonsensical book in the world. What will not prejudice and ignorance combined say? the truth being that he was one of the most sensible men that ever lived, and his speeches and letters, though the style is somewhat loose and obscure, are as full of good sense as they are sound in principle. To a philosophical infidel like Hume, John xvii. or Gal. iii. would be nonsense. But what is such a man's judgment worth?

the easiest and most sweeping of all charges. We have only to say, "This man is a hypocrite," and it sweeps away at a stroke all his profession. His experience, his prayers, his life, his words and actions, are all swept away at once into the common sewer. But this is the way of the world, not the leading and teaching of the Spirit, which "proves all things, and holds fast that which is good."

But let us follow Cromwell into the bosom of his family. A man cannot well be a hypocrite at home. The mask must indeed be closely fitted on not to drop off at his own fireside. The stouthearted Oliver was a most tender and affectionate husband and parent; and some of his letters to his wife and children breathe, intermixed with religious admonition, the language of sincerest love. He thus writes to one of his daughters:

"For my beloved daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General's Quarters: These.

"Dear Daughter,—I write not to thy husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed [*i. e., not in the mood*] at this time, having some other considerations.

"Your friends at Ely are well. Your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be one of the best sect next to a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of his, and could go less in desire [*i. e., become less desirous*], less pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not thy husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [*thy husband*] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

"My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. I am

"Thy dear Father,

"London, 25th October, 1646."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

The following letter was written to his son:

"For my beloved Son, Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley, in Hampshire: These.

"Dick Cromwell,—I take your letters kindly; I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

"I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are; I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and his face continually; let this be the business of your life and strength; and let all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even life eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; no, but inward, transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and *participating of*, the divine nature: 'That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.' (2 Pet. i. 4.) It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (Phil. iii. 8—10): 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him and

the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.' How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

"Carrick, 2nd April, 1850."

The two following letters were addressed to his wife, and were evidently written from his heart. The first was written the day after the battle of Dunbar :

"For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell: These.

"My Dearest,—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

"The Lord had showed us an exceeding mercy; who can tell how it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends.

I rest thine,

"Dunbar, 4th September, 1850."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

The second was written when he was at Edinburgh, soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness:

"For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell: These.

"My dearest,—I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man; but that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of his countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions; in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you with all his spiritual blessings.

"Mind poor Betty [Elizabeth Claypole] of the Lord's great mercy. Oh! I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him [her husband]. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them; knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is. Let them seek him in truth, and they shall find him.

"My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often. Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary; and rest,

Thine,

"Edinburgh, 12th April, 1851."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

Our object, it will be perceived, has been to let Cromwell speak for himself. His own letters afford the best and most trustworthy evidence of his real character. He thus writes to his son-in-law:

"Dear Charles,—I write not often. At once I desire thee to know I most dearly love thee; and indeed my heart is plain to thee, as thy heart can well desire; let nothing shake thee in this. The wretched jealousies that are amongst us, and the spirit of calumny, turn all into gall and wormwood. My heart is for the people of God; that the Lord knows and will in due time manifest; yet thence are my wounds, which, though it grieves me, yet through the grace of God doth not discourage me totally. Many good men are repining at everything; though indeed very many good are well satisfied and satisfying daily. The will of the Lord will bring forth good in due time.

* * * * *

"Dear Charles, my dear love to thee, and to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to

my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again. If she knows the covenant (of grace) she cannot but do so. For that transaction is without *her*; sure and steadfast, between the Father and the Mediator in his blood. Therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to him, thirsting after him, and embracing him, we are his seed; and the covenant is sure to all the seed. The compact is for the seed; God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in him to us. The covenant is without *us*; a transaction between God and Christ. Look up to it. God engageth in it to pardon us; to write his law in our heart; to plant his fear so that we shall never depart from him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in covenant, who cannot deny himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens.

"If you have a mind to come over with your dear wife, take the best opportunity for the good of the public and your own convenience. The Lord bless you all. Pray for me that the Lord would direct and keep me his servant. I bless the Lord I am not my own; but my condition to flesh and blood is very hard. Pray for me; I do for you all. Commend me to all friends."

But we pass on to his death-bed, which has been greatly misrepresented. Dr. d'Aubigné rejects the well-known story of his conversation with Dr. Goodwin:

"It is said by some writers that he once asked Dr. Goodwin, who attended at his bed-side, whether a man could fall from grace? Which the doctor answering in the negative, the Protector replied, 'Then I am safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace.' We have seen moments of doubt and fear trouble passingly the dying bed of the firmest and most pious Christians. It might therefore be possible that the light which shone in Cromwell's heart suffered a brief eclipse. Yet it is very remarkable that the faithful witness of the Protector's death, who has reported with such care all his words and all his prayers,* does not make the slightest allusion to this conversation with Dr. Goodwin. It is, besides, in contradiction to all the discourses held by him on his death-bed, and still more so to the whole of his life. He was a Christian too far advanced, too well grounded and enlightened, to put a question like that which has been ascribed to him. We are therefore inclined to question the authenticity of this anecdote."

Though somewhat long, we cannot forbear giving some extracts from the work before us relating to his dying hours:

"Cromwell's disorder grew worse. He was soon advised to keep his bed, and as the ague-fits became more severe, he was removed to Whitehall. Prayers, both public and private, were abundantly offered up on his behalf.

"The Protector's language on his sick-bed unveiled his thoughts and the favourite occupations of his heart. According to the words of St. Paul, he set his affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. Oliver was content and willing to be gone. He expressed himself convinced that there were better mansions, a better inheritance, a better crown, a better throne, yea, every way better things in heaven provided for him.

"The sick man, tortured by fever, spoke much of the covenant between God and his people. He saw, on the one side, the covenant of works; but on the other, he hailed with rapture the saving covenant of grace. 'They were two,' he exclaimed, as he tossed on his bed; 'two;—but put into one before the foundation of the world!' He was then silent for a time, but resumed, 'It is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the covenant.' After a brief silence, he spoke again, 'The covenant is but one. *Faith in the covenant is my only support.* And if I believe not—*He abides faithful!*'

* The Groom of the Bedchamber, in his Collection.

"Speaking to some who were by him as he lay on his death-bed, Oliver said, 'Whosoever sins thou hast, dost, or shall commit, if you lay hold upon free grace, you are safe. But if you put yourself under a covenant of works, you bring yourself under the law, and so under the curse. Then you are gone.'

"As his wife and children stood weeping round his bed, he said to them, 'Children, live like Christians. Abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doth righteously is born of him. Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. Love not this world. I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world. I leave you the covenant to feed upon!'

"'Lord,' he exclaimed, 'Thou knowest, if I desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works.' Another time he was heard moaning, 'Is there none that says, Who will deliver me from the peril? Man can do nothing; God can do what he will.'

"Yet he could not escape from those anxieties which so frequently disturb sincere minds in the hour of death. He knew that he was a sinner. He could say with the Psalmist, 'My sin is before me;' and cry with Job, 'The terrors of God set themselves in array against me.' Thrice over he repeated these words of Scripture, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' But this trouble did not last long. Cromwell knew him 'who died once unto sin,' and could exclaim with David, 'Blessed is he whose sin is covered.' He resumed, 'All the promises of God are in *him*. Yes, and in him, Amen; to the glory of God by us—by us in Jesus Christ. *The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love as my soul can hold.* I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God; or rather, am beloved of God. I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!'"

The dying words of Cromwell deserve attentive consideration, especially the two sentences which we have marked in italics. Had he been a fanatical enthusiast, he would have been lifted up with self-confidence, or rested on something visionary; had he been a hypocrite, he would most probably have been in despair. But he was equally removed from both these extremes. He was indeed, like most believers, exercised about the great change. Death did not find him careless and unconcerned. The weight of those solemn words which he thrice quoted lay upon his spirit. But he had support, and if he may be believed, support of a right kind. "*Faith in the covenant,*" he said, "*is my only support.*" His faith did not rest, as lying historians have asserted, on the predictions of his recovery by his preachers, but on the only solid foundation of a sinner's hope—the covenant of grace. And so far from being in despair, he said, "*The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love as my soul can hold.*" What striking words are these! And who spoke them? A dying man, after a profession of nearly forty years. Why should we cast them aside because Oliver Cromwell spoke them, unless we are prepared to say that his whole life gave them the lie?

In the dead of the night he was heard to offer up the following prayer:

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace. And I may, I will come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however thou do

dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Pardon thy foolish people. Forgive their sins, and do not forsake them, but love and bless them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm; for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer. And give me rest for Jesus Christ's sake, to whom, with thee, and thy Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory, now and for ever! Amen."

But his hours were now numbered:

"On the Thursday following, Underwood, the Groom of the Bedchamber, who was in attendance on his Highness, heard him saying, with an oppressed voice, 'Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not'—here his voice failed him; what he would have added was undoubtedly, 'leave me; he will not leave me.' He spoke again from time to time, in the midst of all his sufferings, with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit. 'I would be willing to live,' he said, 'to be farther serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.'

"Ere long, he betrayed by his movements that agitation which often precedes death; and when something was offered him to drink, with the remark that it would make him sleep, he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'

"Towards morning he showed much inward consolation and peace, and uttered many exceedingly self-abasing words, annihilating and judging himself before God. 'It were too hard a task for any,' says the Groom of the Bedchamber, who assisted him, 'especially for me, to reckon up all those graces which did shine forth in him.'"

But death had now set its mark upon him:

"It was the 3rd of September, 1658, the anniversary of his famous battles of Dunbar and Worcester; a day always celebrated by rejoicings in honour of these important victories. When the sun rose, Oliver was speechless, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon he expired. God shattered all his strength on this festival of his glory and his triumphs."

Thus died one of the greatest men that the world ever saw—a true-hearted Englishman, the champion of civil and religious liberty, the noble Puritan. His name has indeed been covered with obloquy. Cringing courtiers and servile bishops, rosy doctors and hungry curates, with the whole race of male and female gentility who despise dissent as vulgar and hate liberty as encroaching on their privileges, have for these last two hundred years abhorred the name of Cromwell. But those to whom liberty is dear, and who abhor Popery and despotism, will revere his memory; and if, on calmly weighing the evidence laid before them, our spiritual readers can entertain a good hope of his having been a partaker of grace, this will give him an additional title to their affection and esteem.

How terrible is God to the enemies of his people, how faithful to them that fear his name! Though he will try us, cross us, disappoint us, and visit our sins with a rod and our iniquities with scourges, yet he will not suffer the children of men to do it, nor to pass unpunished if they attempt it. No, says God, "I will undo all that afflict thee;" and, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye."—*Huntington*.

POETRY.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

THESE LINES WERE WRITTEN FROM PRECIOUS VIEWS OF HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH.

Cleanse me, O thou blessed Jesus,
By faith, beneath the purple tide;
Nothing but thy blood can save us,
Flowing from thy wounded side.
That blood that from thee flowed so free,
Lord, let me know it flowed for me.

Nothing but thy blood can wash me,
Nothing else for sins atone;
Nothing short can set me free,
But the blood of Christ alone.
That blood that from thee flowed so free,
Lord, let me know it flowed for me.

I know that I can never merit,
By my works, this precious blood;
On the housetops I'll declare it,
'Tis alone the gift of God.
That blood that from thee flowed so free,
I hope, sometimes, it flowed for me.

'Tis love, 'tis blood, 'tis Jesus' favour,
Saves from death, and hell, and sin;
The finished work of Christ the Saviour;
These, these alone I'll glory in.
His love, his blood, so rich, so free,
The only things that can save me.

Not duty-faith, nor free-will props,
Can ever naked souls relieve;
They must have the rich, rich drops
Of blood brought home; by faith
receive

That blood that from thee flowed so free;
Dear Jesus, bring it thus to me.

For I know I'm vile and guilty,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
But I know, though vile and filthy,
Blood can cleanse me from it all.
That blood that from thee flowed so free,
I almost feel sometimes for me.

Now him, my soul; he comes from
Edom;

Gaze and look; behold, he comes!
'Tis he that gives the church her free-
dom;

'Tis he that cleanses chosen ones.
Yes, his rich blood, that purple tide,
This, this alone can your sins hide.

Behold the Victor, as he cometh,
With garments died from Bozrah
glorious;

Not him that willeth or that runneth,
But blood alone that is victorious.

"My blood that in rich drops once fell,
To save my much-loved bride from hell."

Poor, naked, helpless souls, do listen;
Hear what this mighty Conqueror
says;

May the eyes of your mind glisten;
May your heart in rapture praise
This Jesus, who once shed his blood,
That he might bring you nigh to God:

"I trod the wine-press quite alone;
My Father's wrath, I drank it all;
My church set free, for sins atone;
This way I ransomed from the fall."
And when by faith this is applied,
I then shall say, "For me he died."

O my soul, with sweet attraction,
Listen to his lovely voice:
"Mine own arm hath brought salvation
For my church, the Father's choice;
They are now redeemed from hell;"
Declares the great Immanuel.

On this his greatness I rely;
Grace, mercy, love, and blood my plea;
All creature-works I do deny;
They never can my soul set free.
No; Jesus' blood alone can save,
And he shall all the glory have.

Let this alone be all my theme;
Thy secrets, Lord, unfold to me;
By faith sometimes to catch a gleam,
To know I am by grace set free.
Then I shall with thee one day dwell,
To sing the wonder, saved from hell!

Pause, my soul, adore and sing
The wonders of Immanuel;
Of Christ, the Sacrifice for sin;
Surpassing mortal tongues to tell
The heights and depths of love and
blood,

That ransomed all the sons of God.

All before his incarnation,
Prophets, long before this day,
Died by faith in this salvation,
Seeing Christ, the Life, the Way;
Who was to come and shed his blood,
To pardon all the elect of God.

Without blood there's no remission
From the sentence of God's law;
It must be kept without transgression;
Never must there be a flaw.

How rich and free was then that blood,
That fulfilled all demands of God!

Through the types they saw the Lamb;
Through the offerings Christ did see,

That he, by his almighty hand, Should come and set his people free; And, by the shedding of his blood, Beheld they were the sons of God.	Confess'd that they were strangers here, Were pilgrims, bound to see his face;
Abraham rejoiced to see his day; The elected saints and prophets glad Boldly followed Christ, the Way; Yea, all that were by sin made sad.	That beatific face, that beams with love, Before the angelic throne above.
By faith they saw his precious blood; Through that, by faith, brought nigh to God.	Yes, they were filled with great desires For their rest and home with God; The love of Christ brought them through fires,
By faith they saw, beyond the figures, Through the slaughtered goats and sheep, All the glorious, rich, rich treasures Laid up for those who in him sleep, That die by faith in love and blood, One day shall rise and reign with God.	And the faith they had in blood; That blood of Jesus and his name, A Lamb, from earth's foundation slain.
The promises they saw quite clear; They by the Spirit did embrace;	Is it here your hope is founded? O my soul, do search and see; If not you will be confounded; From God's wrath you cannot flee. But if blood is on your door, From God's wrath you are secure.

(To be continued.)

When a child of God thinks he can go alone, he is nearest falling.
—*John Mason.*

The more the world frowns, the sweeter will be the smiles of Jesus; and the greater unkindness you meet with from your relations, the greater will be your esteem of the affection of the Redeemer. What though all your earthly connections fail—and their friendship is continually fluctuating and changeable—yet in Jesus you find an unchanging friend, one born for adversity, and who sticketh closer than a brother. There is much meaning in that word of the prophet, *Therefore*, when he says, “*Therefore I will look unto the Lord;*” that is as much as to say, Because all things else are dissatisfying, I will look where I am sure not to be disappointed.—*Hawker.*

Amidst innumerable mercies, with which my bountiful Lord has strewn my path, and manifested his loving-kindness to me on the right hand and on the left, I can discover nothing on my part but continued cause of humiliation before God. My daily walk of barrenness too nearly resembles the prophet's description of the heath in the desert, “which doth not see when good cometh.” (Jer. xvii. 6.) And let some men say what they will of a progression of holiness in the creature, I am free to confess that I know it not. It forms no part of my creed; neither do I find it in my experience. How the Lord deals by others is not for me to judge. But in relation to myself, since the Lord was pleased to call me by his grace, and to reveal his Son in me, I have been led into deeper discoveries of my own creature-corruption; as through divine teaching I have been brought into the further knowledge of the Lord. And the result to this hour is, that in proportion as I have found the fulness, and suitableness, and all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus Christ to my state and circumstances, when I myself am weighed in the balances I am found wanting.—*Hawker.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 208. APRIL, 1853. VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 74.)

Having thus pointed out briefly the ground or foundation of communion, and proved it to be union, I shall now

III. *Treat of communion itself.* "And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."

Communion with God is a very great and grand subject. And what is all religion without it? An empty, vain show. But what is communion? It is a person communicating to another favours that are needed, and the person that receives these favours to be found communicating back to the giver or donor, according to the benefit received, by grateful acknowledgment, by being thankful, so that it is active in the giver, and passive in the receiver; and for these communications on both sides to spring from real love or union. This is communion, or fellowship; as we read in Phil. iv. 15, "Now, ye Philippians, know also that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only." Paul and these Philippians were united in heart. Hence he says they had fellowship in the gospel; and, out of love to Paul, they communicated to him in a temporal way, and thus they were active; Paul, the receiver, was passive; and, in return for their kindness, he communicated by acknowledging their kindness and thanking them for it.

Now I have shown before that none but the objects of God's love and choice, the purchase of the dear Redeemer's blood, and those that are in time blessed with God's Spirit and grace, will ever

have any communion with God; for we are all by nature alienated from the life of God, and at a great distance from him by sin and wicked works, and it cannot be possible to have communion with God in that state; for, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" And we are said to be blind and dark, yea, darkness itself; and darkness and light can have no communion. Now God is light, and in him is no darkness at all, and we are darkness, and how can we in such a state have any communion with him? And further, we are dead in sin, and therefore can have no intercourse with the living God while we are dead. Moreover, we are unrighteous, and God is essentially righteous; he is holy, but we are unholy; sin reigns in us, and God is perfection. Now we cannot in such a state have communion with God; it is impossible. And no sinner in such a state can ever be beforehand with God; for if God communicates nothing to a man, a man will never communicate anything to God. Manasseh had never done anything but sin and rebel against God until God communicated to him. And what did Matthew, Zaccheus, the thief upon the cross, Mary Magdalen, the publican, the Jews as recorded in Acts ii., the apostle Paul before his conversion, or that long black list recorded in 1 Cor. vi., and many more that might be named? What was there communicated by any of them until God began with them first? There was nothing done by them but sin, neither was there anything in them but sin.

And look back, my fellow-sinners, to our own case. Should we ever have sought after God if he had not sought after us? Where is the man that can say that he was beforehand with God? No man can, if he knows himself. And how blind and ignorant must those be that are boasting of free will and human power, and of meriting his favour by their own supposed strength and goodness; for, as the Saviour says, "Can a corrupt tree," as all men naturally are by the fall, "bring forth good fruit?" Impossible. We may as well expect grapes from thorns and figs from thistles as expect it. But for ever be adored the God of love, he has chosen us in his Son, and loved us in him; and according to his good will and matchless love, through the Mediator, Christ, he does most sweetly communicate that to us which brings us to communicate back to him, in such a way that he is delighted with us and we are delighted with him. But what is that which God communicates to his people or gives them?

First of all, he gives them *himself*, according to his good will in his covenant love and engagements, or he makes himself over to them as their God; and therefore it is said by one in faith, "The Lord is the portion of my soul, therefore will I hope in him." And the language of God in his word is, "I will be thy God." And the church in the Psalm says, "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide unto death." So that believers are related to him in covenant love, and have an interest in him. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord;" for, as Paul says, there are gods many and lords many, but to the Christian there is but one God; and this God, in distinction from all others, is the God of salvation;

and from this very source does all covenant blessings proceed or flow : "My God," says Paul, my covenant God, "shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." And he is to all believers what he was to Abraham : "I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward ;" their shield to defend them from all their foes, their portion now and for evermore. They have a mutual interest in each other, and therefore it is said that they are heirs of God. (Rom. viii. 16, 17 ; Gal. iv. 7.) And this is a most wonderful sentence, for it expresses interest in each other, property in each other, and of course fellowship ; so that they are said to converse with each other in a mutual way, or they talk to each other.

Such communion had God and Abraham about Sodom ; and when it was over the Lord is said to leave communing with Abraham. And the same blessed converse Moses had with the Lord, and spoke to him face to face. And when the Lord meets with his people, talks to them, makes it manifest that he has loved them with an everlasting love, visits them with his presence, and reveals the secrets of his heart to them ; when they draw near to him in prayer, and are favoured with access to him through Christ, are blest with freedom and liberty in their approaches to him, and, as Job says, come to his seat, open their mind, tell him their mind, and pour out their hearts before him ; they have a little communion with God, as their God in covenant, so that there is a sweet intercourse open between God and his saints. And they are said to dwell in each other ; as John says, "He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1 John iv. 16.) And God is the dwelling-place of his people to all generations ; and the Trinity of persons is said to dwell in the followers of the Lamb ; (John xiv. 23 ;) and such have communion with God.

Furthermore, they are said to walk together because they are agreed. Christ has made reconciliation by his precious blood ; and by the blessed Spirit this reconciliation is manifest in them ; and being thus mutually agreed, they walk together. And to set forth the strength of this union and communion, he is said to walk in them, and they are directed to walk in him. But now observe the blessedness of having such a God as this. He is God over all, and ever blessed. He is the Creator of all, the Preserver of all, the kind Benefactor of all. It is him that preserves man and beast. But he is the God of nature and providence only to the non-elect, but the God of grace and truth to the elect ; and all hearts are in his hand, and all men and things at his disposal. He has power over devils, sin, and death ; and there is nothing too hard for him to do, nothing impossible to be done by him, seeing he has all power in heaven and earth. There is not one perfection of his nature but what are all engaged in the behalf of his people, some of which I will mention.

1. His *immutability* : "I am, the Lord, I change not ; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Let the earth be convulsed, and let what will take place in this world, and let the children of God come into as many straits as they may, and let their frames and feelings be what they may, their God is the same, without the shadow of a turn.

2. His *omnipresence*. He is everywhere, to see his people's straits, the craft of their foes, what they need, and the way to deliver them : "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards him." (2 Chron. xvi. 9.) So that he is continually with them, and never slumbers nor sleeps. And in this way there is a manifestation of his omnipresence and his omniscience.

3. His *wisdom*. See in the Scripture how he orders, manages, and brings about deliverances for his people, and in such a wise way that he secures all the glory to himself.

4. Look for a moment at his *long-suffering*, his *forbearance*; how he puts up with his children's manners, provocations, and insults, which they are continually offering to him; and like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities and forbears his saints, time after time.

5. View his *mercy* in manifesting pardon to their consciences again and again; and by these means he endears himself to them, and gains their affections to himself.

6. *Power* to put all their enemies to shame, and to deliver them, however impossible to flesh and blood. Witness his power displayed at the Red Sea; so that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

7. And one thing more I will mention, and that is, the *love* of God. Hence he says to his church, "I will rejoice over thee to do thee good, with all my heart and with all my soul." So that here is, first, his immutability, he cannot change; his omnipresence, he is everywhere; his omniscience, he sees all things; his wisdom manages all; his long-suffering, he puts up with all; his forbearance endures all; his mercy pardons all; his omnipotence delivers all his people; and his heart being full of love, he is determined to exert himself for his elect. All things, therefore, shall "work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

See how all these attributes were engaged in the behalf of Jacob, Joseph, and the children of Israel at the Red Sea, in bringing them to the promised land. And see how God appeared in the behalf of poor David. And look at the conduct of God towards poor Mordecai and the Jews; see what wisdom, power, and love there was displayed. Take notice of God's dealings with the prophet Daniel in the lion's den, the three children in the fiery furnace, and poor Peter in bringing him out of prison, and then say, if you can, that there is anything wanting in the God of elect men to do them good. And is he not the God of salvation? And such a God as this is the Christian's; and says God to his church, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God." And as the poet says, "How can I sink with such a prop as my eternal God?" So that God gives himself in covenant love to his people.

In the next place, he gives us *Christ*, and all the blessings of grace in him; as Paul says, "Who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." (2 Tim. i. 9.) And elsewhere he says, "We are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, according as

he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, and without blame before him in love." So that the elect are in Christ. And so likewise are all the blessings of salvation deposited in him by God the Father: "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" and it is out of that fulness that his people receive grace for grace. "And of him," that is, of God the Father, "are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" that he that glorieth should glory in the Lord.

So that God communicates, first, Himself; and, secondly, His dear Son, gives us grace in him, and all blessings in him. This is done in his purpose of grace, and in covenant love. But though this is all done in God's mind, yet the man knows nothing about it; for God may make himself over in his covenant favour to poor sinners as their God, give them grace in Christ, so that they have all that can be needed in Christ; but there must be an actual communication to them in time, and this is done by God communicating his Spirit, and that Spirit communicating grace out of the fulness of Christ. Now the Spirit is said to proceed from the Father and the Son; as Christ says, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." (John xv. 26.) In fact, let men have what they may in Christ, until they are in possession of the Spirit, or the Spirit is communicated to them, they know nothing of communion with God; for, as before observed, no man can be beforehand with God.

Man cannot communicate to God until God has communicated to man. Hence the Spirit is promised to all God's elect as the Spirit of grace and supplication: "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications." (Zech. xii. 10.) And, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." (Isa. xlv. 3.) And again, "I shall put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live." (Ezek. xxxvii. 14.) Now these promises shall be fulfilled in all God's elect in God's appointed time and way; and when this blessing is by God communicated to a poor sinner, the sinner begins to communicate to God, but not before. This idea I wish to keep up, that God is always first with the sinner.

But then observe, the Spirit may come upon men and never take up his abode with them as a Spirit of grace. He came upon two men, namely, Bezaleel and Aholiab, to qualify them to do the work of the tabernacle that was to be erected in the wilderness: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah; and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship. And I, behold, I'

have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan ; and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee." (Exod. xxxi. 1—6.) But this is very wide or different from his coming into a sinner's soul as the Spirit of grace and supplication.

And according to the testimony of the prophet Isaiah, the ploughman in the field is instructed by God for his business : " For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." (Isa. xxviii. 24—27.) So it was with the prophet Balaam, the Spirit of God came upon him, and he spake some grand and glorious truths about Israel's safety and their temporal felicity, and even prophesied of the Lord Jesus Christ ; but then he was destitute of saving grace. And to this day there are men that speak gracious truths, and yet are not in possession of a Spirit of grace and of supplication. And Saul was in possession of the spirit of prophecy, but was he in possession of grace ? No, not a grain ; but, in fact, a slave to the devil. And Paul says, " Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.) So that, according to all these accounts, a man may be very ingenious in temporal matters prophesy truth as Balaam did in a measure, have a great deal of knowledge, understand all mysteries, have a deal of historical temporary presumptuous faith, and if a person of property give away his all to the poor, and in defence of his faith and practice be burned at the stake, and be able to speak very eloquently about divine things, and yet be destitute of the Spirit of grace, notwithstanding all these gifts, and the blaze such a one makes, and the figure he may cut before men ; for all this, and a deal more, is far short of the treasure of God's grace in the heart.

But God's elect are all in due time favoured with the Spirit of grace and supplication, and when they are thus blessed they will begin to communicate to God. And I wish to observe, that when the good Spirit comes to take up his abode with one of God's elect, he forms a new man of grace in the soul, which is quite perfect or complete ; and though there is room for this new man to grow, yet there is no room for any more members. It is a perfect new man of grace, produced by God's Spirit in the soul. Hence Christ says, " That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." John calls it the seed of God, and so does Peter ; and Paul calls it a new man. Now this comes from the love of God, through the Mediator, by the Holy Ghost into the soul ; and in such a soul there is the fear of the Lord, said by Solomon to be the beginning of wisdom, that is in the soul of man ; or, in plain terms, there is wisdom in the heart where divine fear is, and nowhere else.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. RADFORD, OF EXETER.

My dear Brother and Sister in the dear covenant Head, his church's faithful Husband and never-failing Friend; in his precious name I greet you with "All hail, highly favoured of the Lord!"

I find by your letter that you have lately been sorely tried inwardly and outwardly, both in the church, and also by men of corrupt minds, who have turned their backs not only upon you, but the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God. Well, such are to be made manifest that they were not all of us. This has been the case with the professed church of Christ in days past, and so it is in our day. But our Lord asked the question of his disciples, "Will ye also go away?" (John vi. 67.) Peter gave a ready answer for his brethren and himself; and, through rich grace, both you and I can give the same, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Hitherto kept by the power of God, we are therefore safely kept. We are by nature the same as they were; and, if left to ourselves, should, concerning faith, make shipwreck. But the decree in the blessed Trinity respecting our salvation in Christ and the eternal love of God the Father, fixed upon us as the chosen in Christ, and that brought home to the soul in time by the life-giving power and energy of the Holy Ghost, translating us from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, causes the soul to stand astonished with holy admiration, and to say, "Why me, Lord? an ill and hell-deserving sinner like me?" This blessed sight and knowledge of the love of the Three-One Jehovah to us in our undeservedness of it, works self-abhorrence in us, as it did in Job, and love to the glorious Trinity, who thought upon us in our low estate, and safely secured our everlasting salvation in Christ, which world, flesh, or devil, can never frustrate.

Let the enemies to these glorious truths say that they lead to licentiousness if they will. We say, in answer, that "He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Holiness, in heart and in action, in life and conversation, is what every real child of God through grace sincerely desires; he longs to put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man; to enjoy more conformity to the image of Christ; to shine as a light in this world to his glory, by grace overcoming, subduing, and keeping under the power of the old man. But I know we are to endure this warfare between flesh and spirit as long as natural life remains; then afterwards the child of God will ever be the enjoyer of that peace that passes all understanding, never more to be called into the field of action against world, flesh, or devil, but enjoy the company of the God of peace for ever and ever; for we cannot enjoy that peace which we wish to enjoy with him here, on account of enemies that so often disturb it. It is melancholy to observe, that in our day two walking together who are spiritually agreed can scarcely be found, because new-fangled notions are the taste and rage. I

often think of our many years' walking together and agreement as the heart of one man, in the faith and truth of the gospel and the experience of the work of grace in us by the power of the Holy Ghost. To God alone belongs the glory, who has kept the sower of discord among brethren from making a separation between us, who in ourselves are as weak as bruised reeds.

I rather smiled at a paragraph in your letter, of one called by the name of Sense, to whose hand you cannot trust the helm in a storm. There are two of these troublesome, ill-advising fellows in my ship, nearly related to each other, the one called by the name of Carnal Sense and the other Carnal Reason. I have often heartily wished the Captain would discharge them and turn them ashore; but he will not, for he has a use for them. Very lately, in a foggy, gloomy, dark day, came on a sudden storm, which lay me on my beam ends. In a moment I lost my standing, and was in my lee scupper, fearing the ship would never right again. I gave up all for lost, these said Sense and Reason both being at the helm; and had not Master Faith displaced them and took the helm himself, in a little time I should have been a wreck on the rocks of S(c)illy. My feelings were so tremendous at the time, that it is impossible to relate them. I cannot bear to see either of them at the helm even in a smooth sea, with a pleasant breeze; they are so obstinate and self-willed that they will neither of them steer by the point of the compass, as commanded, but are for their own way in everything, however contrary to orders. Besides, they are purblind, and cannot discern anything clearly so far off as the jib-boom end, being unfit to be trusted on the forecastle to look out ahead, either in a dark night or a thick fog. Well, peace will commence in a short time, and then I shall get rid of all my troublesome shipmates, and never sail with them any more.

I see by your letter you are even now surrounded with troubles of one kind and another. Ah! it is a troublesome ocean indeed, and what every vessel that has sailed before us has found it to be; witness Ps. cvii. and Heb. xi. But they all got safe into port at last, by the wisdom and skill of the Captain; for there never was such a skilful navigator as he is; he never undertook to navigate a vessel which became a wreck, but brought all safe into port, though the storms have been so tremendous at times that all hope of being saved has been given up by the crew.

You say in your letter you think you shall leave me in the wilderness; though you are thirty years younger than I am. It may be so. I can only wish and pray that you may be favoured, as David was, with faith and love in sweet and lively exercise in your soul, when you "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Mind, to the believer it is only "a shadow," not a substance. Christ has taken away the substance himself; it is only a sweet nap till the morning, and then we shall get up at the sound of the trumpet, and feel such refreshing after our sleep as we never felt before. The body of death will be left in the bed, and we shall never groan under his intolerable load any more.

Mr. H., the bearer of this, can give you an account of ~~us~~ and of Exeter. We have to bless God for his spiritual blessings, and for the temporal mercies that we enjoy day by day; they all come down from the Father of Lights, as Israel's manna did in the wilderness. He alone is worthy of the praise.

I have said nothing about the awful times. I know that the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. The Lord prepare us for every event, and give us submission to his sovereign will.

Mrs. R. is much as usual; sometimes better and sometimes worse. I bless the Lord for the health he has blessed me with at my time of life. We shall be glad at any time to have a line from you.

Mrs. R. joins with me in affectionate love to you, Mrs. F., and family, wishing you every needful blessing, both spiritual and temporal, and subscribe ourselves,

Yours in the gospel,

Hill's Court, Exeter, March 15, 1833.

J. & A. RADFORD.

[Old Mr. Radford was much respected by the people of God at Exeter, as a simple-hearted, faithful minister of the gospel. When we knew him, rather more than two years after the date of this letter, he was, though very old, still lively in the things of God, and used to preach to a few people in his own house, where we heard him. His widow survived him several years, dying only a few years ago. She was an experienced, well-taught woman, and sat for some years under Mr. Huntington. She told us, though she condemned herself for the idolatrous feeling, that at that time she used to look with pleasure and veneration at the very smoke which came out of his parlour chimney.]

I have been assured by a gentleman of undoubted credit, that when he was in the pursuit of all the gayest sensualities of life, and was reckoned one of the happiest of mankind, he has seen a dog come into the room where he was among his merry companions, and has groaned inwardly and said, "O that I had been that dog!" And have you, sinner, felt nothing like this? Has your conscience been so stupified, so "seared with a hot iron," (1 Tim. iv. 2,) that it has never cried out of any of the violences which have been done it? Has it never warned you of the fatal consequences of what you have done in opposition to it?—*Doddridge*.

True indeed, (and in the recollection I desire to bless the Lord for his distinguishing mercy over me,) I have been kept by his restraining grace from the more outward acts of sin into which some (and great professors too of inherent holiness in the creature) have fallen. And from the Lord's mercy, I have not been made (as the Scripture expresses it) "the reproach of the foolish." (Ps. xxxix. 8.) Yet notwithstanding these things, I am now too well acquainted, from long experience with the workings of inbred and indwelling corruptions, not to know and as thankfully to acknowledge, that such preservations are wholly the result of God's grace, and not the effect of my merit.—*Hawker*.

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY, OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 80.)

But to return to the thread of my narrative. I now began to see that everything that befell me was the immediate appointment of my heavenly Father. In entire dependence on him, I asked for every individual thing I wanted—for deliverance from all evils felt or feared; and when I could implicitly rely on his veracity, he always granted me what I desired of him, even beyond my expectation.

I now entered into the salt trade, and as most of the dealers in that article manufactured at the Onondaga Salt Springs were treacherous in verbal contracts, I made a bargain with two men for seven or eight hundred dollars' worth of salt, to be paid for in merchantable pine boards, delivered at the salt works, with a forfeiture of one hundred dollars on either party neglecting to fulfil the contract. In the appointed time I carried a boat-load of boards in pursuance of the contract, and the men cavilled at the boards, though they were according to agreement in their quality. I had much difficulty with them, for they refused to take the boards, as they were now selling in market for less than mine were contracted for. Soon after this, the man of whom I had engaged my supplement of boards for the above-mentioned contract died suddenly, and left me wholly unable to fulfil my contract. I related these circumstances to my antagonists, and as they had given up the idea of building, they did not appear for the present inclined to trouble me. However, they would not consent to have the bonds given up; so that it appeared that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The men were Irishmen, real sharpers, twin brothers, by the name of M'Cabe. I rested quiet from them nearly two years, when they informed my father of their intention of prosecuting me as a delinquent on the bonds. At this time I lived forty miles from my parents, who were much exercised about the matter, and sent one of my brothers in haste to inform me of what I might expect from them. I returned the following answer to their information: "Revered Father,—No doubt you thought the news John has brought would have a very serious effect upon me; but no, God has granted me confirming grace, whereby I am enabled to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything to give God thanks. I have a deep, settled confidence in God, that he will cause everything to work together for my good. I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong. I can go to God in my greatest trials, take hold on the covenant, and plead the promises with divine assurance. For thus saith the Lord, 'Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' When I first received the intelligence, I besought the Lord for his almighty aid on, so gloomy an

occasion, and he prevented me with his love, ere I could make known my case to him by supplication. I think that I enjoy more of the divine presence than most Christians. I find God to be at all times a very present help to me in time of trouble. God lifts me above my present difficulties so much that I do not feel the least possible anxiety on the occasion. I shall ere long be where I shall see that all these trials were necessary. I consider no labour too painful to be undertaken, no affliction too severe to be patiently sustained, for the sake of Christ. Probably you pity me, but that is needless; for I would not change my situation with any man living.—I am, with esteem, your obedient son, and one with you in the Spirit in the Lord Jesus Christ, U. S. L.—Lyons, May 19th, 1804.”

I asked the Lord to provide some way of escape from their lawless demands, and he inclined them to drop the matter so that I never heard anything from them afterwards. Here I seal by my seal that God is true, and that full confidence may be reposed in him.

We were on a certain time without either meat or butter, and I did not know from whence we could obtain any. I asked God to send us a supply in his mercy, and in an hour or two there came a poor man, from whom I had intended to receive nothing for my services, and brought us seven pounds of butter, and I received it with gratitude as an immediate answer to prayer. “O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!”

At this time we lived comfortably, only what we had did not come in till it had been some time wanted, and came in apparent answer to prayer. A very rich professor lived in the neighbourhood, who in my necessities was covetous and worldly to grant me that relief which I occasionally stood in need of, and which at times I asked him for. And the devil set him to work; for on a certain time, when my father came to visit me, and to preach in that town, he complained to him of my spending too much time in devotion, for my life and conversation was a glaring reproof of his formality and undevotion; and it appeared as if he wanted my father to use his influence to damp the flame of my love and zeal for God, that he might be rid of such a perpetual, disagreeable monitor. My father, in a friendly manner, informed me of what the good man had said concerning me, but did not urge me to love God less, neither to serve him with reserve. I need here make no comment on what were my feelings on the occasion; for it appeared that he was willing to have kept me from the enjoyment of this world and of the world to come. “If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shall surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Beware that there be not a thought in thy wicked heart, saying, The seventh year, the year of release, is at hand; and thine eye be evil against thy poor brother, and thou givest him nought; and he cry unto the Lord against thee, and it be sin unto thee.” (Deut.

xv. 7—9.) In the fall of the same year he bought up all the wheat that could be found in the place, which rendered it scarce before the next harvest, and of course increased the price, and made it more difficult for the poor to obtain it, and carried it to market; and what with the distance, (three hundred miles,) and hiring hands to transport it in boats in small rivers, with contingent expenses, and the fall of the price of wheat when he reached the market, his loss was so great, that when he returned he said, had he thrown all his grain into the river, (four hundred bushels,) and paid two hundred dollars for doing it, before he started with it, he should have saved money in comparison. He sowed seventy acres of good wheat in the same fall, and in the following year the insect (Hessian fly) destroyed the whole of it, so that he did not get as much as he sowed. Fields containing fifteen or twenty acres he never pretended to harvest. There never was known any of the insect in wheat in that town before or since, and the wheat that he sowed was of his own raising. In the winter following he lost nineteen nice sheep, with several cattle, and, if I remember right, some horses, for he had great possessions. All these things coming in such quick succession upon him made him somewhat sensible that "riches are not for ever." He would after this come into my house and sit and weep like a child, and say that he would give all the world to enjoy the tranquility and felicity that I did.

One morning I had a strong premonition of my father's coming to see us, and accordingly told my wife that he would be at Lyons before now, and the impression was so strong that it kept me as much on the watch as if I had been informed of his coming. About eleven o'clock he came while I was in the door of my house looking out for him.

Two or three years after this, I had some dealings with a merchant to the amount of twenty dollars. I had owed him that but a little while when he, without informing me of his intentions, or asking me to pay him, left my account with a magistrate for immediate collection, who being friendly to me, informed me of my adversary's design, so that by his seasonable information I escaped additional expense. I felt his unreasonable proceeding to the quick. However, the Lord not long after struck him with madness. He was very wicked. "For they intended evil against thee; they imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform. Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, when thou shalt make ready thine arrows upon thy strings against the face of them." (Ps. xxi. 11, 12.) It is dangerous meddling where God displays the glory of his grace in an extraordinary manner. The Lord has been so kind as to give me a premonition of almost every remarkable event that is to befall me.

I was once in a small open field in the wilderness, when all on a sudden there appeared a tornado a little to the right of where I stood, that bore down all the trees, without exception, that stood in its way with resistless force. I did not feel at all alarmed, but while I was viewing the scene with wonder, there fell some very

large hailstones close to me. I thought that when I returned and came to tell my people what large hail I had seen, they would not believe me, so to prevent all doubt I took one of the largest and tied it up in a bandana handkerchief. It was so large that the corners would but just come together to form a knot over it. I returned home and carried it into a store, and exhibited it to the astonishment of beholders. When I awoke, behold it was a dream. The following morning my mind was very much oppressed, and I grew gloomy, restless, and uneasy, and for three days repeatedly told my wife that some of my father's family were very sick or dead. On the eve of the third day after the dream came my youngest brother, and informed me that my eldest brother was lost on the Oneida Lake, in a gale. Here was the interpretation of the dream. The little opening in the wilderness, the Oneida Lake, surrounded on all sides with uninhabitable woods; the tornado, the gale that upset the boat and drowned the hands (three in number); the great hailstones, the heavy tidings; the merchant's shop into which I brought the hailstone, the merchandize they had on board.

Since I have had a family I have never been once entirely clear of debt, though the Lord has given me so much moveable property that one half would pay all that I owe. No one thing has ever chafed or galled me like being perpetually in debt. I have prayed, groaned, entreated, and been sullen, stubborn, and shamefully rebellious, have envied the rich when I saw their prosperity; but I have been for seven or eight years, through grace, in some good measure cured of this disease. The Lord sent home conviction on my mind of the great folly and wickedness of such conduct, by suggesting the following queries. "Would you be willing to exchange conditions with those you now envy?" Conscience would answer, with shuddering, "No; not for a thousand worlds into the bargain. Then why do you complain?" When I pass the rich professor or worldling, I think that I would not exchange with you though all your possessions were pure gold down to the centre of the earth. I shall retain this disposition as long as the Lord wills it and no longer; for of myself I am just as stable as water, and as strong as imbecility in the abstract; have such power and favour at a throne of grace, that it gives me a violent headache to keep my mind stayed upon its Object; feel so engaged in prayer, that in a chilly day, when I want an additional coat on, I am obliged to pull off the one I have already on, and yet sweat with the labour. Still, at the first touch of the "live coal from the altar," away I go, Philip-like, and for joy and life scarcely know whither.

But to return. On a certain time the Lord's hand was so long closed that I ran considerably in arrears, and my creditors began to call upon me, and I saw no way of answering their just demands; when a young merchant lent me sufficient to liquidate the debt, and told me, if I should want, to call again. As a physician, I had been instrumental in bringing him through a severe fever, which was at that time epidemic and very mortal. He was not a professor of religion, but one of the best of unbelievers. His favour, in a time when it

was so much wanted, made such an impression on my mind, that I have prayed for his salvation ever since (sixteen years).

After this I left the state of New York and moved into Connecticut. Here for a time I fell into the back-ground, but a man severely afflicted with rheumatism employed me with my electrical machine, and afterwards gave me fifty-five dollars for my machine and attendance. This relieved me from my present embarrassment. After this I dealt with a merchant, who was as avaricious and worldly a man as ever I was acquainted with, for such things as I wanted in my family; but he not having every article I wanted, I took eleven dollars' worth out of an adjacent store. I was in at the last-mentioned store shortly after purchasing the goods, when some company being present, the conversation took a turn on the subject of the state of the church in that place, when the owner of the store, whose principles were deistical, gave out some base and cruel reflections on the Christian religion, which I defended with some warmth, making severe remarks on the disposition of that man who would wish to destroy the "foundations of the righteous." My observations cut him to the quick, and gave him great offence. As soon as I was gone out of the store, he drew up my account and carried it to a justice of the peace for immediate collection. The officer informed me immediately of what the storekeeper had done, and I went to the professors of religion in that neighbourhood and told them what was doing. They pretended that they did not believe that he would drive the matter to an issue, and I could not prevail upon any of them to do anything for me in this affair. As it respected aid from men it appeared my case was hopeless. I went home and committed my cause to God, after which I went to my adversary to see if I could not "agree with him quickly while I was in the way with him." But when I came there, I found that my "Lord and Master" had been before me; for he had inclined the "worldly man" of whom I first spoke to go unasked of me and settle the matter. And he reprov'd the storekeeper severely for his unmercifulness; while my enemy retorted back occasionally, for a month, for interfering in the business unsolicited. The gratitude I felt for deliverance in such an unexpected way is better felt than expressed. From henceforth I included him with the rest of my benefactors, and continually bore him on my heart to a throne of grace. This was at Danbury, in Connecticut. After this I removed my family to New Haven, where, in three or four years, an acquaintance of mine from Danbury called upon me, and informed me that the above-mentioned benefactor and his wife were hopefully converted and had joined the church.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Christian is a wonder; he is the most contented, yet the least satisfied; he is contented with a little of the world, but not satisfied with a little grace, for he would still have more faith, and be anointed with fresh oil.

EDITORS' REMARKS ON A PREVIOUS INQUIRY.

It will perhaps be remembered that a case was submitted to us in the February Number, p. 55, for our opinion relative to a female continuing a member of a gospel church who had married a second husband when deserted by her first. Our judgment on that case has been objected to by some of our readers, and several letters have been addressed to us on the subject.

For the sake of brevity, we then gave a mere abstract of the case; but as the subject has caused some discussion we think it best to insert the original letter, or at least the most important portion of it, the part omitted being chiefly introductory:

"Dear Sir,—The writer of these few lines stands connected with a church in which is a most important case, and it has unanimously been agreed unto to submit it to the Editor of the 'Standard' for his view of the question. It is not to satisfy any curious whim, nor is it to decide any quibble that has arisen between two parties, but it is a real case in existence. It is this: If the husband of a female should leave her, and she, in the course of time, should marry again, and then her first husband should return, whether she could scripturally stand as a member with that church? In this case, the man left his wife, and she, in the course of thirteen years, married again, not knowing whether the first husband was dead or no, and then, after she had been married again six or seven years, the first returns, so that it becomes generally known that the first is alive. Can she remain scripturally a member with that people? Please to give your opinion on this question through the 'Standard' as early as possible.

"Yours in love,

"January 11th, 1853."

"AN INQUIRER."

It will be perceived by the above letter that the case was submitted to our judgment by the general desire of the church. We could not well, therefore, decline giving our opinion on the subject, though we were, and still are, quite ignorant what church it is which has thus appealed to us.

Our view, it will be remembered, was that, under the circumstances named, the woman could not consistently continue a member of a gospel church. This judgment has been objected to by several correspondents. The nature of these objections will appear from the following letter, which is perhaps as good as any that we have received on the subject:

"Dear Sir,—Feeling much surprised when reading in the 'Standard,' February Number, your reply to a church respecting the case of the poor woman, I pondered again the passages referred to, and also 1 Cor. vii., and cannot but come to the conclusion that your reply must have been written in haste, feeling sure that you would not willingly make those hearts sad whom God has not made sad.

"The poor woman was a widow, deserted by her husband thirteen years. In this case I maintain, and have, I believe, the law of our country, the most well-taught men in the word of truth, and also the mind of the Holy Spirit on my side when I say, that she was justified in doing what she has done. (1 Cor. vii. 15.) Those who know and have felt the pangs of a widowed heart, made so by the worst of all deaths, desertion, can well attest the truth that she had no husband; he was dead to her; consequently was justified in the course she took. Woe to any church that would separate a wife from her lawful husband, or in such a case dare withhold the communion from an acknowledged sister in Jesus. Could my words reach that poor soul, I would say, 'May you be

enabled to search prayerfully the word of truth, and, with Jesus' smiles, you need not fear the frowns of any church or the world.'

"Praying that the 'Standard' may still be uplifted with truth for its motto,
"I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
"Feb. 18th, 1853." "R. P.

We fully admit that it is a very painful and pitiable case, but in the things of God natural feelings are not to be our rule and guide, but the unerring word of truth.

Now we fearlessly assert that, according to God's word, nothing out death or divorce can dissolve the tie between man and wife. The Lord Jesus has settled this point with his own lips. "The Pharisees also came unto him, tempting him, and saying unto him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. They say unto him, Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away? He saith unto them, Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery." (Matt. xix. 3—9.) The law of the land* is based upon this declaration, and allows of no dissolution of marriage but by death or legal divorce. We assert, therefore, that neither by the law of God or man can a woman marry again in the lifetime of her first husband without committing adultery. How express is Paul here! "For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband *so long as he liveth*; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress; but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man." (Rom. vii. 2, 3.)

Absence or desertion is cruel and ungodly conduct, and most truly pitiable is a woman's case, to be abandoned for years and left in ignorance whether her legitimate husband and protector is dead or alive; but neither his desertion nor her uncertainty dissolves the tie. If absence or desertion break the marriage tie, it may be asked, How long must that absence or desertion be to have this effect? Shall it be a week's, a month's, or a year's absence that shall do it? And if these terms are too short, where are we to put the limit? If one

* "A person who is already married is under a legal disability to contract a second marriage whilst the first wife or husband is alive; and although there may have been the strongest ground for believing that the first wife or husband was dead, the children of the second marriage would not in England derive any benefit from the absence of moral guilt in their parents."—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

year's desertion cannot break the marriage tie, can it be broken by ten or twenty years' absence? R. P. is not only out in law, but in Scripture, and quite misunderstands the meaning of 1 Cor. vii. 15. The apostle is speaking in the context of a believing wife united to an unbelieving husband. He assumes on this point two cases. 1. That the unbelieving husband wishes to continue to live with his believing wife. In that case, "Let her not leave him," says the apostle. (ver. 13.) But 2. The unbelieving husband may depart and desert her on account of her religion. In that case, he decides that she is not bound to follow him and insist still to live with him: "Let him depart; a brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases;" that is, to follow him and press to live with him if he have deserted her. But does he say anything about or sanction her marrying again? Where does he say that desertion dissolves the marriage tie? On the contrary, in the very same chapter he decides the exact opposite: "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord." (1 Cor. vii. 39.) How clearly he decides the matter that death alone dissolves the marriage tie! The number of years that he has deserted her, her ignorance where he is, the belief she entertains that he is dead, her desolate condition, her poverty and necessity, her unprotected condition—all these pitiable circumstances do not, cannot alter the law of God and man. He is her husband and she is his wife till death or divorce dissolve the tie. Here, as in numberless other cases, the sovereign will of God, the law of the land, and the general benefit of the community, overrule the suffering of individuals. And though this may occasion individual hardship, yet what a general benefit to married women accrues from it! If desertion could dissolve marriage, thousands of unprincipled husbands would avail themselves of it, and no wife could be sure, as now, that she should continue such till her own or her husband's decease.

We should be ashamed to take so much pains to prove what is so plain and clear, did we not know what lax views and feelings prevail, in the minds of many concerning the marriage tie. We have a specimen of this in the letter of R. P. Here is a man maintaining he has "the law of our country, the most well-taught men in the word of truth, and also the mind of the Spirit" on his side in asserting that the poor woman was justified in marrying a second time without proof of her husband's decease, and that his desertion of her was a sufficient warrant for her taking such a step. We cannot wonder that carnal people entertain such lax views about the sanctity of the marriage tie, when professors of religion advocate such unscriptural sentiments. ●

But the question put to us was, whether the church should allow a woman to continue in church membership who has married a second time in the life-time of her first husband? We adhere to our original opinion and say, "No." Let the following reasons be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary:

1. It is evidently, as we have shown, unscriptural and illegal for

a woman to marry a second husband in the life-time of her first. His long absence and her consequent belief of his death, though they diminish her guilt in remarrying, do not, as we have proved, disannul her first marriage. By allowing her, therefore, to continue in church membership, the church would sanction what is forbidden by the laws of God and man.

2. It would open the mouth of the world, always ready enough to spy out inconsistencies. A church is bound by the strongest motives to put away every stumbling-block and cause of reproach. Though not mentioned, yet it seems almost implied, that the woman is still living with the second husband. If this were sanctioned by the church, would it not justly be a matter of reproach?

3. It would probably be the source of perpetual strife and heart-burning, as it is evident the circumstance has already much tried the minds of the church, and become a question of dispute amongst them.

4. It would rob some, if not many, of the members of all comfort and profit at the ordinance, even if their views were not fully decided on the point; as we well know that when the mind is tossed up and down with doubts and suspicions, there is little but disquietude at the Lord's Supper.

5. If the poor woman be of a tender conscience it might lead hereafter, if not now, to much distress of mind lest she should have received the Lord's Supper to her own condemnation.

Thus we adhere to our original opinion that, assuming the woman to be living with either of the men, and most probably, if with either, it is with the last husband, it is not consistent with gospel order that she should continue in church membership.

But let us suppose that she sees and mourns over her sin, and that, as a proof of her repentance, she separates herself from both men, why then, we think, if the church is satisfied of the reality of her repentance, she may be, after a time, restored.

We have almost a parallel instance in the New Testament, in the case of the man who had his father's wife. (1 Cor. v.) This, of course, was not his own mother, which is too dreadful to think of, but his father's second wife, whom the father had divorced or deserted. The son, considering the former marriage disannulled, takes her to wife. Of course, the circumstance that she had been his father's wife much aggravated the case, being forbidden by the Levitical law, (Lev. xviii. 8, Amos ii. 7,) as well as being most revolting to nature. The apostle, therefore, directs the church to "put him away from among themselves;" that is, separate him from church fellowship. But he is brought to sincere and deep repentance, and then the apostle directs his restoration: "Sufficient to such a man is this punishment, which was inflicted of many. So that contrariwise ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow. Wherefore I beseech you that ye would confirm your love toward him." (2 Cor. ii. 6—8.) But can we believe that he continued afterwards to live with her? Would he not, as a proof of his repentance, put her away, and continue to live separate from her?

So would we say if the poor woman manifest repentance of her unhappy step, to use no harsher term, and the church is satisfied of the genuineness of her repentance, and she evidence it by withdrawing from the company of both men, and continue to live separated from them, then we consider that the church may scripturally allow her to sit down with them.

An objection has been also advanced to our opinion that the woman should separate from both of the men. It is argued that as the first is still her husband, the second being no valid marriage, she might, and indeed ought to return to, and live with him. In a legal point of view, this might not be wrong, but we believe it is not in accordance with the word of truth. To prove this we brought forward two passages of God's word.

But objections have been made to our view of Deut. xxiv. 4, and Jer. iii. 1, as not applicable to the case, and being a law confined to the Levitical dispensation. Now, to clear up this point, we must bear in mind that some of the laws and prohibitions of the old dispensation were of temporary, and others of perpetual obligation. For instance, circumcision, sacrifice, unclean meats, &c., were obligatory for a time; but the prohibitions of theft, murder, adultery, false swearing, are of perpetual obligation. Which enactments are temporary and which perpetual may be generally decided by the nature of the case and the peculiar language employed. Now we believe if the passages we quoted be carefully read, it will appear that the prohibition of a woman's returning to her first husband, after being possessed by a second, is grounded on the very nature of the case, and is not a mere temporary enactment. It is spoken of as "an abomination to the Lord," and "polluting that land" in which it is a common practice. It is indeed repugnant to every feeling of nature that a man should take back a woman who has been possessed by another man. It is therefore, a prohibition grounded on unalterable circumstances. If our readers will examine those passages where "the land is said to be polluted" or anything is called "an abomination to the Lord," they will find mention made of some crime in itself revolting to the natural mind and conscience.

But it may be said, the first is still her husband, the second being no marriage. Granted; but is the poor woman as she would have been had she contracted no second marriage? Has she been faithful to the marriage tie? She has lived with another man, and thus violated the marriage bed. If her husband deserted her, she has been unfaithful to him. We will even advance a step further, and say we cannot but believe that a woman of truly delicate feelings and chaste mind would, apart from all higher considerations, shrink from living with either husband, as feeling that as regards the first she had been unfaithful to his bed, and, with regard to the second, that she could not live with him in adultery. Nay further, whether our views of the passages quoted be right or wrong, we believe, were the Christian wives and mothers who read our pages polled, we should have a large majority of voices in favour of our opinion that the poor woman should inflict on herself the penalty of widowhood.

OBITUARY.

ANN BOORNE, OF GREENWICH, KENT.

Ann Boorne was born at Greenwich, in April, 1803. Her mother, who was a godly woman, and member of a church where the gospel was faithfully preached, was, in the habit of attending the chapel constantly, and would as often as possible take her daughter Ann with her on week evenings. We have no doubt, in so doing, she had a persuasive hope that her daughter would obtain "the blessing, even life for evermore," which was perceptible, in some small degree, in the days of her childhood, as she evidenced a desire to attend the means of grace, gave great attention in hearing the gospel, and was at times happy in hearing godly conversation as well as in reading good books. She thus seemed to take a different course from her brother and sisters at that time, of whom she had three then living, and has often since expressed a desire to feel that gratitude which she felt in those early days.

The exact time divine life entered her soul she was not able to tell, but she grew on spiritually, like Samuel, of whom it is said, "And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men." (1 Sam. ii. 26.) So that it was clearly manifest to some, though not to herself, that she was effectually called by grace early in life. She was marked by some of her associates, where she went for a short time for improvement, for being, as they considered, over-particular; but, when they were sporting with vain talk, which she would reprove, they soon showed their hatred to her, by which she endured reproach for the name of Christ some few years before she became of age. But she was not without spiritual help even in those days. One time in particular, when about the age of sixteen, she was very much blessed under the ministry of Mr. T. Burgess, who was then pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Deptford; and she remembered his telling the people, when they were favoured more than usual in hearing the word preached, to write it down, as it might be a help to them at a future day. But this she neglected, therefore we cannot give particulars of that favourable time. Also, there were other times when she heard with much profit, sweetness, and savour, under the ministry of Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Hardy, and other gracious men. She possessed a true sense of her lost and ruined estate by sin, and certainly had heard the powerful voice of God in his law, yet knew but little at that time of the evils of her own heart, which were discovered to her in after experience. We may say she heard the trumpet from Sinai sound loud and long, and at length being ready to perish, according to her feelings, the promise reached her case: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet" (of the gospel) "shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem." (Isa. xxvii. 13.)

When about the age of nineteen, it was thought a change of air might be beneficial for her health, as she was then troubled with a

cough, which never was removed long together, especially in the winter seasons. She visited several relations at distant parts, where she was kindly received and entertained for several months, some of whom were in affluence ; but she testified that her happiest time was with an aged aunt near the borders of Wales, where they scarcely tasted meat more than once a week, and that in general bacon, yet she had so much enjoyment in spiritual conversation, that she fully proved Solomon's words true : "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." (Prov. xv. 16, 17.) And although she had a great taste for gentility, yet she felt herself more at home and happier in this humble cottage than in any other of her visits, where tables were profusely spread with dainties of every description.

As regards the married life, she evinced a desire not to be unequally yoked ; for when she had an offer from a person whom her parents did not disapprove of, from the connection and prospects, she showed no liking to the choice, because she perceived no fear of the Lord in him. But when he who afterwards became her husband came to solicit her company, and she discovered in him the fear of the Lord, she, like Moses, was willing to forsake the treasures of the Egypt of this world, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches. She was married in May, 1824, which brought her into the experience of what the Scripture declares, that "such as are married shall have trouble in the flesh." She had known but very little of outward trials and difficulties previous to this part of her life, yet she manifested a persevering desire to perform all the duties relative to her station with cheerfulness and pleasure, both as a loving wife and an affectionate and tender mother. She always showed a tender, anxious care for her dear children, and keenly felt the stroke when called to experience their death. She had the painful experience of losing four out of nine, and we have reason to think the loss of her eldest son (an account of whose death appeared in the "Gospel Standard" of July, 1850) very much affected her constitution. At the loss of her first child, in 1827, she was brought into greater concern about her own state, when the Lord was very gracious to her, in granting her a sweet deliverance, under a sermon by Wm. Abbott, of Mayfield, who occasionally at that time preached at Deptford. The subject was from 1 Cor. i. 8: "Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." This she mentioned in her last illness, it being brought sweetly to her recollection, and was to her a hill Mizar, when the glad tidings of grace and truth by Jesus Christ was made known to her soul ; by which she proved that "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." Though she was thus favoured, and at other times too, by the Lord giving testimony to the word of his grace, yet for upwards of twenty years she did not attain to any great confidence long together ; but for the most part the language of her heart was,

“ 'Tis a point I long to know,
 (Oft it causes anxious thought,)
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ? ”

She was the subject of many fears, and often felt the force of Satan's temptations, as expressed by Mr. Hart,

“ Buts, ifs, and hows are hurl'd
 To sink us with the gloom
 Of all that's dismal in this world,
 Or in the world to come.”

In the year 1841, or 1842, she, with her dear partner, was brought into great trouble and anxiety, expecting to be thrust out of their habitation at Deptford in a short time, and no suitable place for their business could be obtained, when the Lord, in his wonder-working providence, sent Mr. Tiptaft to Deptford to preach, who knew nothing personally of them or their situation at that time. His text was from Isa. lii. 12 : “ For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight ; for the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your rereward.” And truly it was a word in season, and was fulfilled in this instance, for they continued in the same place a year or two longer, and when the time arrived to remove, the above words, “ The Lord shall go before you,” proved as a staff in the hand of faith. But previous to their removal, our dear departed friend experienced much trouble in her mind from the suggestions of Satan, causing her to fear that, from the appearance of things in providence, she and her family would come to want ; and so powerful was this temptation, that no argument could remove it, but she hoped some place might be found in a neighbouring parish, where she had heard the poor were more kindly treated. There was no real cause why she should have such fearful conclusions, therefore we impute it to the powers of darkness, being Satan's hour of temptation. Under this sharp exercise these words were very helpful to her, “ My God will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Also, these words were much on her mind, “ Leave thy fatherless children with me ; ” from which she feared that her husband was going to be taken from her, yet she was brought to see the meaning of them to her was, to be anxiously “ careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.”

At length she was removed, in Providence, in 1844, to the place where she ended her days, which, for the most part, were days of deeper exercise in spiritual things ; for though she had passed through many painful and severe conflicts previously, yet she had a deeper experience of them during the last six years of her life, and had a greater discovery of the evils within, which, under divine teaching, was made a means of humbling her when advancing towards a pinnacle, as she often complained of being the subject of much pride, deeply lamenting the effects of a body of sin and death, as described by Mr. Hart :

“When foes to God and goodness,
We find ourselves, by feeling,
To do what’s right unable quite,
And almost as unwilling ;

“When, like the restless ocean,
Our hearts cast up uncleanness,
Flood after flood, with mire and mud,
And all is foul within us.”

Under this painful exercise, Mr. Shorter’s ministry was peculiarly blessed to her, both in London and at Deptford, which was a means of casting up her way, giving light on her path under particular exercises and powerful temptations ; so that she could say with Jeremiah, “Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart ;” and she could truly say with the disciples, “Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

We here extract one of the many instances of the Lord’s goodness to her from a private memorandum of her own writing. Speaking of various trials, she adds, “I was greatly harassed in my mind, and tempted to believe that my portion would be with those who would be for ever blaspheming the name of the Lord ; and the thought of being for ever banished from the presence of him that with all my heart I desired to love, and from his dear saints that I felt such love to, O how it tore my heart ! How have I begged of the Lord to do what he pleased with me in this life, so that he would but take me to himself when time will be no more ! One day, while under this trial, these words arrested my attention, and raised me to hope I should have deliverance, ‘Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious.’ On the following Lord’s Day, I heard Mr. Shorter from these words, ‘And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.’ (Isa. xxx. 20.) O that was a good day to me, for it was the means of raising me again to hope in the mercy of a tender, loving Saviour !”

Thus, by various ways, the Lord instructed her to understand what he has said concerning all his children : “I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.” (Isa. xlviii. 17.)

She was very much weaned of late from the things of this life ; and the Lord was pleased sweetly to commune with her soul, which made her earnestly desire a continual confirmation, and the language of her heart was,

“In me, dear Jesus, now increase
Heart faith, that’s pure and true ;
Heart knowledge of thy pard’ning grace,
And heart experience too.”

The Lord condescended to regard the cry of his handmaid, and favoured her with many gracious visits of his love during the time of her affliction, beyond what she had ever experienced before, or ever expected in this world, which she was enabled to testify of, to the comfort and consolation of her family and friends. There

were many portions of Scripture, at different times, that were blessed to her, as well as hymns; and in her late affliction her drooping faith was sweetly revived, and her doubts and fears removed, so that she was enabled to embrace the promises as her own, many of which she named. The following scripture was very sweet to her some time back, but more so of late: "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. i. 20.) And here she was brought sweetly to rest in the Lord, and said she could leave her husband, children, and all in his blessed hands.

After this, she experienced intervals of darkness and desertion, and seemed to regret that she was not able to do anything for her family, as she was naturally of an active turn of mind and thoroughly industrious habits, possessing excellent gifts and acquirements in domestic usefulness, and being of a cheerful and lively disposition. She was always gratified, when well, in being fully employed for the benefit of her family. But she was now going to rest, and being sensible of this, she dropped many hints, which have been useful since her death.

Her disease, which was chronic asthma, connected with decline, began to affect her about nine months previous to her death, from which time the doctors gave little or no expectation of her recovering. Last May and June she spent a few weeks with some Christian friends and relations near Croydon, with whom she was every way comforted, until she desired to return home. She thought she had benefited by the change, and seemed a little better; but she soon began to droop again, and on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, she was unable to come down stairs as she had hitherto done. On the same day, when her husband was giving her some tea in bed, she said, "How precious Christ is to me!" adding, "Precious, precious, precious!" She then said,

"O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!"

And, thinking her end was near, she repeated,

"In all the ways through which I've pass'd,
And all the paths I've trod,
It ever has appeared at last,
He's still my gracious God."

She endured much pain in labouring for breath, which, with her cough, prevented her from sleeping the greater part of whole nights for several weeks. She felt the need of patience, and, from her extreme weakness, felt fears lest she should lose her senses; but she remained perfectly sensible to the last breath. She expressed a desire to die and leave the world; and when we thought she was a little better, a week or two before her death, she seemed as if she should be disappointed if she was not taken home by death. However, she soon began to droop again, and grew weaker; and on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th, she was taken much worse, and, as she thought, for death. The doctor was sent for, who said she was in

dying circumstances, and about five hours after she breathed her last. She said, "O what a mercy I have not got a religion to seek now!" Having to labour for breath prevented her from speaking much more, but she answered to all that was asked, and expressed a desire for us to entreat the Lord to give her patience. About an hour before her death, she said,

"He's still my gracious God!"

and evidenced to the last that her mind was sweetly stayed on him, as she continued patiently breathing, being supported by pillows, till she reclined back, when her happy spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal day.

Thus died our beloved friend, Ann Boorne, on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, 1852, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, in her 50th year.

Our desire is, in writing this very brief narrative of her life and experience, that it may be a blessing to the household of faith, especially those who, like her, are the subjects of many doubts and fears; for we are warranted to affirm concerning all such as are rooted and grounded as she was, that "it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." (Matt. xviii. 14.) Therefore, the Lord help *you*, whoever you are, to fight on in the unceasing warfare; the victory is sure; and may the aboundings of hope constrain you to exclaim, "Henceforth there is laid up for *me* a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." To whom be glory and power everlasting. Amen.

Greenwich, February, 1853.

W. B.

When Joseph had interpreted the chief butler's dream, how pathetically does he plead with him. "Think of me when it shall be well with thee." But alas! such is the base ingratitude of man, that all was in vain. When restored to his dignity at court, he thought no more of poor Joseph in prison. Exalted stations elevate the mind above feeling for the distressed. But it is not so with the King of kings; he is ever the friend of poor sinners, and remembers us in our low estate. Behold, for us he now hangs on the accursed tree, between two cursed sinners. One was taken and the other left. See your own state in both. Behold the marvellous power of the Lord's sovereign grace in one. Here is a reviler of Jesus changed into a petitioner to him. There was no alteration in any outward circumstances; all things continued just the same. Christ hung, to all appearance, as a mere man dying at his side. What, then, caused the change in him? O hide your heads, and blush at your proud notions of free will; fall down and adore distinguishing grace! One malefactor is left to his free will, and expires blaspheming Jesus; the other dies believing in him and praying to him. He was snatched by grace from the gates of death and hell, as a brand which our Saviour would not suffer to be burned.—*W. Mason.*

REVIEW.

The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon. London: Painter, Strand.

Two marked features are stamped upon the internal history of the church of Christ since the memorable day of Pentecost. The one is, the outpouring upon her, from time to time, of the blessed Spirit, of which the Pentecostal effusion was the first fruits and pledge; the other is, her sensible decline and decay when these effusions of the Holy Spirit are suspended or withdrawn. Thus the history of the church of Christ, as viewed by a spiritual eye, is, for the most part, an alternate series of bloom and decay, fruitfulness and barrenness, youth and old age. As in the seasons, spring follows winter, and autumn summer; as in the tides, ebb succeeds to flow; as in the human frame, decline treads on the heels of vigour; as in the starry heavens, the waxing gives way to the waning moon; so in the visible church death follows life, feebleness strength, decline and decay activity and vigour.

We may perhaps assign the times of Oliver Cromwell as the period when vital godliness in this country rose to its highest point. We do not say that there was not, in those days, much mere profession, some fanaticism, and not a little hypocrisy. The same genial warmth which clothes the trees with leaves, flowers, and fruit, hatches the maggots in the dunghill. Religion, like a hardy Alpine plant, thrives best in obscurity on the bleak mountain side. The flower which is cradled in the storm and slowly nurtured by the melting snow of the glacier, sickens and dies in the close, warm atmosphere of the greenhouse. Thus the very outward prosperity which, under the Protector, accompanied a profession of religion, was the cause of its decay. The sun of courtly favour, like the sun of last July, burnt and blighted instead of ripening the crop. When a profession of godliness was a passport to honour,* when a Parliament was chosen for the supposed grace of the members; when praying soldiers carved, with their swords, the way to victory; when Scripture phrases were in every one's mouth, and, to use Bunyan's expression, "religion walked abroad in her silver slippers;" vital godliness, it is evident, was in extreme peril of being suffocated in the crowd of its own followers. We do not blame Oliver Cromwell for putting down, by a strong hand, sin and ungodliness, and advancing saints to posts of honour and usefulness. Indeed, consistently with his exalted position and religious principles, he could do no otherwise. But sin, Satan, and the carnal heart, were not to be baffled even by the piercing mind, iron will, and strong hand of the great Protector. Like the Diabolonians in Bunyan's

* "Cromwell's court was free from vice," says Dr. Harris, "All there had an air of sobriety and decency; nothing of riot or debauch was seen or heard of. Whereas formerly it was very difficult to live at court without a prejudice to religion, it was now impossible to be a courtier without it. Whosoever looks now to get preferment at court, religion must be brought with him, instead of money, for a place."—*D'Aubigné's "Protector."*

"Holy War," they gained admission into the city under feigned names. There is no language which self-interest will not use, no mask which it will not wear, to gain its sordid ends. Ambition, like Milton's fiend,

"O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues its way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

We need not wonder, then, if in those days hypocrisy widely prevailed, and that by it many were deceived ;

"For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth :
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Reigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

When, therefore, that wicked king, that profligate sensualist, that pensioner of France, that disguised Papist but real infidel, Charles II., was restored to the throne, wickedness, which the iron hand of Cromwell had repressed, burst forth as a mighty torrent and flooded the land with the most filthy streams of profligacy.

One of the most mysterious events in history, when first glanced at by a spiritual eye, is the Restoration of 1660. Why the Lord should have permitted so fair a scene to be so overclouded, and his name, cause, and truth to be so overwhelmed, is indeed to our feeble view, at first sight, utterly incomprehensible. The pulpits during the Commonwealth were, for the most part, filled by men of truth, for Cromwell had sent commissioners through the land, called "Triers," who deposed from the ministry, not only all erroneous and ungodly ministers, but even all who could not give some account of a personal, individual work of grace on their own souls. The churches and chapels were crowded with hearers, and, according to the united testimony of the gracious writers of that period, there was a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a large gathering in of living souls. But under all this goodly show there must have been concealed, as a few years made manifest, an amazing amount of secret ungodliness. The caged wolf does not lose his thirst for blood because shut up in the den of a menagerie. The sensual, depraved heart of man is not, cannot be regenerated by the outward restraints of morality or religion. When, therefore, the return of Charles II. unbarred the dens in which the firm hand of Cromwell had shut up the wolves and hyænas, they rushed forth to fill the land with blood and rapine. The derisive shouts of the London mob round the corpse of Cromwell, as, torn from the grave, it hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, loudly proclaimed the joy of the vile populace that sin was again broken loose. And many an echo did those inhuman shouts find in the breasts of the higher classes, both clergy and laity, who rejoiced from the very bottom of their hearts that the gloomy

days, as they called them, of Puritanism were come to an end. Nor were they slow to take vengeance on those who had so long debarred them from so much profit and pleasure. The Parliament of 1662, led on by Clarendon, raged with all the fury of the Spanish Inquisition.* The Puritan preachers were ejected from the pulpits, and if they attempted to gather a few people together to break to them the bread of life, they were committed to prison, transported as slaves to the American settlements, and for a third offence, or if they returned to their country, were sentenced to death as common felons. Meanwhile infidelity and profligacy were installed in high places, and ran down the streets like water, at a time when Bunyan was in Bedford prison, Owen pursued by soldiers, hundreds dying of want and sickness in the gaols, and the poor children of God timidly meeting together by night in woods and caves.

Contrasting this wreck and ruin with that fair building which in Cromwell's time seemed to shine forth as a temple of religion, one is tempted to say, "What a triumph for Satan; what a blow for vital godliness!" If we admit it was a triumph for Satan, it does not thence follow that it was a fatal blow to the kingdom of Christ. Here, as in other instances, Satan's victories are Satan's defeats; the church's reverses her triumphs. Satan rises that he may fall; the church falls that she may rise. Outward prosperity is the church's worst atmosphere. It is like the malaria of the sunny Italian plains, which carries death in its train, though it comes as a soft balmy breeze. The smiles of Cromwell were more fatal to the health of godliness than the frowns of Charles. A sifting, winnowing time was needed, and it came. Thus, as we have pointed out in a former review, by the very persecutions which broke out at the restoration of Charles II. was the church purified, and the power of vital godliness preserved. This hot persecution was the sieve which riddled the chaff from the wheat, the furnace which separated the dross from the gold, the fire which tried every man's work of what sort it was. It is not the purpose of God, at least in this dispensation, that the saints should occupy high places, and obtain power and dominion. They are to be a suffering remnant, a despised outcast people, as their Lord and Master was before them. In the Commonwealth, therefore, the saints were in a false position; and, if this palmy state of things had long continued, religion, shot up into unnatural growth, like an overtaill youth, would have died of a lingering consumption.†

* Coleridge, after a long and laborious investigation of the persecutions of the Puritans in the time of Charles II., including, we presume, those of the Scotch Covenanters, expressed it as his decided opinion that they equalled, if not outdid, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition.

† To guard against any misunderstanding of our language we would observe, that we are not speaking here of religion as wrought by a divine power in the heart of an individual child of God, which cannot die of consumption or any disease, but of religion as prevailing generally in a nation, which is measured by the number of its real partakers, and by its power in the heart of individuals. In this sense religion may be said to ebb and flow, increase and decay.

We thus see that, in the mysterious providence of God, mercy and wisdom were secretly couched even in the darkest and most disgraceful period of the English history since the Reformation; and thus we become, in a measure, reconciled to the downfall of Puritanism, the persecution of the saints, the temporary eclipse of liberty, and that gloomy period of cruelty and profligacy, sensuality and despotism, the bare recollection of which makes the blood of every true-hearted Englishman thrill in his veins. For the space of nearly twenty-eight years, viz., from 1660 to 1688, was Puritanism thus trodden under foot; but at length the crimes and follies of the second James, in his blind and bigoted attempts to reinstate Popery, so outraged the feelings of the whole nation, that it arose as one man to hurl him from the throne. Then followed the peaceful Revolution of 1688, the grand epoch, when our civil and religious liberties, for which, our Puritan ancestors had been struggling for more than a century, were first established on a firm base. It was then, under William III., who brought with him from Holland the principles of universal toleration, that dissent for the first time in this country obtained a legal footing, and persecution was finally put down.

But what followed when Israel, as of old, thus obtained rest? A gradual and general decline and decay of vital godliness. That the Establishment was sunk into the deepest darkness and death we need not wonder. She had cast out her salt on that memorable Bartholomew's day, when two thousand of her clergy were compelled, for conscience' sake, to forsake her walls. Having put out her right eye, she gradually sank into deeper and denser blindness. Infidelity so widely prevailed in her, both amongst clergy and laity, that some of the bishops in Queen Anne's time (Atterbury, for instance) were generally believed to be infidels in heart; and most of the works published on the subject of religion were, like Bishop Butler's celebrated "Analogy," directed to prove Christianity true. The very necessity for such works on the external evidences of Christianity as were then published by such men as Lord Lyttleton, Soame Jenyns, Gilbert West, Doddridge, &c., proves that infidelity was widely prevalent. And morality was no better. The periodicals of that day, such as the "Spectator" and "Tatler," evidence a state of such general laxity of principle and conduct among the educated classes as fills the mind with astonishment. To stem this tide of licentiousness, the preachers of that time had no better dam to throw up than dry, dead morality. Tillotson's Sermons and "The Whole Duty of Man" give a good idea of the approved divinity of that period—a mere dishing up of heathen morality. Christ's blood and righteousness were kept wholly out of sight, with all the other truths of the gospel; and a sincere, but imperfect obedience was pointed out as the only way to heaven. The operations of the blessed Spirit were ridiculed as enthusiasm, and those who pleaded for them were counted as the worst of fanatics. Whilst the higher classes were thus sunk in carelessness and profanity, the lower were abandoned to the grossest ignorance. There were scarcely

any schools, the Bible was little circulated, (being at that time an expensive book,) and less read, and education of the working classes generally frowned upon. There being at that time few manufactures, the population was scanty and almost wholly rural, under the absolute control of the squire and the parson, who, with all their differences about the tithe, agreed in one thing, that religion consisted chiefly in coming to church, and not breaking down hedges or poaching for game; that if a man knew how to plough and sow, mow and reap, he knew enough for this life; and that if he did not drink or swear, and kept his church and sacrament, he was in a fair way to be happy in the next.

And where, all this time, were the children and successors of the noble army of martyrs, the Puritans, who in the days of Charles II. had suffered so much for truth and conscience? Sunk, sunk miserably low. The Dissenters in the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II., were in a lower state than they are now, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Barker, morning preacher at Salter's Hall, and one of the best ministers among the dissenters, thus complains of the state of things in the dissenting churches: "Alas, the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel—Christ crucified the only ground for fallen man, salvation through his atoning blood, sanctification by his eternal Spirit, are old fashioned things, now seldom heard in our churches! A cold, comfortless kind of preaching prevails almost everywhere, and reason, the great law of reason, the eternal law of reason, is idolized and deified." When "the great law of reason" enters a pulpit, the great law of revelation is sure to leave it; and thus we need not go far to inquire what the hearers were who could listen to, and approve of such doctrine. When the law of reason had thus levelled the battlements of Scripture truth, Arianism and Socinianism entered in through the breach, and we may be sure that infidelity would not be slow to follow. Thus the crown of truth fell from the head of most of the dissenting churches, and a general sickness overcast the whole body. God has always indeed had a people on earth, a seed to serve him, and doubtless he had his hidden ones in those days of general darkness, declension, and decay; and, without doubt, he had also, as in the darkest days of Israel of old, his ministering prophets, his witnesses clothed in sackcloth, who preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. But these were few in number and widely scattered, and have left few enduring traces of their memory or work. We feel, therefore, warranted in asserting that the face of religion never, in this country, since the days of the blessed Reformation, wore so gloomy and dark an aspect as in the first forty years of the last century.

Our object in this brief sketch has been to trace out the history of religion in this country from the days of Cromwell to about the middle of the reign of George II., when a remarkable revival took place, chiefly through the labours of the celebrated George Whitefield. The book before us, with an abundance of mere worldly gossip, contains many striking anecdotes of that remarkable period.

We purpose therefore, in our following number, to give some little account of that signal awakening, which, mixed as it was with much human infirmity, yet was, we cannot doubt, accompanied by a large gathering in of ransomed souls.

P O E T R Y.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

(Continued from page 100.)

Nothing else, dear Lord, can save me,
 But thy blood upon the lintel;
 Nothing, Lord, can set me free,
 Unless with blood my heart thou
 sprinkle.
 This is the only firm foundation
 On which I rest for my salvation.
 Arminians' works I do detest;
 Salvation by our human merit;
 It never can poor souls give rest,
 Or bring you glory to inherit.
 It must be Jesus' blood and love;
 This brings to realms of bliss above.
 But shall I reach the heavenly shore,
 No sickness know, no pain, no night;
 There his absence mourn no more,
 But dwell in everlasting light?
 Yes, my soul, if washed in blood,
 This, this you will enjoy with God.
 See, my soul, the fountain open,
 Rich the streams that from it flow;
 Streams of love and blood betoken
 What he suffered here below,
 That he might bring to heaven above
 The objects of his Father's love.
 See, my soul, this Christ rejected,
 When he hung upon the tree,
 Marred with blood, his face dejected,
 All to set his people free.
 Forsaken of his Father there,
 That those he loved might glory share.
 See, my soul, the sunbeams hiding,
 Would not see the bloody scene;
 That crown of thorns his temples
 piercing,
 Put upon his head through spleen.
 Say, my soul, had you a hand
 Among the cruel, bloody band?
 Yes, my soul, if you're elected,
 Loved, and chosen by that God,
 You were one that once rejected,
 Pierced Jesus, shed his blood.
 Yes, my soul by faith will see,
 'Twas sin that nailed him to the tree.
 Sins both present, past, and hence;
 All that by the church are done;

Yea, every evil and offence
 Committed by a chosen one,
 All laid on Christ and nailed him there;
 This was what he then did bear.
 Yes, my soul, he bore the guilt,
 Bore the weight of justice too,
 Justice' sword up to the hilt,
 Pierced him, my soul, yea, through
 and through.
 See the vindictive hand of God;
 Nothing satisfied but blood!
 Look, my soul, upon this Lamb,
 What he bore, was it for you?
 Has he paid the just demand
 For your sins the sum that's due?
 Sometimes I feel I do perceive it,
 Then again I can't believe it;
 Seem too black, too vile, too guilty;
 Think that Christ can ne'er dwell
 here;
 Yea, from top to toe so filthy,
 Makes me often sink for fear,
 Lest I should not be found one there,
 Where crowns of glory bright they wear.
 Then again a hope arises
 In the Lamb that once was slain;
 My soul a free salvation prizes,
 Hungers, thirsts for it again;
 Longs to share in that blest feeling—
 Pardon, through the Spirit's sealing.
 'Tis there alone my hope is centred,
 On the Lamb that once was slain;
 Nowhere else can it be ventured,
 Only in his lovely name.
 No other hope have I beside,
 But in Jesus, who has died.
 He salvation's work accomplished,
 When he bowed his head and cried,
 Cried aloud, and said, "'Tis finished!"
 Bowed his lovely head, and died.
 Then were all th' elect set free,
 By Jesus' hanging on the tree.
 Yes, my soul, he said, "'Tis finished!"
 Bowed his lovely head and died.
 All the church's sins diminished,
 In his love and blood they hide.

Nothing can you disinheret,
If you're saved through Jesus' merit.

Now the middle wall is broken,
Temple's vail now rent in twain;
What, my soul, did this betoken,
When the Lord of Life was slain?
What, my soul, did this prefigure,
When Jesus did his life deliver?

Types and shadows here were ended;
Vail of scarlet, purple, blue,
The ark within, what it intended,
Now beheld with open view;
Christ within the vail appearing,
With his blood th' elect redeeming.

There the types and figures vanished;
Before the Antitype they fall;
Christ, the Sacrifice, then banished
His people's sins, yea, sunk them all.
Who can, my soul, the wonders tell,
Of Jesus' blood, that saves from hell?

Mortal tongues far short are seen;
Can't proclaim the depths of love;
'Tis but little of the theme
We can tell out of Christ above,
Who on our earth once bled and
died,
So strong the love for his dear bride.

No, my soul, you can't explore it,
Depths too deep, while here below;
Mortal's tongues must fall before it;
Half the wonders cannot flow.
'Twill take eternity to tell
The love that saved his bride from
hell.

Still, dear Lord, I would be gazing;
By the Spirit trace the ways
Of a free salvation praising;
Let me see far greater rays.
Let me know that I shall sing
The matchless grace of Zion's King.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A pole held out to a drowning man, and by which he is drawn to land, saves him, just as faith saves a sinner. In a lax way of speaking, we are said to be saved by faith; and, so the drowning man might say he was saved by the pole, though in truth he was rescued by the mercy of a neighbour, who thrust a pole towards him, and thereby drew him safe to shore.—*Berridge.*

He that would read to profit must read and meditate. Meditation is the food of your souls; it is the very stomach and natural heat whereby spiritual truths are digested. Prayer, says Bernard, without meditation, is dry and formal; and reading, without meditation, is useless and unprofitable. A man shall as soon live without his heart as he shall be able to get good by what he reads without meditation.—*T. Brooks.*

And who are you, O wretched man! who are you, that you should oppose him? that you should oppose and provoke a God of infinite power and terror, who needs but exert one single act of his sovereign will, and you are in a moment stripped of every possession; cut off from every hope; destroyed and rooted up from existence, if that were his pleasure; or, what is inconceivably worse, consigned over to the severest and most lasting agonies? Yet this is the God whom you have offended, whom you have affronted to his face, presuming to violate his express laws in his very presence. This is the God before whom you stand as a convicted criminal; convicted not of one or two particular offences, but of thousands and ten thousands; of a course and series of rebellions and provocations, in which you have persisted, more or less, ever since you were born; and the particulars of which have been attended with almost every conceivable circumstance of aggravation. Reflect on particulars, and deny the charge if you can.—*Doddridge.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 209.

MAY, 1853.

VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 106.)

By the fear of the Lord men depart from evil; and the fear of the Lord is to hate evil, pride, and arrogancy. By this fear men are prevented from evil, and kept from it; it is a new covenant blessing, and a sweet grace of God's Spirit, and one of the promised blessings of God: "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." Where this fear is, there is a reverence of the name of the Lord, and a tender conscience, a meditating upon soul concerns, and a great deal of thought about death and judgment to come, how matters will go in that great day of account. There is some knowledge of the great distance and disproportion between God and the soul; and the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night is this, "How will matters stand with me at death and judgment?" and at the same time there is light diffused by God through the whole soul; so that a man's sins are set in the light of God's countenance, and are ever before him, and he is led to all the dark corners where he has practised the works of darkness. He flies to the works of the law, to make God, as he supposes, amends for his bad deeds. He works hard and means well. The devil is suffered to work with his besetting sins; his vows, resolutions, and promises give way upon trial; he is plunged into sin, and down falls all his Babel-building. To work again he goes; as fast as he builds, God pulls down; the law contends against him, finds fault with him; the law condemns him, conscience accuses him, his sins stare him in the face, the wrath of God is felt within, he is guilty before God, and it is heavy upon his conscience. The distance be-

tween God and him is felt ; and though heaven and earth are against him according to feeling, he keeps in this legal way till he has tried all his strength. And by the good Spirit's teaching, he is led to see and quickened to feel that all his life was a life of rebellion against God, his whole soul all corrupt, his strength perfect weakness, his wisdom all foolishness, his supposed righteousness all sin in the eye of the law ; death, judgment, and wrath before him ; and perhaps all the night long scared with dreams and terrified with visions ; and yet under it all there is a honest conscience.

Such a soul will do the truth, and come to the light ; and when these feelings in any measure subside, he will be afraid of carnal ease, of taking any comfort to himself, for fear of a deception. He is jealous over himself ; he is a hungry soul, and to him every bitter thing is sweeter than carnal ease. He does not want to deceive, nor yet to be deceived ; and though the fear that is in him is attended with a deal of slavery, yet such a soul has the fear of the Lord, and this is evidenced by the tenderness of such a man's conscience and the honesty of his soul in the things of God as far as he is taught. And the true light is in him, for it discovers his life, his nature, and the whole of his natural religion, or acquired, to be in God's account sin. He sees his heart to be the worst thing in the world, and is put out of conceit with himself, and all worth and worthiness. He has by the same Spirit life ; he feels as well as sees ; so that such a soul is a feeling sinner, in opposition to a hardened one, and is really poor in spirit, for he can no longer boast of his good heart ; and having this fear, light, and life in his soul, and faith to believe in God as a holy, just, and righteous Being, faith in his law believes that God would be for ever just in causing him to feel the wrath of it for ever.

He credits what God says of man's fallen state as a sinner before him, and is at a point that, if ever he stands before God, it must be in God's own way, through Christ. As the power of God has operated upon his soul, he is willing to leave all and to come to Christ for all ; and such a poor soul is welcome to the dear Redeemer, for he came into the world to seek and to save the lost, and he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Some of the Lord's people feel these things more than others, I firmly believe, and some open, notorious sinners have not so much self-righteousness to be stripped of as others ; but they are all blest with the fear of God, are truly illuminated to see the state they are in before God, and the need of Christ to save them. They all feel their lost state, and hunger and thirst after Christ in his person and work to be manifested to them and in them ; and the power of God has made them willing to come empty to Christ for all that they need. As soon as these things are in the soul of a poor sinner, he will, under the influence of them, begin to communicate to God, by honestly confessing to God what a miserable sinner he is, and under it all he will make an acknowledgment to God of his kindness to him as a sinner, for all his long-suffering mercy in putting up with his manifold sins to the present time.

Such a soul has a tribunal erected in him, and the bills that are brought in against him by law and justice are all signed by conscience, so that he is altogether guilty ; he sees it, he feels it, he falls down under it, and, like the poor publican, he confesses his sin to God ; and it is no easy thing for a poor sinner who feels all against him, to come before that God whom he has sinned against and honestly confess his vileness to him. A man may very easily say that he is a sinner, as many in a hypocritical way do, but never feel what sin or guilt is ; such, as the Church of England expresses it, "cloak and dissemble" their sins before God, and by words say that they are "tied and bound with the chain of their sins," when at the same time they neither see nor feel what sin or guilt is. Such are not honest in their confessions. But the good Spirit makes the heart honest, and conscience is exposed to the force of truth, a discovery of sin is made, and under the influence of life it is felt. By a divine power, the will is bended towards God, and the soul is led to confess its vileness before God, and what it deserves for sin ; and the long-suffering mercy of God is viewed very great, inasmuch as the rebel is still spared, and God has not cut him down as a cumberer of the ground and sent him into the pit of destruction. Now if I am led in heart and soul to communicate to God by humble confessions, it pleases God, and it honours God, for the sinner's views of himself will be according to God's word.

Further, such a sinner is brought to cry unto God for mercy. Feeling his sin and his guilt he seeks for pardon, and the blessed Spirit helps his infirmities ; and in the midst of all his confusion and shame, he is earnestly begging, like the poor publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner ;" and like David, "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." And finding himself sinking, he prays, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Now the blessed Spirit, by these confessions and supplications, leads the poor sinner to communicate to God his desires, his wants, his troubles ; and as the soul vents out its grief by confession and prayer, it gets a little ease ; the burden is in some measure transferred from the poor sinner's mind and cast upon God ; as the Psalmist says, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." This was poor David's case. When trouble was conceived in his mind, and God's hand was heavy upon him, and no venting it out before God in confession and prayer, he speaks as follows : "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old, through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me ; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." But then mark the good success he had as soon as the good Spirit led him to confess and pray : "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord ; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." (Ps. xxxii. 3—5.)

Various are the changes in such a person's mind. Sometimes a particular feeling of sin, misery, guilt, wrath, attended with a deal of fear ; sometimes a spirit of confession and prayer, and a very great appetite for a deliverance out of all distress, so that the soul

hungers and thirsts after the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer; at other times the keenness of all these things shall abate, and a spirit of deadness shall prevail, and some foolish, vain things that are in this world shall meet with entertainment in the mind, until fresh troubles come, and all the troubles coming on afresh, if not ten times heavier than ever. Deadness is gone, and confession and prayer go on; and such a soul has such discoveries of its corrupted state, that it is at a loss for words to express it. It has a deep sense of its need of a crucified Saviour. The blessed Spirit discovers the suitability of the Lord Jesus to a poor sinner in such a state, that the sinner is stirred up again and again to beg and pray for God's mercy to be made known to his bleeding conscience, through the work of a crucified Christ. Such a sinner is taught that he never can have mercy in any other channel, for justice will not admit of mercy's flowing to me, as a sinner, without satisfaction; and it is satisfied through Christ, and all pardoning mercy comes through him. The sinner is taught this, and, knowing his want of it, he cries to God for it. Now, a poor soul that is favoured with the Spirit of grace does communicate to God in this way, by confession and prayer.

Furthermore, this blessed Spirit leads to many things that have a tendency to encourage such a poor soul, and there are a few things that have been the means of encouraging my soul in this way of seeking God. First, the declarations of God's mercy as revealed in God's word: "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee." (Ps. lxxxvi. 5.) Again, "For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption." (Ps. cxxx. 7.) "Thou art a God ready to pardon." (Nehem. ix. 17.) "For I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed; for the Lord dwelleth in Zion." (Joel iii. 21.) And his covenant name is suited to such a soul: "The Lord God, gracious and merciful; slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." (Exod. xxxiv. 5.) "There is forgiveness with thee, that mayest be feared."

In the next place, there are many sweet invitations in God's word, such as these: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.) "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly, or heart, shall flow rivers of living water." (John vii. 37, 38.) "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) And the dear Redeemer says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Again. There are many promises made to such a soul, as, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 3, 6.) And, says Christ, "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Again. There are many sweet examples of God's great mercy to vile sinners, such as an idolatrous Manasseh, poor David, Jonah, Mary Magdalene, the thief upon the cross, the publican in the temple, Saul of Tarsus, and that black list in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. God is as full of grace and mercy now as he was then, for there is nothing too hard for the Lord ; and Jesus Christ is the same to-day as he was yesterday, and will be so for ever.

And one thing more is worthy of notice, and that is, that every cry that his Spirit produces in the soul of man shall be certainly answered in God's time and way. Hence says Hannah, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill." "He heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners." "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "The needy shall not alway be forgotten ; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him ; he also will hear their cry, and will save them ;" and all that call upon him in sincerity and in truth shall be saved.

Now these things, under the blessed Spirit's leading and teaching, have a tendency to encourage such a soul to press forward, notwithstanding the roughness of the way, and never to give up confessing, begging, pleading, and supplicating, though heaven and earth at times may make against him according to his views and feelings, as long as there is one promise in God's word to give him any encouragement. The devil will lay hard at such a soul to keep him from any comfortable hold of Christ crucified ; but the blessed Spirit, in the midst of all opposition, leads him on, gives him fresh light and life, and sometimes he shall have a sweet visit ; for those precious portions of God's word shall be made so suitable to the soul, that there shall be a little comfort found in the soul from these encouragements above, and a firm persuasion in the soul that God in his time will appear. And there is immediately a good hope or an expectation raised in the soul that he will be gracious ; the mind is raised from gloom in a measure, and things in the soul wear a pleasant aspect. This humbles the sinner more than ever, and he begins to feel a little godly sorrow operate, a little satisfaction is felt in the soul, and the goodness of God makes the sinner melt and dissolve before God, that he is more than ever struck with the long-suffering mercy of God toward him. Under such influences we feel a cordial love to God's people and to God and his truth ; and as God's goodness is believed in, our soul is drawn out to admire him, to love him, and to adore him, and this softens our hearts and meekens us before the Lord. His condescension is so great that we are struck with astonishment at it ; and though this does not amount to a deliverance, strictly speaking, yet it is a sweet encouraging visit to such a soul ; it is the light breaking forth as the morning ; and where this is the case, the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in his wings. It is a sweet prop to the soul ; it is helping the soul with a little help ; and it is highly prized by him, for it was much needed. This is God communicating to the sinner, and the sinner communicating to God.

But it is often the case that a sinner, after these precious visits, gets into the same feelings as before, nurses this comfort, and lives upon it till it is all gone. Darkness is again felt, guilt lies heavy, the temptations of the devil more fierce than ever, and perhaps of a ten-fold worse nature, if possible, than they were before; instead of going forth in faith, full of unbelief, looking upon the visits he has had to be a delusion of the devil, and calling himself a thousand fools for even entertaining a thought of salvation; instead of hoping in God's mercy, a desponding in the mind, and that little access to God that was felt attended with the greatest distance, so that we know what Solomon says is true, that, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and the devil insisting upon it that all that was felt was nothing but natural, and that it amounts to the hope and joy of the hypocrite. But though this may be found, and ten times more of the like nature, the same good Spirit that has taught us and led us does not leave us, but springs up in the soul again and again, and favours us with fresh visits; and all former visits are brought fresh to mind and memory, and a deal of encouragement is found under all these visits. But after all, my fellow-sinners, there must be something more communicated to the poor sinner to make him happy, and to make everything straight between God and him; for though he has these lifts by the way, and they greatly encourage him, yet he wants to enjoy the pardon of sin, to feel the sentence of justification in his soul, to have the love of God in his heart, and for all this to be witnessed in the court of conscience by the unerring witness of God's Spirit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

If you will have joy and felicity, you must first needs feel sorrow and misery. If you will go to heaven, you must sail by hell. If you will embrace Christ in his robes, you must not think scorn of him in his rags. If you will sit at Christ's table in his kingdom, you must first abide with him in his temptations. If you will drink of his cup of glory, forsake not his cup of ignominy.—*John Bradford the Martyr.*

Jesus had one religious cheat among his twelve, who made a penny of his Master, but did not live to spend it. This bids you guard against such cheats, but not be scandalized at the gospel when they happen. You would not surely renounce honesty because you have been cheated by a man who made a false pretence to it; nor would I renounce my creed because a sly professor proved a thief and has been hanged.—*Berridge.*

If the subjects of regeneration be the elect, only the elect, and all the elect, then prove your election by your regeneration; you cannot prove regeneration by your election; for bare election, if you know it, alters no man's state. Many of God's elect lie long in an unregenerate state. Election is never, in Scripture, brought in as a proof of grace in us, but grace in us is brought in as proof of our election.—*T. Cole.*

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 114.)

The hand of the Lord seemed again to be fast closed, and for a considerable time I saw nothing but unavoidable bankruptcy before me. And now was the time for the adversary to work. He brought every debt I owed afresh to my mind; and said that Christians at the present day were not governed by gospel motives, and so I could expect no relief from them. He told me that I had left my first love; that God was wroth with me; that he had hid his face from me; that I could not expect help in unforeseen ways, as formerly, when "the candle of God shone upon my head;" that now he (God) "held back his throne and spread a cloud upon it," and faith could not penetrate so as to procure compassion or relief; that evident answers to prayer were to be expected only while sensible communion was felt and enjoyed; and that I had nothing to expect but as great dearth and famine in circumstances as I felt in my soul. I stood listening to his lies, like a "fool in the correction of the stocks," and till I felt the same spirit that Elisha did when he turned back and cursed the forty mocking children. I now murmured and rebelled exceedingly. As the rich appeared to live easily, I was tempted to envy them, and to feel absolutely unreconciled to my lot. (See Ps. lxxiii.) This was "deep calling unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." But I did not stay for ever in this tempest, for after a few months it so abated that I could "swallow down my spittle." After this the Lord appeared more favourable in a way of providence again, and I got nearly out of debt.

In a trying providence I asked a rich man for a small favour that would not have cost him either time, pains, or money, but he denied me. I used entreaty, but he remained inexorable. My soul felt his cruelty. However, he went raving mad in a few weeks after, and died.

About a year after this, the overseer of the almshouse died, and I asked the Lord to give me the place, which in his goodness and mercy he did; and here I remain still.

Four years ago (1816) I had so violent an attack of the typhus fever that none expected me to recover. Twice while under the height of the complaint I gave up the hope of recovering, so violent were the symptoms; but neither of these times was of a minute's duration. "I tried the sound, and found that I had three fathoms." I examined my situation critically, and saw that the anchor was cast in an excellent berth; that the cable was the gift of God, and that it was sufficient to hold the vessel of mercy even in the tempest of death; and so, though racked with bodily pain and distress, I lay and rode quietly at anchorage in God. Had I judged from the violence of the symptoms at this time, I could have had no hope of getting well. But I drew my conclusion from a very different source. It is written,

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." As I thought that I did not feel strength communicated sufficient to the day if I were called to die, (for I had no reviving discoveries of the dying love of Christ, nor any sensible manifestations of his gracious presence,) I concluded, according to the above-mentioned promise, that I should recover.

A little more than a year since, a cousin of mine, Edward Potter, came to pay me a visit. He was intoxicated with Arminian doctrines, and I laboured hard to bring him off from those errors. I gave him the works of Wm. H., S.S., to read. When the Methodists found out that he was frequenting my abode, they remonstrated against it, telling him that I was a dangerous man, &c. However, through grace, I had got his ear, and I found the "root of the matter" to be in him; so their influence over him began to decrease as mine increased. Just before he left them altogether I had the following dream, which I immediately perceived was premonitory of the difficulty that would follow his leaving them, as they have since laid it all to me. I was inside of a large building, and there appeared machinery of considerable size. The great wheel that moved all the rest was very heavy, and, while revolving on its axis, it appeared to smoke at one of its gudgeons, as if it would take fire for the want of oil or water to prevent friction. I stopped the wheel, and took out a something four-square, with a hollow in it of a half-round for the reception of the gudgeon. This four-square box, in which the axis turned, appeared to be formed of one solid piece of salt. When I had fixed it, and was putting it back in its place, it touched something that immediately caught fire and flamed, filling the whole house above with a blaze. I looked at the flame, without fear, as it ascended, and it went up through the house, and out of a steeple that I had not seen before, but which now appeared in the centre of the roof of the building. In endeavouring to put it out, I awoke, and the room where I lay appeared on fire, or in a complete blaze for a minute.

Sometimes when I lie down for rest I obtain a short nap; then I awake, and, all being still around me, eternity with all its importance rolls in like a flood upon my mind; it appears like a shoreless ocean, and, as it were, within touch; and the greatness of the view, when indulged with it, keeps me awake whole nights. When these seasons return I do not love to lose the benefit of them; I delight in them, solicit them, have no disposition to sleep while they last, lie lonely, and explore the vast scenes of the invisible world, the regions of immortality; immensity unfolds itself to my thoughts. And as the morning returns, with regret I leave these all-important scenes, these invisible realities, to be immersed in the various but insipid avocations of this present world. I grudge my eyes even that sleep which nature requires, and fain would spend those hours in reading, writing, meditation, and prayer, that others from choice spend in oblivious sleep. It is long since I have been "weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts;" but I have been growing in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Many

hard lessons for flesh and blood to learn are allotted me in my pilgrimage, and the only improvement I seem to make of them is, that I am nothing and that God is all. And precept has to be "upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line," to make me know this, though the Scriptures are full to the point.

When I take a retrospective view of the visions of God that I was indulged with in the days of my espousals with Jesus Christ; when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head; when by his light I walked through darkness; when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the Rock (Christ) poured me out rivers of oil; (joy;) when my root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch; when my glory (Isa. lx. 19) was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand; my folly and wickedness, in "measuring back again my steps to earth," appear without a name. Yet it is "by grace we are saved;" if it were by works, it is evident I should be lost.

"For destitute of good, and rich in ill,
Must be my state and my condition still."

I find that I do not move in religion one hair's breadth but as the Holy Spirit of God inflames my love or invincibly quickens me. When the Spirit moves, I move; and when he stands still, there is a full pause to my motion. (Ezek. i. 17—21.)

I never was troubled with the "fiery darts of Satan" for any length of time together, but when they come, they come with such force that they, as it were, hiss through my soul over and over again. They used to trouble and foil me exceedingly in time past, but through grace, and a knowledge of Satan's devices, they have lost their force, for they bring no guilt upon my conscience, nor does God condemn me because of Satan's darts. However they are often so horrid, that when they do come, they make me shake my head or shudder for the time; and I immediately beseech the Lord to chain the adversary of my soul a little shorter, that he may not reach me. Sometimes a sleepy devil is suffered to vex me, so that let me be reading, writing, or praying, I can hardly keep awake. Then I pray to God against him, and away he goes from me to harass or stupify some other poor child of God, while I can keep awake whole days and nights without feeling sleepy, till human nature complains for want of rest, as I trespass so much upon the usual hours allotted for sleep.

O when shall that hour arrive when the free and unclogged spirit shall no more require sleep, rest, or the food that perishes—no more require disciplining, but, freed from all encumbrance and alloy, shall mingle with kindred spirits in the regions of unsullied purity and holiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest; where neither moth nor rust corrupt; where thieves cannot break through and steal, and where that old thief (Satan) can never enter to rob the soul of its joy, as aforetime in this world; where our sun shall rise to set no more; where God

shall look upon us, through Jesus Christ, with eternal complacency and delight; where the cup of everlasting consolation, felicity, and delight shall pass round among the ransomed of the Lord; where the redeemed shall bask in the meridian splendour of the Sun of Righteousness, swim in seas of bliss, exult in divine joy, solace in endless pleasures, take their utmost fill of loves, and ascribe all possible honour, glory, majesty, and power, to the eternal Three-One, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, without one jarring note to mar the music of the heavenly choir? Must I come down from this rapturous flight? I must; for the language of mortals is designed for lower subjects.

Thus, agreeably to your several requests, I have been as particular as I could, seeing, as before observed, I had to depend upon memory, never keeping a diary, which I now much regret. If any of my dearly-beloved correspondents hereafter wish for further information on any particular part of my biography, let them signify it by letter, and, if the Lord will, I will attend to it. All that is penned here is done in simplicity and truth, and is a plain account of the dealings of God with one of the least of all saints, and the most unworthy in the household of faith.

Dedicated to my brethren in the Lord: T. Bensley, C. Goulding, J. Eedes, J. Keyt, Wm. Moore, J. Chamberlain, C. Raby, Mr. Sadler, Mr. Peto, M. Hooper, S. Jubb, and to all in your fraternity who love Christ in sincerity, whether in soul-travail, in the furnace of affliction, or on Mount Pisgah, viewing by faith the land of Canaan.

URIEL S. LINDSLEY.

THE WORK OF GOD THE SPIRIT IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Of late years the highlands of Scotland have very much engrossed the attention of travellers; and there are few men of taste and leisure in Britain, of sufficient means, who have not visited the romantic scenery of the North. One amongst the visitors, a preacher, called at the house of an old woman, who, as he was informed, was a good person, and, after being introduced, he said to her, "You are an old servant of Christ; how long is it since you entered into his service? I am sure you must have found him a good Master."

"Serve Christ!" said she, "Alas! I can say little about that. I have been a poor sinner all my days, and was never worthy of being called a servant of such a Master. But it is now forty-nine years since Christ first began to serve me. Nay, I may say it is twenty years more; for I have been cast upon his care from the womb till now. But I count from the time when I was led, by the mercy of God, to know him as my Saviour; and I am sure he has served me ever since."

"What do you mean by Christ serving you?" asked the preacher. "That is saying a great deal for yourself, is it not?"

She replied, "It is saying a great deal, but not for myself. I am

one of the most worthless creatures that ever lived ; that is all I can say for myself. But I can never say anything too great about Christ ; and I never see so much of his greatness as when I think of him stooping down to serve such a vile sinner as I am. Do you not know that in the house of Christ the Master serves all the guests ? When he brought me home to himself, he began to serve me ; he took away my filthy garments and gave me change of raiment ; he clothed me with his own righteousness, which presents me without spot before the throne of God ; he gave me his Spirit to instruct me, to lead me, and sanctify me. Ever since he has taken care of me. He led me gently, and carried me in his arms as one of the weak of his flock ; he has borne with me and forgiven me ten thousand provocations ; he fills my mouth abundantly with good things, and crowns me with lovingkindness and tender mercy."

"Well," said the preacher, "but I hope you are a servant of Christ for all that, and bound to his service by the strongest ties. You know it is said of the state of glory to which, I doubt not, you are approaching, 'There his servants serve him ;' and what is perfected in that state must be begun in the present life. The Lord *has* crowned you with lovingkindness and tender mercy. Now I am sure this will lead you to obey and serve him."

"That is all very true," replied the good woman ; "I know that I am bound by his authority, as well as by every consideration of love and gratitude, to obey him in all things ; in this I hope the same Spirit of truth has instructed me. But somehow I do not like to think so much about my serving Christ as his serving me. I can draw no comfort from my services. The more I think on that subject, the more I am filled with alarm and anxiety, because I know that in everything I come short. I am a poor sinner, and not worthy to lie at his footstool. I see myself poor, and vile, and worthless, as much as ever I did ; and although I have been so many years an object of his kindness and mercy, I cannot recollect that ever I made him a proper return for the least of his favours. Whenever, therefore, I think of my doings or services, I am filled with shame and confusion of face. But when I think of what Christ has done for me, I am satisfied that my mind gets hold of something that keeps it up. I think of him humbling himself and laying down his life for me ; I think of him exalted to heaven to help and save me ; I think of him as my Advocate within the vail, interceding for me before his Father's throne ; I trust in him, and am sure that he will not fail me, for none perish that trust in him. Now I like to think and speak about these things, for they are the very life of my soul. When I look to myself, and think about my serving Christ, I see nothing that is worthy the name, but everything the very opposite ; but when I look at Christ I see nothing but perfection ; and for my peace of mind just now, as well as for my eternal salvation, I know none but Christ. I ever must say, 'None but Christ.'"

"No doubt you are right," said the preacher. "To every one that believes in Christ, he is all and in all. While you trust him

you are safe. But you know every one that has hope in Christ purifies himself, even as he is pure. You said just now you were as vile as ever you were. Do you not feel yourself different from what you were in the days of your ignorance? It is said of believers, 'Once they were darkness, but now are they light in the Lord;' that they were the servants of sin, but having obeyed the truth, they have their fruit unto holiness. You must have learned that Christ not only has done all the work of salvation for you, but that he has also performed and is performing his work in you; that is, by the knowledge of his word, the discipline of his providence, accompanied by the grace of his Holy Spirit, making you more like himself, more dead to this world and more alive to that which is to come."

"All that is true," she replied, "but that does not make me think myself a bit better. I have all this in Christ, and to his name be all the glory. When I think of any difference in myself, I think it is all for the worse; I see nothing about myself but sin; and the worst of all sin, that which is done against my kind and gracious Saviour. I am glad to turn from the view of my wretched self and look at the glorious righteousness of my God and Saviour Jesus Christ. O happy me, for there is nothing wrong there! I never knew my own character till I saw Christ in the riches of his mercy and the glory of his perfect righteousness, as revealed in the gospel, for the salvation of poor sinners. When this was brought home to my heart, I saw how vile I was; and O how I abhorred myself! Blessed be his name that ever he turned me from the love of sin and a vain world. But still I see so much of sin in me, that instead of thinking of any difference of character, or of being more holy than before, I am led to say, 'O wretched that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

Mr. Burkitt, born in 1650, and author of Hymn 934, observes in his journal, that some persons would never have had a particular share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him.

I marvel much that any who allow the imputation of Christ's death, should yet object to the imputation of his life; since, if the obedience of Christ's death may be imputed, or placed to our account for pardon, why may not the obedience of his life be imputed also for justification, or a title to glory? One is full as easy to conceive of as the other; both are wanted to discharge our legal debts; and both will be embraced and sought with eagerness when our debts and wants are truly known. But here the matter sticks; men do not feel their wants, and so reject imputed righteousness. The heart must be broken down and humbled well, before it can submit to this righteousness. (Rom. x. 3.) Till we see ourselves utter bankrupts, we shall "go about to establish our own righteousness," and cannot rest upon the Surety's obedience, the God-Man's righteousness, as our legal title to glory.

—*Berridge.*

AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY HENRY TANNER, FORMERLY MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT EXETER.

Dear Friend and Brother,—I received yours as an immediate answer to my prayer, which my covenant God and Saviour often indulges me with. I am, for this language, accounted by some an enthusiast, but I bless God the air I breathe soon causes it to evaporate. Reproaches for Christ and his religion have but little effect upon an old veteran who has been so many years in the holy war of this King of kings. I know that I am deficient in all my performances, and incorrect in all my sayings, so it is no wonder if my words are misconstrued.

I can assure my highly-esteemed and much-valued friend, that Nicodemus does not live as a dweller in my heart, yet his incredulous words to our dear Lord, "How can these things be?" are some of those darts which the devil and unbelief often inject into my mind with all their hellish force; yet my sovereign Lord and King has furnished me with a piece of armour, which he calls the shield of faith, that blunts them all. When I was seeking salvation, "How can such a thing be," said I, "that such an unclean, such a vile transgressor should be saved? Impossible!" But after I received this armour, he still harassed me as a sore plague for four or five years. Sometimes I was fearing, sometimes hoping, sometimes believing, sometimes doubting, until the great Bishop of souls came down and confirmed me. This work was not done in a cathedral, but in a ship-builder's yard, and he continued with me all day, yet none of the men in the yard saw him. And this was a day to be remembered by me as long as I live, either in time or eternity. And then the cursed enemy, unbelief, received such a deadly wound in his head, that I saw him lie sprawling on the ground. And I have, through grace, enjoyed the blessed effects of this work ever since, so that I have not been suffered to entertain one doubt of my saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ for upwards of forty years. Yet in every circumstance of life he is crawling about on all fours, looking at every crevice, but gets no footing, glory be to God!

And how, my dear Sir, do you think this work was effected? I had one day just entered on my labour, and was hewing a piece of timber with my axe, when on a sudden I heard—not an articulate sound—yet an impression was made so strongly on my mind, as if any one had been close behind me, and in a solemn tone of voice had said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!" I then rested my hands on my axe, and looking up, said, "Lord, teach me how I shall behold thee;" and I pursued my business with so much vigour that I cannot express. But the good Lord took my ideas, thoughts, and heart, and led them back into the secret chamber of his purpose, counsels, and covenant, and showed me his eternal decree of electing love, that he had loved me with an everlasting love, or he would never have drawn me to the knowledge of my salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ; and then he again repeated, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c. I again prayed to be taught. And in this

manner he continued with me all that day. He led me to Paradise, to receive the benefit of the first gospel promise, then showed the great gospel Antitype, then the streams of typical blood flowing from the brutal victims* from age to age, until the fulness of time for the promised seed to come, when the eternal Son of God became the Son of Mary, and was made under the law to redeem me from its curse, that I might, by the Spirit of adoption, with believing pleasure call God Father, and be made joint-heir with Christ. Thus I have ever since been called on continually, in every circumstance, to "Behold the Lamb of God," &c., who came on purpose to make me free from every charge; and I believe he has done it. Indeed, I could add a great deal more of my good Bishop's proceedings at my confirmation, but I have been too prolix already. But my good friend and brother will excuse me if I say I am constrained to sing daily, and many times a day, that becoming anthem, sung by the angelic host at the incarnation of our Jehovah-Jesus, "Glory be to God in the highest!"

I am, my dear Sir, however, fearful lest I should be deemed ostentatious, though I must inform you that all these things concur, by the assistance of the divine Spirit, to conquer unbelief and strengthen faith. I know Jehovah's purposes are all predetermined, and I am, as you see, to persevere in my ways, "beholding the Lamb," through whose precious blood stream all my supplies for body and soul, for time and eternity. And I must say I am lost in wonder in beholding the wonderful dealings of Jehovah-Jesus towards me, both as to body and soul. As to the salvation of my soul, he has done and completed *all* without me, either first or last; and in regard to my body, I see the method of his promise is by the arm of his power, in such a manner as I could never conceive. When I knew not how to provide for myself and family, my strength for labour being done, I only by faith pleaded his promise; and beyond all the conceptions of reason, he touched the hearts of my dear brother W., and that never-to-be-forgotten and honourable friend, J. Thornton, Esq.,† though at such a distance, to send relief. Is there anything too hard for God to do? Surely not! Then should I not make my boast in the Lord? I should think it a fresh wounding of my precious Lord were I not to do so, or to discredit his faithfulness, after so many unthought-of favours, through so many unknown instruments, to me.

I must, however, acknowledge, as in the Shulamite, the company of the two armies struggling for the mastery within me, nature and grace, flesh and spirit, and every power fully too, and, in reason's view, at times scarcely knowing which will have the victory; but when

* That is, the brute beasts, as bullocks, lambs, &c., which under the Levitical law were offered in sacrifice.

† John Thornton was that wealthy merchant and princely benefactor of whom Cecil said that the Lord had bestowed upon him the same gift as upon Solomon, "largeness of heart, even as the sand on the sea shore." To mention one instance only of his liberality, he allowed John Newton statedly £200 a year for the poor at Olney, with permission to draw, if needed, for more, making a sum of more than £3,000 received by Newton during his residence at Olney. It is pleasing to see this princely philanthropist relieving the necessities of the poor old worn-out ship carpenter.

enabled to hold fast the word of God in the hand of faith, and to believe that "the elder shall serve the younger," I go believing what God has determined shall come to pass. It can be but a little while longer, according to the course of years, I am to abide in the wilderness. A few more trials, a few temptations, a few actings of faith in prayer, a few more sighs, deep sobs, and groans, and I shall be wafted to the shores of eternal glory, where sobbings, sighings, and groanings shall be no more, but where all tears shall be wiped away from my weeping eyes, and I shall be for ever with my precious Lord and Christ; there I trust I shall meet my good friends Mr. W. and J. T., with all the redeemed by the blood of Jesus, to join in an eternal and endless song to God and the Lamb for evermore. Till then you are, and, I trust, will be, a part of the subject of my weak, but fervent prayers.

Yours in the Lord Jesus,

Nov. 17th, 1789.

HENRY TANNER.

[Henry Tanner is doubtless known to many of our readers by the memoir of his life and experience published by Dr. Hawker. His striking call under Whitefield, whom the evening before he had gone "to knock over" with a stone, will recur to their remembrance.]

That the immortal God should become mortal flesh! It were great condescension that the soul of man should enter into a worm, or that all the angels should become worms; yet that were nothing to Christ's stooping to take our nature upon him! Consider the time when he did take our nature upon him, not when our nature was a virgin, but when it was defiled; not man's nature in innocence, but in his sinful, corrupted, condemned, accursed state.—*Owen*.

All the promises revealed are but the manifestation of God's original promise, copies, as it were, of that which was made to Christ, in whose breast, as one expresses it, the original of our records is kept; and the application of those promises to us is but the writing out the counterpart of what was done in heaven. As all promises were made in him, so all promises were fast made to him, and to us as one in him, which seems to be the meaning of the apostle in those words, "He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ."—*Eyles Pierce*.

The holiest Christian can put no trust in his holiness. His daily seeking to grow in grace proves his holiness defective. "Tekel" is written on every duty: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." (Dan. v. 7.) And he knows the meaning of those weighty words, applicable both to soul and body, "Verily, every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." (Ps. xxxix. 5.) His utmost holiness and his freest services do not answer the demand of God's law; and, if in any measure depended on for justification, it would bring him under the law's penalty, and condemn him. He is, therefore, forced to fly out of himself entirely, and seek a refuge only in Jesus.—*Berridge*.

EMIGRATION.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Is it right in the sight of God for those who fear his name to emigrate?

I am induced to trouble you with this question, not only on my own account, but because I am persuaded your kind reply will be a word in season to many besides myself.

I have a wife and four small children, and am in a small way of business, and though I have struggled in uprightness, yet I fear the Lord does not intend that I shall prosper in it; for, what with losses and disappointments, and heavy rent and taxes, I am afraid I cannot go on, and consequently I am at a loss to know what to do. In the midst of my perplexity my mind is led to Australia, not with a view of digging for gold, but I believe with God's blessing I could till the ground, or teach a school, or, in a word, I could turn my hand to anything by which I could obtain an honest subsistence. Australia appears to me to be a way open in the providence of God; but it is a matter of serious inquiry with me whether it would be right in his sight for me to take such a step. My sincere prayer is to be led aright, and I hope the Lord in mercy will direct you to give such a reply as may tend to his honour and my good, and to the good of all who feel interested in the matter.

I am, yours in the hope of the gospel,

London, Feb. 8th, 1853.

A POOR MAN.

ANSWER.

The Christian tone and feeling of the above letter, coupled with the general importance and interest of the subject, has induced us to devote a short space to its consideration; not as thinking ourselves able to relieve our Correspondent's perplexities, or assuming to decide a point open to a variety of opinions, but as simply hoping that a few remarks from us may help to throw a little light on a matter which, without doubt, has often come before the mind of many of our readers.

It is evident that a great and increasing movement is taking place in this country under the form of emigration, the results of which, however dimly shadowed forth, cannot at present be distinctly foreseen. The emigration of last year from the British isles exceeded 200,000 persons, of whom 50,000 proceeded to Australia. Such a mass of individuals cannot leave a country for new homes without exercising an important influence both on the land which they quit and that on which they enter; and we cannot help seeing herein the providence of God in thus spreading the English language, civilisation, liberty, and religion over the earth, and founding, as it were, a new England at the other side of the globe. The remarkable discoveries of gold in Australia have given such an impetus to this movement, that it has become almost a mania, unsettling hundreds of minds, and disposing even some of those who fear God to cast a wishful eye across the wide sea. It is for their

sakes we now write, hoping that a few simple words on the subject may, with the Lord's blessing, turn the scale where wavering, and help to break the snare which we see already entangling the feet of many.

The church of God, though vitally and essentially distinct from the world, is yet in her time-state so surrounded by it, that great movements of this nature must necessarily exercise upon her a considerable amount of influence. So powerful, too, and yet so subtle, is this influence, that however separate the church may wish to keep herself from the world in heart and spirit, yet she is necessarily brought into such a relationship with it, directly or indirectly, through business, family connections, or other unavoidable circumstances, that she cannot remain unaffected by it. As on board the same ship the rolling waves rock alike all the crew, from the captain to the cabin boy, so the surging billows of the heaving sea of emigration, now agitating so many hearts, must necessarily move many a Christian bosom. As national calamities, such as war, famine, and pestilence, and general fluctuations of prices and markets, work and wages, food and labour, necessarily affect the family of God, so a great movement like that of emigration, now going on, must exercise a direct or indirect influence upon them. We make these remarks to meet the objection that a child of God ought not to be affected by such subjects, and should keep his mind utterly unmoved by them. He might do so were he a monk or a hermit, but being in the world, he can no more avoid being in some degree influenced by its movements, when they agitate society at large, than one bough of a tree can remain unmoved when the rest are rocked by the wind.

The *indirect* influence, then, of this great movement the church cannot avoid, and must necessarily feel! but the important question at once arises, whether those who fear God should take a *direct* part in it; in other words, is it consistent with the will of God, as revealed in the Scriptures, and with the teaching of the blessed Spirit in the heart, for a partaker of grace to emigrate, especially when apparently almost driven to it by necessity, as our Correspondent above intimates is his present case?

We must here at the very outset declare, in the most unqualified manner, that our own mind is decidedly against a child of God's emigrating, for reasons which we shall presently more fully unfold; but we at the same time admit that there are exceptional cases. To mention a few instances that occur to our mind. Every attempt to gain an honest livelihood by indefatigable industry may be continually defeated, and every other avenue closed; or the way may be strikingly marked out in providence, as, for example, the previous successful settlement of a son in a colony offering a favourable opening to a brother; or a daughter joining her parents; or a young woman marrying a gracious man about to emigrate, to whom she has been previously engaged; in such and similar circumstances it would be extremely difficult, if not inconsistent, to lay down a

peremptory rule that a child of God should not emigrate. Instances, too, have occurred where several members of a church have gone out together, and taken their minister with them, so as not to be deprived of a preached gospel or the ordinances of God's house. In these, as in many other cases, it is difficult, and indeed impracticable, to lay down a broad rule from which there is to be no swerving or departure. We entertain, indeed, a strong and decided opinion on the subject, and feel desirous to lift up a warning voice against what, we believe, is a wide-spread and increasing delusion, pregnant with ruin and misery to hundreds; but we do not wish to speak in a dogmatic tone or lay down an unalterable rule. The spirit of the gospel, which we ever desire to follow, is averse to laying down distinct, definite rules, and tying down the people of God to a rigid line, where the precept is silent. But we may, without presuming to dictate, or claiming special spiritual light, offer our advice as a friend, and in a spirit of affection urge on our gracious readers the necessity of learning the mind and will of God before they take a step which must colour the whole of their future life naturally and spiritually. Instead of listening to the suggestions of unbelief and covetousness, or lending a ready ear to the accounts given in newspapers and by worldly people, let them rather seek to be guided by the spirit and precepts of the gospel, the dictates of a tender conscience, and the influences of the blessed Spirit on the heart, bowing it to the revealed will of God. To act in a matter so important without special guidance will probably terminate in the bitterest self-reproach and disappointment for the rest of their days.

But, it may be asked, "Is there, then, anything inherently sinful or wrong in emigrating to a foreign land, to make you speak so strongly?" No; by no means. Abraham was an emigrant from the land of the Chaldees to the land of Canaan; Jacob emigrated to Egypt with all his family; the children of Israel emigrated out of Egypt, under Moses. But let it be borne in mind that all these emigrations were according to a special and divine command, and therefore cannot be adduced in favour of emigration without some similar gracious or providential intimation.

But in addressing ourselves to this question, it is evident that it has two distinct aspects, and may be viewed as bearing upon the natural as well as spiritual interests of the intending emigrant. We may seem to be departing from strictly spiritual ground in examining the subject under its temporal and worldly aspect; and yet were we to omit all consideration of this side of the matter we should be leaving out a most important element of the question, for it is evident that a hope of worldly advantage forms the chief motive for emigration. We have read and thought upon the subject under both these aspects, and shall therefore give our views upon it under these two points:

1. Will persons, generally speaking, better themselves in a temporal point of view by emigration?
2. If they have a clear prospect of improving thereby their tem-

poral condition, are there not spiritual considerations, paramount to all worldly interest, which should nevertheless keep them at home?

We fully believe that the golden dreams of most emigrants will be most miserably disappointed, and that they will rue the day when they turned their back on their native land. But even were their success certain, there are, in our opinion, spiritual considerations which should at once decide them not to quit their English home.

There are only two countries which present themselves to an intending emigrant as offering advantages superior to those in our native land—the United States of America and Australia. To persons in very needy circumstances, as agricultural labourers, domestic servants, and such unskilled mechanics as smiths, carpenters, &c., these countries, and especially the Australian colonies, offer abundance of food and employment, at high wages, if they can get to them. But to persons not absolutely struggling with the depths of poverty, and unable or unwilling to labour with their hands, and that much harder too than in England, we believe emigration to be utterly unsuitable, and likely to terminate in the deepest disappointment. Take the United States. A poor Irishman, whose only capital consists in a pair of stout arms and brawny shoulders, who was nursed with the pig and lay down at night near the cow, who has never known any better diet than the potato, and that equally coarse and scanty, will doubtless find in America food in quality and quantity more than heart could wish. But to persons removed by position from the labouring class, with, perhaps, the exception of small farmers, who can work with their own hands, we believe that the United States present no advantages beyond those of our own country. But apart from this, there are other circumstances, as a climate of intense extremes of heat and cold, and therefore very unsuitable to the British constitution, great unhealthiness for children and immigrants, habits and manners repulsive to English feelings—all considerable items in the scale of temporal happiness. And when we view the question spiritually, there is that great, that important drawback, the low state of religion. Truth, we understand, in America, is very little preached or known, and there are very few churches which even profess it.

Should a child of God, then, leave the land where the decree of God fixed his first and his second birth at a mere peradventure, or because he fancies thereby to improve his worldly prospects and position? Should he leave the church of which he is a member, the pastor whose ministry has been blessed to his soul, the friends with whom he has taken sweet counsel, the house of prayer where he has often found rest from the turmoil of the busy week, to cast himself upon a foreign shore, where he may not have a single spiritual friend or companion, and never hear a gospel sermon, but live and die in some backwood settlement, where the very name of Jesus is unknown?

Or if his thoughts turn to Australia, what will he find there? To speak first of its temporal advantages. A poor Wiltshire or

Dorsetshire labourer, who has no thought or care beyond the present life, may find there high wages and abundance of food, even without digging for gold. But for all who will not or can not work hard and live hard, the Australian colonies are utterly unsuitable. They are now, too, being flooded by a race to whom our railway "navvies" are gentlemen. Liberated convicts, ruffians of the lowest, vilest stamp, and all that horde of lawless vagabonds whose lusts and passions are stimulated and gratified by sudden flushes of wealth, and these congregated by thousands, must pollute and disorganise society to the very core. And shall a peaceable, quiet child of God rashly throw himself into a land which will probably grow worse and worse, as new gold discoveries attract new flocks of these lawless and godless wretches? A child of God had better pine on a crust at home than go and dwell in such a Sodom. How plain is the Scripture here! "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." (1 Tim. vi. 6—11.)

But indeed restlessness, discontent, and unbelief lie much at the root of a desire to emigrate. Indolent people fancy that at the other end of the world they can get on without industry. In many minds a restless love of change is a predominant feature. They get weary of their place of abode and of the dull routine of daily employment. Novelty, variety, fresh faces, new scenes, a different mode of life, promise an undefined pleasure. As a necessary consequence, business becomes neglected, and they soon fall behindhand; more active, energetic men push before them, and they become overwhelmed in debt and insolvency. What must they now do? Emigrate. But whither? To some distant land, where indolence, as they fancy, will have the easy employment of picking up "nuggets" of gold much as children pick up shells on the sea-shore. Others are ill-tempered, contentious, quarrelsome, and, like the sea-gull, are most alive and brisk in a storm. These find, after a time, that in a battle wounds are not all on one side, and that there are those who can return their blows with interest. Chafed and miserable, they hate the town or village where they live, and emigration comes across their mind. To get away from their neighbours is their desire. But will they get away from themselves? If they could bury their quarrelsome temper in some dung-heap before they left the English shore, or throw it overboard on their voyage to feed the sharks, they might hope for peace and quiet across the wide Atlantic or on Australia's sunny coast. But they carry with them a bitter fountain, which will taint their daily drink, whether drawn from the Ohio or

the Murrumbidgee. We are full of self-deception. There is a strong stream of public feeling just now influencing hundreds to emigrate. All this insensibly works upon the mind of the people of God, and almost unconsciously disposes them to plans and projects of emigration. They are influenced, too, by their children, or worldly relations and neighbours, and by a floating dream-cloud of prosperity and happiness beyond the wave, as if a child of God were promised, or should expect prosperity and happiness out of Christ, or on this side of heaven and glory.

But if probed to the bottom, we doubt not unbelief will be found to be the central fire whence issue all these volcanic heavings. But is this a voice which should be listened to? Is God not the God of providence as well as of grace? Can he not take care of the body as well as of the soul? Must you go to the ends of the earth because there is no God in England? Are there no mines here for honest industry, though they do not turn up gold to the blow of the pick? Be not like the unbelieving lord on whose hand the king leaned, (2 Kings vii. 2,) who mocked at any other way of bread coming but from windows made expressly in heaven. There is bread in England for honest industry, and that, too, to be eaten under our own vine and fig-tree, in the land of our fathers, amidst the unspeakable advantages of long-established civilisation, and, above all things, the blessings of a preached gospel, the ordinances of the Lord's house, and the society of the excellent of the earth. God's own words are, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." (Ps. xxxvii. 3.) What did Naomi get by emigrating? She had, indeed, a better excuse for leaving the land of her nativity than most of our emigrants, for she was hard pressed by famine. But mark the event. She that went out a happy wife and mother returned in the bitterness of her soul a desolate childless widow. "Call me not Naomi,"* she replied to her wondering fellow-townsmen, "call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?" (Ruth i. 20, 21.) It is dangerous to quit the position where God in his providence has fixed us, unless we see the pillar of the cloud moving before us. It is not every difficulty in Providence which bids us prepare our stuff for removing. And when we consider the length of the voyage to Australia, rarely less than three months, with all the misery and discomfort of such close package with ungodly companions; the expense of the transit if there be a family; the difficulty, almost impossibility, of return, with exhausted resources if found a failure; the enormous cost of house-rent where it can be procured;† and the general rush of immigrants filling up every opening situation; we see such a concourse of objections against emi-

* Naomi means "pleasant;" Mara, "bitter."

† At Melbourne a four-roomed house lets for £100 a year, butter sells at 3s. 6d. a pound, coal at £5 a ton, and other things in proportion. Google

gration, that we deem it almost an act of insanity for persons to emigrate who are able to live at all in England.

We are truly sorry to see the emigrating fever daily spreading; and already, we fear, infecting many members of Christian churches. However they may disclaim it even to themselves, we cannot help believing that the gold mines are secretly drawing their hearts over the sea. Clerks, drapers' assistants, small shopkeepers, persons who scarce ever handled anything heavier than a pen or a pound of tea, are hurrying to Australia on the wings of steam, burning with impatience to turn up the golden ore with mattock and spade. But they will find it is one thing to rock the cradle in the back parlour at home, and another to rock the cradle at Mount Ballarat; that a ton of rock is rather harder to move than a tea-canister; and that the pick-axe blisters the hands a little more than the yard wand.

But if any of our readers are bitten with the gold-digging mania, before they fully make up their mind, let us advise them to go to the nearest railway now constructing, and ask the contractor to give them a day's work on the line gratis. Or let them resort to the next brook, and stand in it up to their waists for half a day; and when night comes, instead of going to their warm bed, let them lie down in their clothes, in their out-house, on a little straw. If they cannot do this for weeks together, they are not fit for the gold mines. And even if they go out with no such intentions, and mean to avoid digging for gold, the want of all other employment and the ruinous prices in the colony will necessarily drive them to the mines, where, besides the perils of dysentery and other diseases carrying off the miners like rotten sheep, their ears will be assailed by the oaths and blasphemies of the most godless crew which the lust of gold ever raked together.

Those who are married will of course be taking their wives and children with them to Australia. And O what a place to take delicate females and tender children to! Wearied with the long voyage, now come to its termination, these view the land with longing eyes; gladly do they plant their feet on the new shore. But no house, nor even lodging, can be procured at any price; it is a land of strangers; no friendly voice greets them; they have little or no money, and what little they have is soon swallowed up; no one wants them, no one cares about them; they "cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed." The husband must now tramp off to the gold mines, a distance of eighty or a hundred miles, by roads torn all to pieces with bullock carts, sleeping by night under a tree—a man, perhaps, of tender constitution, who at home can hardly walk five miles, who has been accustomed to sit all day on a stool at his desk, and whose weekly journeys have rarely exceeded the length of his counter. What folly, what madness, for such persons to go to Australia! and what cruelty, what bitter cruelty, to the wife of their bosoms and their tender children, to plunge them into such a sea of misery and trouble! Or if, like our Correspondent, he do not mean to dig for gold, but hopes to

procure some situation, teach a school, or open a shop, let him consider that a situation with a small salary, at present prices in Australia, is starvation, and that to get a shop where hundreds have to live in tents for want of the meanest house, is indeed most unlikely. If, then, he is not forced to proceed to the diggings, he will probably have to go up the country, or, as it is called, the bush, and turn stock-keeper or shepherd, live in a mud hut, and subsist on tea and damper.* What misery, desolation, and discomfort for one in middle life, who has enjoyed the benefits of a civilized country! His children meanwhile run about half-naked savages, without education or restraint; his wife becomes a poor slatternly drudge; there is no house within a dozen miles;† he has no friend or companion, no place of worship, no distinction of days in the week; in a word, nothing to distinguish him from the wild savage. And shall a child of God give up beloved England, all its comforts and advantages, and above all, the precious gospel, to live and die a broken-hearted, disappointed wretch, pining with home sickness, and ever reproaching himself for his folly in leaving his native shore for a will-of-the-wisp, which has landed him in such a miserable bog?

But could he be certain of obtaining every worldly advantage, nothing can compensate for the loss of the gospel and the spiritual privileges which we here enjoy. To turn our back on the gospel is, we consider, a grievous departing from the right ways of the Lord, if not a first step towards apostacy; and no person could entertain such a project unless his heart had previously backslidden from God. Those whose minds are teeming with schemes of emigration are not those who are enjoying the Lord's blessing in the house of prayer, and count a day in his courts better than a thousand; but either worldly professors, who know nothing of the sweetness and preciousness of the word of God's grace, or the backsliders in heart, who are filled with their own ways. You had better suffer any degree of privation under the sound of the gospel and in the society of Christian friends here, than have your pockets filled with gold-dust, and your soul empty and barren yonder; you had better be a door-keeper in the house of God in dear old England, than dwell in the tents of ungodliness in the wilds of Australia.

But we may further add, that there is now very little reason why persons should leave their own country. Business and trade are generally prosperous, employment abundant, wages good and increasing, and every prospect for honest industry. We could enlarge much on this subject, for it is one that we have much read and thought of, and viewed under its various aspects, natural and spiritual. But we have already far exceeded our proper limits.

* "Damper" is the name of a kind of extempore cake, made of flour and water, and baked in the ashes, eaten as a substitute for bread.

† We know two young men, brought up in the very lap of luxury, who emigrated to New Zealand. We heard the other day that they have to work in the woods from morning till night, with their clothes in rags, and not a woman within thirty miles to stitch them together.

Our advice, therefore, to those who desire to fear God is, Do not emigrate, but continue where God has placed you. We admit there are exceptional cases ; but we believe that the safer and better way is to seek to the Lord instead of the ship-agent, and by honest industry dig into the mines of Providence here rather than toil and sweat in the mines over the water. Hitherto hath the Lord helped you. He has promised that your bread shall be given, and your water shall be sure. The gold and the silver are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills. Instead, therefore, of seeking misery beyond the waves, "seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these (temporal) things shall be added unto you."

The grace of Jesus brings salvation ; and through faith, as an instrument put in the sinner's hand, he is enabled to reach the grace ; just as a beggar, by his empty cap stretched forth, receives an alms. — *Berridge*.

Supposing you have been free from those gross acts of immorality which are so pernicious to society that they have generally been punishable by human laws ; can you pretend that you have not, in smaller instances, violated the rules of piety, of temperance, and charity ? Is there any one person who has intimately known you that would not be able to testify you had said or done something amiss ? Or if others could not convict you, would not your own heart do it ? Does it not prove you guilty of pride, of passion, of sensuality ; of an excessive fondness for the world and its enjoyments ; of murmuring, or at least of secretly repining against God, under the strokes of his afflicting providence ; of misspending a great deal of your time ; of abusing the gifts of God's bounty, to vain, if not (in some instances) to pernicious purposes ; of mocking him, when you have pretended to engage in his worship ? (Isa. xxix. 13.) Does not conscience condemn you of some one breach of the law at least ? And by one breach of it you are, in a sense, a scriptural sense, "become guilty of all," (James ii. 10,) and are as incapable of being justified before God by any obedience of your own as if you had committed ten thousand offences. But, in reality, there are ten thousand, and more, chargeable to your account. When you come to reflect on all your sins of negligence, as well as on those of commission ; on all the instances in which you have "failed to do good when it was in the power of your hand to do it ;" (Prov. iii. 27 ;) on all the instances in which acts of devotion have been omitted, especially in secret ; and on all those cases in which you have shown a stupid disregard to the honour of God and to the temporal and eternal happiness of your fellow-creatures ; when all these, I say, are reviewed, the number will swell beyond all possibility of account, and force you to cry out, "Mine iniquities are more than the hairs of my head." (Ps. xl. 12.) They will appear in such a light before you that your own heart will charge you with countless multitudes ; and how much more then that God who is greater than your heart, and knows all things. (1 John iii. 20.) — *Doddridge*.

REVIEW.

The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon. London: Painter, Strand.

Life of Whitefield. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

(Continued from page 131.)

The blessed Lord, before he ascended up on high, left with his disciples a declaration, a precept, and a promise, all which three are intimately connected with each other. The *declaration*, which forms the firm basis, both of precept and promise, runs thus: "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." Then follows the *precept*: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And then is added that most blessed and encouraging *promise*: "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.)

However low, then, the church of Christ may seem to sink, these three things stand firm as the eternal throne of the Most High: 1. That Jesus lives at God's right hand, ruling and governing all things in heaven and earth. 2. That it is his revealed will that the gospel should be preached. (Compare Mark xvi. 15.) And, 3. That he has promised to accompany his disciples and servants with his Spirit, presence, and grace to the end of the world.

We showed in our last Number the fallen and sunk condition of the church of God in this country during the first forty years of the last century. But a gleam of light is about to break forth, the dawning of a brighter day. And where of all places does this faint glimmer first appear? In the darkest of all corners, the firmest stronghold of prejudice and bigotry, the very seat of Satan as king over the children of pride—in the orthodox, High Church, Tory University of Oxford. About the year 1732, a few students became impressed with a concern for their souls, and formed a little association to meet together in order to pray, read the Scriptures, and converse about the solemn things of eternity. It was about this period that George Whitefield was entered at the University as servitor* at Pembroke College, and, being already under serious impressions, was after some little time induced to join himself to their society. This was not indeed the first time that he manifested a concern for his soul. In the account which he has given of his own experience, he speaks of having had convictions even in childhood. "Such," he says, "was the free grace of God to me, that though corruption worked so strongly in my soul, and produced such early and bitter fruits, yet I can recollect very early movings of the blessed Spirit upon my heart. Once I remember, when some per-

* The servitors, of whom only a few now remain, were a poor class of students, who had their commons gratis, and other advantages, whereby they passed through the University at a very small personal expense.

sons (as they frequently did) made it their business to tease me, I immediately retired to my room, and, kneeling down, with many tears prayed over the 118th Psalm." Much of this religion, whether natural or spiritual, clung to him as he grew up, for he says of himself, that when still at school, for more than a twelvemonth he had gone through a round of duties, "receiving the sacrament monthly, fasting frequently, attending constantly at public worship, and praying often more than twice a day in private." Whether these convictions were the dawns of divine life, or the mere workings of natural conscience, we will not attempt to decide; but one thing is abundantly evident, that neither during this period, nor when he first went to Oxford, did either he or his companions know anything of the gospel of the grace of God. Their favourite books were Scougal, Thomas à Kempis, and Law. Not knowing, therefore, the way of salvation by the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, and misled by these false guides, he sought it ignorantly by the works of the law, praying and fasting with such austerity for weeks together that at length he could not walk, from extreme weakness. But it is evident that the blessed Spirit was at work upon his conscience. He thus speaks of his experience at this period: "When I knelt down I felt great pressures both on soul and body, and have often prayed under the weight of them till the sweat came through me. God only knows how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under what I felt. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground in silent and vocal prayer." Here was the Lord training up a champion for the field of battle, teaching his hands to war and his fingers to fight, and instructing him from soul experience afterwards to batter down those strong towers of legality and self-righteousness in which his own soul had been imprisoned, and which filled the length and breadth of the land. His health sank under the load of soul-trouble and his severe fastings and austerities, springing from the persuasion that it was his duty to shut himself up in his study to fast and pray till he had entirely mortified his will, and had become perfectly holy in body and soul. His tutor, who was much attached to him, sent a physician to cure his body, but there was watching over his bed a far better Physician, the great Physician of souls. He thus describes his deliverance from the curse and bondage of the law:

"Notwithstanding my fit of sickness continued six or seven weeks, I trust I shall have reason to bless God for it through eternity; for about the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months' inexpressible trials by night and day, under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on his dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, to the day of redemption. But O with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul! Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and, as it were, overflowed its banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing psalms aloud. Afterwards they became more settled, and, blessed be God,

saving a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since."

When his health was sufficiently established to bear removal, he left the University for his native place, Gloucester, where he gradually regained his former health and vigour. His load of sin was gone, the Sun of Righteousness shone upon his soul, and, guided and taught by the Spirit of truth, he spent most of his time in searching the Scriptures, secret prayer, meditation, and communion with the Lord.

From his earliest years the thoughts of the ministry had occupied his mind. Even when he was waiting with his apron and sleeves on at the Bell Inn, Gloucester, he wrote three sermons; but when his soul was blessed with a sense of pardoning mercy, he could not forbear speaking to others of the solemn things of eternity. Having at that time no other sphere, he visited the gaol every day, reading and praying with the prisoners, besides reading twice or thrice a week to some poor people in the city. In this way was the Lord secretly training him up for the work of the ministry, till his self-denying labours reaching the ears of Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, he sent for him; and though Whitefield at the time was but twenty-one years of age, he offered to ordain him whenever he wished it, and also to give him a cure. This offer Whitefield, after much serious consideration and earnest prayer, accepted, and was ordained deacon on Sunday, June 20th, 1736, in the Cathedral at Gloucester. He thus takes a review of the services of the day:

"I trust I answered every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say, Amen. And when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my vile heart do not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body to the service of God's sanctuary. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who, this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon me that ministration in the church. I call heaven and earth to witness that, when the bishop laid his hands upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingencies; I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into his almighty hands."

We shall not here enter on the question how far Whitefield was right in becoming a minister in the Church of England. No light had broken in upon his mind to show him her unscriptural position and errors; but his soul being all on fire to preach the gospel, and the door being thus opened in providence, he embraced it as of the Lord. He thus describes his first sermon:

"Last Sunday, in the afternoon, I preached my first sermon in the church where I was baptized, and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Curiosity drew a large congregation together. The sight, at first, a little awed me; but I was comforted with a heartfelt sense of the divine presence, and soon found the advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners, and the poor people at their private houses, whilst at the University. By these means I was kept from being daunted over-much. As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with

some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked; but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the bishop that I drove fifteen people mad the first sermon! The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before the next Sunday."

We shall take this opportunity to describe a little of Whitefield's peculiar, almost unparalleled, gifts as a preacher—gifts so remarkable that we cannot doubt they were bestowed upon him for a peculiar purpose. His voice, which is affirmed to have been so clear and powerful as to be audible at the distance of a mile, appears, by general testimony, to have been in all other respects one of the most effective ever possessed by man, capable of taking every varied tone of emotion, and whether poured forth in thunder to rouse, or in softer music to melt, making its way to the heart with irresistible force and effect. Its tones, too, were singularly varied, and at the same time so truly natural, expressing every tender feeling of the heart with such touching pathos, that the dullest hearer was riveted as by an invincible charm as soon as he opened his lips. His action, too, was singularly expressive and becoming, being easy, natural, and unaffected, yet eminently striking, though sometimes bordering almost on violence. His language also was peculiarly simple and full of fire, broken frequently into short sentences, abounding in figures and illustrations, interspersed with the warmest, tenderest appeals to the conscience, mingled often with his own uncontrollable sobs and tears, and divested of all that heavy lumber which weighs down preacher and hearer. Matter and manner were alike new, and burst upon a sleepy generation as a brilliant meteor, which in the midnight darkness draws to its path every eye.

Previous to his time sermons were for the most part long-winded, dull essays; and even when they were sound in doctrine, which was very rare, were, like the old Puritanical writings, more fitted for the closet than the pulpit, and divided and subdivided till "*nineteenthly*" weighed down eyes and ears into involuntary slumber. The holy fire which burned in Whitefield's soul burst its way through all these artificial coverings, and the glowing warmth which made his thoughts to breathe and his words to burn penetrated the hearts of his hearers. A minister once asked Garrick, the celebrated actor, why persons were so affected by a tragedy who fell asleep under a sermon? "The reason is," replied he, "that we speak falsehood as if it were truth, and you speak truth as if it were falsehood." Whitefield spoke truth as truth. The truth of God was in his heart, and a flame of love burnt there which lighted up his countenance with energy and his eyes with fire, poured itself forth in the most ardent and expressive words, quivered in every note of his melodious voice, and streamed forth in every wave of his hand. There is a peculiar charm in real eloquence, riveting the mind and swaying the feelings of the heart till it yields itself to the voice of the orator, as the strings of the harp to the fingers of the musician. The very sound of his voice can make the heart alternately burn with ardour and indignation, or melt it till the tears gush from the eyes. All this is

distinct from grace; and hundreds and thousands who melted at the accents of Whitefield's voice, lived and died in their sins. Like the prophet of old, he was unto them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; but they heard his words and did them not." (Ezek. xxxiii. 32.) Yet be it borne in mind, that these very natural gifts were bestowed on Whitefield for a particular purpose. It was these which gave him such congregations, and made his preaching admired by such men as David Hume, the philosopher, Lord Chesterfield, the courtier, and Franklin, the worldly politician, as much as by the poor colliers at Kingswood, when the white gutters, made by their tears, streaked their black cheeks. Whitefield was no actor cultivating his voice, or studying his gestures; but these gifts were naturally in him, and he used them as inartificially as a person possessed of an exquisite ear and a beautiful voice pours forth melodious tones as the free utterance of the music within.

But besides these natural gifts, there was a peculiar power—the power of God, resting on his ministry. That a most signal blessing accompanied his labours is beyond the shadow of a doubt. John Newton, who had frequently heard him, in a funeral sermon preached at his death, from John v. 35, thus speaks of him from personal knowledge:

"The Lord gave him a manner of preaching which was peculiarly his own. He copied from none, and I never met any who could imitate him with success. They who attempted generally made themselves disagreeable. His familiar address, the power of his action, his marvellous talent in fixing the attention even of the most careless, I need not describe to those who have heard him; and to those who have not, the attempt would be vain. Other ministers could preach the gospel as clearly, and in general say the same things; but I believe no man living could say them in his way. Here I always thought him unequalled, and I hardly expect to see his equal while I live. But that which finished his character as a shining light, and is now his crown of rejoicing, was the singular success which the Lord was pleased to give him in winning souls. What numbers entered the kingdom of glory before him! and what numbers are now lamenting his loss, who were awakened by his ministry! It seemed as if he never preached in vain. Perhaps there is hardly a place, in all the extensive compass of his labours, where some may not yet be found who thankfully acknowledge him for their spiritual father. Nor was he an awakening preacher only; wherever he came, if he preached but a single discourse, he usually brought a season of refreshment and revival with him to those who had already received the truth. Great as his immediate and personal usefulness was, his occasional usefulness, if I may so call it, was, perhaps, much greater. Many have cause to be thankful for him who never saw or heard him. He introduced a way of close and lively application to the conscience, for which, I believe, many of the most admired and eminent preachers now living will not be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge themselves his debtors."

On this point we shall have another opportunity to enlarge; but we cannot omit here his devotedness to the work of the ministry. Seven times did he cross the Atlantic, at that time a long and perilous voyage. From the very first, too, he had a most singular power of winning the affections of his hearers. His sincerity, warmth, deep and genuine feeling, and, above all, the blessing of God resting

on the word, riveted to him the hearts of hundreds. His second visit to Bristol is thus described :

"He was met, about a mile from the city, by multitudes on foot, and some in coaches; and the people saluted and blessed him as he passed along the streets. He preached, as usual, five times a week, attended by immense crowds of all ranks. Collections were made for poor prisoners; societies were formed; and great inducements were offered to persuade him to remain in his native land. The congregations were overpowering. Some, as he himself remarks, 'hung up the rails, others climbed up the leads of the church; and altogether the church was so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain.' June 21st he preached his farewell sermon at Bristol, and toward the end of the discourse, when he came to tell them, 'it might be that they would see him no more,' the whole congregation was exceedingly affected; high and low, young and old, burst into a flood of tears; and at the close, multitudes followed him home weeping."

The same extraordinary popularity followed him to London, where he arrived about the end of August, 1737:

"He preached generally nine times a week, and yet so numerous were his assemblies, that thousands could not gain admittance to the largest churches of the city; and, to prevent accidents from the pressure of the crowd, constables were placed at the doors. The Lord's Supper was administered often on Sunday morning, when, long before day, in the winter months, the streets were seen filled with people carrying lights, and conversing on religion as they proceeded to church."

* * * * *

"As the time approached when he was to leave England, the people showed their esteem for him by many expressive tokens. They followed him so closely and in such numbers, for advice, that he could scarcely command a moment of retirement. They begged to receive from him religious books, and to have their names written with his own hands, as memorials of him. The final separation was to him almost unsupportable."

Making every allowance for his natural gifts, there must have been a peculiar power resting on his ministry, to produce these effects.

His first visit to America, which soon followed, was not accompanied with such a display of divine power as the succeeding, he being there but four months, and his labours being chiefly confined to Georgia, then a new and most unhealthy settlement. Being desirous of ordination as a priest, he embarked for England on Sept. 8th, and was nine weeks on the voyage, tossed about with bad weather, in a ship out of repair, and in want of provisions.

It was during his stay in England, before his second visit to America, that the pulpits being closed against him, he first preached in the open air:

"I thought," says he, "it might be doing the service of my Lord, who had a mountain for his pulpit and the heavens for his sounding-board; and who, when his gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the high-ways and hedges." These motives impelled him to make the experiment, and feeling his duty to be no longer doubtful, he proceeded to Kingswood for that purpose. The colliers were without any church, and so notorious for their wicked and brutal manner, that, when provoked, they were a terror to all the neighbourhood. On Saturday afternoon, the 17th of February, he preached at Rose Green, his first field pulpit, to as many as the novelty of the scene collected, which were about two hundred. Adverting to this, he exclaims, 'Blessed be God that the ice is now broken, and I have taken the field. Some

may censure me; but is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge.' Every time he went to Kingswood the number of his hearers increased. Thousands of all ranks flocked from Bristol and the neighbourhood; the congregation was sometimes computed at twenty thousand. With what gladness and eagerness many of these despised outcasts, who had never been in a church in their lives, received the word, is beyond description. 'Having,' as he writes, 'no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a Friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which, as the event proved, happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to anything rather than the finger of God. As the scene was quite new, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I know, by happy experience, what our Lord meant by saying, 'Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some on the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for and quite overcame me."

With this extract we must close, for the present, our review of the celebrated apostle of the last century, hoping to resume the subject in a future Number.

POETRY.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

(Concluded from page 132.)

When my mortal tongue is still,
My body mouldering in the clay,
That I shall sing on Sion's hill,
Throughout an everlasting day;
This, my soul, is what you feel;
All this may the Spirit seal.
Then when you are called to die,
Time with you to be no more,
You will surely mount on high,
To sing upon that heavenly shore,
With all the glorious, blood-bought
band,
Sweet hallelujahs to the Lamb.
See, my soul, that Christ ascending
From the tomb wherein he lay;
Vain the seal, the watch attending;
See, the Victor clears the way!
Every obstacle removing,
Which over and around were brooding.
See, the Victor mounts on high,
Entering with blood within the vail!

There he reigns, no more to die;
There with blood he does prevail;
That blood that on the cross was shed,
To save his people from the dead.
Within the holiest he stands,
For ever interceding there;
With wounded feet, and side, and hands,
This to the Father doth declare:
He has redeemed his much-loved
bride,
When he views his hands and side.
Interceding, yes, my soul,
Ever now before the throne,
For the wounded, not the whole;
This dear Jesus does alone.
'Tis the sick he came to save,
Not them who no Physician crave.
Yes, my soul, he's ever pleading
The rich merits of his blood;
Comforts those who're on him leaning,
Finally to bring to God.

When their sorrows here shall end,
Such everlasting glories tend.

O my soul, the thought of drinking,
Sometimes makes thy poor heart sing,
Always filled from such a Fountain,
Where the living waters spring;
Where, my soul, there is no night,
But rich and everlasting light.

Yes, my soul, 'tis this that lightens
Sorrows deep, that on you fall;
This that cheers your heart, and
brightens,

While here below you grope and
crawl;

A hope that's fixed beyond the grave,
In Jesus, who has power to save;

Power to save the vilest creature
That is brought to feel the fall.
Matters not how black his feature,
Jesus' blood can cleanse it all:
"Tell you, you're all fair, my love;
You shall dwell with me above."

Yes, Manassehs, Pauls, and Peters,
Shall be saved, every one;
Not by works of fallen creatures,
But the works that Christ has done;
By Christ's merits, love, and blood,
Pleading within the vail of God.

Yes, my soul, 'tis all rich favour
Of the sovereign God and King;
Choosing Jesus Christ the Saviour,
For salvation free to bring
To them who feel they're lost and slain,
Bound with fetters and with chain.

'Tis for such henceforth expecting,
Jesus waits within the vail;
All his chosen sons erecting
In the building; none shall fail;
No living stone shall e'er be lost;
Blood has bought them; blood the cost.

Then when the stones are all brought
home,

Into the building fair and strong,
What shouts will echoround the throne,
When Christ the top stone shall
put on.

"Grace, grace unto it!" will they sing,
Throughout the empire of our King.

May you, my soul, be found one there
To join in that sweet song divine,
That shall those wondrous glories
share,

That are unspeakable, sublime;
There to cast your crown and fall,
Crowning Jesus Lord of all.

Yes, if, my soul, you reach the place,
Make one among the favour'd throng;
I'm sure you'll sing his rich, rich grace;
This I am sure will be your song;
Casting your crown before your King,
And, shouting, make the mansions ring.

Crystal walls for ever sounding
With melodious notes of love;
Jesus' grace, o'er sin abounding,
Brought us to the courts above,
Making heaven's high arches ring,
Shouting mercy through their King.

Yes, my soul, 'twill be for ever,
Singing songs with harps of gold;
Singing of that theme, and never
Will the song be dead or cold;
Here will harps be hung on willows,
Through the rising of the billows.

No, Satan's storms will then be o'er;
No unbelief, nor doubts, nor fears,
Never can they reach the shore
Where the Lamb for ever cheers;
But every blood-bought son will sing
The lasting glories of his King.

T. W.

Since first my unbelief was felt, I have been praying fifteen years for faith, and praying with some earnestness, and am not yet possessed of more than half a grain. Jesus, who knew well, assures you that a single grain, and a grain as small as mustard seed, would remove a mountain; remove a mountain-load of guilt from the conscience, a mountain-load of lust from the heart, and a mountain-load of trouble from the mind.—*Berridge*.

You have heard, no doubt, of beggars who tie a leg up when they go a-begging, and then make hideous lamentations of their lameness. Why, this is just your case. When you go to church to pray, which is begging, you tie your righteous heart up, and then make woeful outcry for "mercy on us miserable sinners." These tricks may pass awhile unnoticed, but Jesus Christ will apprehend such cheats at last, and give them their deserts.—*Berridge*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 210.

JUNE, 1853.

VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Concluded from page 138.)

And this leads me to take notice of another thing that God communicates to a sinner through Christ, and that is, mercy displayed in the forgiveness of sin. This is the very blessing that the soul wants to enjoy, for until this is the case, though he has visits in a measure of God's goodness, yet there is something wanting, and that is, the blood of Christ to cleanse his conscience from all guilt; or, in other words, a firm persuasion by the Spirit of faith that I am interested in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; and until this mercy is communicated to the conscience, there is always something wanting. The poor publican in the temple wanted this mercy; and so did the Psalmist: "Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation." The gaoler found his need of the same blessing, when he cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And poor Mary, at our Lord's feet, knew the want of this blessing; and so does every poor sinner, as soon as he is taught to know by feeling the wretched state he is in.

And the soul will find that it cannot feel a going out in thankfulness to God until he is led to believe that his sin is washed away in the fountain of Christ's blood; neither is there a solid peace in the conscience till there is a beholding of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; nor can the soul find that nearness to God. But when the set time is come to favour the soul with the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, and God, by his blessed Spirit, leads the soul forth in faith to receive the atonement of Christ, so that the mercy of God is enjoyed, this is a blessed

communication to the sensible sinner's heart; this is the balm of Gilead, the saving health of all nations, a sure remedy for the conscience. As John says, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The cause of such a sinner's misery is removed at once; that is, sin, in its filth and guilt. He finds a nearness to God; as Paul says, "We are made nigh by the blood of Christ; for through him we both," that is, Jew and Gentile, "have access by one Spirit unto the Father." This is the grand blessing that brings us nigh, so as to have peace and joy in believing; and sure I am, that where this blessing is made known, a soul will be communicating to God thanks, and blessings, and praises for such great mercy.

One thing more that God communicates to a soul is righteousness; and as the man is taught by the Spirit that as a sinner in Adam he is free from righteousness through the fall, and that he never can get admittance into glory without righteousness, and has been taught to know that he has no strength to work one out, and, having life within him, he hungers and thirsts for one, the gospel reveals one suited to his need; and the poor creature being condemned by law and conscience for want of one, it is very suitable to such a poor, self-condemned sinner for the good Spirit to lead him to take a proper view of Christ, as a Surety, in his undertaking and finished work, and to give him a proper view how Christ was made sin for his people, that they might be made the righteousness of God in him. As a faithful Surety he stood in the sinner's law place, and in man's nature he obeyed the law perfectly; and that very obedience is imputed to the sinner that in time believes. It is a righteousness of God's providing; it is a righteousness wrought out by God's co-equal and co-eternal Son in human nature; it is adequate to the demands of law and justice. The Father is well pleased with it, and it is to and upon all that believe. This is the righteousness that is set forth in the gospel; this, and no other, can give us, as sinners, an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God above.

Now, when the poor soul is by the Spirit of faith persuaded that it has an interest in the blood of Christ, by the same Spirit it also is persuaded of an interest in him as the Lord his righteousness; these two things go together. Hence some have said that there is an active and a passive obedience, and it is true, and if a man is interested in one he is in the other. The active obedience of Christ is his life of obedience to the preceptive part of the law, and his passive obedience is his dying in the sinner's room, and shedding his precious blood to atone for guilt. Christ has done all this for his elect. Hence it is said, "He was led as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." And Peter says, "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." And Paul says, "He obtained eternal redemption for us." So that he is the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe. Now, when God the Holy Spirit leads the soul forth in faith to behold him as the Lord our righteousness, and the good Spirit testifies of his blood and spotless obedience to the conscience, this is what we may call salvation; and thus does God communicate to men from

above the mercy-seat a grand type of Christ, and the soul goes back in heart-felt acknowledgments to God, the Donor of such good.

Such a soul passes sensibly from death to life in this act of believing. He feels peace in his soul, joy in God; the Spirit bears witness to the work, and law, conscience, justice, and all appears on the sinner's side, and the blessed Spirit operates as a Comforter, and by a living faith the soul sucks out the blessed contents of the promises, and milks out, and is delighted with the abundance of Zion's glory. Such a soul is sealed up to the day of redemption, anointed with the oil of joy, draws near to God, finds sweet access to him, and by the Spirit he feels the love of God in Christ made known to him; the fear of death that he had is removed, and the dreadful tormenting thoughts that racked the sinner's mind are all gone, and his meditation is now sweet; he is spiritually minded, so that life and peace is felt.

Whilst he remains under this influence, his conversation will be about heavenly things, and the name of Christ is as ointment poured out in his soul; he is satisfied with the Lord's goodness. This is a foretaste of heaven; as Dr. Watts says, "It is glory begun below." And now it is that the soul is filled with the high praises of God, and holds sweet communion with God, is really in possession of the mind of Christ, and walks with God in peace and equity. The mind is most sweetly employed in meditation, the memory retains God's goodness, the will is in sweet submission, the conscience is at peace, the affections are set at God's right hand, so that God is supremely loved, and the understanding understands God's dealings, and the judgment declares it is all right; in humility and love the soul ascends to God, gratitude of heart and the deepest compunction of soul is felt, astonishment at God's kindness is increased, and the soul feelingly says, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing I was such a stranger from thee?" Sweet meltings of soul are felt, godly sorrow and repentance are exercised, and the scripture is fulfilled where it is said, "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall lothe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations; when I am pacified toward thee, for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God." Such a soul as this has communion with God in these displays of love and mercy, and with the dear Redeemer in his suffering circumstances; or, as Paul says, he has fellowship with him in his sufferings; and he has communion with the Holy Spirit by the witness that he bears, the comfort that is felt, the joy that is experienced, and the constraints of eternal love which he sheds abroad in the heart.

Now, if you want the whole of this matter in a narrow compass, I will give it you; first, in the words of Paul, and secondly in the words of Peter. Paul says, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." And Peter says, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving

the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." And if you want a specimen of all this work, I will give it you in the case of David. For instance, when God arrested David in his conscience, and communicated fear, light, life, and power, by his Spirit, he cried out, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure; for thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me."

Here was a sensible sinner under divine teaching; he had the fear of God in him, he had light to discover, he had life to feel, and power displayed in him, and God rebuking him and chastening him; he was miserable, and the cause of it sin. Well, what does he do? why, all his false props being taken away, and he sinking in the horrible pit, and sticking fast in the miry clay, he communicates to God by confessions and supplications: "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity, for it is great." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Well, it pleases God to favour him with a confidence that he would appear in the displays of his goodness to him. This helped him and propped him up; as he says, "I had utterly fainted unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Having a little faith to believe that God would appear, he found a little patience to wait God's time and way, and at last, in answer to his cries, God delivered him. Mark his own words: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

Now here is God's goodness communicating to David what he really needed; and what does David say to it? why, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." And did he not communicate to God? yes; take it in his own words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." And again, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." All that I have said, you see, was clearly manifested in the experience of David, both on the bitter side and also the bright; God communicated to David, and David communicated back to God.

Now, when the soul is thus blessed, a vital union is felt, and fellowship is enjoyed. God and such souls walk together, being agreed. They talk to each other; the soul talks in confessions, prayers, and thank-offerings to God, and God talks in them by his Spirit, and in this way they have communion. They are very fond of each other's company and of hearing each other's voice,

and seeing each other's face, and of banqueting together. The soul says, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine." (Song i. 2.) "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant." (Ps. xxxi. 16.) "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice; cause me to hear it." (Song viii. 13.) And, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." (Song iv. 16.) And then observe what the Lord says to those in union with him: "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue." (Song iv. 11.) "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." (Song ii. 14.) And indeed the whole Song of Solomon sets forth this union and communion in a wonderful way. Hence he says, "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" and she says to him, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits;" so that they have sweet entertainment on both sides. And it is wonderful how they are charmed with each other's beauty. Hear what the Lord says of his church at large in Song iv. 1—7; and concludes, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." And what does she say of him, Song v. 10, to the end? She concludes, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

But I hasten on to notice one thing more, and that is, that God communicates a fresh supply of grace to his children, to enable them to stand against the devil, the flesh, and the world; for they are to come into the field of battle, and not to be always joyful and happy upon the mount, for God has set the day of prosperity and the day of adversity one against the other. The more God's goodness is manifested to the soul, the more will the devil and his subjects war against it. When God's face is hid, the devil comes with his temptations to dispute us out of all that we have felt; and if he cannot do this altogether, he will use all the means he can to draw us into some abomination; and if he cannot get us into actual sin, he will stir up all manner of evils in our hearts, and sometimes fill us with blasphemies to curse God, the Bible, and all that is good. It is the will of God to try the righteous, and therefore he hides his blessed face from us, and we are in darkness, as the Scriptures witness; and this is the devil's opportunity. It is often the case that he comes in like a flood, and sweeps all comfort, rest, peace, and joy from the soul, and stirs up his own wretched crop within us, till we appear more like devils than saints. No access to God, no communion is enjoyed; and as it is all wrong within, so it is wrong at times without, and we say as Jacob did, "All these things are against me." "My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord." And, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" And we feel that we can do nothing towards getting out of this state. Now, if we were never to come into such a labyrinth, we should not want the promises of God to be fulfilled, nor know what it is to have a fresh supply of

grace ; hence God suffers us to come into some sore conflicts within, that he may have an opportunity of fulfilling his promises to us and in us, because we cannot in any measure communicate to him in such a state without a fresh supply of God's grace.

Now all this grace is, by God the Father, treasured up in Christ, and we are to be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Christ is a glorious throne to his Father's house, and we are to come with a humble boldness to a throne of grace, that we may obtain grace to help us in time of need ; and, by the Holy Spirit, we are favoured with it, and we, under its influences, communicate to God. And sure I am, that the devil will be constantly lying in wait to entrap and to entangle us ; our own hearts will always take the devil's part ; and we shall be hated of all men for the truth's sake. We have no strength to stand against any evil within or without, or to take a step in God's way. There is no confession, prayer, life, or motion in the soul ; no appetite, no hungering or thirsting, nor one grain of gratitude to God, without the Spirit's influence. But God has declared that his Spirit shall be in his children as a well of living water, springing up in the exercise of faith, hope, and love, till we come into glory above ; and that he will water us every moment, and by his power keep us night and day ; and that we shall bring forth fruit in old age, to show that God is upright and faithful to his word ; as Paul says, "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." So that, however low the springs may be, the Fountain is full, and the springs shall rise again and again, so that such a soul shall never be famished for good and all, as long as there is a grain of grace in Christ or a particle of love in God ; for, says Christ, "Because I live, ye shall live also ;" and out of his fulness we all receive, and grace for grace. And in proportion as this grace and love is communicated to us, so we, under the blessed influence of the Spirit, communicate to God, so that we have communion with each other ; and as we are delighted with his communications to us, so he is delighted with our confessions, prayers, and praises.

Again. If we are suffered to backslide from him in any measure, we find the sensible intercourse stopped up between God and us, and sin is of a hardening nature, and we should never commune with God any more, if he did not communicate to us a meek, soft spirit. Under this we confess to him our vileness, and implore his mercy afresh ; he hears, and answers, and makes himself known to us as a sin-pardoning God again and again, as he did to Ephraim ; and this leads us to admire him, to love him, and to bless and praise his holy name for all his mercies to us, the most unworthy of all his creatures. And indeed, praise is all that he gets for saving men ; it is the only revenue of his kingdom, and he inhabits the praises of Israel ; and sure I am, that the end of God, in his purpose of grace, is his own glory, in the salvation of men from Satan, sin, guilt, wrath, law, death, and damnation. This is the end of Christ's death ; and it is the end of God's Spirit in regenerating and making us meet for heaven. And this is in some measure answered in this world, when

the soul is brought to praise God in truth here; and it will be fully accomplished in the world to come, when the whole body of God's elect are all brought to cast their crowns before his throne, and unitedly ascribe salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. Here in this world communion with God is sadly interrupted, but in that blessed abode there will be nothing to interrupt it to all eternity.

Communion with God is found in this world in the means of God's appointments, and we are directed to be diligent in all the means of grace; and God's promise is, that "the diligent soul shall be made fat." And we have found him in prayer, hearing and reading his word, in conversation with his family; and at times he meets with us when lawfully employed in this world. But let him come when he may, his visits are sweet and precious. And if we narrowly watch his hand in providence, and in the displays of his grace to us, and notice what there is going on in our hearts against him, I am sure there is not a day passes over us but that we shall feel that we want supplies of grace, and also have something to confess to God, stand in need of prayer, and also have something to be thankful to God for, if we are led to observe the feelings of our own souls within, and God's kind providence without.

Now, by the above things we see the benefits of Christ as our Ark and our Mercy-seat. Were it not for God's love, we should never be thus favoured; and were it not for Christ Jesus, we never should have one of these blessings, consequently we should never have any communion with God. God's Spirit and all grace are, you see, communicated through Christ as a channel. The Spirit comes, and the Spirit communicates grace, such as fear, light, life, faith, hope, and love, patience, meekness, true humility, godly sorrow, and repentance. Mercy is displayed in pardoning sin, righteousness to cover us and to justify us, peace of conscience, love to God, rest for our souls, comfort and joy, a fresh supply of grace, and heaven at last. O the goodness of God to such poor wretches as we! O the love of Christ, undertaking our cause, and dying to redeem us! O the love of the Spirit to teach us to know our want of all these things, and for leading us to know anything of them in our own hearts, so as to have communion with God! Yes, such souls are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and without these things not a soul can be saved; for I must be regenerated by God's Spirit, and by that holy agent made holy, or have a meetness for glory; I must be washed in the blood of Christ from all my sins; and I must also be covered with his righteousness, for no unholy, unclean, unrighteous person can ever gain admittance into the celestial regions of eternal day. As says God in his word, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and there is no holiness but by the Spirit of grace. "The righteous nation that keepeth the truth shall enter in." The Saviour says they shall enter into life eternal, and shall shine forth as the sun in the glory of their Father's kingdom for ever and ever. But "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

And, lastly, no unclean persons shall enter, but all that are washed in the blood of the Lamb shall. O what a mercy to be thus blessed! Let death come when it may, such a soul will be for ever happy, and at the last day shall be publicly owned and honoured by the Saviour before men and devils, and they shall hear this glorious sentence: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" and will be favoured with sweet communion with the Three-in-One to all eternity. God, in tender mercy, favour you with more of this communion from above this glorious mercy-seat in this world, that you may be found among this highly-favoured number at last, if God permit, for his name and mercy's sake, through his dearly-beloved Son Jesus Christ. To whom be all glory and praise ascribed, now and for evermore. Amen and amen.

[We cannot forbear calling the special attention of our spiritual readers to the Sermon which we have concluded in the present Number. For clearness of doctrinal statement, for depth and fulness of experience, for simplicity and strength of language, (though evidently the production of an uneducated man,) and for the sweet savour pervading and impregnating the whole, we scarcely know its equal. If any one were to ask what are the views of the "Standard," what one piece would it point to as embodying that with which it desires its pages to be filled, what are the doctrines it desires to be declared, what the experience to be unfolded in them, we could hardly point to any one article which has for some time appeared that so fully represents them as Robins's Sermon on the "Benefits of a Mercy-seat."

We can say this freely, as he has been many years dead, and the sermon has been long out of print. We feel, therefore, a solemn pleasure in enriching with it our pages; and may the God of all grace abundantly bless it to the souls of our readers!]

We say, hunger will break through stone walls. Desperate circumstances make men violent. Thus it is with a convinced sinner. He sees himself in the city of destruction; and Moses has set his house on fire about his ears, as Bunyan says in his "Pilgrim's Progress." Now, he cannot think of God, sin, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, with an air of indifference. No, he is awake. He sees the importance of them. His soul is alive; he feels the weight of them. He finds sin has destroyed him; the law terrifies him. Death stares him in the face; judgment alarms him. He trembles to see hell moved from beneath to receive him. Now his fancied good works, his morality stand him in no stead. He hungers after righteousness. His apprehensions of wrath make him violent. His hunger is keen; he besieges the kingdom of God with eager prayer. He forces his way through every opposition; he breaks through every wall of obstruction, with, "O give me Christ, or I perish! Give me his blood to pardon me, his righteousness to justify me, or I am lost for ever!" This is fleeing for refuge. This is like one escaping for his life, from dreadful flames and devouring fire. This is being violent; such take the kingdom of God by force.—*W. Mason.*

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. III.

I have read and perused the letter of my dear daughter in the faith with a great deal of satisfaction. A sweet unction attended it ; life, light, love, and power appear in it, attended with, as in the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness ; and let long suffering follow. All this is our Beloved's *own* pleasant fruit, which he himself, as the Sun of Righteousness, puts forth, and which he partakes of when he is pleased to come to his garden. It is honey with the honeycomb ; the word which he has spoken himself, and the contents of it, which the Spirit pours out into our hearts. Under this sweet influence, we are meekened, humbled, and melted, and are filled with love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. All these go back to him again in sweet and endearing expressions of love, praise, and thankfulness, which he gladly receives, and returns back again, saying, "Eat, O friends ; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved !" He can receive nothing from us but what he has *first sown* ; he sows in righteousness, and we reap in mercy ; he breaks up the fallow-ground, then we seek him, and never leave off till he comes and rains righteousness upon us.

A deal of the dross, I see indeed, my dear sister, has gone off ; and thus his word is fulfilled, for he has said, that "the filth of the daughter of Zion" shall be purged from her "by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning." Your judgment is past, and you have sung of mercy and of judgment ; and since that, his word has been like a fire shut up in your bones, and at times the flame has kindled, and you have spoken with your mouth. And the word of the Lord tries you, as it did Joseph ; and so it will, till the word of the Lord come again. And he that shall come, will come ; but the just must live by faith, and patience must have its perfect work. After Abraham had patiently endured, he obtained the promise ; and so shall the daughter of Abraham, who looks to Abraham, her father, who believed against hope, and to Sarah, her mother, who by faith received strength to conceive the incorruptible seed, and to bring forth in the appointed time ; and the promise is, that they shall go through the fire and through the water, and out into the wealthy place.

I see nothing in this letter but the footsteps of the flock. It is the strait path wherein you shall not stumble, and the path which will "shine more and more unto the perfect day," when no darkness will ever more appear. Hold him fast, submit to his will, and patiently wait on him. "He hath loved the people ; all his saints are in his hand ; they sit down at his feet, and receive of his words." It is the time now to suffer for awhile, and the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, will, after this is over, make perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle us. And whatever benefit you may have received by so poor and weak an instrument, let the dear Redeemer have *all the praise*, who hath made him to differ, and who indeed has separated him from the rest of his brethren. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and

hated him ; but his bow abides still in strength, and the arms of his hands are in some measure strengthened by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob ; and to him be all the glory for ever and ever. Amen. And I hope you will pray that the blessing of him that dwelt in the bush may be upon his head ; yea, the blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breast and of the womb, may ever attend Joseph.

I had some difficulty to bring myself to write this, as I see your path, your trials, feelings, and comforts, in hand and in expectation, so clearly described and pointed out in these letters. But to comply with your request, I send these lines ; and may God for ever bless my daughter.

J. JENKINS.

While our corrupt nature, derived from Adam, invariably produces its like in endless succession from father to son, there is an entire disconnection with every earthly affinity in the heirs of grace. They are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man ; but of God. Hence, it is no uncommon thing in life for godly parents to have ungodly children ; and so *vice versa*, many, that by regeneration are made godly, have sprung after the flesh from ungodly parents. Grace is not hereditary. Abraham might, and indeed did *wish* for his son Ishmael to have grace ; but Abraham, no more than any other earthly father, could *will* it to him. *Some* of the Lord's chosen have been the children of many prayers from the womb ; while *others* have been brought forth in the very sty of sensuality, and nursed amidst the prayerless and profane. (Ezek. xvi. 3.) And what trophies of grace has the Lord raised to himself in all ages, when from such haunts of licentiousness he has gathered, and stills gathers his children, to people his kingdom !
—*Hawker*.

Love without reason is a mad passion. Profession without love is but “as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal ;” unmeaning noise to others, unprofitable to him that makes it. Love is of God. It is that precious ointment that is poured forth from the Father of love upon the head of our spiritual Aaron, and runs down to the skirts of his garment, even upon all his brethren, the children of love. Love descends from God through Jesus, to us, spreads itself among the brethren, and ascends in grateful odours to the God of love. We are all like Simeon and Levi, brethren in iniquity ; and as with them, so anger and self-will is also found with us. Both are the effect of pride, and are contrary to faith and love. The question is not, Are we perfectly freed from every passion and temper contrary to love ? nor, Are we to expect this from our brethren ? God loves us not as sinless, but as he views us in Christ Jesus. Do we really love the children of God as such—love the members of Jesus purely for his sake ? Instead of indulging, do we curb and resist, watch and pray against our tempers, which are contrary to love ? This is a blessed evidence that the *root* of love is in us.—*W. Mason*.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Dear Sir,—The following letter, containing the substance of a sermon, preached at Deptford, in 1827, was written by the request of our dear friend, Mrs. W. Boorne, an obituary of whom appeared in the April Number of the "Gospel Standard." She was very much blessed in hearing it preached, and had it sweetly brought to her remembrance in her late affliction; and we hope the same blessing may attend the communication of it to others. It was sent in answer to the letter which here precedes it.

Yours truly,

Greenwich.

W. B.

Dear Sir,—I cannot rest satisfied until I have made you acquainted with the Lord's kind and gracious dealings with my soul, that his dear name may be glorified; and you may see that your message was not in vain; for I can say he is a God hearing and answering prayer. It seemed that every word you said was for me. I had this passage on my mind about a fortnight ago, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;" since which time the Lord has seen fit to remove by death a very dear and interesting child. But he has been graciously pleased to send peace into my poor doubting, fearful soul, through the word of his grace delivered by you on Sunday afternoon. Indeed, I can say that the work is begun and is going on in my soul, for the Lord has confirmed me in the belief of the truth that the dear Saviour died for me, and that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life; so that I was constrained to sing the hymn Mr. W. gave out, especially the two first lines,

"Let everlasting honours crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my God,"

which I dared not have done in the morning, for I felt overwhelmed in trouble concerning my state more than because of the death of my child. It appeared to me many times a thing impossible that the work was begun, or that the dear Saviour would ever condescend to look on such a wretch as I felt myself to be. He is faithful to his promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" for I am confident I have found it so.

Last week, when I was petitioning his blessed Majesty to give me some evidence that my dear child was saved, these words came very forcibly into my mind, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." I wondered what the words could mean, as I thought it was not an answer to what I was begging for. But now I can tell, for I feel I have got that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. O Sir, I can freely give up my child, and say, "The Lord does all things well." Her loss is more than made up to me. That which I have

been longing for these eight years, was to know that my worthless name was written in the Lamb's book of life! O how often have I longed to know if he died for me! and now to feel a sweet persuasion of it at such a time as this is an unspeakable mercy. For him who could crush the world to dust in a moment if it were his pleasure, to look on such a poor worm, and more than that, to be one of his favourites; to be one that he will own "in that tremendous day;" it melts my heart and humbles me to the dust, and calls for more gratitude than I can express.

I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in sending this, but I had a desire that you should know that your labour is not "in vain in the Lord," and that he should have the praise. As you obliged Mr. A. with the substance of a discourse in a letter, I should be thankful, and esteem it as a great favour, if you will, when convenient, oblige me with the substance of the one you delivered yesterday afternoon, for I stand in need of confirmation unto the end.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Broadway, Deptford, Oct. 22nd, 1827.

ANN BOORNE.

Dear Friend,—It is with pleasure I reflect upon my last visit to Deptford, because the Lord made it further manifest that there is amongst you a remnant who are of the election of grace, who have his approbation in meeting together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and likewise my being favoured with his sanction in coming to speak in his name. To all such I wish grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The account you saw, sent from Mrs. W. Boorne, I consider to be, "The Lord giving testimony to the word of his grace," so as to cause her with the heart to believe unto righteousness, and with the mouth or pen to make confession unto salvation. May the Lord add unto you a number of such.

As desired, I willingly send you the substance, as near as I can, of the discourse the Lord was pleased to set his seal unto:—

"Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. i. 8.)

The apostle being the means of bringing many at Corinth to the faith, gives thanks to God on their behalf for the grace bestowed on them, and tells them God is faithful by whom they were called to the fellowship of his Son Christ Jesus, and that the Lord would confirm them unto the end. The persons whom the Lord has confirmed and still confirms are called "disciples;" hence the apostles are said to go through the cities where they had preached "confirming the souls of the disciples." These are such as are called "disciples indeed." Disciples indeed are made sensible of the need of divine teaching, and cry to the Lord for wisdom and understanding, and are encouraged to this by him who, because he is good and upright, reaches sinners in the way, who guides the meek in judgment, and

has promised to teach the meek his way. These are taught of the Lord to know their poverty and want, to know the spirituality of the law, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Such are brought to the feet of the Prophet of God's church and people. In Matt. v. we read of Christ's going up into a mountain, and calling his disciples unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Such disciples, thus sitting at his feet, find his word fulfilled in their experience. The word of his grace removes their guilty fears; the word of righteousness silences their accusers; the word of reconciliation brings peace; and by the faith of a Mediator, they find they are brought nigh unto God, and are in a state of friendship with him. These are following on to know the Lord, and such are confirmed unto the end.

The things disciples are to be confirmed in: Some of them need confirming in the doctrines of Christ, in consequence of the temptations they labour under, and on account of the cunning, craftiness of men who lie in wait to deceive the souls of the simple. His doctrines are those of the doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in one God. "I will," says the Son, "pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." The Saviour declared concerning himself, "I am the Son of God;" "I and my Father are one." For this the Jews stoned him, and for this they said he ought to die, and desired sentence against him. He preached the new birth and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, in talking to Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria. He declared the doctrine of remission of sin, and also of justification, and freedom from condemnation and wrath by faith in him. He taught the doctrine of the saints' final perseverance, in his prayer to the Father, saying, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." And we know that he set forth eternal election; our names written in heaven as the greatest ground of a Christian's joy. He rejoiced in spirit; he admired his Father's choice, and his sovereignty in passing by the wise and prudent and revealing his mysteries unto babes. These are the doctrines of our God and Saviour.

Again. We find most of the Lord's people wish to be more confirmed about their interest in Christ Jesus, their part and lot in election, their interest in the love of God, and are much perplexed about the work of grace begun and carrying on in their hearts. Now, the Lord has various means in which he confirms his people. One of the chief is that of the word preached. The Lord has promised them pastors after his own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding; such pastors are furnished with the wholesome words of Christ; are well acquainted with the experience of a Christian; they know the path of tribulation; they speak from the abundance of the heart. The Lord directs them where to go, fur-

nishes them with messages of grace and truth, and attends the word with power.

By attending the ministry of such, weak hands are strengthened, and feeble knees are confirmed. Some who are staggering through unbelief, or the suggestions of Satan, or the delusions of his agents, are established in the truth; others, who doubt of their interest in Christ, pardon of sin, and a state of justification, find faith comes by hearing. At other times, when fearing they are not among the chosen of God, they go from hearing the word rejoicing in this, that their names are written in heaven; and many of the family in darkness, the work of God being obscured and hid, seek light upon their path, and find it; as one prays, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants." Sometimes this confirming work goes on in reading the Scriptures, or some portion being applied with power to the soul; and likewise the reading of godly men's works. Another way in which they are confirmed is by being favoured with answers to their prayers under temptations about their state. They cry to the Lord; the Spirit being the Spirit of supplication, they prevail; by his power they believe, peace flows in, and the Spirit assures them of their adoption, and of the love of God unto them; and this work is to go on to the end. This being the case, you must expect trials and troubles to the end. Some may say these are bad tidings; but it is so decreed, that through great tribulation we must pass in order to stand before the throne and the Lamb. Every appearance of our God in affliction, the help afforded in trouble, and deliverances granted, strengthen, establish, and confirm us: "By these things men live;" and by these means we are assured of the covenant love of our God unto us; and such are brought to believe that he will never leave them, that he will never, no never forsake them. Persons who are thus confirmed unto the end will appear blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This day of the Lord is, when he will come a second time, which will be a very different appearance from that in the days of his flesh. He then appeared as a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" was a poor and needy Man; was buffeted, spit upon, crowned with thorns, and crucified. But when he comes the second time, he will come as the God of Glory, in his glorified humanity, with his glorious attendants, ten thousands of his saints and angels. He will descend from heaven with a shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; the dead in Christ will be raised, and those who remain on earth until he comes will be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

Before his first coming, many were looking out, waiting in hope and expectation of it; and believers are now said to be looking for the fulfilment of his promise, believing he will come. We look for his appearing, and when favoured with comfortable assurance of interest in his great salvation, and are blessed with the light of his countenance, we long for and love his appearance. But he will then come as the Bridegroom of his church. He will come to be admired

¹ glorified in his saints.

He are to be confirmed "unto the end," that we may be blameless

in that day. This will be wonderful indeed, and an unspeakable mercy to be blameless when all the world will be covered with shame and confusion, being found in their sins, when all the world will wail because of him. How widely does the path as well as the end of such differ from that of carnal professors! Some believe for awhile, hearing the word with joy, and then fall away; some go on holding damnable heresies, and others in a vain confidence, having no changes; and of some it is said, they "took their lamps, and took no oil with them;" none of these are acquainted with confirming work. The Lord's people are a tried people. When they are once truly convinced of their sinful, ruined condition, nothing short of a knowledge of salvation, winning of Christ, and being found in him and in his righteousness will satisfy them. These know what it is to be burdened with the old man of sin, and to be in heaviness through manifold temptations, for the trial of their faith; and what with a frowning world, frowning providences, and an evil heart of unbelief, they know what it is to take up their cross daily, in order to follow their Lord. These cannot go on without help and strength from above. Such cannot set light by the means the Lord has appointed; they have an appetite for spiritual food, and, meeting with many things to stagger them, they need confirming unto the end. Their convictions, temptations, and trials, discovering their dross and tin, make the fountain precious; their own deformity makes them prize the righteousness of the Surety, this best robe, the wedding garment. Such being declared by the Lord to be clean, being washed, justified, and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God; such being accepted in the Beloved, and standing complete in him, will be without blame in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. To whom be glory, praise, and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Your willing and affectionate servant in the Lord,
 Mayfield, December 6th, 1827. WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Doubtless our friends the Editor and Publisher have some knowledge of William Abbott. He used to visit Frant, Five Ash Down, Seven-oaks, Waldron, Otford, Deptford, and other places occasionally, to preach. Mr. Fowler republished some of his experience and the substance of a sermon in 1838, which was the year in which he died. The original of the above has been laid by for years, seen only by a few private friends, and we think it may be very acceptable to many. That God may make it effectually so, is the desire of, Yours, &c.,
 W. B.

You read, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 14.) A Legalist would see the Lord *by* his holiness, by the *merit* of it, but he cannot; and an Antinomian would see the Lord *without* holiness, but he must not. Thus, a Christian man can neither see the Lord *without* holiness, nor *by* it; which, though a truth, may seem a mystery to many.—*Berridge.*

A LOVE VISIT.

On a certain evening in December last I was busily employed in my lawful calling with both hands, but my thoughts were equally, if not more active than the members of my body; but they were not joyous thoughts, "but rather grievous." I was bemoaning the great distance that appeared to be between my soul and God, as regards comfortable communion with "him whom my soul loveth." I was not just then doubting my interest in the "covenant ordered in all things and sure," but there seemed to be no spiritual commerce carried on between my soul and heaven; and when this is the case, I am one of those strange beings who cannot "live up to their privileges," but am very restless, and despondency pervades my spirit. I had not "seen the King's face" for many days, and was grieved in mind because he who should have comforted me was removed far distant. As I have already observed, I was bemoaning my sad condition, when all at once I felt a strange melting down; godly contrition began to flow forth, penitential feelings, and the "love of God which passeth all understanding," was being shed abroad in my heart; yea, "it was the voice of my Beloved that knocked, saying, Open to me, my love, for my head is filled with dew." "My Beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him. I rose up to open to my Beloved;" for, he said, "Rise up, my love, and come away." "Where the word of a King is, there is power;" and so I found it, bless his dear name. He gave both "power and will," and glad obedience followed in his train; himself prepared the room. As dear Hart says,

"For shouldst thou stay till thou canst meet
Reception worthy thee,
With sinners thou wouldst never sit—
At least I'm sure with me."

As he turned in to "tarry for a night," I most gladly relinquished my temporal employment; yea, like one of old, I was obliged to "turn aside to weep," being filled with the consolations of the gospel. I wanted vent. I sought seclusion; but tears of love, praise, and gratitude flowed forth so copiously, and the tongue was compelled to "utter forth the memory of his great goodness" in an audible manner, so that this matter could not be hid in a corner. My dear partner came weeping to me, fearing, as she said, that nature with me was about to be dissolved. O how I entered feelingly into those lines by Mrs. Steele,

"Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found."

According to my feelings, had not vent been given through the senses, my body must have burst under the "weight of glory" I then enjoyed.

This display of the love of a triune Jehovah came so opportunely, 't came so unexpectedly, so unlooked-for, making good that glorious

promise, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys." It was a river to swim in. All the words of truth which exalt a blessed Jesus and lift him very high flowed in one continuous course into my soul. I said, "It is enough, Lord; stay thine hand, or 'I die with love.' Or if thou wilt yet pour out the love of thy heart in such copious streams, give strength to bear up under such overwhelming discoveries of thy immortal love, thy all-cleansing blood, and thy glorious merit as my all-sufficient Redeemer; for thou hast indeed 'remembered me in my low estate, for thy mercy endureth for ever.'" Once I felt assured that none of the Lord's family, while in the body, could bear up under the "eternal weight of glory." We must die to prove it in its full meaning. In this case it was unutterable, and passed knowledge. He caused me to be joyful in this day of prosperity; and while his right hand embraced me, his left hand was under my head to support me under the soul-ravishing views I then realized by the power of the blessed Spirit. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." I clearly saw my standing in this "covenant ordered in all things and sure," and how that nothing could separate me from his love. "Once in Christ, in Christ for ever." Thus the eternal union stands. He told me he had many things to say unto me, but that I could not bear them then, but that he would come again and receive me to himself, that where he was, I should be also.

What bowels of mercy I felt to all those "who love the Lord in sincerity," and especially to all who are seeking him sorrowing, the hoping and fearing ones, who have tender consciences and the fear of the Lord implanted in their hearts, by which they "depart from the snares of death!" and how God would, in his own time and way, make good his promise in their experience, where it said, that "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." For myself, I was obliged to say, "O why such love to me? While many of thy dear followers abide many years in the valley of humiliation, how is it, Lord, that thou wilt manifest thyself unto me (who am the least of all saints) in this delightful way and manner?" It is "even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

I was conversant with a dear old man (lately deceased) who had never had a manifestation of God's favour to that degree he longed for until on the verge of Jordan, when he had passed his seventieth year; then, for the first time, the dear Lord softened his heart, and he could approach the mercy-seat with a contrite spirit, and a desire to depart. He had been nearly all his life-time "subject to bondage," but his fears were entirely removed, and not one thing was left which could in the least degree bind him to this world. He told me this himself; and the substance of his humble, yet great faith, may be expressed in two lines,

"My soul into thy arms I cast;
I trust I shall be safe at last."

"This dear man's spirit was richly, yea, pre-eminently, adorned with "the fear of the Lord," that divine preservative, by which his words and actions were hourly and daily tried between the court of tender conscience and him who trieth the "reins of the children of men." If he had said a word too much in conversation, there was no rest for him until it was recalled; had he offended against a brother in word only, no peace could he find until matters were made straight. Would to God there were more of this amongst the "children of light!"

But to return. The dew lay all night upon my branch. I laid me down blessing and praising the Lord for his rich mercy to me, who before had had such hard thoughts of him. I had never realized such a token of love since the time that pardon, peace, and reconciliation through the blood and righteousness of a dear Redeemer, were brought home with divine power to my heart and conscience, which occurred nearly four years since, when I was manifestly sealed an heir of the "promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." These blessed visits are worth waiting for. How they revive the spirit, make "crooked things straight, and rough places plain!" To them "who have no might, he increaseth strength," whereby they come out of the sorrowful chamber "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." At these times a man's ways please the Lord, and he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him; all his foes fly to their dens at the approach of the Prince of Peace when he arises, the sweet morning star of the soul. Lord, unbelief tastes not of the bliss, but is trodden down at the gate of the citadel, for the time being, and all the powers of the mind break forth in sweet harmony and divine melody. "The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" the wintry season of the soul is for a time over and gone, and the flowers appear on the earth. All the graces of the blessed Spirit receive fresh vigour, whereby they are strengthened to receive the next attack from the enemy, "when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." God does nothing in vain. If he grant a respite from spiritual adversaries, and a short cessation of hostilities, it is that we may be duly equipped for that warfare which never ceases finally,

"Till death, which puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin."

As our day is, so shall our strength be. I have ever found that after the day of prosperity, the day of adversity succeeds it. By these things men live and fear before the Lord, and in all "these things is the life of my Spirit." However some may despise frames and feelings, I can truly say,

"Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more."

Surely it is far wide of the mark for the Lord's family to be accused of living upon frames and feelings, so as to forget the Author

and Giver ; as one justly observed, that he would travel fifty miles to see those characters who could sit down contented because they were hungry and thirsty.

“To see good bread and wine
Is not to eat and drink.”

There can be no real satisfaction of mind until we drink for ourselves of that river which “maketh glad the city of God ;” and I am sure such a soul will not be so taken up with the streams as to be entirely forgetful of the fountain. For myself, I can truly say that I highly prize the smallest token for good, and do feelingly exclaim with dear Hart,

“Lord, let thy visits oftener be,
Or let them longer last ;
I can do nothing without thee ;
Make haste, my God, make haste.”

That the Lord may bless his dear, tried followers in all places of his dominions, and in his own time bring them “to the light, that they may declare his righteousness,” is the prayer of,

March 10th, 1853.

NATHANIEL.

Before that the Lord matriculated me in his university, the numberless bounties he showered upon me were for the most part undiscerned from what quarter they arose. The blessings came, but the hand which dispensed them was hidden from my short-sighted view in the cloud of the Lord's own gifts. Neither was this all ; for in the unhumbed pride of my fallen nature, like Israel of old, I was tempted to suppose that much of my own deservings might be traceable in my mercies. (Deut. viii. 17.) But in the divine school, at the very first trammels of education, the axe is at once laid at the root of the tree of all creature attainments and creature confidences.—*Hawker*.

O distressed soul, whom do you dread? To whom do you tremble to approach? Is there anything so terrible in a crucified Redeemer, in the Lamb that was slain? If you carry your soul, almost sinking under the burden of its guilt, to lay it down at his feet, what do you offer him, but the spoil which he bled and died to recover and possess? And did he purchase it so dearly, that he might reject it with disdain? Go to him directly, and fall down in his presence, and plead that misery of yours which you have now been pleading in a contrary view, as an engagement to your own soul to make the application, and as an argument with the compassionate Saviour to receive you. Go and be assured, that where sin has abounded, there grace shall much more abound. (Rom. v. 20.) Be assured that if one sinner can promise himself a more certain welcome than another, it is not he that is least guilty and miserable, but he that is most deeply humbled before God under a sense of that misery and guilt, and lies the lowest in the apprehension of it.—*Doddridge*.

THERE I WILL MEET WITH THEE.

My dear P.,—I am, through mercy, well in my health, and hope you and the family are so likewise. No doubt you find some trials, but that is no new thing to us. What a mercy it is we have found that which raises our souls at times above them, which is where Christ sits, at which place sweet communion with the Father of all mercies and God of all consolation is found! Things often appear so dark and so perplexing as to bring us to our wits' end, and make us stagger like drunken men. We then find no refuge left but that which our blessed Lord has provided, which is a refuge from the storm—Himself, and his blessed work revealed to the troubled soul by the divine Spirit. It is no human aid, no native strength can help a soul at such a length. In the first promise lies the seed which is to

“Break down Satan's power,
And raise us up in some blest hour.”

The time is fixed by God, who cannot lie. He works to reveal his power and make known his love with, “Yea, I have loved thee.” Blessed salutation! It cannot be, then, but that he loves me now, and loves me evermore. In darkness, in sore temptations, in heavy afflictions, it is best understood; it is then he reveals his secrets, and proves they are with the righteous: “I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry; and I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory.” Zion is a compact and strong city. It has been often attacked by all the force and rage of Satan and his powers; but never until they can undermine the Corner-stone can they break down any part of the building; and every attempt made to do it writes more plainly thereon, “It is a building of mercy.” “But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him;” “I have said, that Mercy shall be built up for ever.”

How truly indebted are we for every spiritual blessing to him who has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ, he having thus secured them all to us and us to him, not in part only, which satisfies the carnal professor, whose heart is bound in the world and worldly things. But not so the longing soul. Christ Jesus unto the church is made of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. This is all, and enough; but there is not enough without all; an aching void is found till Christ is formed in the heart the hope of glory. The Holy Spirit is the sanctifier, who reveals unto the sinner the need of, and blessings in, the righteousness of Christ, which is imputed to the soul, and both in the name of the Father and of the Son, he being in essence with them one: “For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.”

Thus I say he, the Sanctifier of the church of the living God, purges their consciences from dead works, from the guilt and filth

of sin, creates a clean heart, and renews in them a right spirit. Real repentance does he produce in the heart, when he shows that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, and the love of God is shed abroad in the soul. A tender conscience is the effect of his indwelling, which is ever found attending the fear of the Lord. Real freedom does he produce in the soul. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, as a Spirit of adoption, there is liberty. With open face we behold then, as in a glass, the glory of God, and are changed in the same image. A broken-hearted, humbled sinner, and a gracious, loving-hearted, bruised Saviour, meet; such a meeting I firmly believe will take place in this world with all who are blessed, as I am certain will in the realms of eternal glory, the one being an evidence of the other. Thus the church has said, does say, and shall say, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." It is not in her own strength, but that of her beloved Lord's: "He put his hand in by the hole of the door."

Love to all dear friends, and accept my purest affections.

Brighton, May 4th, 1824.

W. S.

If a natural man were admitted into heaven, he could find no pleasure or satisfaction there; all the joys of that blessed place would be to him tasteless and insipid, and afford him no more happiness than concerts of music to a deaf man, or a variety of colours to a man born blind; yea, such an one would rather flee to hell for company like himself than stay in heaven to be tormented and tantalized with pleasures whereof he could have no relish or enjoyment.—*W. Hammond.*

But to suppose the worst, what if you were really the vilest sinner that ever lived upon the face of the earth? What if your iniquities *had* gone up into the heavens every day, and your transgressions *had* reached unto the clouds; (Rev. xviii. 5;) reached thither with such horrid aggravations, that earth and heaven should have had reason to detest you as a monster of impiety? Admitting all this, "is anything too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. xviii. 14.) Are any sins of which a sinner can repent, of so deep a dye that the blood of Christ cannot wash them away? Nay, though it would be daring wickedness and monstrous folly, for any "to sin that grace may abound," (Rom. vi. 1,) yet had you indeed raised your account beyond all that divine grace has ever yet pardoned, who should "limit the Holy One of Israel?" (Ps. lxxvii. 41.) Or who shall pretend to say, that it was impossible that God might for your very wretchedness choose you out from others, to make you a monument of mercy, and a trophy of hitherto unparalleled grace? The apostle Paul strongly intimates this to have been the case with regard to himself; and why might not you likewise, if indeed the chief of sinners, obtain mercy, that in *you*, as the chief, "Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who shall hereafter believe?"—*Doddridge.*

“WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH UP FROM THE WILDERNESS, LEANING UPON HER BELOVED?”

My dear Friend,—The blessing of the God of Israel rest upon you. Grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied.

Fellow-pilgrim to the celestial city, dear sister beloved in Christ, not having heard from you for some time, and having heard that you have been sick, nigh unto death, I now write to you to inquire how it is with you, hoping you are better. Are the consolations of God with you but small, or is your spirit triumphant in Christ, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed in us? Many things we find by the way to draw our hearts, and eyes, and minds from and off a precious Christ. I say a *precious* Christ, because I have felt him so; and I believe my friend has so too. Blessed be God for that. The way to heaven is rough and thorny, but sure. The best way to prove this is by experience. Experience teaches; and all whom God teaches, he teaches to profit. Afflictions, sorrows, losses, crosses, disappointments, vexations, bereavements, and trials of every sort and name are found in this way, and teaches us this lesson, that “this is not our rest.” Thanks to God it is not; if it were, it would be a poor rest indeed. Gospel precepts, exhortations, commands, assurances, promises, and invitations, prove to us what the secret mind of Jehovah is concerning us. Every stripe of his rod shows to us his divine displeasure at sin, and teaches us how bitter and evil a thing it is to sin against his holy and gracious majesty.

The end of every manifestation is the development to us of divine decrees and purposes. The heart’s love of a precious Christ felt within the breast teaches and inspires us to all holy acts of obedience, melts down the hardest heart, subdues the most refractory and rebellious will, removes every fear of death, loosens the affections to all things here below, bows down the mind to divine sovereignty, and endears the dear object of our heart’s delight to our souls far more than tongue can tell or pen can describe. The blood of Christ felt in the conscience proves its power to cleanse from all sin. God’s denials discourage and are pricking thorns to our flesh; but our necessities compel us still to pray. His delays are not denials; he denies whatever is asked for amiss. He delays, to make us more importunate, and the blessing sweeter when it comes. He answers, to encourage us still to ask of him more. He gives, to receive his own back with usury, and lets down a drop of heaven now and then into our hearts to strengthen faith, encourage hope, and sweetly to assure our souls that the promised rest above does indeed and of a truth remain for us.

Thus whom God teaches, what blessed profiting will be the result. God has taught me the truth of these things by experience. How blessed, how trying it is to be under divine teaching; how peaceful and glorious will be the end thereof! And all God’s children shall be thus taught to know their Shepherd’s voice, to know his great salvation by feeling experience, to try the spirits, to know

the power of atoning blood in their hearts, to bow and kiss the rod, and to love, and serve, and glorify their dear Redeemer God below, in hope to reign with him above; and great shall be the peace of his children.

Is my friend weakly in body? So am I. Is she passing through Zion's furnace? So am I. Is she despised, afflicted, and counted by many the offscouring of all things to this day? So am I. Has she been near to the door of death, and yet preserved and raised up again? So have I. Has she tasted the joys of heaven on earth? So have I. Does she often lament her leanness, and mourn under the hidings of God's countenance? So do I. Does her flesh often fret beneath the chastening hand of her loving, gracious Lord? So does mine. Is she the subject of so many changes, oppositions, fightings, strugglings, and contradictions within, that she is a complete wonder to herself? So am I. Does she count all vanity under the sun, and often long to be with Christ at home? So do I. Does she feel many drawbacks? So do I. Has she many weights to carry about her? So have I. Is she often increasing them, while she longs to lay them aside as she runs? So am I. Does she feel at home, and sometimes most blessedly comforted too, amongst God's dear despised praying family? So do I. And will she feel right well satisfied when she is safe with Christ to sin no more? So shall I.

Ah! my dear afflicted friend, how blessed it is to be a Christian, a follower, a lover of Christ! "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." A curious way to make his love known, is this, say some. True, a wise and blessed way too. Love made known in the fire is heart-breaking, soul-killing, world-crucifying, and God-glorifying love. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and a heart opened by and taught of God let him understand, and covet to feel more and more of this love and its blessed effects, and be satisfied, willing, and desirous to attain to a feeling, experimental acquaintance with the heavenly mystery; at any rate God wills he should, though it may be through floods of sorrow, trouble, and woe, and fires of temptation, tribulation, and anguish; for if a man would give his body to be burned for the divine favour, it would be utterly contemned and unavailing.

The Lord so instruct and lead my friend into the whole will of God, and his grace so sweetly resign her thereunto beneath the unction of the Holy Ghost, and the droppings of Jesus' blood, the effects of Jehovah's love, that her soul, and heart, and tongue may sing in the furnace, be still under every chastening, glory in Christ and his cross, esteem this world not worth her notice, count every trouble, every pain, every sorrow, every groan, one in the appointed number less, and rejoice in prospect of singing in sweetest strains above the theme which divine grace has taught our souls below, "To him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen."

I would, my Lord, thy chast'nings bear,
 In hope above thy crown to wear.
 O give me grace sufficient, do,
 And make me more than conqueror too.

I would be taught at thy dear feet,
 And know and do thy will complete;
 I'd live and die in thy embrace,
 And live and sing in heaven thy praise.

I would be found among the saints,
 And mingle mine with their complaints;
 I crave a lot with them and thee,
 With Christ to dwell, from sin set free.

I'd show the world whom 'tis I love;
 I'd always feel my heart above;
 I'd spend my days to honour thee,
 Who has done such great things for me.

I've sung the theme now sung above;
 I've wept and sung, "My God is love;"
 I surely then shall praise him there.
 Then farewell world, and sin, and care.

No soul that's out of hell can be
 More worthless, Lord, than sinful me.
 That grace which saved me still can save
 The vilest soul this side the grave.

Since I have mercy found while here,
 No needy sinner need despair;
 Love undertakes the blackest case,
 And saves the chosen all by grace.

Praise to the Father, God of love,
 Praise to the Son, our Friend above;
 Praise to the Spirit, God of power,
 Praise him, my soul, for evermore.

My friend will perceive that I can scarcely leave the subject, but as time admonishes and business calls, I must.

Our kind love to you in Christ Jesus, to the D—— friends, and to our dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. They will kindly bear with me a little longer; I have not written to them lately, as I have so many hindrances. This favour I am obliged to beg of all my friends, till their patience seems at times almost worn out.

Patience is a precious grace; it is hard to be learned and hard to be maintained. It works experience, and surmounts many difficulties. Experience makes fools wise, and works hope; hope remains to the end, expects all God has promised, is an anchor to the soul, and "maketh not ashamed," because the love of Christ is shed abroad in the heart. Christ revealed in the heart is the sum total of the blessed apostle's mystery, and the love of Christ shed abroad therein the climax of all blessedness. This also I have learned by experience; experience teaches.

Adieu, my fellow-traveller, let us see you or hear from you soon. Lean all your weight on our Beloved's arm. Come up out of the wilderness. The heavenly land is in sight. Diseases, afflictions,

and death are the heavenly Husband's servants. Fear not; thy God lives for ever, and we shall reign with him above. We are, through mercy, much as usual. Farewell.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, May 26th, 1852.

G. T. C.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

It is indeed wonderful, and beautiful, and comforting beyond description, to know that we are chosen of God! The rising above this world, forgetting everything but that all our sins are forgiven; the thought that we have the same witness as Abel and the prophets, "If the Son shall make you free, ye are free indeed," for the words to come with force, and without a doubt, "free indeed;" to be mourning over our sins and praying for the Lord to deliver us, and happen to open the Bible, and the eye to fall upon the words, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works;" to pray day and night for God to bless us, and to be answered, "As a prince thou hast power with God and man, and hast prevailed;" (this is an unknown tongue to the world, and to the mere professor fanaticism and enthusiasm;) to be in the house of God inquiring of the Lord, and to be answered by the minister in the pulpit as if the minister knew our thoughts; (it seems almost incredible, and sometimes it appears to me almost presumption, and I then pray forgiveness for my presumption;) to find the scripture, "Before they call I will answer," strictly true; as soon as the thought comes to pray to be answered; to have those words forcibly applied, "I have put my words in thy mouth," and, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," and this really to come to pass; to be lifted up by the beautiful promises contained in the Scriptures, and after all this to be humbled to the dust; to be completely barren, not able to bring a scripture to mind, to read parts we have had so much comfort from, and they to appear, as it were, a dead letter, stripped of everything but life, and a waiting for the Lord to lift up the light of his countenance upon us, saying, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and praying for deliverance, and after all this for the Lord to manifest himself to us brighter and stronger than ever, to have more heavenly feelings and assurances; are not these changes? are not these evidences of a child of God?

A STUDENT.

On Sundays we march to church in our best clothes, and are decently seated in pews, which are swept every Christmas. Aged people look grave enough, but the young ones stare about them, and are peeping at every one who steps into the church; for we keep dropping in all prayer-time. And, during the sermon, some listen, others giggle; and, when the weather waxes warm, a few are half awake, and the rest are fast asleep.—*Berridge*.

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. T. WALSH, LATE OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

Grace, as manifested in the call of every vessel of mercy, is equally sovereign and discriminating; but this divine sovereignty appears, at least in our eyes, to shine forth more signally conspicuous in some cases than others. Nathaniel was as much an instance of the sovereignty of grace as the thief on the cross; yet the guileless Israelite, praying under the fig tree, appears a more suitable object for divine mercy to visit than the murderous accomplice of Barabbas. Saul of Tarsus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, seemed farther from the kingdom of God than meek-hearted John, casting his net into the Galilean lake. Yet once admit the completeness of the fall, and that all are alike dead in sin, and the sovereignty of grace is as conspicuous in one as the other. Children of gracious parents, often commended by them to the throne of mercy, accustomed to hear the preached gospel, kept from outward evil, subjects perhaps of early convictions, and impressed with the necessity of a divine work on the soul, seem nearer to the kingdom of heaven, though not really so, than those who have never heard of spiritual religion except as a thing to be ridiculed and despised.

The subject of the following memoir was in the latter class, not in the former, and therefore in appearance a more conspicuous instance of divine sovereignty. Her parents being yet alive, and highly estimable persons, besides having always manifested much love and affection to their deceased daughter, we feel forbidden to say anything to their disparagement, beyond the circumstance that, like most worldly people, they were, at the time the Lord began his work upon her soul, staunch advocates for the Establishment, and hostile to dissent under every form. They of course brought up their family in the principles entertained by themselves, and, possessing ample means, gave their children the benefit of an excellent education.

Their daughter Caroline, the subject of this memoir, came home from school in the year 1842 or 1843, when about seventeen years of age, and being of pleasing person and manners, and full of spirits, was just upon the eve of being launched ("brought out," as the term is) into the gay world. But about this time a half-sister of hers, who was married and settled at some little distance, began to manifest a concern about religion, chiefly, we believe, through the instrumentality of various sermons in the "Penny Pulpit" which had fallen into her hands. Feeling a desire, therefore, that her only surviving parent (Caroline's mother) might derive benefit also from them, she took them over with her, that she too might read them. Caroline, seeing them much together and reading these mysterious pamphlets, had her curiosity stimulated to discover what they were, and finding some in her mother's room, took them secretly to her own, to read them by herself. It is not for the author of those sermons, the compiler of the present memoir, to say anything more

about them than that in this mysterious manner the God of all grace was pleased to begin his work on her heart, using them as the means of opening her eyes and turning her from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; for these sermons made a deep impression on her mind, and powerfully arrested her attention. Let it be borne in mind that up to this time she had been, though exceedingly amiable, a carnal and worldly girl, full of life and high spirits, and, from her sweet temper and cheerful and obliging disposition, the idol of her domestic circle; but till these little messengers came into her hands, not only ignorant of vital religion herself, but ignorant even that there was such a thing. As, then, her eyes were now for the first time opened to see eternal realities, her conscience was quickened to feel her state as a sinner before God, and the arrows of conviction pierced her heart.

Being thus brought, as it were, into a new world through the instrumentality of these little messengers, she felt desirous to procure other sermons by the same author, and obtained through her sister, to whom she now opened her mind, and who at that time seemed similarly impressed, a sermon from the same pen, entitled, "Winter Afore Harvest." But if the "Penny Pulpit" sermons had pierced and wounded her conscience, this discourse cut her all to pieces, for it stripped her of all her strength, wisdom, and righteousness, by insisting on the work of the Spirit on the soul, and the utter worthlessness of all natural religion, and filled her mind with such distress that for three months, her brother said, he never saw her smile. She now separated herself almost entirely from her family, except at meals, shutting herself up almost wholly in her own room, reading the Bible and praying and groaning for mercy. Anxious for relief, she now procured more of the "Penny Pulpit" sermons, searching if she could find in them anything to give her a hope of salvation. Sometimes she felt a little encouragement from reading; at other times sank almost to the verge of despair; so much so, that at one time, having been reading the word of God, and feeling, as she thought, that she was the character against whom the Lord had indignation for ever, in a flood of tears, and a heart broken with a sense of her sin and guilt, she gave up her Bible and Hymn Book to her mother, saying, "Take these, dear Mamma, they will be of no more use to me, and may the Lord make them a blessing to you, for there is no mercy for me." But as these miserable feelings of despair gave way, she could not but resume searching the Scriptures and seeking mercy where alone it could be found.

As Caroline became more and more exercised about her own state, her eyes began to be opened to see the formality of the services of the Church of England, and she felt it a great trial to attend them. But about this time the family went down to the sea-side, and on the first Lord's Day of their arrival there, her father called upon them all to go to church. All being ready to go except Caroline, he insisted, in spite of all her remonstrances, that she should accompany

them. She felt compelled to obey, but cried much on her way thither, and whilst at church read her Bible most of the time, at intervals crying and praying to the Lord to deliver her from partaking in such mockery and hypocrisy, and feeling a determination, whatever might be the consequence, to go to church no more. When they returned home, she made this determination known to her mother, and, notwithstanding the opposition she met with, carried it out, and seldom, if ever, entered the doors of the church again. She possessed naturally much firmness and decision of character and great integrity and honesty of mind; so that when once a thing was commended to her conscience as right, she was enabled to adhere to it at any risk, cost, or sacrifice. But consider her situation; living in the bosom of a worldly family, plied with every weapon of remonstrance and ridicule, with scarcely a spiritual friend or companion to encourage her, or the ministry of the gospel to help her, struggling against her dearest connexions, and sunk in her own soul with distress and despondency. What but the power of grace and the fear of God in her heart could have maintained her in this spot? But guilt of conscience and deep earnestness about her soul were means, in the Lord's hands, of keeping her close to the throne of grace, and preserving her from being turned aside from the strait gate and narrow way. She was very fearful of self-deception in the things of God, and about this time addressed a letter to the Editors of the "Gospel Standard," under the signature of "Much Afraid," ("Gospel Standard," June, 1844, Vol. X., p. 178,) requesting an answer to the inquiry, "How the voice of Conscience can be distinguished from the voice of Satan?"

Thus, though surrounded with every earthly comfort, she had neither rest nor peace, often wishing she had been anything in creation so that she had not an immortal soul; and walking the fields and lanes under these feelings of distress, truly she dwelt alone, and was not numbered with the nations. The first time, we believe, that she derived any solid, lasting comfort, was from a sermon in the "Penny Pulpit" by Mr. Gadsby, from the text, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." In reading this sermon the Lord blessed her with a sweet hope in his mercy. But her deliverance, if our memory serve, for we have heard her relate it, was in her own bed-room. We have not a distinct recollection of the words which were then applied to her soul; but in some lines written by her in an after period, we find the following allusion to this manifestation of pardoning love, and to the words then spoken to her soul:

"Once when my soul was sore oppress'd,
Bow'd down with guilt and sin,
'Fear not, thou trembling soul,' thou saidst,
'Thy sins are all forgiven.'

"My soul did then o'erflow with love
To thee, dear Lord, and thine;
But often now thou standst aloof;
I cry, and sigh, and pine.

"I fear thou'lt never more return.
What anguish fills my breast!
I want thee as my all in all,
My peace, my joy, my rest."

Early in the year 1845, her grandmother, a person advanced in life, who had also for some years manifested a concern for her soul, and had a love for the truth, learning something of the distress of mind which Caroline was experiencing, made her a proposal to go and live with her at a neighbouring town. She eagerly replied, "No, I will not go there; but if you will take a house in Stamford, I will go and live with you there, because I can then hear the gospel preached, and I cannot bear the idea of going anywhere but to some place where I can sit under the truth." Her grandmother consented, and a house was taken in Stamford solely and entirely for the sake of hearing the gospel. Considered in a worldly point of view, this was a great sacrifice for Caroline to make; for though a very kind and affectionate person, her grandmother was old, infirm, and of very eccentric habits, and the change from a house in the country, surrounded with every comfort, to a little close cottage in the heart of a town, was a great transition to a young woman in the prime of life, and brought up as she had been; but concern for her soul, and desire to hear the word, and to have the society of those who feared God, made all such sacrifices light. Nor was she once heard to complain or murmur, though continually in circumstances very distasteful to the natural mind, and very different from what she had been accustomed to from childhood. After residing some little time in Stamford, and becoming acquainted with the friends, some of whom felt much union with her, she expressed a desire to be baptized and join the church. This was not at first acceded to, as it was thought desirable for her to wait till the work was more fully proved; but as her mind became more and more impressed with the ordinances of God's house, her request was listened to, and she came before the church, when the simple, touching manner in which she related the dealings of the Lord with her soul, carried with it that weight and power which moved every heart towards her, and she was received unanimously as a candidate for baptism. On May 3rd, 1846, the pastor of the church baptized her, and she was received into the church.

Her residence at Stamford lasted about two years, during which time she maintained a most consistent walk, and became much beloved by the friends from the sweetness of her disposition, as well as her tenderness of conscience and spirituality of mind. In her natural manner there was something singularly frank and pleasing, and with the poorer friends a freedom from stiffness, coldness, and pride, which made her and them quite at home together; and as her delight was to converse on the things of God, she would often go and sit with them at their houses as opportunity served, though far from being a gad-about and busy-body in other persons' matters. The state of her mind when at Stamford may be gathered from the

following letters, addressed to a female friend there and a member of the church, to whom she was much attached:

"My dear Friend,—I am very glad to hear that you and all the dear friends at Stamford are well. Believe me it is not 'out of sight out of mind,' for I often think of you, particularly at such times when I know you are together in the chapel. I indeed long at such times to be with you, though last Lord's Day I seemed to have a little enjoyment in my solitude, (for I spent most part of the day in my bed-room,) and as it was the first time since my arrival that I had any comfort, I prized it doubly. I seem to have had of late a solemn weighing up of my religion; you know what I mean, a separating between natural and spiritual religion; between presumption and true faith; between real, heartfelt prayer and mere expression of the lips; and between the workings of the natural conscience, which admits of evil in smaller matters, and the workings of a conscience made tender by God, which hates and loathes evil in every shape and form. You know how very solemn such times are. My heart sank within me as I discerned how often I thought evil good, and have mistaken natural for spiritual feelings. How self mixes with everything! When I speak a word with a desire for God's glory, I find a secret aiming at the exaltation of self. How miserable all this is! I want, when I look into my heart, or rather am enabled rightly so to do, to find things right instead of wrong; not that I expect to find any good thing in my natural heart, but I want to see more of the Spirit's work going on; to find myself guided in everything by right motives; to find that all my thoughts, words, and actions are solely for the glory of God; and though I can say it is the fervent desire of my heart that it should be so, yet it seems to be little further than desire. But a sense of my helplessness and unfruitfulness humbles me. I can find it at least does me that good, and seems to press me onward to the Lord to seek help of him, to beg of him if I am wrong to set me right at *any* cost, and to

'Smile me into fruit, or chide
If no milder means will do,'

which are two lines I cannot always say. Finding all this working within also prevents my looking to or relying on self. Dear friend, whoever may glory in self, *I never can*, for I hate myself most truly, and it forces my soul, naked and helpless, to seek to the dear Lord for clothing; nor does he disappoint me; for though I have had of late no particular testimony, yet I feel it to be a blessed thing to pour out the desires of my soul before him, and to have a hope in his dear name, which I would not exchange for all the world can offer. Perhaps you may feel interested in knowing whether anything had occurred to produce the solemn feelings. I know of nothing but this. A farmer in our village, a man of dissolute habits, last Sunday week came here with a bad hand, having been stung; in a few days he was thought to be dying; he was terribly frightened, and seemed quite brought down; he had despised religion before. However, contrary to expectation, he has recovered, and he goes on just the same as ever. I thought, when I heard of it, how possible it is to have convictions, and merely natural convictions. Am I sure that the Spirit has really taken me in hand?

"Aug. 13th, 1846."

"Yours very affectionately,

"CAROLINE.

"My dear Friend,—I have just been reading over your letter. I am sure you were much favoured in writing, as I was the first time in reading it, for I was obliged to keep putting it down to give vent to my feelings. I thought much of you last Lord's Day. I knew it was ordinance day, and I felt quite uncomfortable that I could not be with you; but in the evening the Lord so blessed my soul that I counted myself happy indeed. I was completely melted down in love and affection toward a dear and suffering Saviour. I had such a sense of union with him and such heartfelt communion with him, as I cannot describe. I was more than two hours in my room, feeling that I could

not leave it, and so sweetly was I blessed in pouring out my soul, that I knew not how to leave off. The words that were spoken to my heart, and which had so sweet an effect, were, 'Thou art mine.' I did not care to find them in the Bible, for I knew they were there, and just what I wanted. I had been down stairs previously, and seemed led to meditate on the Saviour's sufferings, when my soul felt so melted that I hastened to my bed-room, and while on my knees was favoured with a sense of access to him. I told the Lord all my fears; that I feared even this melting down might be but the produce of natural affections, and I begged that he would satisfy my soul with a testimony of his love. It was then that those sweet words were applied, and indeed I was satisfied; as I said before, I did not know how to leave my room. I got back again as soon as supper was over; and, as my sister sleeps with me, I was glad to get into bed, and put the light out, that I might again give vent to my feelings. I wept myself to sleep for joy; but in the morning I rose with an aching heart, for the Lord's presence seemed to be withdrawn, and I felt vexed that I had gone to sleep. May I not say, dear friend, that the Lord has been gracious to me? for though the feelings are gone, yet the dear Lord is the same, unchangeable in his love, though not always giving testimonies of it; at least we do not perceive it; for rebukes and trials must be equally testimonies of his love. Must they not?

"I am afraid I must leave off, as it is nearly post time. I could write much more. I do not seem to have told you half of what I feel inclined to say; but I must conclude.

"Believe me to remain, dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"Sept. 18th, 1846."

"CAROLINE.

"My dear Friend,—My not having answered your last letter is easily accounted for. When I received it, I found it very suitable, as I was in a low place, waging perpetual warfare with self, and, in spite of all, self frequently getting the victory. I became weary of the conflict, and seemed desirous of a little ease, but the Lord in mercy has not suffered that; so here I am still in a low place, though I have had at times a little revival. Yesterday I felt quite melted down in reading a hymn. I had been reading Romaine's 'Life and Walk of Faith,' which added not a little to my trouble, for he said that 'his interest in Christ was a settled matter, never again to be called in question;' and he writes as though, after a certain time, he never had a doubt, and as though faith were always in exercise. This not being my case, it puzzled me. Mr. P.'s sermons suited me exactly, particularly that one from the text, 'Your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope.' I do not think that the Lord's people, after they have been manifestly delivered, get into despair; it is not possible altogether to forget the past, but dark clouds often do rest on past experience, which exercises the mind with distressing fears; at least it is so with me. I believe I am very weak in faith, yet I have no power of my own to act faith, as it is called, or to strengthen it. I often tried some time back to act faith on promises; but I could not, if it were to save my soul. Now you have found out the cause of my silence. I was waiting to give you a better account, hoping by and by to be raised out of the dust; but in this I am disappointed.

"I hope to see you all before long, if God permit. We expect to be at Stamford in about a week's time. With kind love to our dear pastor and all the friends, who are often in mind and share my best affections, believe me to remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Oct. 20th, 1846."

"CAROLINE.

She resided at Stamford about two years, when, in the providence of God, early in April, 1847, she was led into the North of England, a step which eventually terminated in her marrying and settling there.

As this was a turning point in her life, and we have much still to

narrate of her experience, we deem this a suitable place to suspend the thread of our memoir, hoping to resume it in our following Number.

As we are somewhat pressed for room, several pieces having been for some time in type, we are induced to defer our Review to a following Number.

POETRY.

TO A SUFFERING MEMBER OF THE BODY OF CHRIST.

"A bone of him shall not be broken."—John xix. 36.

Poor suffering limb of Christ, the Head,	The spear that pierced the Saviour's
Beneath the rod of training,	side
Through death's dark valley who art led,	To thee should be a token
And sorrow's dregs art draining,	That, though the flesh be rent and tried,
Lift up thy head thy woes above,	A bone shall not be broken.
Recall what God has spoken;	And as when Satan did his worst,
Though he may wound & bruise in love,	And Christ left dead and gory,
A bone shall not be broken.	The prison gates of death he burst,
Fear not to trust the love and skill	And rose to joy and glory;
Of Christ, the good Physician;	So to the feet as to the Head,
This hand that probes the wound will	This surely does betoken:
heal	Though on the bed of death they're laid,
And mend the soul's condition.	They'll rise to him unbroken.

The first thing that faith does is to knock the brains of reason out.—*Martin Luther.*

Philip was commanded by the angel (Acts vii. 26) to go down toward the south, into the desert. Now, reason would have said, "What is there to go into a desert for? What can there be there?" But faith said, "God has commanded it, and I will obey." So, in the obedience of faith, Philip went. He knew that God would not have commanded it unless he had some important end in view. Reason often says, "If I take such and such a step, such a thing will follow, and then what will come next? and what after that? and where will it end?" But faith says, "It is God's command, and that is enough. I can leave the rest with him." So Philip went into the desert; and behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority, was returning, and sitting in his chariot. And the Spirit said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." And Philip obeyed. The Spirit did not say, "For the man is a chosen vessel to me;" or, "I will make thee a blessing to the man;" no; but simply, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot," thus leading on Philip step by step, without assigning any reason why. And Philip not only obeyed, but ran to him. This was the obedience of faith. And so in the ordinance of baptism. God has commanded it, and faith has to do with the *command*, not with what may follow. Faith is satisfied to leave that, being persuaded that God would not have commanded it at random.—*S. S.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 211. JULY, 1853. Vol. XIX.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

[We insert here the commencement of a curious old history of the call and conversion of a Roman Catholic nearly two hundred years ago, which we think will be found on the whole interesting and edifying. The first part, contained in our present Number, is chiefly introductory, and therefore not so profitable as what will follow.—Ed.]

My father and mother, according to the information I have had, lived in the Strand, at London, where I and my two sisters were born. I heard that I had another brother, but he died in infancy. My father was, as I understood, by trade a whitesmith, and being a good workman, he had a good place of business under King Charles II. He was by profession a Roman Catholic; so was my mother, grandfather, and grandmother, both on father and mother's side, with others of my relations, all of them deeply dyed in the profession of Papistry. We were all born and bred up in that religion. My father died in the prime of his life; he left us small, and I, being the youngest, cannot remember anything of him. He died in England, but my mother soon after went to Holland. She took only me along with her, leaving my two sisters, Dorothy and Elizabeth, with some of our relations about London. She went privately. What was the occasion of her going I cannot tell, unless, as I have thought since, it might be upon the account of her religion; she being, as I have heard, a very zealous woman in her profession, and it being a troublesome time, in the latter end of King Charles II.'s reign, against all those that did not conform to the Church of England; which act, though it was chiefly executed against the Dissenting Protestants, yet the Papists had some share in it. Now, Holland being a place where all enjoy the liberty of serving God according

to their consciences, I conceive this might be one occasion of her going. But, alas! she had not been long there before she fell ill, and grew worse and worse, until she sickened and soon died.

Here I was left in a strange country, among a strange people, away from all my relations and acquaintances, and I myself altogether helpless, for I was so young that I cannot remember my father nor my mother; I cannot remember my going into Holland, nor any of these passages, but what I received something of by information since. But O the goodness of Divine Providence that appeared for me at such a time! "When father and mother had left me," as David says, "then the Lord took me up." The Lord was pleased to stir up and incline the heart of a Papist gentlewoman, who I suppose had some acquaintance with my mother before she died. This woman took me as if I had been her own, and put me out to nurse, and, when I was capable, she put me to school, where I continued until I could read any sort of books in Dutch well. I took my learning, though but a child, eagerly. I was always, I can remember, from the time that I began to read, very bookish; when I saw a book, I had an unsatisfied mind until I knew what was in it.

I was put out to a place where the chapel joined the house. There I was taught to serve mass, to wait at the altar upon the priest. I suppose their design was to have me go further, but Providence ordered it otherwise. I can well remember that then, though but about six or seven years old, I was at times under great conviction. They used to tell me what heaven, hell, and purgatory were. These things made a great impression upon my thoughts then. I was much afraid of hell; the thought of it was terrible to me; I had a great desire that I might go to heaven. Purgatory was very dreadful too; for as they told me, so I believed, that purgatory was as bad as hell, only out of purgatory there was redemption, but out of hell there was none. I was so settled in the principles of Popery, that I verily thought none went to heaven but Roman Catholics; yes, I can remember that I was so zealous, as for forcing others to turn Catholics, for if they were not, they could not be saved.

The gentlewoman who brought me up after my mother's death was very strict with me, and made me say my prayers very often. She gave me beads to pray by, which I was to say through before I gave over, a prayer to every bead, which consisted in three parts: First, the Belief; secondly, the Lord's Prayer; thirdly, prayers to the Virgin Mary. But I had other prayers besides these upon other occasions. Confession of sin I was forced to often; and I remember very well, that if I did not tell the priest all the sins I knew of, if I hid any particular sin, I went under the guilt of it; for I thought it could not be pardoned if I did not confess all my sins unto the priest.

When I was about seven or eight years old, as near as I can apprehend, I was under such convictions, that I used to get by myself in the chapel, when I thought nobody saw me, and fall down before the altar upon my knees, Christ hanging upon a cross just above the altar, in that very form that the Scriptures give us an account of—

a crown of thorns upon his head, with the blood running down his temples; his hands and feet nailed to the cross, and the blood running from thence; a hole in his side made by the spear, the blood seeming to run out abundantly; nothing covered his naked body but a small thing like a linen cloth, or swathe, round about his middle. This was not like a picture drawn by the painter, but a solid body, so made to the life, that it appeared like a very man, with flesh, blood, and bones, hanging upon the cross; and so affecting to my carnal sense, that I was ready to adore it, as if it had been Christ himself. This image I used to fall down before upon my knees in private, and pray as well as I could. What words I made use of I cannot now remember, but they were to this effect, that I might be saved, my sins pardoned, and that I might not go to hell.

I was such an admirer of pictures, especially the picture of Christ and the Virgin Mary, that I could not forbear giving divine adoration to them; so ignorant was I, that I looked upon it as my duty. Yes, I remember very well how fearful I was to lie alone; but if I had but the picture of Christ or the Virgin Mary at the bed's head, it would quiet me, and remove from me those fears that I was troubled with. I have many times since wondered at my own ignorance in many things that then I was zealous about and verily believed to be true.

In this place I continued until, I suppose, I might be between eight and nine years old, serving mass, waiting upon the priest at the altar, until the beginning of the reign of King James II., and then this gentlewoman wished to come to England, it being a time then that smiled upon the Papists. After she concluded to come, she waited the time and took me along with her. But she had told me that I should go back again with her; and so she had, as I think, told the people where I boarded, for they were very unwilling to part with me; therefore I was to have gone back, unless she could find any of my relations that should not be willing to let me go back, but would take care of me themselves.

Well, at the time appointed, when the vessel was ready to go, we took ship. We came by water first to Amsterdam, and there stayed a little time. I suppose the wind did not set right for England; but at last we set forward, and the wind being troublesome, we were a pretty deal longer upon the water than we should have been. At the latter end of the voyage it was so tempestuous that we were much affrighted; but at last, through the mercy of Divine Providence, we all came safe to shore. I remember I was very sick upon the water. Having landed, we came to London in the hackney coach. When we came to London, the gentlewoman took up her lodging at a painter's house, where we continued some time. The pictures that I saw there were very delightful to me, insomuch that I had a great mind to have been a painter; I did begin to draw but many pictures with my pen. During our continuance here, we used to go to mass to a place about St. James's Park, where we had organs, singing men in their white surplices, burning of incense, and all things delightful to nature. Sometimes we went to other places; having then free

liberty in our way of worship, we went without fear. I sometimes served mass while I was at London. I remember one time a gentleman, whom I met in London some little time after, who had been at our worship when I served mass, spoke very kindly to me, calling me good boy, and gave me sixpence ; this pleased me wonderfully.

But to be as brief as possible. It was not long before the gentlewoman that took care of me heard of and found out some of my relations living in London, who, I suppose, were glad to see me, not knowing whether I was dead or alive, or what had become of me and my mother, she, as I said before, having gone into Holland privately. The relations which this gentlewoman found out were two women, whom I called aunts, their father and my grandmother, my mother's mother, being own brother and sister, all strong Roman Catholics. Well, these took me into their care, provided for me, and put me out to school to learn English, for I could speak nothing but Dutch ; they clothed me from top to toe very genteelly, and seemed to have a very great love and respect for me ; they made me believe that they would put me out to a painter, because I took so much delight in pictures.

Soon after this, the gentlewoman that was as a mother to me returned into Holland, I never having seen or heard of her since. Being thus left with my aunts, as I called them, they put me out to board, for they, being single, lived a retired life, having an estate left them by their father to live upon. Here I continued some time, as I said before, going to school. While here, I committed some fault, as without doubt I had committed many ; but this was something for which I was complained against by the woman I boarded with, and for which I was forced to go to a priest and make confession of my sins. This I remember very well.

Some time after this, I understood that my grandfather and grandmother, and my eldest sister, were living in Derbyshire, at a place called West Hallem. They wanted to see me. My aunts having agreed to send me to my grandfather, there was an end put to my being a painter. When the time appointed came, I was sent into Derbyshire, where I continued some time with my grandfather and grandmother. They were very glad to see me. My sister had a great love for me, and so had I for her ; I thought I loved her as my own soul. My grandfather was very weak, and was forced to keep his bed some years before he died. My grandmother was pretty hearty. She was very religious in her way, and I believe spent the greatest part of her latter time in reading and prayer ; I can remember her going by herself to pray several times a day. My sister would not go out of doors until she had sprinkled her face with holy water. They were strict in their devotions, and, indeed, so was I, according to the blind zeal which I had in my young years ; so that it might be said of us, in some respects, as the apostle said concerning Israel, " We had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." While I continued here, I used to go to school. I went often to a great gentleman's house in the town, who was a Roman Catholic, and used to keep a priest in his house. This priest,

I remember, had a respect for me; and after I had been there some time, he was willing to prefer me to a gentleman's place, to wait upon one Sir Henry Robinson, at Cransley, in Northamptonshire; to which it was agreed that I should go. Thus Providence moved and removed me from place to place, until at last it brought me under the sound of the gospel. But more of that afterwards.

When I came to Cransley, which I suppose might be the eleventh year of my age, Sir Henry put me into a blue livery. I used to go with him when he went abroad, to wait upon him. Sir Henry was a strong Roman Catholic, but his lady was a Church of England woman. We had a priest sometimes in the house with us, yet we often went to Desborough, about a mile off Rothwell, to one Mr. Polton, a great Roman Catholic, who was made a justice of the peace in the time of King James II. Here we used to go to mass and confession of sin. Here a Jesuit used sometimes to preach. To this place Sir Henry R. and I went often, there being none in the family, nor, as I know of, in the town, that professed to be Roman Catholics but ourselves, only sometimes we had a priest with us; but at Desborough Mr. Polton's whole family were Papists, with some others in the town, so that there several met together. Here I continued with Sir Henry R. until he fell distracted, which, I think, was about a quarter of a year before the Prince of Orange landed in England. After this, Lady R. broke up housekeeping, and most of her servants went away. I went to Mr. Polton's, of Desborough, where I continued some time, until I could get a place.

At last I had a mind to go to some trade, and having made inquiry, one George Clarke, living at Cransley, proposed to take me apprentice if I was willing. After some consideration, it was agreed that I should go to him. I had some money to put me out. When I was about being bound, Mr. Polton, I remember, gave charge to my master not to let me work in Christmas holy-days, nor on some saints' days, but let me have my liberty. This pleased me well enough, and so I came again to live at Cransley. This was, I suppose, about the twelfth, or between the twelfth and thirteenth years of my age.

After I had lived here a little time with my master, I understood he was a Dissenter, and went to the meetings; yet sometimes he would go to the church, but chiefly the other way. By this time I had grown very loose and vain; the convictions which I had in my younger time about a future state and the salvation of my soul, I had lost. I was for taking my pleasure with my companions, and spending the Lord's Day wickedly. But my master, who had something of religion in him, not liking that I should spend my time so vainly upon the Lord's Day, would be solicitous for me to go along with him, and sometimes I did. The first place I went to was Kettering meeting, where one Mr. Meadwell preached, but he being old and very low in his voice, I could neither understand nor well hear what he said. But sometimes my master went to Rothwell, and would have me go along with him there, and accordingly I did. This was some little time before Mr. Davis came. I think the man I then heard, whom

I suppose they had upon trial, was one Mr. Harris. I thought the man preached well, and looked with a sober, solid countenance; but, alas! I do not remember that I understood anything any more than the ground I stood upon. Soon after this, Mr. Davis came. We went to hear him; he had a good voice, and a thundering way of preaching, which I was pleased with. I used to wonder at one thing, and that was their sitting with their hats on while they were hearing, which I thought was not right. Yet in the little time that I heard them, I thought, and was convinced so far as to believe, that they were good people. Yet all this while I was ignorant of Christ and of salvation by him; ignorant of myself and the plague of my own heart.

But at this time Lady Robinson coming to her house at Cransley, she heard that I went with my master to the meeting. She sent for me, and when I came, she blamed me very much, and told me what bad people they were, and what grievous errors they held, therefore she would have me go to the church, promising that she would be very kind to me if I would not go to the meetings. I verily believe she had rather I had been a Papist still than that I should go to the meetings. She gave me a prayer-book and a catechism-book; and told me to learn my prayers and my catechism by heart, and when I had learned them to come to her again, and she would give me something; and be sure I came to the church. So what with her threatenings on the one hand, and her promises on the other, I, having no principles to guide me, was beaten off from going to the meeting for some time; nor do I know that I should have gone any more, had not God had, I hope, a design of mercy towards me, who, by his gracious providence, brought me under the means again. My lady having prevailed with me, I went to the church, nor had I inclination then of going elsewhere; but our parson was a very indifferent living man, so that the very light of nature would convince me that he was not a good preacher. There appearing no good in him, no good was to be expected from him, which made me, with some others of our town, go to Thorpe, a mile off, where one Mr. Courtman preached. This man was reputed to be a good preacher and of a good conversation. Here I used to go sometimes because others went, not out of any love I had to the word of God, nor any concern I had about my soul; neither can I remember that I understood what the man preached. Now, as long as I went to the church, and not to the meeting, my lady was well enough satisfied; but, alas! a poor ignorant, carnal creature I was, that knew not the right hand from the left in salvation matters, neither had I any concern about these things.

I remember that I was dismally frightened on the day called "Running Thursday," when there was a rumour all over the nation that the French or Irish had landed in England, and that they killed, burnt up, and destroyed all the way that they went. This was in the beginning of King William's reign. About us where I then lived it was said to be on a Thursday, and therefore called "Running Thursday," though I have heard since that in some places it was not

till Friday. A very terrible time it was while the fright lasted. I expected to be killed; but, alas! I cannot but wonder since how stupid and senseless I was about my soul. I cannot remember that I had in all that terrible fright a thought either of salvation or damnation; I was only afraid of losing my life. Thus I went on, in a poor carnal way of life, being at ease, and satisfying myself all was well enough as long as I went sometimes to the church.

As for the religion I was born and bred up in, it was quite lost, and the conviction that I had in my younger time, when a strong Roman Catholic, was worn off; neither was I willing to be counted a Papist any longer, because that name was not much countenanced among us after the Prince of Orange was proclaimed King of England.

About this time, I remember, a fire broke out at Thorpe, where I used to go to hear; the fire was violent and did much damage. The neighbouring towns being alarmed, I went among the rest, and was frightened to see how terribly the fire burned. This a little stirred up conviction in me again. Well, thought I, I will endeavour to take Lady Robinson's counsel, and say my prayers and learn my catechism, and then I thought that God would be pleased with me. And then there was another thing which was taken notice of, and that was, that the fire missed the parson's house, although it was very near it; and I think I heard them say that the fire flew over his house, and set Mr. Mansfield's barn on fire, which had a great deal of grain in it, and was but a little way off the parson's. This begat in me a better thought of Mr. Courtman.

(To be continued.)

God's people are never more in a thriving state of soul than when they are carrying the cross; it is the delight of the Holy Spirit to pull down the pride of self, and to build up the glory of free grace. The lightest feather of affliction that can be laid upon the back of our patience will break us down if God's Spirit is not by to support us.—*Romans.*

O doleful, uncomfortable, helpless state! O wretch that I am, to have reduced myself to it! Poor, empty, miserable, abandoned creature! Where is my pride, and the haughtiness of my heart? Where are my idle deities, whom I have loved and served, after whom I have walked, and whom I have sought, (Jer. viii. 2,) whilst I have been multiplying my transgressions against the Majesty of heaven? Is there no heart to have compassion upon me? Is there no hand to save me? "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me," (Job xix. 21,) hath seized me! I feel it pressing me hard, and what shall I do? Perhaps they *have* pity upon me; but alas! how feeble a compassion! Only if there be anywhere in the whole compass of nature any help, tell me where it may be found! O point it out; direct me towards it; or rather, confounded and astonished as my mind is, take me by the hand and lead me to it!—*Doddridge.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE W. GADSBY.

Dear Friend,—I just drop this line to say, that through the kind providence of God I got safe home on Friday, the 20th, and I thought myself much better for my journey; but we have had some very trying weather here since I came home, and I am now much worse than I was when at Leicester. This morning it is very fine, and I have been out, but can scarcely walk for want of breath. O that my soul were blessed with a little more of the divine breathings of God the Holy Ghost, that my soul may be blessedly wafted to solemn intercourse with a Three-One God!

I have been looking over and thinking upon Hab. iii. 2, and really I feel a needs-be for the Lord to revive his own work in my poor soul. It is very blessed when a sweet reviving does take place; when prayer is really pleading with God, as a man pleads with his friend; when praise and adoration are spiritual, heavenly, and divine; and when faith enters into and derives life and virtue from the Lord Jesus Christ, and can take a spiritual view of and solemnly enter into a glorious measure of the electing love of God the Father, the redeeming love of God the Son, and the quickening, enlightening, believing, anointing, teaching, sealing love of God the Holy Ghost, and can, under the divine unction of the Spirit, feelingly trace a glorious measure of the person, relationship, offices, characters, names, fulness, and blessedness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the soul can really and spiritually feel its own interest in the whole. I say, when this is the case it is very blessed; and what a wonder of wonders it is that such dead lumps as we are in and of self, should ever be revived, and enter feelingly into such glory! We must say, "This is the Lord's doing," and I am sure it will be "marvellous in our eyes." But O my soul is now saying, "Dear Lord, let such refreshing seasons last longer or more frequently come!" There is nothing short of Christ and salvation that can truly meet our various cases; at least I find it so with me, and I believe my friend does also. May my soul live more feelingly at Jerusalem, and never stir towards Jericho! But alas, alas! how often I move that way. O Lord, pardon my vileness, and keep me at thy blessed feet, leaning upon thy bosom!

I hope the dear Lord is with you, and that he grants you much freedom of access unto him. Remember, my dear friend, no man can come unto the Father but by Christ. Bless his precious name, he is the only sure and safe Way; and by a living faith in him poor sinners can meet the Lord of glory, and the God of gods meets them; and under the life, light, and unction of God the Spirit, a Three-One God and a poor sinner can meet together and have solemn intercourse with each other. But very often this is manifestly brought about through some hot fire; as it is written, "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." Well, my friend, and what then? Will the Lord utterly destroy them? No, no; but "they shall call on my name, and I will hear them." Satan

and unbelief may say it is in vain to pray, for the Lord will not regard you; but the Lord says, "I will hear them." Yes, bless his name, and more than that: "I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." (Zech. xiii. 9.) When the dear Lord is pleased thus to work, the offering of his people is pleasant unto him; (Mal. iii. 3, 4;) and I am sure his gracious communications are pleasant to them, and there really is a blessed oneness with the Lord felt and enjoyed. In short, there is a glorious springing well, and God the Spirit is graciously pleased to make it at times spring up in our souls; and then we know in some measure what it is to appear like the garden of the Lord.

That you may be blessed with soul-refreshing seasons, and be kept very near unto the Lord and feelingly dependent upon him, is the prayer of,
Yours in the Lord,

Manchester, Oct. 31st, 1843.

W. GADSBY.

WOE IS ME, THAT I SOJOURN IN MESECH.

My dear S.,—I have waited some time, hoping to hear from —, but as he does not write, I will attempt to write to you, though I cannot hold my hand steady; but unsteady as it is, I feel my heart much worse, wandering after anything but the right one. I have seen more of the deceitfulness and backsliding of my heart the last few years than I ever saw before.

What a little time I can spare to seek after my best interest! This world occupies nearly the whole of it; and if it were not for the God of all grace reviving his own work in my soul, I am sure I should have no hope of eternal happiness. But notwithstanding all my wanderings, coldness, darkness, hardness, and idolatry, when the Lord is pleased to favour me with a few moments' intercourse with himself; when I can tell all my complaints to him and leave all my troubles in his hands, feeling at the time, as I often do, that he is managing all my affairs, both in this world and for the next, I think surely I shall never play the same part again. But, alas! the next moment shows very plainly that I am kept only as the Lord keeps me.

We live in a very barren part of the world; if possible, growing worse every day. I very seldom go to chapel, but often find great comfort in reading the "Standard," or sermons, and I do hope at times in reading the word of God. But, my dear S., I confess with sorrow I frequently take up some other book and let the Bible lie still; at other times, a passage of Scripture quoted in the book I have been reading will cause me to open it, and the dear Lord will lead me so sweetly into the contents and spirit of the word of God, and I feel such blessedness in perusing it, that I wonder I do not read it more frequently, instead of other books. Perhaps the next time I open it, it appears locked, and I can do little more than sigh, for I am truly wretched when I do not feel what I read.

You can have no idea what a privation it is to be debarred from

hearing the gospel preached. The Lord's Day is always a welcome day to me, but I may say it is often a day of sorrow and joy; sorrow, in not being able to meet with the people of God whom I dearly love; and joy, when I prove what a friend said at my dear father's dinner-table the Saturday before I left, namely, "There is the same God there as here." And so, my dear S., I have often proved it. But how full of unbelief I am! afraid to depend on him, trying hard to do without saying, "Give me this day my daily bread," wanting a stock beforehand. But he is determined he will be "inquired of for these things;" and though I try and try again, my plans are all upset. Well, be it so; the time must be short when I shall have done with this world, and then I hope I shall be for ever at rest.

I am very fond of reading experiences; but when I saw Mr. M'Kenzie's was a diary, I for some weeks took little notice of it; but when I did, I cannot express my feelings whilst reading it. It spoke so much of my own experience, and the passages he quoted were so suitable, that I shed tears for joy to find that I had not been alone, but that one of the Lord's dear servants had been harassed in the path I am still travelling. He is now beyond all sorrow and sin, whilst I am left to mourn my wretchedness. O that the dear Lord would keep my mind stayed upon him, and so manifest himself to my heart that Satan cannot cheat me out of it! I am so unbelieving at times, I doubt everything I have experienced.

What a mercy it is, that though we change, God changes not! Into his hands may we be enabled to commit ourselves, and leave our affairs with him who knows what is best for us.

October 25th, 1852.

Those who think lightly of sin, and account iniquity a trifling thing, evidently show that the god of this world has blinded their eyes to the infinite atonement of Jesus, and hardened their hearts through the deceitfulness of sin; therefore they are insensible of grief, and without feeling of godly sorrow for sin. When Jesus is known in the heart, sin is truly abhorred, forsaken, and overcome. But it is most distressing to the regenerate soul when the load of guilt and the burden of sin are suffered to lie, day after day, upon the conscience. O the insupportable agony of such a state, none know but those who have experienced it! One would ask, is not this contradictory to that comforting assertion, "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus?" inconsistent with that triumphant challenge, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" No; for though charge and condemnation may be brought by Satan, the accuser of the brethren, the law may condemn, and our own spirits must confess we are sinners; yet our covenant God has no condemnation against us. For he has laid all our iniquities upon Jesus; and this is the free and full charter of his covenant concerning his children: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

— *W. Mason.*

THE FIERY TRIAL.

Dear Sister,—I received yours, and perceive you are not a stranger to furnace work. God's furnace is placed in Zion and his fire in Jerusalem; and it is not placed there for hypocrites, but for the real children of God, and that for a very valuable use, to burn up all their refuges of lies, and to purify them as silver is purified, and try them as gold is tried, that they may be found to the praise and glory of God at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

But you seem to think it strange concerning the fiery trial that has been trying you, as if some strange thing had happened unto you which is not common with the family of God. Not so, my friend, for, if needs be, they have their times of heaviness through manifold temptations; but, blessed be God, never but as needs be. O how sweet it has been at times to my poor soul, in the awful depths of temptation, when the good Lord has powerfully said, "If need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations!" what a sweet cordial and blessed refreshment it has been; for truly they are manifold indeed, awful, blasphemous darts, that make our souls tremble, our lips quiver, our knees totter, and "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man," and to be at our very wit's end.

My dear sister in the path of tribulation, I have been in such depths of awful blasphemies that I have verily believed God had given me up to a reprobate mind entirely, and that either he would strike me dead with some awful judgment, or I should die raving mad, blaspheming God and truth, and be an awful object of his vengeance for ever and ever. O my friend, here is the place to try our own strength, to prove our own wisdom, and see our own comeliness! And what is it all when we come here? Our strength, that we thought at one time was so firm that nothing could move us, proves to be perfect weakness; our wisdom, that we thought was wonderful, proves to be nothing but foolishness; our comeliness is turned into rottenness and corruption, is a stench in our nostrils, which makes us cry out, "My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness." I do verily believe, my friend, if some Arminian priest were to come into your house and preach to you in these places duty-faith, moral obligations, cultivations of grace, and such like trumpery, you would be ready to open the door and tell him that was the way into the street. Poor blind bats! they know nothing about what it is to be emptied, and cannot tell how it is to be filled; they have never been stripped, nor know what it is to be clothed; they have never been utterly lost, and know not what it is to be completely saved with a salvation all of grace. The natural man knows not the things of God, neither can he know them, for they are foolishness; but God teaches all his children that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy."

I am glad to find that you can feel your oppression, and know what it is to say, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me;" for God hath said, "for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing

of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." I feel thankful to God that you are not destitute of a groaning heart, for the Lord will not despise the groanings of his prisoners. He heard the groanings of the children of Israel in Egypt, and remembered his covenant, and had respect unto them. Yes, my sister, and he will remember you; for I believe he has respect for you, or else he would not have shown you what he has. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." Fret not yourself that you are in the lowest room, for the Master will come by and by and say unto you, with a smile on his face, "Come up higher."

I am glad to find you are a poor stammerer, for the Lord has promised the heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly. What a mercy it is that you are poor and needy, for God says, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water; I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together; that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."

You appear to be not a stranger to some of David's language: "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar! My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. I am for peace; but when I speak, they are for war." Never mind all their rage; God has promised that "the wilderness and the cities thereof shall lift up their voice, and the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands. The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man, he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, yea, roar; he shall prevail against his enemies. I have long time holden my peace; I have been still and refrained myself; now will I cry like a travailing woman; I will destroy and devour at once. I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools. And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." What! God forsake his people? Impossible. "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" Yes, she may forget; "yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." O that the dear Comforter may lead you to the Rock that is higher than yourself! and though he may hide his blessed face for a time, yet he will appear, for darkness may endure

for a night, but joy shall come in the morning. O that God may keep you watching unto prayer, and waiting with patience at his footstool ! "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but in the end it shall speak and not lie ; though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come." The Lord help you to wait. I know waiting is God's gift as well as the blessing.

I had thought to have come to Eastbourne and Brighton, and have sent a letter to Mr. Grace, to have been there next Lord's Day week ; but, since your letter came, I have sent a line to postpone it till after Christmas ; and I think it will be better, as Mr. Gadsby has been so lately. We are going on at Trowbridge very well. I believe the Lord is with us, and is blessing his word abundantly. We are quite crowded with people, there being not much less than a thousand. But the empty professors in the town rage against me with madness and cruelty ; this, you know, is nothing new.

And now, my dear friend, I conclude with my soul's request unto God that he will ever be with you and your husband, to guide, strengthen, support, and bless. Give my love to friend S. and his wife, friend M. and his wife, with all friends. I should be glad to have a line.

Yours in love,

Trowbridge, Nov. 5th, 1822.

J. W.

As a man that takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful full-blown flower crops it, and puts it into his bosom, so the Lord takes his walks in his gardens, the churches, and gathers his lilies, souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight takes them to himself.—*Gill.*

We are in the Lord's school, the school of the cross ; his daily providential dispensations are suited to wean our attachments from everything here, and to convince us that this cannot be our rest ; it is polluted ; our roses grow upon thorns, our honey wears a sting ; frequently our sharpest trials spring from our choicest comforts ; perhaps while we are admiring our gourd, a worm is secretly preying upon its root. As every bitter thing is sweetened to a believer, so there is some bitter thing mingled with the sweet. This is wisely and mercifully ordered ; it is necessary ; and if things were not so bad with us, as in the language of sense they sometimes are, they would probably be soon much worse. With such hearts as ours, and in such a world as we live in, much discipline is needful, to keep us from sleeping upon the enchanted ground ; but the time is short ; it will not be thus always. We hope soon to be out of the reach of sin and temptation. Happy hour, when sorrow and mourning, hitherto our inseparable companions, shall flee away to return no more ; when joy and gladness shall come forth to meet us and conduct us home ! then those who have loved each other in the Lord, on earth, shall rejoice together for him ; shall drink of the rivers of pleasure that are at his right hand ; and their happiness shall be unspeakable, uninterrupted, without abatement, and without end.—*Newton.*

HE DELIVERED MY SOUL FROM THE LOWEST HELL.

My dear Friend,—I have felt my heart and mind much with you this morning, and talked to you in spirit, as though I were present with you, telling to you my exercises, troubles, and sorrows, which I felt to be a great relief and ease to my troubled bosom. But since then the Lord, I trust, has drawn out and drawn forth my heart, soul, and affection to himself; under which my heart was enabled to hold communion with Jesus upon the mercy-seat, and made to draw near to him with a true heart, “in full assurance of faith,” having my heart “sprinkled from an evil conscience.” I was enabled to pour out my soul before him and show him my trouble. My soul has passed through many changes during this week, and at times has been pressed out of measure and above strength; but still the “new and living way” has been opened unto my soul, so that I have been brought feelingly to his dear feet. And you know, my dear friend, what a sweet spot that is to be brought to, and how humble, little, simple, and child-like the soul is when brought there feelingly; how precious the Lord Jesus is to the soul; how sweet the truth of the Lord is to the heart; what a knitting of heart there is to the Lord’s people; what forbearance, long-suffering, and compassion there is manifested and goes forth out of the heart towards one’s enemies; and what forgiveness there flows forth out of the soul towards those who have injured us, and who are trying to do so with all their might.

But this morning my heart was touched with the compassion of the Lord Jesus, and melted down at his dear feet, with a few sweet tears brought up out of my heart under a feeling love to Jesus, my best Friend; a Friend that loves at all times; one who sticks closer than a brother; one that smiles when others frown, and who picks me up when others knock me down; one who heals when my foes wound; one who makes me alive when others kill; one who justifies when my enemies condemn; one who saves me when others are trying to send me to hell; one who opens my mouth while others are looking to see it stopped; one who holds me up while others are prophesying my downfall, and are watching for my halting. The Lord Jesus is a Friend of publicans and sinners; he sticks close to a living conscience; his testimonies stick fast and firm to a regenerated heart; and his word sticks close to the mind, so that the soul can sometimes say, “Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors.” “I have stuck unto thy testimonies; O Lord, put me not to shame!” Truly the testimonies of the Lord are sure, “making wise the simple.”

My dear friend, this week has been a week of weeping in heart and eyes with my wife and me. And what should we have done if we had not had a Refuge and a Hiding-place in Jesus? Truly he is a “Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in times of trouble.” He truly is a “Shadow of a great Rock in a weary land;” for he has been “a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress,

a Refuge from the storm, a Shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Blessings on his name for ever, for looking down upon one so vile, so base, and black, and for ever lifting up the light of his dear countenance upon me; for putting away my sins, and for blotting out my transgressions; for keeping me under all my temptations; and for making a way for my escape, although only "with the skin of my teeth!" But how my soul has trembled under them; how my spirit has fainted; how my bowels have turned within me; how my knees have smote together; how my strength has failed me under them; and how the objects have enticed my sinful heart and eyes!

Yet here I am a monument of God's sparing mercy and keeping power. When the Lord led me into his secret chamber this morning, and gave me to feel a little of what it cost the Saviour to redeem my soul from all my sins and transgressions, and a little of what he suffered under the curse of God's righteous law, I was made to hate and loathe myself upon the ground of my sins, and to feel, for a few moments, sin exceedingly sinful. But I have not forgotten the bitterness of sin and transgression which I felt when under the curse of the law, and the weight of sin and guilt, when the burden of it seemed to sink me into the lowest hell; when my soul trembled day and night for about two months, near four years after the Lord quickened my dead soul into life; when all my sins and transgressions came in upon my conscience like a mighty flood; when hell and damnation was ringing within my soul from morning till night, and from night till morning; when I expected the just judgment of God to drop upon me, and feared the earth would open its mouth and swallow me up; when I have rolled upon the earth in such soul-agony, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and at times could not open my mouth for the weight of sin and guilt, fearing God would strike me dead upon the spot; when I have shaken and trembled on my bed and feared the devil would drag me away, body and soul, to hell; when that portion of God's word cut me through and through like any sharp two-edged sword, "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all," and "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." O that "to do them" dashed me to pieces like a potter's vessel! But when the blessed morning came for my deliverance, when the morning stars sang together, and the poor prodigal was brought to the foot of the cross, and was favoured with the first spiritual view of him that hung there and was slaughtered there for my sins and transgressions, and a precious drop of his atoning blood was sprinkled upon my conscience, to purge and cleanse away my sin and guilt, and pardon and peace were sealed home with divine power upon my soul, then my mourning was turned into dancing, my sackcloth taken off, and my soul girt with gladness; the very moment I expected to sink into hell, heaven was revealed within my soul, and it is just as fresh now in my feelings as though it took place this morning. Truly it is "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by

the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." It is the renewing of the Holy Ghost that puts a new face upon his great work, under which the soul can discern the King's image; and when this is the case all is right within, and the soul can rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh.

The Lord bless your soul and mine with more of these feelings, and then our enemies may go on unto the end of their chain; but we will rejoice in the Lord.

Yours affectionately,

Woburn, July 6th, 1852.

T. G.

THE LAME TAKE THE PREY.

My dear Friend and Brother in the path of tribulation,—Grace be with you and mercy, with that "peace which passeth all understanding" keeping your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

My dear friend, the doctrine of the atonement is a very sweet and solemn doctrine, so solemn that we know that without it we are undone for ever; and when we feel a little of it in our poor souls, we feel it solemn indeed; for "without shedding of blood is no remission" of sins. Now what do we see in the atonement? Why, many things, as, First, We see God's hatred to sin; Secondly, His justice in punishing for it; Thirdly, God's love, for he so loved the world, yes, so much, as to give his dear Son to die for it; and, Fourthly, Christ's willingness to come and lay down his life to redeem it from death. Hear his own words: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction!" And then these memorable words, "Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes."

This suits me well; indeed, were it otherwise, I should be undone for ever; but as it is, I have a good hope that it will be well with me at last. I am a poor sinner, possessing nothing but vanity. Sin is daily felt, and groaned under, and mourned over, and I do not expect that sin and I will part till I am called to lay down my head on a dying pillow; and if we part then, O what a mercy it will be! We are not friends as we used to be, I know, but I love it more than I like. It is very strong indeed; too strong for me. Were it not for him that binds the floods from overflowing, I am sure they would break out and run over. O what an ungodly wretch I am! I need the Fountain, and no less, to wash away my sin and filth.

My dear friend, I am not talking lightly of my state as a sinner; it is painful work; it makes me say, "I hate vain thoughts;" and I have so many of them at times that there seems to be nothing else. "O wretched man that I am!" But I do not want to remain in this state always, but, like Paul, I find a cry in my heart, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" O my dear friend, I think well of the blood of the once-suffering Lamb of God; it has relieved me

many a time. O how solemn, to look on him whom we have pierced, and to feel that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin!" And my cry is, "'Deal not with me after my sins, nor reward me according to my iniquities;' for they are very many and great; therefore, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified.'" He sometimes gives me a token for good, enabling me to say, "By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me." He makes my heart soft with the droppings of his love and tender mercy, which makes me say, "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." His love is better than wine; there is nothing to be compared to it; for it makes all right. We then know that he is on our side, when this love is felt; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Why none, so as to prosper, neither the world, nor the devil, nor all our enemies combined, within or without; for greater is he that is with us than all those that are against us. No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper. O Lord, great is thy mercy toward thy people, and long, too, even from everlasting to everlasting, to them that fear thee! And be it said to his honour and glory, that "he remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever."

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves them to the end."

Whatever fears they have, or however low they get, still he is the same in reality to them; weak they feel themselves to be; but

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

For "to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Yes, my dear friend, so it is, and shall be, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it; and to encourage his poor people, he says, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Many who are first, as they think, shall be last, and the last shall be first; and the lame shall take the prey. And good is the word of the Lord; O how firm! "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Amen.

Kind love to you and your spouse; and that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon you, is the prayer of,

Yours affectionately,

Bury, July 23rd, 1852.

T. C.

A believer's affections are, too often, like a cascade, or waterfall, that flows downward; instead of being like a fountain, which rises and shoots upwards towards heaven.—*Toplady*.

O B I T U A R Y.

*MRS. T. WALSH, LATE OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.**(Continued from page 196.)*

DEATH exercises a peculiar influence on our mind as regards the memory of the departed. If they have lived and died so as to afford no solid ground of hope, death seems to dissolve all the illusions which surrounded them to our view when clothed in warm, breathing life. Their health, their strength, their prosperity, their gaiety and liveliness, their worldly prospects, their success in business, the glitter and show which during life surrounded them as with a halo of delusive light, are all vanished, all suddenly quenched in darkness and death. The heir takes their property, the grave their body, and hell their soul. And if we strain our eyes across that dismal gulf which hides them from our view, we seem to see them immersed in eternal woe. We seem almost to hear their moans and their cries of despair, and to view them shut up in the blackness of darkness for ever,

“Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.”

But how differently do we feel towards those who have died in the Lord, especially when we have been united to them in the bonds of Christian friendship and affection! Death, instead of destroying, embalms their memory. Their failings and imperfections, their hasty tempers or awkward ways, which might have grieved us in life, are all interred in their grave, and covered from our view by the turf which is spread over their body. We only remember the image of Christ that we saw and loved in them; and knowing that sovereign, superabounding grace has for ever blotted out their sins and infirmities, we desire never more to remember them, and only to think with tender affection on their graces, their faith and love, their godly fear, and the sweet savour which rested on our intercourse with them. We follow their happy spirits up to the throne of bliss, and seem to see them basking in the sunshine of eternal joy. Thus their memory becomes embalmed to us, and viewing them safely landed on the shores of glory, the tears over their grave lose all their bitterness; and, however we may miss their company here below, we would not recall them to the sufferings and sorrows of this vale of sin and misery.

In resuming our Memoir of the late Mrs. T. Walsh, of Preston, Lancashire, we take up the thread with her going into the North of England, in the spring of 1847.

But as the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and His dealings in providence are only inferior to his dealings in grace, it is worth while to trace out the circumstances which led her feet thither. A sister of hers had married and was settled at A—, and

being on the eve of her first confinement, much wished Caroline to be with her during that period. She was at first unwilling to go, as knowing how much her brother-in-law was opposed to her religious views, and especially to dissent in every shape and form; but considering it was the path of duty to accede to the wishes of her sister, she at last consented to go and be with her on that trying occasion. When she parted with her Stamford friends, she and they little dreamed that she would no more walk in and out with them, and that, with the exception of a passing visit, they were to be severed till they were re-united in eternity.

The state of her mind at this time will best appear from the two following letters, addressed to a female friend and member of the same church :

"My dear Friend,—A month has just passed since I left Stamford. I think you must have expected to hear from me before this, but till within this last week I have not seemed at all right. I am sorry to say so, but I am sure it is true, that I felt my mind a good deal taken up with the world. I judge so, because I seemed to have no relish for spiritual things. My prayers, I felt, were words without the heart being engaged; therefore I felt condemned and miserable; yet I could not help myself or make myself feel different. How easy I find it, when left to myself, to get out of the way, but how very difficult to get back again!

"I know I was wrong in leaving the week I did, and not stopping till afterwards, but I made my arrangements in a hurry, and, after I had made them, I felt certain I was wrong, for it was throwing myself amongst worldly company uncalled for, because I need not have gone unless I chose. I was in such a state, that I dreaded my journey into Lancashire, and quite expected something would happen to me. You see I have given a very bad account of myself, which I feel really ashamed of; but as I could not honestly speak of the bright side without mentioning the dark spots, you shall have both. One thing I ought to say, which is, that I am not aware that the change in me was remarked by those around me, as I was much the same as usual outwardly. I mention this because, though secret things are between ourselves and God, yet I feel responsible for my outward conduct to the dear friends.

"But I will tell you how I get on here. For the first few days I remained in the same wretched frame; but one morning last week the barrier disappeared, and I was able, with some humility and contrition of soul, to confess my folly, unbosom my sorrows, and to beg for reviving grace. This was Tuesday in last week. I had obtained the permission of my brother-in-law to attend chapel the Lord's Day afternoon previous, and I liked what the minister said. When last Lord's Day came, I felt very desirous to go, so I went, as I thought, without being observed; but it was soon discovered, and Mr. — looked after me, but found I was too far off to be overtaken. I found it good to be there, and did not think about my troubles, I mean as to how I should be received, &c., till the service was over. Mr. — exceedingly dislikes my going, and I have promised not to go again if he will let me go to Preston to hear Mr. McKenzie. Mr. — preached here last evening. I did wish to go, and I long to have some conversation with the people here, but that I am not allowed. Many portions of God's word have been precious to me in reading, and it is delightful to feel again my heart and soul engaged in spiritual things. I reckon so of every opportunity of reading the precious Scriptures; and, stealing up stairs to my own room, I can and do thank the blessed Spirit for his reviving operations upon my soul. I am sure what I feel must be his work, from the sensations that attend it.

"I never felt more love for the dear friends. One by one, many times in a day, they come before me. Do give my love to them all. I have been spending a quiet evening; Mr. — and my sister are gone to dinner some miles from here. I have just been singing a beautiful hymn, (405,) which, if you, while reading, are blessed with feeling, will find a most soul-enrapturing subject.

"I hope to hear from you soon, if you are able. I trust you are getting strong again. Let me hear how you are going on.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,

"A—, May 4th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

"My dear Friend,—I am much obliged to you for your letter.

"I felt able to rejoice in the Lord the day of my departure, and I had a nice time in the coach, being quite by myself, though, as I acknowledged in my last, I had some surmises for the future, and I felt fearful it was not right to have given way to my natural feelings in going where my soul might become deadened.

"I have much trouble in getting to chapel here. My brother-in-law would not let me go the day before yesterday; and as I had been reckoning all the week upon the coming of the Lord's Day, it was a great disappointment, and I felt very uncomfortable. If actual chains and bolts had prevented me I should have been happier, but being merely under his command not to go, I did not know whether I ought not to have incurred his displeasure, and said, 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men rather than unto God, judge ye;' but he promised I should go to Blackburn the next Lord's Day, if I liked. During the morning these words came with sweetness, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and cast out your name as evil for my sake. Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy, for great is your reward in heaven.' I did rejoice in his dear name; and in the evening, about half-past six, I was much blessed at the throne of grace, and enjoyed sweet access unto and communion with the ever-merciful and covenant-keeping God. I know I found it true that, as outward and inward trials abound, so the consolations of the gospel abound also.

"I shall weary you with reading, therefore will conclude. I long for a sight of you all once more. My best love to the friends when you see them, particularly to those whom I mentioned by name in my last. I shall hope to hear from you when convenient.

"Believe me, dear friend, to remain, yours sincerely,

"A—, June 8th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

A few words may throw a little light on the first letter. She went home on her way to the North, which her friend considered an unadvisable step, as there was at that time much company expected. Caroline would not have gone, but a school-fellow, and formerly a most attached friend, had written to her in the most pressing terms to come and see her there, as she was about to go abroad, and they would probably never meet more. Overcome at the moment by her natural feelings, she wrote back immediately to say she would come, and, having made the engagement, felt she could not break it. But it is pleasing to see her tenderness of conscience, and how she felt grieved by any departure from the strait and narrow way.

Her situation at A— was peculiarly trying, her gentle, amiable feelings leaning to one side, and her conscience to the other. Persecution and opposition take many shapes, and come, if not in their severest, yet, perhaps, in their most trying form, from near relations. The spirit which would remain firm against the harsh threatenings of a magistrate, yields to the continued importunity of a relative, as a column, which stands unharmed by a sudden shock, gives way to a continued pressure. Our greatest snares usually lie concealed amidst our nearest ties, and it seems to need, if not double, at least continued grace to withstand the frowns of love or the blandishments of affection. But Caroline, with great

amiability, was, as has been before observed, possessed of great firmness of mind and tenderness of conscience, and these two combined seem to have upheld her steadfast in her trying position whilst at A—. Finding, however, that her brother-in-law was obstinately bent against her attending the little despised place there, she deemed it best to go farther afield for spiritual food, and therefore went to Manchester to hear the word at the chapel where the late Mr. Gadsby was pastor. The following letter gives some account of her going thither :

"My dear Friend,—I am sorry to say that I have not yet permission to go to the meeting here, but I went last Lord's Day to Manchester, leaving here about eight, arriving at Manchester at twenty minutes past ten, and was in the chapel by half-past. The name of the minister I did not hear; he was an elderly man. I liked him much in prayer, and some suitable things dropped from his lips in preaching. I felt disappointed when he gave the text out, which was Rev. v. 6, but there was no cause. But I was surprised to find that there was no service in the afternoon. As I knew no one in Manchester, I took my dinner with me to have in the vestry, between the services. It was nearly one when the morning service ended. I went to the station, and found I could not leave Manchester till between five and six. I was desirous of attending some other chapel of truth, as I thought there must be another in that large place, but I could not get any information respecting one. I was therefore obliged to content myself by remaining at an inn, where I spent the rest of my time reading, for I had my Bible and hymn-book with me. I shall not go to Manchester again, for it is between twenty and thirty miles from here.

"I am reading now John's Gospel. There is no scripture so deeply interesting, I really think, as the gospels. It melts the soul down to read of the wonderful compassion of Jesus to poor wretched sinners. I cannot read many verses at once. I was two or three days over the third chapter. My text this day has been, 'At the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' How sweet is the contemplation of such blessed invitations! How I love to have my whole soul absorbed in meditation upon the dear Friend of sinners; and though my thoughts seem so poor and mean, and I cannot find any words to describe his worth, yet I am sure I am among the number of those 'who thought upon his name,' and he reckons such amongst his jewels. What a full, free, complete salvation is his, for he gives us first grace, and crowns his grace bestowed with glory.

"I have enjoyed unutterable peace this day; I trust of the right kind. No one knows what it is to feel it but those who have enjoyed it; truly it is what God alone can give. I must conclude, lest I weary you, for perhaps you will not read with the same feelings I have had in writing.

"Give my love to the dear friends; I trust they also remember me with kindness.

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"A—, June 24th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

On being permitted to go to Preston, it will be recollected, she relinquished attending the little chapel at A—. This permission she now availed herself of, and went to hear our dear and lamented friend, the late J. M'Kenzie. This was a remarkable circumstance in her life, for it eventually led to her marriage with a man who feared God, and to her settlement at Preston. Being most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie,* and having found

* A rather amusing circumstance marked her first visit. She told the cabman to drive her to Mr. M'Kenzie's, not knowing there was a gentleman of that name living in the same street of a somewhat higher walk in life.

profit under his ministry, she was induced to go again, and there meeting with Mr. T. Walsh, whose sister Mr. M'Kenzie had married, a mutual attachment sprang up, which eventually terminated in a marriage.

But the hopes of returning to Stamford were disappointed by the state of her grandmother's health, who had left with her, but was now unable to return. That this was a real disappointment to her is plain from the following letter to the same friend :

"My dear Friend,—I have quite expected a few lines from you, to ask the reason of my delaying so long to write. It is not, however, for want of inclination, but for want of time, for my sister does not like my leaving her for many minutes, although Mamma is now here.

"When I received your note, I envied you, for the sweet feelings I spoke of in my last had vanished, therefore I did not feel able then to rejoice with you; but a few days afterwards I did feel able, and could bless God for his special mercy manifested to both.

"You have probably heard that I have been to Preston, where I was received most kindly by Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie. I have been twice, and felt much refreshed in hearing. I cannot speak too highly of him as a minister. I should say, from what I heard from the pulpit, and from his conversation, that he is the greatest Christian I have met with; he seems such a humble man, though he is so highly favoured.

"But I must here tell you what has been a source of considerable trouble to me, that there is little or no probability of my returning to Stamford to remain there. I seem to be getting over the disappointment a little sometimes, though I am full of murmurings, and think it hard. The cause, I need hardly tell you is, that Grandmother is not able to get back. She has kept up stairs for full two months. Hitherto the Lord has helped me, and I trust he will remember me for good, though I am like a sparrow alone, away from you all.

"Excuse this hasty note; I hope you remember me. Give my love to the friends, and believe me to remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"A—, Aug. 10th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

(To be concluded in our next.)

O how sweet are sufferings for Christ! God forgive them that raise an ill report on the sweet cross of Christ; our weak and dim eyes look only to the black side of the cross, and this occasions our mistakes concerning it. They that can take it cheerfully on their backs shall find it just such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship. Christ is strong, even when lying in the dust; in prison, and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphant chariot; in the sufferings of his saints, he intends his own glory, and their own good; this is the twofold mark he aims at; and he does not shoot at random, but always touches the point he purposes to hit.—*Rutherford.*

than the Baptist minister. She was shown into the drawing-room, and could not help remarking, in her own mind, the size of the room and the hand-someness of the furniture, and contrasting with them her standard of consistency in a minister of the gospel. Presently the door opened, and the master of the house advanced, when an explanation was made, and, with great kindness, a servant went to show her the humbler abode of the preacher she had come to hear.

R E V I E W.

The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon. London: Painter, Strand.

Life of Whitefield. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

The Experience of George Whitefield. Written by Himself. London: J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.*

(Continued from page 163.)

There can be little doubt that there was in Whitefield's day more life and power in the church of God than we now witness, or perhaps have any distinct idea of. Such coldness and deadness have fallen upon the churches, that it seems hard to realize the zeal, warmth, and earnestness which then prevailed. The simplest, perhaps, and easiest way to do this will be for each of our gracious readers to recall the days of his spiritual youth, "when the candle of the Lord shined upon his head, and by his light he walked through darkness; when the secret of God was upon his tabernacle; when he washed his steps with butter, and the rock poured him out rivers of oil." Let him recall his own earnestness in prayer at that memorable period, his tenderness of conscience, his zeal for the Lord, his deadness to the world, his love to God's people, his times of hearing when well nigh every sermon seemed blessed to his soul. The recollection of this never-to-be-forgotten season, the Spring of the soul, may serve to bring before his mind the days of Whitefield—that spring-tide of the church, when the flowers appeared on the earth, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; when the leaf of profession was green and the blossom of promise fragrant; before the fruit had become, as now, wizened from declining sap, and the foliage sear and yellow from the autumnal frosts. One remarkable instance of the power of God attending Whitefield's ministry is recorded in his life—that after preaching, on one occasion, in Moorfields, he received, according to his own testimony, "at a moderate computation, a thousand notes from persons under conviction." Making every deduction for natural excitement, giving the fullest allowance for temporary convictions, it affords an unparalleled example of power attending one sermon. Where, at least in our day, is the minister whose labours are accompanied with such striking effects? We may have men clearer in doctrine, but where can we find that life and power, that ardent zeal, that burning eloquence, that devotedness to the work, those astonishing labours, that self-denying life, that singleness of eye to the glory of God, that unwearied perseverance, or that flame of holy love which seemed to consume the very lamp in which it shone with such surpassing brightness? And for this life and power in the soul of a minister, what can be the

* We are sorry that this little work ("the Experience of George Whitefield,") did not fall into our hand till after we had penned the account given in the May Number of Whitefield's experience, as we might have much enriched it. In the work from which we took our narrative, many of the most interesting details are suppressed.

substitute? Shall it be *learning*? That, in comparison, is but a flickering flame, a mere phosphorus light composed out of dead men's brains; too faint to illuminate, too cold to kindle. Shall it be *sound views of doctrine*? Amidst the heaps of error which are spread on every side, and amidst hundreds of erroneous men who lie in wait to deceive, sound views of truth are most valuable, nay, indispensable. But there may be the soundest creed in the head with death in the heart and sin in the life. Sound views without divine life resemble a sound, well-tuned ring of bells, which charm the ear more than the jangling and the cracked, but are still mere tinkling metal. Shall it be *gifts*?—a flow of words as unceasing as a babbling brook, a voice as musical as the evening nightingale, action as elegant as ever graced the stage, pathos as touching as ever bedewed female cheeks with tears, animation as vehement as ever stirred the audiences of Peter the Hermit, and eloquence as ardent as ever led men on to mount the breach or charge a battalion? Alas! what are they all, destitute of life? United with life—a combination very rare, though perhaps to a great extent existing in Whitefield—they are indeed to the sword what the back is to the edge, giving it weight and strength; but without life they are a lump of iron, which never pierces to the “dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,” or is “a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

We take up our memoir of Whitefield with his departure for America a second time, on the 14th of August, 1739. He arrived at Philadelphia after a passage of nine weeks, and at once commenced those unwearied labours, the mere recital of which fills us with surprise and astonishment. In one week he preached sixteen times and rode one hundred and seventy miles. At Charleston he preached twice a day for a fortnight. His last sermon at Boston was preached to twenty thousand persons. And be it borne in mind, that *his* was preaching. It was no indolent lolling over the pulpit cushion, talking in a low voice to about fifty people in the cool of the evening, but animated bursts of eloquence to crowded congregations under the burning heat of an American summer—a period of the year when the thermometer is frequently above one hundred degrees, and persons drop down dead in the streets stricken by the beams of the sun:

“Sometimes he was almost ready to expire with heat and fatigue. Thrice a day he was lifted up upon his horse, unable to mount otherwise; then rode and preached, and came in and laid himself along upon two or three chairs. He did not doubt but such a course would soon take him to his desired rest. Yet he had many delightful hours with Messrs. Tennents, Blair, &c. ‘Night,’ says he, ‘was, as it were, turned into day, when we rode singing through the woods.’”

His stay in America lasted about fifteen months, during which space of time he several times traversed the length of the United States, from Charleston in the South to Boston in the North, a distance of above a thousand miles, and through a country at that

time thinly inhabited, through wild forests, wide and dismal swamps, and by roads impassable by wheel carriages.

The same power which accompanied his ministry in England followed him in America wheresoever he turned his steps. The slave states of the South and the free states of the North, the indolent planters of South Carolina and the sturdy, iron-sinewed Puritans of New England, alike hung upon the accents of his melodious voice, and alike confessed by their tears that it had power to move the hardest heart. But besides these usual effects of his surpassing eloquence, there is every reason to believe that the power of God accompanied the word effectually to the hearts of many, quickening them into spiritual life. The following testimonies from ministers and others who heard him preach abundantly confirm the belief that the Lord was with him, and that it was not alone his natural gifts which riveted to him so many ears and moved so many hearts:

"One minister writes, Oct. 1st, 1740: 'Your kind letter by Mr. Whitefield, and your other, are both now before me. You raised our expectations of him very much, as did his journals more, and Mr. P., of New York concurred with them; but we own, now that we have seen and heard him, that our expectations are all answered and exceeded, not only in his zealous and fervent abounding labours, but in his command of the hearts and affections of his hearers. He has been received here as an angel of God and servant of Jesus Christ. I hope this visit to us will be of very great use and benefit to ministers and people.'"

"Another, in a letter, Oct. 22nd, 1740, expresses himself thus: 'Though it is always a singular pleasure to me to hear from you, yet your two letters by Mr. Whitefield had a new circumstance of pleasure, from the dear hand that presented them. I perceive you were impatient to know what sort of entering in he had among us. We, ministers, rulers, and people, generally received him as an angel of God. We are abundantly convinced that you spoke the words of truth and soberness in your sermon relating to him. Such a power and presence of God with a preacher, and in religious assemblies, I never saw before; but I would not limit the Holy One of Israel. The prejudices of many are quite conquered, and the expectations of others vastly outdone, as they freely own. A considerable number are awakened, and many Christians seem to be greatly quickened.' The same gentleman writes, Dec. 2nd, 1740: 'The man greatly beloved, I suppose, may be with you before now. That his visit here will be esteemed a distinguishing mercy of heaven by many I am well satisfied. Every day gives me fresh proofs of Christ speaking in him. A small set of gentlemen amongst us, when we saw the affections of the people so moved under his preaching, would attribute it only to the force of sound and gestures; but the impressions on many are so lasting, and have been so transforming, as to carry plain signatures of a divine hand going along with him.'"

"Another observes: 'I coveted a great deal more private conversation with him than I had opportunity for, by reason of the throngs of people almost perpetually with him. But he appears to be full of the love of God, and fired with an extraordinary zeal for the cause of Christ, and applies himself with the most indefatigable diligence that ever was seen among us, in promoting the good of souls. His head, his heart, his hands seem to be full of his Master's business. His discourses, especially when he goes into the expository way, are very instructive; every eye is fixed upon him, and every ear chained to his lips; most are very much affected; many awakened and convinced; and a general seriousness excited. His address, more especially to the passions, is wonderful, and beyond what I have ever seen. I think I can truly say, that his preaching has quickened me, and I believe it has many others besides, as well as the people. Several of my flock, especially the younger sort, have been brought under convictions by his preaching; and

there is this remarkable amongst them, of the good effect of his preaching, that the word preached now by us seems more precious to them, and comes with more power upon them. My prayer for him is, that his precious life may be lengthened out, and that he may be an instrument of reviving dying religion in all places whithersoever he comes."

But all his success and all his popularity in America did not make him forget his own country. Tidings had probably reached his ears that his presence was needed in England, for a dark cloud had gathered over the fields in which he had sown the seed of life. On January 16th, 1741, he set his foot on the ship which was to bear him across the stormy Atlantic once more to his native shores, and on March 11th arrived at Falmouth. But in England a great disappointment awaited him, and the clouds wore a darker aspect than he had anticipated. Yet behind these clouds was the sun hidden, though it was needful for a storm to arise to purify the atmosphere, which had become loaded with the earthly vapours of free-will and human merit. He had perhaps been elated by his amazing popularity in America, and it was needful for him to be humbled. Wherever the Lord sows wheat, Satan sows tares, and this Whitefield found to his sorrow. But we shall leave him to tell his tale in his own words:

"In my zeal, during my journey through America, I had written two well-meant, though injudicious letters, against England's two great favourites, 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and Archbishop Tillotson, who, I said, knew no more of religion than Mohammed. The Moravians had made inroads upon the societies. Mr. John Wesley, some way or other, had been prevailed upon to preach and print in favour of perfection, universal redemption, and very strongly against election; a doctrine which I thought, and do now believe, was taught me of God, therefore could not possibly recede from it. Thinking it my duty so to do, I had written an answer at the Orphan House, which, though revised and much approved of by some good and judicious divines, I think had some too strong expressions about absolute reprobation, which the apostle leaves rather to be inferred than expressed. The world was angry at me for the former, and numbers of my own spiritual children for the latter. One that got some hundreds of pounds by my sermons, being led away by the Moravians, refused to print for me any more; and others wrote to me that God would destroy me in a fortnight, and that my fall was as great as Peter's. Instead of having thousands to attend me, scarce one of my spiritual children came to see me from morning to night. Once, at Kennington Common, I had not above a hundred to hear me. At the same time I was much embarrassed in my outward circumstances. A thousand pounds I owed for the Orphan House; two hundred and fifty pounds bills, drawn upon Mr. Seward, now dead, were returned upon me. I was also threatened to be arrested for two hundred pounds more. My travelling expenses also to be defrayed. A family of a hundred to be daily maintained, four thousand miles off, in the dearest place of the king's dominions. Ten thousand times would I rather have died than part with my old friends. It would have melted any heart to have heard Mr. Charles Wesley and me weeping, after prayer, that, if possible, the breach might be prevented."

"Never had I preached in Moorfields on a week day. But, in the strength of God, I began on Good Friday, and continued twice a day, walking backward and forward from Leadenhall, for some time, preaching under one of the trees, and had the mortification of seeing numbers of my spiritual children who, but a twelvemonth ago, could have plucked out their eyes for me, running by me whilst preaching, disdaining so much as to look at me, and some of them putting their fingers in their ears, that they might not hear one word I said."

The tie was now dissolved between Whitefield and Wesley. Nothing but his exceeding humility could have kept them together before ; but he had such low thoughts of himself that Wesley's superior holiness, as he believed it to be, blinded his eyes to his errors. But they were now too flagrant to be covered up. When John Wesley began to call imputed righteousness "imputed nonsense," and to denounce election as a doctrine of devils, the soul of Whitefield burnt within him, and he could walk with the enemy of truth no more.

And such will ever be the case. The children of light for a time may walk with the children of darkness, as Hagar and Ishmael dwelt in the tent of Abraham ; but sooner or later the execution of the sentence comes, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son ; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman."

To enumerate all the labours of this distinguished apostle would far exceed our pages ; we must therefore content ourselves with a selection. One of the most striking passages, perhaps, of his life was his preaching down the booths in Moorfields, then a wide open place, with trees and grass, a London park in miniature. It was a remarkable instance of boldness and zeal ; for to those who have seen a London mob, we need hardly say he carried, as it were, his life in his hand. This singular circumstance is thus recorded in the history of his life :

"It had been the custom, for many years past, in the holiday seasons, to erect booths in Moorfields, for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, &c., which were attended, from morning till night, by innumerable multitudes of the lower sort of people. He formed a resolution to preach the gospel among them, and executed it. On Whit-Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, he began. Thousands who were waiting there, gaping for their usual diversions, all flocked round him. His text was, John iii. 14. 'They gazed, they listened, they wept, and many seemed to be stung with deep conviction for their past sins.' All was hushed and solemn. 'Being thus encouraged, (says he,) I ventured out again at noon, when the fields were quite full ; and could scarce help smiling, to see thousands, when a merry-Andrew was trumpeting to them, upon observing me mount a stand on the other side of the field, deserting him, till not so much as one was left behind, but all flocked to hear the gospel. But this, together with a complaint that they had taken near twenty or thirty pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that when I came to preach a third time, in the evening, in the midst of the sermon a merry-Andrew got up upon a man's shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long, heavy whip, several times. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting sergeant, with his drum, &c., to pass through the congregation. But I desired the people to make way for the king's officer, which was quietly done. Finding these efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and having a great pole for their standard, advanced, with sound of drum, in a very threatening manner, till they came near the skirts of the congregation. Uncommon courage was given both to preacher and hearers. I prayed for support and deliverance, and was heard ; for, just as they approached us, with looks full of resentment, I know not by what accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, I trust, were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying, preaching, and singing, (for the noise was too great, at times, to preach,) about three hours. We then

retired to the Tabernacle, where thousands flocked; we were determined to pray down the booths; but, blessed be God, more substantial work was done. At a moderate computation, I received, I believe, a thousand notes from persons under conviction; and soon after, upwards of three hundred were received into the society in one day. Some I married, that had lived together without marriage; one man had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings in exchange. Numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were, at that time, plucked as firebrands out of the burning.

"I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit, while I preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., thrown at me, never once gave way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for Him who, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfects praise!"

Wherever he went he was the same man, having but one object in view, and wholly devoted to it. This singleness of eye, oneness of purpose, and devotedness of heart, won to him the admiration and esteem of many who gave little proof of a divine work in their souls. Before his third visit to America, as the captain of one ship refused to take him, lest he should "spoil the sailors," he had to go as far as Plymouth to procure a passage. There he had to wait five weeks for the convoy, it being war time, and this interval he employed, as usual, in preaching the word. It was probably at this time that Tanner was called under his preaching; and there was a remarkable effect of his ministry recorded by himself. There was at that time a ferry from the town of Dock, now Devonport, to Plymouth, the two places being separated by an arm of the sea; and the ferrymen were by this time so attached to him, that they would take nothing of the multitudes that crossed to hear him preach, saying, "God forbid we should sell the word of God." What a power and influence must have accompanied his preaching and shone forth in his life to produce such effects on poor ignorant ferrymen! It is from such circumstances that a man's real character and estimation is to be gathered. What mere ranting preacher, or what mere eloquent orator, could have induced these poor ferrymen to sacrifice their pence and not make a harvest of the opportunity? But no. As the Galilean fishermen received the Master when the scribes and Pharisees rejected him, so the poor Plymouth ferrymen received the servant when the bishops and clergy railed at and ridiculed him.

But our limits warn us not to linger upon every striking circumstance of this great and good man's life. We must, however, find space for his end. He died, we may say, in harness:

"On Saturday, September 29th, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth to Exeter (fifteen miles) in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable, that, before he went out to preach that day, Mr. Clarkson, senior, observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' To which Mr. Whitefield answered, 'True, Sir;' but turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up said: 'Lord Jesus, I am weary in thy work, but not of thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die.' His last sermon was

from 2 Cor. xiii. 5: 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?'

"After a little conversation, he went to rest, and slept till two in the morning, when he awoke me, and asked for a little cider; he drank about a wine-glass full. I asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He said to me, 'My asthma is coming on me again; I must have two or three days rest. Two or three days riding, without preaching, would set me up again.' Soon afterwards, he asked me to put the window up a little higher, (though it was half up all night,) 'for,' said he, 'I cannot breathe; but I hope I shall be better by-and-bye. A good pulpit sweat to-day may give me relief; I shall be better after preaching.' I said to him, 'I wish you would not preach so often.' He replied, 'I had rather wear out than rust out.' I then told him, I was afraid he took cold in preaching yesterday. He said, he believed he had; and then sat up in bed, and prayed that God would be pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ."

"In a little time he brought up a considerable quantity of phlegm. I then began to have some small hopes. Mr. Parsons said, he thought Mr. Whitefield breathed more freely than he did, and would recover. I said, 'No, Sir, he is certainly dying.' I was continually employed in taking the phlegm out of his mouth with a handkerchief, and bathing his temples with drops, rubbing his wrists, &c., to give him relief, if possible, but all in vain; his hands and feet were as cold as clay. When the doctor came in, and saw him in the chair leaning upon my breast, he felt his pulse, and said, 'He is a dead man.' Mr. Parsons said, 'I do not believe it; you must do something, doctor!' He said, 'I cannot; he is now near his last breath.' And indeed so it was; for he fetched but one gasp, and stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o'clock."

He thus died, Sept. 30th, 1770, without saying anything remarkable. But of this there was no need; a dying testimony in his case was not required. Yet we have a striking account of his last sermon, which was indeed his dying testimony, for the arrows of death were then in him:

"It was usual for Mr. Whitefield to be attended by Mr. Smith, who preached when he was unable, on account of sudden attacks of asthma. At the time referred to, after Mr. Smith had delivered a short discourse, Mr. Whitefield seemed desirous of speaking, but, from the weak state in which he then was, it was thought almost impossible. He rose from the seat in the pulpit and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes, unable to speak; he then said, 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name.' He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons, for the light generally burns most splendidly when about to expire. The subject was a contrast of the present with the future. A part of this sermon I read to a popular and learned clergyman in New York, who could not refrain from weeping when I repeated the following: 'I go, I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and, by aid from heaven, given light to many; it is now about to set for—no, it cannot be; 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven; many shall live when this body is no more, but then—O thought divine!—I shall be in a world where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands. How willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! but I die to be with him. How brief, comparatively brief, has been my life compared with the vast labours which I see before me yet to be accomplished! but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you.' These and many other things he said, which, though

simple, were rendered important by circumstances; for death had let fly his arrow, and the shaft was deep enfixed when utterance was given to them; his countenance, his tremulous voice, his debilitated frame, all gave convincing evidence that the eye which saw him should shortly see him no more for ever. One day and a half after this he was numbered amongst the dead."

Thus lived and thus died England's great apostle, leaving a name venerated by thousands, and still held in affectionate remembrance.

To say that he was on all points sound, that there was no dross with his gold, no water mingled with his wine, would be indeed untrue. His ardour and zeal led him frequently to stretch the line beyond even his own views of divine truth. Thus his great theme was the Lord Jesus; but he preached him more as the Saviour of sinners generally than as the Head of the church, the Saviour of elect sinners. The new birth was also with him a darling theme; but he urged it upon the consciences of dead sinners almost as if they could do something towards it. Thus he would invite, as it is called, sinners to Jesus, meaning by "sinners," not as Hart speaks,

"A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so,"

but sinners as such, whether sensible or insensible sinners, whether convinced of sin or still careless and carnal. There is a curious instance of this recorded in his address to a comic actor named Shuter, who at that time was playing the character of "Ramble" to crowded audiences. Poor Shuter sometimes went to hear him preach, and on one occasion, at Bath, when Whitefield was, as usual, inviting sinners to Christ, fixing his eyes upon Shuter, he thus addressed him, "And thou, poor Ramble, who hast so long rambled from Christ, when wilt thou finish thy ramblings, and ramble home to Jesus?"

In considering the general character of Whitefield's preaching, we must bear in mind that a ministry suitable for one period of the church may by no means be adapted for another. The work of Whitefield was that of an evangelist. He was no pastor of a church, and had no settled congregation, and scarcely a fixed residence; but, burning with an unquenchable zeal, travelled from place to place, addressing multitudes who were living without hope and without God in the world. To reach their consciences was his aim and object. To set before them their perishing state as sinners, to proclaim in their ears free grace through the blood and righteousness of Christ as revealed in the gospel, to insist upon the necessity and unfold the nature of the new birth, whereby they became partakers of this salvation—these were the leading features of his preaching; and as he himself had a deep and daily experience of sin and salvation, in urging these points he poured out his very soul, and with a power and eloquence almost without example. The best description that we know of the general drift of his preaching is the account which Tanner gives of the sermon that

he preached at Plymouth, and which God owned and blessed to the quickening of his soul. When he had described, in the most touching manner, the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, fixing his eyes suddenly on Tanner, he cried, "Sinner, thou art the man who crucified the Son of God!" With such power did these words come to his soul, and his sins were so set in array before him, that Tanner all but dropped down on the spot. This is but a specimen of his peculiar manner; but such preaching would not suit our day, as it did not suit the day which arose shortly after his death. Whitefield threshed the corn, but he left wheat and chaff on the barn floor, a mingled heap. He could wield the flail as few men ever handled it, but he could not, or did not, touch the sieve. To do this, God raised up Huntington, who by his preaching, and more by his writings, winnowed the corn which Whitefield had threshed. What Whitefield was to the flail, Huntington was to the sieve. Between them, therefore, there is no comparison to be instituted. The flail might say to the sieve, as it hangs on the nail, "What a poor thing art thou! There is a sheaf for thee; come, try and get the corn out of it." But by and by the flail is hung on the nail, and then the sieve might retort, "Mr. Flail, what a poor thing art thou! Thou canst not sift thine own corn. What good is all this heap here? I must come down to finish thy slovenly work." Well might the labourer say to both, "Come, let us have no quarrelling; you, Flail, can do your work, and no one better; and you, Sieve, can do your work, and no one better; but it is my hand which uses you both; and unless I take you down, you may hang on the nail till you, Flail, drop off by the dry rot, and you, Sieve, are eaten up by rust." What Whitefield was, he was by the grace of God; what Huntington was, he was by the grace of God. Whitefield had not the deep experience, clear doctrinal views, knowledge of and insight into Scripture, keen discernment, and able pen of Huntington; nor had Huntington the shining eloquence, burning zeal, and popular gifts of Whitefield; yet each were servants of God, and blessed in their day and generation. But they had their separate work. How different was Paul from Elijah! How unlike are the address of Stephen to the Jewish Council and the First Epistle of John! These differences spring, however, from the blessed Spirit, and are but diversities of his sovereign gifts: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." So with Whitefield and Huntington. Huntington could not have preached to the Bristol colliers, nor Whitefield to the congregations of Providence. We are not insensible to Whitefield's defects, even errors; but we view him as a man raised up to do a special work.

We could not consistently close our review of his life and ministry without adverting to his faults. But it is an invidious task to point out defects. There are spots in the sun, flaws in a diamond, and specks in a mirror; but the sun is still the glorious orb of day, the diamond is still the most brilliant of jewels, and the mirror of the

astronomer's telescope still penetrates the depths of ether and brings to light the wonders of the heavens. So is Whitefield still the prince of preachers, and his defects are lost in the brightness of his character as a Christian and as a minister.

POETRY.

AN ADMONITION RELATIVE TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY THOMAS HARDY, OF LEICESTER.

Jesus, the Lord of Grace and Power, Whom all the hosts of heaven adore, Thus moves united prayer: "Where'er the place, if two or three To supplicate my name agree, Behold, I'm present there."	His hand can reach thy hardest case, Then pour thy woes before his face, And haste to pour them there. But if conjoin'd in praise or prayer, Thou'dst with assembled saints appear, Observe these needful rules: Forecast the time with fix'd intent, Come humbly plain, nor dare present "The sacrifice of fools"
"Then say not sinner, "'tis but prayers" When Jesus bids, and Jesus hears, But prompt obedience vow; Hast thou no wants, & none thy friends, That tho' the Lord of Heaven attends, Thy knees refuse to bow?	God is the Object there ador'd! Be every little art abhorr'd, Vain glory to obtain,— It cannot be, thy soul's abas'd Before the Lord, while thou display'st Thy vanity to men.
Nor stately walls, nor gazing throngs, Nor pompous vests, nor learned tongues, Does Jesu's worship ask; Carnal inventions mock his rules, His altar brooks not human tools, Nor bears the formal task.	The stately entry, late and slow, And pride's distinguished seats forego, And all her hateful forms: The high and lofty ONE is there, Nor will his sacred glories share With sinful mortal worms.
Presuming pride his soul abhors, Nor poor disdains, nor prince prefers, Before his mercy-seat; But where his Spirit may impart A sigh in faith,—a contrite heart, The worshipper's complete.	Thy absence at the appointed time. From stern necessity's no crime, Reason and pity plead;— But sloth and pride, obtruding late, Deserve reproof, reproach create, As conscience must concede.
Whate'er thy sins, O suppliant soul, What seas of grief around thee roll, Jesus has pledged his ear;	

[It would be well if the instruction contained in the above forcible lines were sealed on the mind and memory of many worshippers in the courts of the Lord. How many seem to make no conscience of disturbing the minister and the congregation by coming in late! How much better to take their seats early, and spend a little time in secret prayer, reading, or meditation, before service commences, than leave home in confusion, hurry along to the place of worship in confusion, and throw the congregation into confusion, just because they set out a quarter of an hour too late.—ED.]

God did not love you because Christ died for you; but Christ died for you because God loved you.—*W. T.*

Great grace and small gifts, are better than great gifts and no grace. It is not said, the Lord gives *gifts* and glory; but the Lord gives *grace* and glory. Blessed is such an one to whom the Lord gives grace, for that is a certain forerunner of glory.—*Bunyan.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 212. AUGUST, 1853. Vol. XIX.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Continued from page 203.)

After I had gone on thus for about two years and a half, a man came to our house, named John Clarke, who lived at Ringstead, in the same county, about seven or eight miles from Cransley, and who, I think is still living there; my master was his uncle. This man, understanding that his uncle had no great matter of business, had a mind to have me go and live with him, he being of the same trade. After my master and he had discoursed on the point, it was agreed that I should go, if I were willing, for he wanted a man very much. When they put the matter to me, I was willing to go, for it mattered not much where I went, so that I had but things needful.

This business being concluded, in a little time I went to live at Ringstead, with John Clarke; and when I got there, I understood that my new master and mistress were both Dissenters, which I did not know before, for I did not ask the question, nor do I remember that I was at all thoughtful about it; neither did I much regard it when I knew it, for I was allowed to go where I pleased, that is, on a Sunday, as we call it. Soon becoming acquainted with other young men I was willing to take my pleasure with them on that day. Besides, my fellow-apprentice, who was there before me, was very wicked, which did me much hurt, so that I grew worse and worse; and those little convictions and checks that I had at times, (mentioned before,) not sticking fast nor abiding long, were easily got off, and I began more eagerly to drink down iniquity like water.

My master and mistress used to go, on a Lord's Day, sometimes to Kettering, (for my mistress was a member of that church in

Mr. Meadwell's time,) this was five miles; and sometimes to Thorpe Waterfield, where sometimes one preached and sometimes another; this was about four miles. Now when they were gone, and left us at full liberty at home, we were not wanting in making use of our time, in sinful vanity enough, the Lord knows!

But, O the infinite mercy and kindness of God to such a wicked, sinful creature as I was, that he did not suffer me to go on in that wicked course of life all my days, nor cut me off in my wickedness! My master and mistress desired that one of us should go along with them one day, and one another; but my companion was utterly averse to going to the meeting, and because he would not, I was also unwilling to go.

After we had gone on thus for a time, my mistress, who was a very good woman, understanding what wicked pranks we played on the Lord's Day, often talked to us, and laid the evil of our ways before us, to which we too often turned a deaf ear. But one time, something that she had been speaking of to me stuck upon my mind, and that was, that the way I was so much set against was the right way, and that way that I had so much inclination to go in I might be sure was wrong, because we were naturally prone and inclined to that which was evil, and naturally bent against and averse to everything that is good, or to that effect; which, when I had seriously considered, I thought was certainly true; for I had received so much light and conviction before, in the little time that I had sat under the gospel, that I was more easily convinced of the truth of what she said.

So after this I went to Kettering, where my master and mistress went, though they had a horse, but I walked on foot. This was still in Mr. Meadwell's time; and when I went there, Mr. Meadwell being aged, and, as I said before, very low in voice, I could hear but little, and understood less. Being very weary with walking five miles, the flesh was not willing to take such pains, and weary itself for nothing; so that I was unwilling to go any more, and did forbear some time, till at last they went to Thorpe Waterfield, and would have me go along with them there. I therefore went with them to Thorpe, where one Mr. Taylor preached, and sometimes Mr. Tabbot, of Rothwell, and sometimes Mr. Davis, and others, there being then no preacher settled there.

Here I went often, the way not being so long nor so tiresome, and I could hear better. But alas! I did not yet understand what I heard, only I had some renewals of my former conviction, that these were good people, and that this must be the right way; and I had more inclination to go to the meetings than I used to have; neither was I afraid of Lady Robinson, being removed some distance from her.

I remember I heard them say, that Mr. John Taylor and Mr. Robert Tabbott preached upon trial at Tharpe. I took such a liking to Mr. Taylor, that I greatly desired that he might be the man that should settle there. Once I heard Mr. Davis, of Rothwell, and when I heard him again, "Dear Lord," thought I, "what a man

is this!" I was ready to look upon him as if he had been an angel come from heaven. I thought the majesty of God shone in his countenance; his words seemed to stick like arrows in my soul. I felt such power and authority in his preaching the gospel, that it made me fall like a conquered captive at the sound of it. I saw now that I was a miserable sinner; and when he came to show how dreadful it would be with such as had not an interest in Christ, but lived and died in sin, I was afraid this would be my condition. Now my master and mistress had no need to persuade me to go to the meeting, for I was ready enough to go, and take all opportunities that possibly might be. But yet, notwithstanding the concern I was under, I continued ignorant of salvation purely and alone by Jesus Christ. I used to hear them speak of the grace of God, and that we must believe in Christ, and that without faith in him we could not be saved; but so foolish and ignorant was I, that I did not well understand what they meant by the word *grace*, nor by believing, or having faith in Christ. I did indeed understand this, that I was a sinner, and a wretched sinner too, and that we must be saved by Christ; but that we must be saved by Christ without doing anything, I did not yet understand. I thought surely we must do something that we might be saved, and something I was for doing. O to be saved purely by grace, and justified from law, condemnation, and the charge of offended justice, by the imputation of Christ's pure and spotless righteousness, which must be received by faith—of this I was as ignorant of as any poor creature could be.

There was another thing that I was very ignorant about, and that was election. The first time that I remember hearing anything about it, so as to take notice of it, was in conversation among Christian friends, as we were either going to or coming from the meeting; but it was very strange and amazing to me when I heard of it. "What," said I, "may not any person be saved if he will, if they are diligent in the use of the means, if they do what God has commanded them?" Surely, I thought, they might be saved. I did not yet know but that every man had power to do what God commanded him. This doctrine sounded very harsh in my ears, but yet I was not able to withstand the Scripture proofs and evidences that they brought out of God's word, so that I was forced to be silent; but it was very awful, and begat heart-searchings in me, and inquiries whether I might be one of them, with a thousand fears lest I should not.

Some little time after this, a stranger came to preach at Thorpe, one Mr. Ward; several of us went out of our town to hear him. What the man preached from I cannot now remember, but I liked him wonderfully well, and something of his preaching was of use to me then, and made great impression upon my soul, though I cannot now remember the particulars. But there was one line in the hymn which he sung that God blessed, by fastening it upon my heart, which I could not wear off, but it sounded in my mind for some time wherever I went; and that was this,

"If ye be wise, make Christ your prize." Google

This expression was made of such use to me, together with his preaching, that now I did not only see myself to be a sinner, but in a vile, sinful, wretched, undone condition, without an interest in Jesus Christ. I saw that all the wisdom in the world, what specious pretences soever it may go under among men, was but foolishness, if not founded upon Christ for salvation. I saw that true wisdom, wisdom from above, the only wisdom that men could make use of was to secure an interest in Christ. I had a clear sight, blessed be distinguishing grace for it, that whatever religion or profession I might be of, or denomination I might go under, without a saving knowledge of Christ, and an interest in his person and righteousness for salvation, I must eternally perish. The Lord had now fully convinced me that it could not be anything that I could do, nor by works of righteousness that I had done. I not only saw that I was a sinful creature, but that there was sin in everything I did. Now the cry, the panting, breathing, and desire of my soul, was for an interest in Jesus Christ. O none but Christ, none but Christ, could satisfy my soul!

But, alas! notwithstanding I had so clear a sight of these things, and was convinced that I must be saved purely and alone by Jesus Christ, and that I was a sinful, undone creature without him, and my soul drawn in earnest desires after an interest in him, yet I was filled with abundance of fears and doubts whether he would accept of and save me, or not. Neither could I get over that doctrine of election. If I was not elected, notwithstanding all that had been said or done, I must perish.

But as to this, Mr. Davis's preaching was made of great use to me. I remember when he used to speak to sinners, (for then I listened in particular,) he would exhort, with great earnestness, poor sinners to come to Christ, sinners as they were, and believe on him at the word of command: "This is the command of God, that ye believe on his Son," (1 John iii. 23,) and not stand to dispute whether thou art worthy or not worthy, elected or not elected. This being a secret, it was not for us to pry into, but as sinners we must come to Christ, believe on him, or be damned; from whence I saw that I might dispute and reason the case ever so long, yet I must put all to a venture, and at last go to Christ, sinner as I was; if I perished, I perished. I saw that there was no other way, but go I must or perish I must; and therefore I had a secret thought to put all to the venture, and throw myself at the foot of Christ for salvation. This afforded me a little ease, and gave me some encouragement, but did not remove the doubts and fears that I was almost always attended with.

Those words in 2 Kings vii. have been of great use to me, concerning the four lepers which lay at the gate of Samaria in the time of that sore famine. There was but one way that they could see of a possibility to live, and that was a desperate one too, by falling unto the host of the Syrians; committing themselves into the hands, or lying at the mercy of their enemies. Having reasoned the case thus, "If we sit still we must die; we cannot live by looking one upon another.

If we go into the city, the famine is in the city, we must die there. nothing but death presents itself on every side; therefore let us venture, as if they should say, into the hands of the Syrians; if they save us alive, we shall live; if they kill us, we can but die." Now the use that the Lord made of these words for my encouragement in venturing my soul upon Christ, was this: I thought if I did not come and venture my soul upon Christ, I must die; if I went elsewhere, to the works of the law, to my own duties and performances, I saw the famine was there; I must die also. No possibility could I see of life but this one way, and that was in coming and venturing my soul upon Christ only, as a poor perishing sinner, for salvation. And therefore, from these considerations, the Lord helped me to come and throw myself in the arms of Christ; if I perished, I perished; if I did die, I was resolved to die waiting at the foot of Christ for mercy; if he saved me alive, I should live; if not, I could but die. "And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate; and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians; if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." (2 Kings vii. 3, 4.)

The same encouragement I found from those words in Esther v., about the queen venturing into the presence of Ahasuerus, the king, without being called, which was death by the law, unless the king, out of favour, should hold out the golden sceptre. Now the occasion of this, we find, was from that hellish plot Haman had laid, to cut off and destroy all the Jews that were in the king's dominions, and so, consequently, the queen's life lay at stake as well as the rest; which, when Queen Esther had an understanding of, she appointed a fast for three days and three nights. "I also and my maidens," said she, "will fast likewise; and so I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." (Esther iv. 16.) Here was a necessity laid upon the queen; so I thought this was my very case. I saw myself in a perishing condition if I did not come, if I did not venture in; and I could but perish if I did. Therefore, sink or swim, live or die, I saw a necessity laid upon me to venture my soul upon Christ Jesus. But O the success which Queen Esther had by venturing, as it is recorded in chap. v., has been something to me! the king holding out the golden sceptre, whereby she had not only her life, but what she desired, to the half of the kingdom promised. So I thought the Lord Jesus Christ, holding forth the sceptre of his grace in the preaching of the gospel unto poor sinners to lay hold upon, gave me encouragement to venture. Yea, much more than Queen Esther had, for the golden sceptre was not held out until after she was come in; but the sceptre of mercy is held forth in the gospel to sinners before they come, with a proclamation that, "Whosoever will, may come, and take of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) And then I saw a greater necessity laid upon me to come than there could be in Queen Esther's

venturing, because hers was but for a temporal, but mine for an eternal life. Yea, I saw such a necessity of coming and venturing upon Christ, that I could not be satisfied, but I must come; Christ I must have. Those words in Matt. xi. 12, were also of use to me on this account: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." However this text has been disputed, this I must needs say, that the words have been of great use to me. I was made to see such an absolute need and necessity of Christ, that I could not, would not be denied. That part of the word carried encouragement in it to me: "And the violent take it by force." But this force, or violent motion, which I found in my soul after Christ must be the work of his own Spirit.

(To be continued.)

The grace of God is called free, because it is free for God to give to whom he pleases. His grace is free, just as my alms are free; and grace is heavenly alms. Now, my alms are free, because they are bestowed freely, where I like. If any could demand them justly, they would cease to be an alms, or an act of grace, and prove a debt.
—*Berridge.*

Thus of miserable sinners, God makes happy saints. Here is the work of each divine person in the ever-glorious Trinity. God the Father blots out sins in the court of heaven; God the Son by his atonement on the cross; and God the Spirit in the court of a sinner's conscience. Believe, and enjoy the comfort of this. Now may the God of hope fill us with all joy and peace in believing, and make us to abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. (Rom. xv. 13.) When the women came to the sepulchre, to see our Lord, they said, Who shall roll away the stone from the door? (Mark xvi. 3.) But behold, it was done. So a poor broken-hearted sinner says, "This thick, black, impenetrable cloud of my sins intercepts between my soul and the light of God's countenance; it prevents the comforting rays of the Sun of Righteousness from shining into my soul. O who can disperse it?" None but God. Behold, he *has* done it. Did you think a storm of divine wrath and terrible vengeance was gathering over your guilty head? Behold, love speaks, grace proclaims, mercy declares, "I have dispersed the cloud, I have blotted out thy sins." Grace superabounds over all the aboundings of sin. A deluge of pardoning love, mercy, and grace, washes away all thy transgressions. They are all dispersed, like a cloud driven away by the sun. What, all this rich love, mercy, and grace, to such a hell-deserving sinner as I am; and that too, without any terms and conditions, requisites and deserts of mine! Yes, all is of rich love, free grace, and sovereign mercy. But behold the end of this; it is to attach thy heart to a sin-pardoning Lord. For he says, "Return unto me." Nothing attracts the gracious heart from sin, the world, and vanity, to the Lord, like free and full declarations of gospel grace and pardoning love.—*W. Mason.*

THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF THE WORD "WELL" IN SCRIPTURE.

IN A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. GOULDING TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

My dear Friend,—As I am sure it is quite unnecessary to apologise for trespassing upon your time by offering you a few thoughts upon any parts of Scripture, I will endeavour, as well as I am able, to show what we are to understand by "*well*," in the word of God.

Sometimes it means a minister of Satan: "These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever." (2 Pet. ii. 17.) Now setting a minister of Christ against one of these, we see at once what this water which makes this difference is. These are declared to be "clouds full of rain," (Eccles. xi. 3,) which the Lord moves here and there at his pleasure, and by these there is a communication by God's giving testimony to the word of his grace. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth; God's own husbandry is watered and refreshed; and the greatest judgment that ever can befall a country is when these clouds are taken away from it, as you see in the case of the Jews: "I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it" (Isa. v. 6.)

A gospel ministry, in opposition to the ministry of Satan, are wells with water in them and clouds full of rain. And so it is declared; for they are ministers of the Spirit, stewards of the manifold grace of God. The love of God is in them, which constrains them in their work. They are ambassadors of peace; they are ministers of righteousness; and in these things lies the water that makes them to differ from all false teachers; for "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain." (Prov. xxv. 14.)

Sometimes by *well* we are to understand God himself, who is the Fountain of all happiness and blessedness. And each person in the Trinity is also called a *well*: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." (Isa. xii. 2, 3.) Thus, you see, God is declared to be our salvation, is the Fountain of it—Father, Son, and Spirit, and from these blessed Wells it is to come to us: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Salvation is ascribed equally to each person in the Godhead. To the Father: "I will have mercy upon the house of Judah, and will save them by the Lord their God, and will not save them by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, by horses, nor by horsemen." (Hos. i. 7.) To the Son: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else;" "A just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me." (Isa. xlv. 22, 21.) To the Spirit: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit.

iii. 5.) And each person in the Trinity is declared to be a *fountain* or *well*. Speaking of the Father, we read, "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." (Jer. ii. 12, 13.) Of the Son: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" which drinking, and the blessed effects of it, are thus described: "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." (John vii. 37—39.) And as all our fruit is found in Christ, and we can only be made become fruitful branches by a union with him, the true Vine and good Olive Tree, from whom we receive the Spirit, eternal life, with every other grace, so all that are thus blessed and made fruitful are said to grow beside a well, which means Christ, the Well of salvation. "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." (Gen. xlix. 22.) Of the Spirit it is said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John iv. 14.) And this living spring in the heart is the root, the life, and the source from whence all our fruitfulness to God comes. No light, life, or love, nor aboundings in hope; no exercises of living faith; no saving knowledge or understanding; no prevalency with God in prayer; no peace, joy, or thankfulness to God; no meekness of soul; no contrition of heart; no repentance unto life; no self-abasement; no humility; no self-loathing; no filial fear of God in the heart; no mysteries of the kingdom ever followed up; no heavenly-mindedness enjoyed; no promised blessings ever applied; no transforming views ever known, but what the blessed Spirit is the author of: "For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth." (Eph. v. 9.) "I will," says Christ, "give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." And as he plants every grace in our souls, so he is the life of them. There never is any activity or exercise in one but under his influence. The church in the Song well understood this; hence her prayer: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." (Song iv. 16.) But if this heavenly wind blow not upon us, we never can be a sweet savour to Christ, to any, nor speak comfortably of the glorious majesty of his kingdom that is set up in our hearts. We can never describe the power in which the kingdom stands, nor set off in their glory and preciousness either the righteousness, peace, or joy in which it consists. If ever a thought worthy of God possess the mind, if ever a word is spoken to God's honour or to the benefit of others, if ever a good work is performed, it is all owing to the in-

fluence and operation of the Spirit and grace of God ; for the Lord thus furnishes for every good thought, word, and work ; all our sufficiency for these things and for everything that is good is of God. " That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 31 ; Jer. ix. 23, 24.) But I proceed.

Sometimes by *well* in Scripture the heart is meant, as I will endeavour to prove. The wise man says, " Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." (Prov. iv. 2, 3.) Here the heart is described as a fountain, or well, from whence life issues ; and if so, there must be the Spirit of life, the word of life, and the grace of life in it. And as this living spring works and rises, it not only refreshes our souls, enlivens and animates them, but also at times, when they are anointed, others are benefited ; as we see in David, when he declared that his cup ran over ; so that others felt the life, the power, the unction, or savour as well as himself.

But again: " Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water ; but a man of understanding will draw it out." (Prov. xx. 5.) I do not understand by counsel here that natural wisdom, knowledge, or understanding that some wise and learned men possess, by which they are capable of counselling or giving advice to another ; but this counsel in the heart of man that is like deep water, includes, first, the Holy Spirit, and then his saving work performed in the heart ; when he quiets the soul, and gives life ; removes darkness from the understanding, and gives light ; confusion, and gives truth ; despair and despondency, and produces a lively hope ; infidelity, and works faith ; the burden and guilt of sin, and brings pardon and peace ; condemnation, and brings righteousness ; enmity, and sheds abroad God's love in the heart ; hardness, and brings meekness, contrition, and repentance, which fill the heart with moisture, and make it good ground, where the word of God, that incorruptible seed, takes such root as to live in us, and shall abide with us for ever, and by which the elect of God are all made fruitful, though not all alike ; for some bring forth " thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred." " Receive with meekness the engrafted word," says James, " which is able to save your souls." Now, where the Spirit and this work is experienced in the heart, there is counsel, and there are the waters ; and where this experience is, such are made wise to salvation, do possess sound wisdom, and are capable of counselling others. And when this counsel is in the heart compared to deep waters, it is experience that the Spirit is the author of ; and hence he is declared to be upon Christ, the Head, of influence to the church, as, " The Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." (Isa. xi. 2.) As such he is upon Christ without measure, but upon us in measure. And when he takes possession of us, and saves us by the washing of regeneration, and by his renewing operations, as I have before described, of rebels he makes us friends and loyal subjects to Christ, the King of Zion, then the counsel in the heart of such a man is as deep waters ; and though none see it but the omniscient God, yet men of understanding, good men, men

that are taught by the Spirit of God, and experience the same, these can get at it, and draw it forth: "Men of understanding will draw it out." And it is astonishing to find this at times. Two men will meet together, perfect strangers to each other; conversation will take place; I shall be led to speak of what God has done for my soul, what I have received from Christ's fulness, and the treasure he has put in my heart; and if the same is in the other, while I am conversing and asking questions, the spring in the other will be touched, and this shall set him off to talk of his experience, and so I shall in this way draw out all that he has in his heart. And here we shall find a union so precious, so close, and firm, that we are directly in each other's hearts, in the love of the Spirit are knit together, though perfect strangers before. And this explains the meaning of the church being declared to be a spring shut up and a fountain sealed; she is to all but God and his children. False professors and carnal men can never touch this spring nor unseal this fountain.

Again: "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things." (Matt. xii. 35.) Here is the heart with a good treasure in it. "Now he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." (2 Cor. i. 21, 22.) A part of a man's life is his riches, and he dwells in the hearts of all believers. "It is a good thing that the heart is established with grace." (Heb. xiii. 9.) Grace is, then, a part of the treasure. Another part is the word of God, in the experience and power of it, so as to enjoy the blessings promised in it, and to have a knowledge of the truth of it, and to love it; and in the hearts of such it is declared to dwell richly, and the good man's heart is the well in which this good treasure, this living water is. And observe this passage: "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the wellspring of wisdom as a flowing brook." (Prov. xviii. 4.) Here we see, as the Spirit's influence and operation are felt in the heart, drawing forth his own implanted grace in lively act and exercise, that the same is a springing well, and from the abundance of this, through the mouth, the door of the heart, does this living water flow forth as a brook, and other poor sinners are benefited, and the bowels of the saints are refreshed; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and "The heart of the wise," thus furnished, thus influenced, "teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips." (Prov. xvi. 23.) And this is what David aimed at, that the experience of his heart and the words of his mouth might agree together: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." (Ps. xix. 14.) And thus it appears to me that the heart of man is very properly called a well that has living water in it, and an eternal spring.

But again. By *well* the mouth of man is meant: "The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life." (Prov. x. 11.) The meaning is, because life attends his words. Two texts will explain this: "Now

we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth;" (aye, these are the words spoken that makes the mouth of a righteous man a well of life;) "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." (1 Cor. ii. 12, 13.) And so we have this confirmed: "Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" "When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." (1 Thess. i. 5; ii. 13.) When the apostles were all filled with the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, then they spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance; and it is this speaking, and only this, that makes the mouth of a righteous man a well of life. When the prophet preached to the dry bones, in Ezekiel's vision, the Spirit of God influenced him, and, as he spoke, life went with the words, so that there was a shaking among the bones. When Peter preached, and his audience were cut to the heart, his mouth was a well of life to them, because the Spirit of life went up with his words. And not only is the mouth of a righteous man a well of life when reproof and rebuke attend his words, but also as much when comfort and consolation, reviving and refreshing, take place; by them the mouth of a righteous man is a well of life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Is there not at least a possibility of help from Christ? And is there a possibility of help any other way? Is any other name given under heaven, whereby we can be saved? I know there is none. (Acts iv. 12.) I must then say, like the lepers of Israel, (2 Kings vii. 4,) "If I sit here, I perish; and if I make my application in vain, I can but die. But peradventure, he may save my soul alive. I will therefore arise, and go unto him; or rather, believing him here, by his spiritual presence, sinful and miserable as I am, I will this moment fall down on my face before him, and pour out my soul unto him."—*Doddridge*.

Speaking of some persons who professed to have received great manifestations of the Deity, Luther says, "If you hear nothing from them but smooth, tranquil, and, forsooth, what they call devout religious contemplations, regard them not; for there is wanting the characteristic of the Son of Man, of the Man of Sorrows; there is wanting the *Cross*, the only touchstone of Christians, and the discoverer of spirits. Would you know the place, the time, the manner of divine conferences and communications? Hear the written word of God: 'As a lion, so will he break all my bones;' (Isa. xxxviii. 13;) and 'I am cast out of thy sight.' (Jonah ii. 4.) 'My soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.' Do you, therefore, try them carefully, and listen not even to a glorified Jesus, unless you find he was first crucified."

A LETTER BY THE LATE E. PARSONS,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT CHICHESTER, TO AN
AFFLICTED FRIEND.

My dear Daughter in the Faith, and in the Kingdom and Patience of Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to support you in the path of tribulation, which you are called to walk in through your present loss.

I was glad to hear of your dear mother's happy end, and the final stroke to all her pains, troubles, sorrows, and death; that the glorious Lord is her everlasting Light, and her God her glory for ever, and that the days of her mourning are for ever at an end. This ought to be our consolation in spirit while we mourn in heart, and feel deep sorrow at parting with those who are near and dear to us.

I have had much to endure of this of late. My dear Ann* died about one year and seven months ago, and for her I travailed hard in soul night and day. When the Lord delayed his coming in the manifestation of love to her, and I saw death making rapid strides towards her, and she, poor dear, crying out that she should go to hell, that she should die in such a state, and crying out for mercy. such was the agony of my mind, that I told the Lord in prayer that if he did not appear for her he was not faithful to his promise. Soon after she rose up in the bed, with joy in heart and heaven in her countenance, and said, "He is come; he is 'come! Sing,

'Heaven is that holy, happy place!'"

and so on. Then she said, "I see my glorious Christ, my sweet Lamb of God! I am now going to him."

What unbounded grace and amazing mercy! I thought I should have wept my heart out. She said, "Don't cry, father, sing, sing to my dear Christ and Saviour." I told her it was for joy. She called us all to her dying bed to bid us farewell, and blessed us in the name of the Lord, and admonished the young present. She then closed her eyes, as she thought, to open them no more in this world, but she opened them once more, and said, "I will look at you once more, my dear father." After this, she fixed them up heavenward. Never did I see such eyes before, for they did not appear to be human, but shone like sparkling diamonds. About four hours after the dear Lord had so powerfully broken into her soul, she fell asleep in her Jesus.

I then thought I was the happiest man living, though in the midst of trouble, and that I was well paid for all the care and expense I had had with this poor orphan and child of the living God. "Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

The next affliction and sorrow was, a poor wild brother, who was brought upon a death-bed, and under the wrath of an angry God and the pangs of a guilty conscience, with horrid terror and dreadful temptations. I besieged a throne of grace for him, and prayed by him, and did all I could to comfort him from the word of God; and,

* She was Mr. Parsons' adopted daughter. Google

blessed be the Lord, it was not in vain, for the Lord of life and death delivered him out of all, for his own eternal praise ; so that his song was, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" and called upon us to join him in the blessed song.

The next painful trial I was called to pass through was, to part with my dear mother, who brought me forth into this world to see much sorrow and grief, and nursed me in infant days of helplessness.

But now comes the keenest stroke and deepest wound of all ; for the next I was called to give up was the dearest partner of all my sorrows and joys. This stroke seemed too hard to bear, and the wound deeper than could be healed. Although I thank God I have not been left to rebel against him, yet I cannot overcome my strong sense of affection and sorrow of heart. How close the tie, and how powerful the union of love to each other is found when silent death dissolves all ! But I have, under all the strong ties and feelings of nature, been enabled to rejoice in spirit for the Lord's superabounding grace to my beloved wife through all her sufferings, which were very great ; but never did I hear one murmur come from her lips, through it all, against her dear Lord.

To relate to you all the Lord's kindness to her, and the conflicts she had with the powers of darkness, and the Lord's great mercy and power manifested to her in her affliction, would fill many sheets of paper ; but a word upon it. She was all her life subject to bondage through the fear of death, and never could endure to hear any of the Lord's children speak of wishing to die ; but when she knew that hers was a confirmed consumption, all fear of death was by her dear Lord taken away, by his assuring her, in the power of his blessed Spirit, that she, as one of the ransomed of the Lord, should come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. Often, after this, the singing of Mr. Hart's, Herbert's, and Kent's hymns were sweet to her, while she fed upon the precious word of God and the bread of heaven. And although the enemy was permitted at times to thrust sore at her, and to envelope her in darkness, so that her hope seemed lost, the dear Lord appeared again ; so that, not long before she fell asleep, she sang these words,

"Then ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this ;"

and,

"Heaven is that holy, happy place ;"

and,

"Here shall the weary sinner rest
When worlds come tumbling down."

With her soul full of the love of her dear Jesus, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ;" and, when she could speak no longer, she waved her half-dead, cold hand over her head in token of victory, and fell asleep in Jesus, the 3rd of October last.*

God bless you. Pray for me. Yours in the best bonds,

Tower Street, Chichester, Dec. 19th, 1845.

E. PARSONS.

* Mr. Parsons afterwards published the experience of his wife, a Review of which appeared in the "Standard" for August, 1852.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MY SOUL.

For the first seventeen years of my life I resided under the roof of my parents ; and as they professed godliness, I was not only trained up strictly moral, but to be a constant attendant upon the means of grace. All through this period I do not recollect receiving any gracious impressions or convictions, further than that I used to be somewhat alarmed when hymns were sung on the last judgment, such as, "Day of judgment, day of wonders," and others of a similar character. But these impressions were not lasting, and they found no abiding-place in my heart. For the most part I was wrapped up in carnal security, and that based upon the fact that I had believing parents ; and upon this ground I ignorantly looked for acceptance with God, thinking their standing might somewhat avail me in the great day of account, like those Jews who said, "We have Abraham to our father," forgetting that the children of the kingdom are not born after the will of man, nor of flesh, nor of blood, but of God.

While under the restraint of my friends, I had at times a secret desire for the time to arrive when I should quit their habitation, in order, as I thought, to have an opportunity to have my fill of and be satiated with the sins and pleasures, so called, of this present evil world. But when I left my home to fill a situation, all inclination to those things after which I had lusted, subsided ; and though many opportunities were presented, I was proof against them. After this, I took a situation in a notoriously wicked town ; there were nine of us in the shop as assistants. I may say they were all ungodly young men, and that outwardly, except the foreman, and he, I fear, pertained to that "generation that is pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." Many were the temptations thrown in my way by these young men, besides their filthy conversation. They for a time were incessantly at work to proselyte me to the mammon they so diligently served, namely ; "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life ;" but finding, at length, that they could not gain me over as a companion, they ceased from their persuasives. Still I was as a speckled bird among the birds of the wood, morally considered. But although I stood upright, in this respect at least, shall I say it was owing to something inherent that I possessed ? God forbid. My nature was upon an equality with theirs. But I owed it entirely to him who girded me with strength to resist, although at that time I knew him not. There was a secret something that held me back. Doubtless the Lord in some measure honoured the seed sown in my breast by my parents in early life as a preservative ; but primarily it was "the Lord's doing," and considering the temptation I was exposed to, it is marvellous in my eyes. Yet I would say, "O ye parents, who feel all the emotions of tenderest affection toward your offspring, and watch over them by night and by day, the Lord grant that you may have grace to bring them up in his fear: 'In the

morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.” Had I been permitted to enter and to founder in the quagmire of dissipation, not one reflection could I have ever thrown upon my teachers ; in this respect they would have been clear of my blood, and I should have justly perished for my own sin.

I had by this time formed an intimacy with a female who afterwards became my wife ; and as she resided at a village some miles from where I held my situation, I used to embrace the opportunity, on a Lord’s Day morning, of walking over to see her. My walk being lonely and very rural, I often read while on my way. On one bright summer’s morn, quite early, I was pursuing my course, when I took Hart’s Hymns out of my pocket, which my father had presented to me. I read his experience, and was quite overcome with the long-suffering goodness so conspicuously displayed by the Lord in his calling and restoring grace ; and if ever I glorified God on the behalf of another man’s salvation, it was then. Truly I could say, “ Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity ? ” . But it was his marked deliverance, which he so vividly describes, that laid such a firm hold on me, that I could not refrain from weeping. Why it was I could not then tell ; but I felt such a knitting of soul to the dear man, that from that time to this it has never left me. His hymns have many a time proved a cordial to me, and I am not without hope that I shall spend an eternity with him and all the election of grace, in making one song to be heard, “ Redeeming grace and dying love.”

As the object after whom I sought attended the means of grace, I of course accompanied her, and there I heard things described to which I was an utter stranger. There was such an originality about the minister ; he used “ great plainness of speech ; ” his arguments were forcible ; and though I had heard the gospel proclaimed from my infancy, yet under this good man I seemed to have new ears. Never before nor since have I heard any who surpassed him in drawing the line between sinner and saint ; “ between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.” He was very discriminating, very pointed, and his appeals to the consciences of his hearers very powerful. He talked of and insisted upon a law-work on the soul ; of manifested pardon and the application of the blood of Christ to the conscience ; of peace as a consequence ; of communion with the Trinity in unity ; of fellowship with Jesus in his sufferings ; and could boldly speak upon these particulars in an experimental manner. Under such a scribe I could not fail to detect my own blindness, my ignorance, and utter destitution. But as he brought the word of God and his own experience to bear upon the subjects he handled, I could not gainsay or resist his testimony, but used to ponder over these things during the week following each of the Lord’s Days.

As I before observed, I had sat under the sound of the gospel for years, but things were handled in such a mild, gentle, and tame manner, that no effects were produced upon me. But now the word seemed to be attended with such irresistible power to my heart, that I began to feel disquieted about my state. What used to make such

an impression upon me more particularly was the fellowship this preacher appeared to have with Jesus in his sufferings, both in the garden and on the cross. I had, therefore, through his instrumentality, a theoretical knowledge that real religion was a personal matter between God and the soul, and that there must be union and communion felt and enjoyed before one could properly be called a sheep of Christ. Ever after this I never cared to hear any ministers but those who knew and insisted upon an experimental religion.

In the order of divine Providence I removed to London, where I had every opportunity of hearing all the most popular preachers of the gospel in their annual or periodical visits to the metropolis ; and although I adhered constantly to men of truth, yet I may say I was not a whit before, and might have been justly styled a "formal professor." Dwelling now in the midst of modern Babylon, I partook of its spirit, and settled down pretty comfortably with a desire to dwell at ease. I could listen to the truth of God, could admire it, could hear for others, and come away satisfied, merely because I had heard the truth ; so that in reality my religion was at that time not now and not nigh. (Numb. xxiv. 17.)

In this state I went on for some years, like a door upon its hinges, having but little concern about the eternal welfare of my immortal spirit ; and it is all of grace that I was not permitted to be dashed upon the rocks of presumption. Surely this is as dangerous as the quicksands of self-righteousness, and doubtless has slain its thousands. Many therein will stumble and fall, but "he that is beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him ;" and so I proved it, for in course of time "judgment was laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet ;" yet it was in such a gradual way that I have never ventured to put a date to the time when I was first made earnest to obtain salvation, yet there was "precept upon precept, precept upon precept ; line upon line, line upon line ; here a little and there a little."

I have before observed that previous to coming to London I had become somewhat more thoughtful, but whether divine life was implanted then or not I cannot tell ; but be that as it may, I sensibly became more careless after I reached town. Here I found, as it were, a whole world lying in wickedness ; here were temptations of all kinds, suited in every way to the depraved state of man. Surely none but those who have the fear of the Lord can withstand altogether the baits held out here in such profusion ; and although I was preserved from the snares of the fowler in some measure, yet I found the foolish maxims, the vain customs, and the spirit of the world generally, deaden me very much as to concern about divine realities. At this time it might have been said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols." But, blessed be God, he hath said, "From all your idols will I cleanse you." This he began to effect, first by a bereaving dispensation, in causing a sweet little girl to be cut off by the hand of death ; "God speaketh once, yea, twice, but man perceiveth it not ;" and upon the back of this, only a few days intervening, the son who had a large share of my affections, was cut off from the land of the

living in a very sudden manner. But at the first these bereavements were not sanctified; I was like a wild bull in a net. Scarcely anything now occupied my mind but rebellion against him who had permitted these things to come upon me; and then again I would attribute these strokes wholly to second causes, so that for a time I was constantly arraigning alternately the Creator and the creature at the bar of evil-eyed reason. It never occurred to me then that I should one day extract sweetness out of the carcase of this lion-like trouble. I was now brought into the meaning of those words:

“The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short comforts borrowed here,
To be repaid anon.”

When rebellion against the dispensations of God had in some measure subsided, I began to be much exercised respecting the eternal destiny of those who had been removed from this world at a tender age, when these words arrested my attention, “How stands the case, my soul, with thee?” I soon found that this was a solemn question, and one that I could not shake off. I now began to examine the ground I stood upon for eternity, but soon found that the “bed was shorter than a man could stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he could wrap himself in it.” All my former apparent comeliness was turned into corruption, and my moral beauty now faded away like a moth; my countenance now began to witness against me. “God setteth the solitary in families.”

I was now made to ponder the path of my feet from childhood to manhood, and many things which I once thought lightly of were now laid upon my conscience. Amongst the rest, one sin in particular was set in the light of God’s countenance, and I could not get away from it, which occurred when I was quite a youth. It consisted partly in mocking a good man, and partly in calling him an improper name. He was one of the deacons of a Baptist chapel; I had met him in a field; he was too aged to run swiftly, and thus I took an advantage of him. I remember he turned round after I had passed him, but whether he blessed me or cursed me I cannot tell. I have often thought since that it would have been my just desert could it have happened to me as recorded in 2 Kings ii. 23, 24. Surely it is no light matter to persecute the people of God, either in word or deed, for he hath said, “He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.”

Feeling a burden within, I was now very intent upon reading and hearing the word, “if so be there might be hope;” but in the general things appeared to make against me, so I concluded my spot was not the spot of God’s people. I was now led to see that I had the form of godliness but was destitute of the power. I could take no comfort in the fact that I had been trained up under the gospel, believing it would add to my condemnation; and I secretly wished I had been an open sinner, provided ignorance was stamped upon my brow. “But now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.” Another thing that exercised me was the sin of presumption. “The

soul that doeth aught presumptuously shall be cut off from amongst his people." Hence the cry of one, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; then shall I be innocent of the great transgression." I could not see any way by which mercy could flow to me, deeming myself to be no common-place sinner.

At the time I was being thus tempest-tossed, a person called in to say that a good man was going to preach at a short distance off; and as he frequently looked in on similar errands, I suspected that he looked upon me as a Christian, which gave me some uneasiness, especially as we had never been intimate, having known each other only by sight. I had never yet opened my mind to any one, but kept my trouble locked up within, and intended so to do. But being now made to detest a mere semblance of religion, and, I trust, somewhat honest in heart, I wrote him a letter, telling him to be cautious, as I was not the person he thought me to be, and also that my desire was that none should be deceived in me, and I took some pains to prove that the "root of the matter" was not in me; but strange to say, he took hold of these very things, and tried to prove they were signs of life, and he wrote me a letter in return full of encouragement; and many a time did he afterwards labour to persuade me that I should be yet brought forth to the light, and should one day praise the name of the Lord; but I could not then believe him, fearing he had missed his mark. I dare not say but I was "holpen with a little help," but in the main I put it from me. Nevertheless I hope the Lord will recompense him; for he has said that a "cup of cold water" given to one of the least "in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward."

I had read (I think in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress") that it was very rare that God called any after the age of twenty-five; and, as I had now reached considerably over that, I concluded that effectual calling would not reach me. I named this to the friend before alluded to. He referred me to the word of God, asking me at the same time to give him the ages of several Bible saints; but to do this I found was a task too hard for me to accomplish. Being now weak in body and sick in soul, and having an idea that I might probably root out the cause, whereby the effect would cease, I had recourse to powerful doses of medicine, such as I should now shudder at. But all in vain; I found it no antidote for the malady I was labouring under, but I rather grew worse.

(To be continued.)

A Christian may glory that in Christ he has all things; that all the righteousness and merits of Christ are his own, by virtue of his spiritual union with him; on the other hand, that all his sins are no longer his, but that Christ, through the same union, bears the burden of them. And this is the confidence of Christians; this is the refreshment of their consciences, that their sins cease to be theirs, judicially, because they are laid on him, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—*Luther.*

OBITUARY.

*MRS. T. WALSH, LATE OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.**(Concluded from page 218.)*

Our limits admonish us not to prolong our memoir beyond what may be edifying and profitable to our readers, or may serve to give an adequate representation of our departed friend. But as her own letters afford the most trustworthy evidence of the state of her mind, and are, we think, peculiarly sweet and simple, we will insert one written to the same friend in the autumn of 1847, which, we believe, will commend itself to the conscience of all who have any knowledge of divine manifestations as a sweet account of the Lord's gracious visit to her soul:

"My dear Friend,—I feel sure that you will receive a few lines from me with pleasure, especially as I have good news to tell you of the lovingkindness and favour of the Lord to my soul. Though not permitted to join-you, and deprived of the privilege of hearing the preached word, yet I trust I am of one heart with you, and what is better than anything, the Lord seems to remember me in mercy.

"For some time I had been a good deal tossed about in my mind, at times hoping that I had evidences of grace, at other times greatly fearing that the Lord had no regard for me; but the ever-blessed Lord did so graciously appear for me last Lord's Day week, that all my fears and troubles were certainly removed. It was after I was in bed; and it was with such sweetness and power that he made known his love to me, that I cannot find words to express what I felt. But he seemed quite to overwhelm my soul with promise after promise, so that I could say, 'My cup runneth over;' indeed, I felt as if my soul were full, and could hold no more, and I lay praising and blessing his name. O what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? for his mercy shown to me? My all is nothing worth having, but there must be something in me in which he delights, and which is his own putting, or he would not say, 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' O what a blessed thing is felt union and communion with the Lord! There is nothing that can in any way be compared to it! What glory, beauty, mercy, grace, and compassion, did I see in the dear Redeemer, and what wonders in his finished salvation! I am sure none need despair who feel themselves sinners, and are enabled to cast themselves at his feet. A great deal of the savour of this sweet manifestation has left me; up to last Saturday it continued with me; but unbelief seems secretly at work again, notwithstanding all. Yet when I look back, a little of the feeling seems to return. Many of the psalms have been suitable to me, but no part of Scripture more so than the Song of Solomon; it is a mysterious book to all, except when the Spirit opens it up; then our hearts burn within us.

"Believe me to remain, yours very sincerely,

"F—, Nov. 9th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

On May 18th, 1848, she was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Walsh, deacon of the church over which the late J. M'Kenzie was pastor. In this change of situation she enjoyed as much temporal happiness as this world can afford, as they were much attached to one another, and she was particularly fitted for a quiet domestic life. She now, too, enjoyed the blessing of a Christian home and the society of spiritual friends, and for a time, what she highly prized, the ministry of the late J. M'Kenzie. But this last blessing she did not long enjoy, for he soon went to Liverpool, and on Aug. 12th, 1849, was removed from this vale of tears to the mansions of

eternal bliss. Mrs. Walsh, in common with all his friends, much felt his death. She thus speaks of him, in a letter to a friend :

"You, my dear friend, find that there is a blessed reality in religion, for it is a solemn thing to be brought near death's door; as dear Brother M'Kenzie said, 'It is here we want a God.' We have seen something of death in our dear brother's departure. Satan was not permitted to harass him in any way, but he stood firm, and having fought the good fight, through Jesus' blood and righteousness he is now enjoying unspeakable pleasures. I could tell you many things about him during his last days, but I forbear, as you will find an account in the October Number of the 'Standard.' I am sure it will be interesting to you. If ever a man preached and lived the gospel, he did, being blessed with a remarkably tender conscience.

"Preston, Sept. 7th, 1849."

But though happy in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, her heart was not permitted to wander from the Fountain of living waters to hew out to herself cisterns, broken cisterns, which hold no water. She was one who could not rest satisfied with past experience, nor settle down into a carnal, dead assurance. In her new scene there was much to take her thoughts off from the Lord, particularly when maternal cares and anxieties were added to her domestic duties. But she could not rest without fresh manifestations of the Lord's love to her soul. Nor was she neglectful of the means; for it was her custom, every morning after breakfast, to go up stairs to her bed-room, and there spend an hour or more in reading the Scriptures and secret prayer. If some of these seasons were barren, as doubtless they were, yet at other times she found the blessedness of thus waiting on the Lord.

The two following letters will show that her feet were still in the footsteps of the flock :

"My dear —,—We were very sorry to find that you again were laid upon a sick bed. When the Lord favours the soul with submission and patience, it is a profitable place; but when left to ourselves, it causes repining and murmuring. I trust the Lord favours you with his presence. Once, when ill, I felt those lines of Hart's very precious,

'Himself shall be thy helping Friend,
Thy good Physician; nay, thy Nurse;
To make thy bed shall condescend,
And from the affliction take the curse.'

"There is no curse to believers in Jesus, he having been made a curse for them; and where there is no sin imputed, there is no curse. Afflictions, though common to all men, to the Lord's people are meant for good, and will end in weaning them from the things of time and sense, and fixing the affections more firmly on Jesus. If we are but found in Jesus at last, these are but light afflictions. I have been sighing and groaning under the burden of sin this afternoon. I do so often fear that all is not right with me. I weigh up things (through mercy) in favour and things against myself. I feel that it is a mark of grace to hate sin, to long after Christ's righteousness, to love God and desire conformity to his image; and yet, feeling such a world of iniquity within, I cannot make myself out. I seem to have more by a great deal against than for me, and I come over and over again to the Lord, just as I came at first, craving for mercy through Jesus, begging that he would wash me in that blessed fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and if I am not right, that he would make me so.

"I remain, dear —,—, your ever affectionate friend,
"Preston, Jan. 8th, 1850."

"CAROLINE WALSH.

"My dear Friend,—I was very glad of your last, and thankful to hear that you were so comfortable in your mind, as well as better in body. Health of soul is a great thing; all is well then, come life or death. I have been very happy of late in my mind. I had a blessed visit from the Lord last Lord's Day, when at the ordinance: the sweetness of it still rests a little with me, and I look back upon it with feeling. O the dear Lord deals wonderfully with such base wretches as we are! He is worth ten thousand worlds; nay, his worth cannot be told, to the poor sinner who feels his need. He is so suitable; his words are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. We know there is a blessed reality in the religion of Jesus, because we feel it.

"My dear friend, take courage; he is faithful who has promised; he has gone before! O that we might follow on more closely to him, I mean to be more like him, more conformed to his image. There is so much unlike him in us. He was holy, harmless, undefiled; we feel painfully that sin dwells in us. I do long to find myself without this hideous monster, and I have a blessed hope of being more than conqueror, through the blood of the Lamb; for I have the earnest of it in my heart. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift, his dear Son. "Yours very affectionately,

"Preston, Oct. 19th, 1850."

"CAROLINE WALSH.

But our limits admonish us to pass on to the closing scenes of her life. Her health, never very strong, became much broken through her family coming on fast, and the frequent illnesses of her children, two of whom she lost by death. What a mother feels under these bereavements, a mother only knows. That she deeply felt what some one has called "losing a piece of one's self," is shown by the following extract of a letter to her friend:

"My darling little one departed from this vale of tears early in the morning of the 1st of June. He suffered much from constant relax and vomiting, but a week previous to his death he seemed quite well, and nicely recovering. He was not more than twelve hours ill at the last. My tears flow so that I cannot stop them, though I feel that the Lord is 'too wise to err, too good to be unkind.' As one of the little stones, I believe he forms a part of the great building above, and I hope to go to him, knowing well that he never will return to me. It seems a long month since his death."

But her own days on earth were numbered. A premature confinement was the messenger sent to bear her from earth to heaven. But here we shall leave the narrative to her afflicted partner, who, soon after her decease, favoured us with the following account of her last days on earth:

"On the Monday previous to her death, she said she had hoped to have lived a little longer, to see the cause with which she was connected established, for it was the cause of Christ; and, raising her hand, she said, 'I believe it will prosper. I have one request to make, which is my only one, that £50 be given to that little cause; it may be something to remember me a little longer by. But what is that to what Christ has done for me? I would be a beggar; yea, I would be clothed in rags for Christ's sake. I have never done one good thing in my life. Tell the friends how I love them; but I am too weak to talk to them. Now, Elizabeth, (speaking to her sister-in-law,) as soon as I am dead, tell the friends my request; but if I recover, never tell it.' She requested her sister-in-law to read to her Hymn 378, which commences,

'A beggar poor, at mercy's door,
Lies such a wretch as I;'

and Hymn 393,

'A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave,
Unworthy to be fed.'

"A few days before she died, she had solemn impressions that she would not recover, and often said, 'The Lord is going to remove me; and if it is his

will, I should like him to visit my soul with as great a manifestation of his love as I have had in times past, for past enjoyment will not do for me now. O there is no religion without power! And now, dear friends, those of you who know and love the Lord, pray for me, and pray continually, if you can; for I have told you what my soul is longing for, and there is no time to lose. My hope is firm in what Jesus has done for my soul; but I want him to say again to me, "He died and gave himself for me."

"At another time she said, 'My time will not be long upon earth; and if it is the Lord's will, I desire to have a feeling enjoyment of those words, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto God for ever and ever." If the Lord should thus favour me, do not rest your faith on it; and if I should appear to die in the dark, let it not discourage you.'

"When Satan was permitted to try and perplex her, she cried, 'O friends, are you praying for me? for the enemy is trying to make me doubt my religion. O blessed Spirit, do bring some sweet promise to my mind! I have nothing to plead but what Jesus has done for his people; for I have never done one good thing in my life.' The Lord heard her prayer, for in a few minutes she said, 'Jesus is precious! If the friends wish to know the state of my mind, tell them I feel myself a poor vile sinner, saved by sovereign grace. Yes, it is of grace from first to last, not of works.' The day before she died she wished to see the children, to take leave of them. When she saw them she smiled, and said, 'Give Mamma a kiss.' The younger child said, 'Good bye, Mamma.' She answered, 'Yes, it is good bye, now. Well, I hope you will be good boys, and I trust the Lord will remember you in mercy. We may be too anxious about our children.' A few hours before she died, she evidently was enjoying the Lord's presence. A friend said, 'Do you feel Jesus precious?' She answered, 'Yes.' 'Have you very great enjoyment?' She replied, 'No.' 'But you feel Jesus precious?' 'Yes.' After that time she was unable to speak much. A short time before she died she said she thought the Lord would grant that she should not suffer much pain. When dying it was so, for she died without either groan or sigh."

A second communication contains a few more particulars :

"I feel inclined to give you more definite particulars about the last days of my dear departed wife.

"The morning of her premature confinement she had evident tokens that she was about to go through much affliction and temptation; and, calling her friends around her, said, 'I have had this so powerfully spoken to my heart, that strong trials and temptations await me; but something has told me to pray against it.' And O how she poured out her soul to the Lord, and desired all that feared and loved the Lord to pray for her. After her confinement, her mind was entirely engaged with the Lord, and her wrestlings and cries were great for a manifestation of the Lord's mercy to her soul. She called for Psalm xlii. to be read, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,' &c., also Psalm li., and several others that described her soul feelings; and, calling me to her, she said, 'O how my soul wants another visit from my dear Jesus, precious Jesus! I do feel a little hope, but Satan is so tempting me, and wants to take it from me. O do pray for me!' At this time she was much afraid of any one coming near her that knew not the Lord. She said, 'I want no ungodly people about me; I only want those who can pray for themselves and for me. O I need all your prayers! But let me tell you what I want; I want to say, "Glory, honour, praise, and salvation unto the Lamb for ever!"' She then desired to see her mother-in-law, a gracious person, and she, having come into the room, she wished to be raised up in bed, when she began speaking thus: 'My dear friends, the Lord has blessed my soul many times with sweet tokens of his love, and several times with a blessed assurance of my interest in the dying love of a precious Jesus, enabling me to say, "He loved me and gave himself for me;" one time in particular, about two years ago, which I wrote down in pencil (telling me where I should find it). Now (she exclaimed) if anything be said about me, let that which I wrote down be inserted for the honour of the dear Lord, and in love to my

soul; and O if I can be of use to any poor sinner, either living or dying, how happy I should feel! O I have a strong and firm hope in Jesus! but, understand me, not that great joy which I should wish to have. When I depart, I wish to say, "Glory, honour, praise, and salvation unto the Lamb for ever," with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

("On finding the paper she referred to, it read as follows:

"Feb., 1851.—The Lord blessed my soul with a most wonderful manifestation of himself. The blessed Spirit has broken down the strong barrier of unbelief, and I am again enabled to believe, *without a shadow of a doubt*, that Jesus died for me. I am sure that salvation is of *free grace*, and that *faith* is the gift of God; for, when I never expected it, and was bound up in unbelief, the Lord appeared and made it as impossible for me to disbelieve as before I felt it impossible to believe. I bless the Lord with all my heart and soul. Do keep me from sin, dear Lord, that horrible thing; do keep my conscience tender in thy fear; make thyself more known to me; and may I grow in grace, for thy blessed name's sake.

"I leave this testimony, just written down, that I may look at it if ever I should doubt again. Psalms ciii., cxliv., and cl., and Hymns 418, 416, 414, 408, 407, 203, &c., so express my feelings that I can hardly contain. "Through the Lord I have run through a troop; through my God I have leaped over a wall." It is no deception. All the glory, from first to last, belongs to God. I have had an evidence of his power *this day*. As long as God is God, I am safe; so it is for ever and ever.)

"The Lord then broke sweetly into her soul, and with a smile she said, 'O blessed be my dear Lord, my hope is come again! and again I feel Jesus very precious, but not so gloriously as I could wish. O now send for my friends. If the Lord should be pleased to make anything of use to their immortal souls or to any other poor sinner, that I may say, or anything they may hear on this bed, it will be a great mercy;' and, calling me to her, she said, 'You have been a kind husband to me, and I have loved you as much as it is possible in this time-state; but I must leave you.' I told her it was evident that the Lord had only lent her to me for a short time, and was about to take her; but though I felt it to rend my very heart asunder, yet I knew that she was going to a better home, a better Husband, and one that could love her a thousand times more, for it was the love of God as well as man. 'O yes,' she replied, 'but I know you will follow me. I only leave you for a short time.' But the enemy of souls, who appeared determined not to let her have any peace if he could hinder, began powerfully again to tempt her soul, and caused her to groan out, 'O if he takes away my hope and my Jesus, what shall I do?' and, desiring all out of the room but myself, told me how that Satan was again trying to sweep away the foundation of her hope. She then said, 'What shall I do? Shall I pray?' I answered, 'Yes; do pray.' She then clasped her hands, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and prayed, 'O dear Lord, do come, and deliver my soul from the power of Satan! Blessed Jesus, have mercy upon me! I am a vile, guilty sinner, and never did anything but sin against thee; but O thy grace is free; and I know thou art able to save to the uttermost! Do, Holy Spirit, let me feel the blood of the dear Lamb of God applied to my soul, and cleansing me from all sin! O merciful High Priest, thou wast tempted, and knowest how to succour the tempted; do succour me in this time of need, for thy precious name's sake! Amen.' She then desired others to come in the room, and begged of me to engage in prayer, as I knew what she wanted. I did so with a feelingly broken heart and humbled spirit, and the Lord blessed me with solemn access to his blessed throne of grace, and I felt my soul enlarged in pouring it out before Him. The dear Lord again appeared for her deliverance, and she again began to rejoice in a precious Christ, and the power of his salvation and ability to save from temptation as well as from hell.

"Just before her death, when she was so weak that her voice could not be heard, we could distinguish her whispering over and over again, 'Hephzibah!' 'Beulah!' and thus gave evidence that where her treasure was, there her heart was also.

REVIEW.

How many Lies are there in the Church Catechism? By a Seceder.
London: J. Gadsby.

RELIGION, in some shape or other, is indispensable to the very existence of civilised society. Rude, wandering tribes, like the Australian negro or the North American Red Indian, may subsist without any public mode of worship or any outward acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, though even these poor outcasts have some dim notion of "The Great Spirit;" but man, in a state of society, can no more live without some recognised form of religion than he can exist without laws or government, property or marriage. Society has to be held together from within as well as from without. Law and government, the rights of property and the divine institution of marriage, as clamps and girders, bind together society from without; religion, as mortar, binds together society from within. When society is broken to pieces, it is either by atheism springing a mine from within, or by anarchy battering down the walls from without. The first French Revolution gave fearful proof of this. It commenced in atheism and ended in anarchy, till after rivers of blood had been shed tyranny stepped in to chain up the tigers and hyænas which were ravaging the land; and one of its first acts was to restore the worship of a Supreme Being. So Socialism, that Satanic plot against God and man, loudly proclaims its abhorrence of property, of marriage, and of religion—the three grand elements of civilised society, without which our fair country would be a wide scene of robbery, carnage, lust, and blasphemy.

But let us not be misunderstood. When we speak of religion in this wide, general sense, we mean by the term not that true religion which is the special fruit of the Spirit. There is a natural religion as well as a spiritual religion. Natural conscience is the seat of the former; a spiritual conscience the seat of the latter. One is of the flesh, the other of the Spirit; one for time, the other for eternity; one for the world, the other for the elect; one to animate and bind men together as component members of society, the other to animate and bind the children of God together as component members of the mystical body of Christ. *True* religion is what the world does not want, nor does true religion want the world. The two are as separate as Christ and Belial. But *some* religion the world must have; and as it will not have and cannot have the true, it will and must have the false. True religion is spiritual and experimental, heavenly and divine, the gift and work of God, the birthright and privilege of the election of grace, the peculiar possession of the heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. This the world has not, for it is God's enemy not his friend, walking in the broad way which leads to perdition, not in the narrow way which leads to eternal life.

But a religion without God is a nonentity; and since Christ has come into the world and Christianity, as it is termed, is generally established, a religion without Christ becomes a contradiction. As, too, the Scriptures have been translated into different languages and

are widely spread and much read, a national creed must to a certain extent embrace what is taught in the Scriptures, or men will instinctively see that the religion professed is not that which the word of God has revealed and brought to light. But religion having thus become general cannot subsist without an order of men to teach it and practise its ceremonies. Hence come clergy, forming a recognised priestly caste; and as these must, to avoid confusion, be governed, all large corporate bodies requiring a controlling power, thence come bishops and archbishops, ecclesiastical courts, archdeacons, and the whole apparatus of clerical government. The ceremonies and ordinances cannot be carried on without buildings set apart for the purpose; thence churches and cathedrals. As prayer is a part of all religious worship, and carnal men cannot, for want of the Spirit, pray spiritually, they must have forms of devotion made ready to their hand; thence come prayer-books and liturgies. As there must be mutual points of agreement to hold men together, there must be written formulas of doctrine; thence come articles, creeds, and confessions of faith. And finally, not to prolong to weariness this part of our subject, as there are children to be instructed, and this cannot be safely left to oral teaching, for fear of ignorance in some and error in others, the very form of instruction must be drawn up in so many words; thence come catechisms. Persons are puzzled sometimes to know why there is this and that thing in an established religion—why we have churches and clergy, tithes and prayer-books, Universities and catechisms, and the whole apparatus of an Establishment, from the Queen the head, down to the sexton the tail. They do not see that all these things have sprung, as it were, out of a moral necessity, and are based upon the very constitution of man; that this great and wide-spread tree of a national religion has its deep roots in the natural conscience; and that all these branches necessarily and naturally grow out of the broad and lofty stem.

But admitting the necessity of some acknowledged form of Christianity, and allowing certain benefits to spring out of a National Establishment, the question arises, Whether we might not have the benefits without the evils, and whether the Church of England does not do us, as a nation, more harm than good. Religion, as a bond of society, would not perish were there no endowed Establishment to maintain it. Look, for instance, at the United States, where there is no established church. In no country is there more regard paid to the outward observances of religion; nay, so much so, that it is hard to tell which is more ardently worshipped—the dollar or the form of godliness.

Humanly speaking, one of the greatest barriers in this country to every improvement is the National Church. As regards, for instance, the great question of the present day—the education of the people, she thwarts in every possible manner a sound and general system of instruction, by seeking to thrust upon every school her obnoxious Catechism; by demanding that every schoolmaster should be a *bona fide* member of her pale; and by setting up a paramount

claim to educate every child in her system and creed. She thus thwarts and defeats every attempt towards a better and more general scheme of education, and would sooner, like a Chinese mother, that her children should not walk at all, or be cripples for life, than that their infant feet should not be squeezed into her narrow shoes. Where able, too, she carries on a vast amount of persecution and of unfair influence. The poor, especially in country places, she sometimes buys over by presents of money, coal, and clothing, and sometimes persecutes by excluding them from a share in those favours which should be given indiscriminately. "To keep their church" is, in her eyes, the greatest virtue of the poor, and to attend the meeting the greatest crime. Nor are her power and influence limited to the poor. Those who are by their position independent of her favours, she awes by her lordly frowns; so that there are scarce any to be found above those engaged in trade and manufactures who dare to be anything but Churchmen, on account of the "vulgarity" of dissent in her aristocratical eyes. All this, we know, in the wisdom of God, is for the good of the church of Christ, which is to be despised and persecuted, as was her divine Lord and Master; but this no more diminishes the sin and guilt of the proud aristocratical Establishment, than, because Christ was to be rejected of the Jews, they committed less sin in rejecting him.

Such as have never been within her pale, or have not been trained up at the great public schools and Universities of the Church of England, have little or no idea of the deep-rooted, we may say, fanatical attachment which burns in the breast of her children—a love as blind, but as deep and ardent, as fired the breast of Paul for the traditions of the Pharisees when he sat at the feet of Gamaliel or held the clothes of the witnesses who stoned to death the martyr Stephen. Those who have been cradled in dissent, their eyes not being blinded by this idolatrous enthusiasm, see, and see truly, her errors and corruptions, her worldly character and domineering spirit. Calmly and coolly comparing her with the scriptural marks of the church of God, they perceive in her scarce one feature of the bride of Christ; and instead of her being a chaste virgin espoused to the Lord the Lamb, they behold her gathering lovers to her embrace as shamelessly and as indiscriminately as Aholah and Aholibah.

Were we to judge merely from what floats on the surface, we might think the National Church was tottering to its fall. The very world is now crying out against the sordid avarice and shameless rapacity of her bishops, and against the miserable evasions and subterfuges which they employ in order to appropriate to themselves large sums beyond their assigned incomes. Puseyism, that twin-sister to abhorred Popery, on one side is eating as a gangrene into the very vitals of Church of Englandism; and Infidelity, on the other, is rapidly infecting the literature of the country and fearfully spreading amongst the masses. But underneath this apparent weakness she conceals an amazing vitality and strength. Like some aged asthmatics, who seem always dying, but gasp and cough

on till ninety, burying two or three crops of hale, hearty youths, the Church of England has been wheezing and panting and seemingly all but expiring again and again, and yet appears to be getting stronger and stronger every year. Churches are rising by hundreds in every district, and the Universities can hardly supply students fast enough to minister in them. Who can solve this enigma, that whilst, for many just reasons, the Church of England is daily falling into well-merited contempt, her power is increasing? Without using harsh, unbecoming expressions, we think that the streets of our great towns will afford a solution. There is a miserable class of females who are justly condemned by the virtuous of both sexes, but whose numbers show that their nets are not spread in vain for the vicious. The Scripture compares a false church to a harlot. It is the easy virtue of the National Church which makes her so generally acceptable. So indulgent a mistress suits well the racing lord and fox-hunting squire; and her benignant smiles, if they do sometimes cost the farmer five shillings an acre, or his opulent landlord £50 for a new organ, yet they cheer them with hope of heaven when they die, if they are but constant in their attentions to her as long as they live.

The attachment, then, of worldly people to a worldly religion is no great mystery; it is no riddle for a Samson to put forth, or requiring a Solomon to solve. There is a greater mystery, a harder enigma than this—how gracious men, servants of the living God, believers in and followers of the Lord Jesus, can remain contentedly in her embrace. Toplady, Romaine, Berridge, Hawker—what burning and shining lights were these! Yet were they members and ministers of the National Church, and never seem to have been troubled with doubts or scruples as to her scriptural character and position. They lived and died honoured of God, and their names are embalmed in the hearts of his children. But they are gone, and have left neither son nor heir; for where is there a minister now in the Church of England who is worthy, we will not say to stand in their pulpits, but even to open for them the pulpit door? There are a few who preach the same doctrines; but where is the savour, and power, and, above all, the blessing of God which clothed the ministry of those eminent servants of the Most High? Nor indeed is it to be expected. God has worked, and still, in a spiritual sense, does work miracles; but it is not his ordinary course of action. A man may be found alive under a snow-wreath, or in a tomb; but we do not expect to find many there, or that those thus found should be very warm or very lively. Surrounded with ice and the cold damps of the sepulchre, we need hardly wonder that there are so few living ministers in the Church of England, and that those few manifest so little vitality or strength. The system is so deadening that, were it possible to extinguish the life of God, there could be no living men in her. Some, once known to ourselves, did appear at one time to possess life, but the event, we fear, has proved that it was not the life of God. Sin, we know, dulls and deadens the conscience, and few sins do this more effectually than what

we may call religious sins. Many men, it is to be apprehended, have gone into the ministry of the Establishment with tender consciences, doubting and fearing whether they were acting right in the step they were taking. When the occasional services have come before them for performance, their lips, perhaps, have faltered as they thanked God for regenerating the sprinkled infant, or taking to himself some miserable drunkard. But by degrees their conscience becomes less sensitive; the words are pronounced more glibly and boldly; inward checks are less and less felt; and arguments arise, or are suggested by others, to keep quiet that intruding voice which speaks so very uncomfortably. The young curate is presented to a living; a wife is taken; and, in due time, olive branches of greater and less dimensions spread themselves round the vicarage table. Hedge after hedge, wall after wall are built round him as he advances onward into middle life. By degrees he drops his Calvinistic creed, and becomes a more acceptable preacher to the gentry and rich tradespeople. He imbibes a little Puseyism, and talks of "our venerable church" and its "admirable liturgy," is made a rural dean or an archdeacon, and settles down into a thoroughly worldly man, an enemy of God and godliness, a determined hater of all dissent, and, where he can, a persecutor of the saints.

But take another case. Let us reverse the process. In steel engraving, the iron plate is, at one stage of the process, hardened into steel, and at another the steel plate is softened into iron. We have seen how the iron is hardened into steel; let us now see how the steel is softened into iron. Take the case of a man who has entered the ministry of the Establishment, as most do, for a piece of bread, without any breath of divine life in his soul. Let the Lord, sooner or later, commence a work of grace in his heart, and lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet in his conscience. Let him be brought, through convictions of sin and distress of mind, to the Lord Jesus Christ, and have a manifestation of God's mercy and love to his soul. Let him now worship God in spirit and in truth, and walk before him in godly fear, will not, must not, his eyes be in a measure opened to see and his heart be made to feel what he is surrounded by? Lazarus dead in the sepulchre, saw not its darkness, felt not its coldness, smelt not its odour; but Lazarus living, came forth out of them all. But Lazarus was bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin, till the liberating word came, "Loose him, and let him go." So we trust there are a few living men, whose hands and feet are bound round with the gown, and their faces swathed about with the surplice, but to whom, in the Lord's own time, the liberating word will come, "Loose him, and let him go."

A man in the Establishment with the grace and fear of God in his heart is in a very trying position. He may not have strength to come out, and yet has a burdened conscience while continuing in. We would desire to sympathise with such; and our desire is, that they would seek counsel of the Lord, and neither on the one hand harden their consciences by doing them continual violence, nor on

the other take any step without beforehand well counting the cost. To give them right counsel is most difficult, and well-nigh impracticable. Suppose, for instance, we say, "Stay in," we should seem to counsel them to continue in wrong doing; and suppose we say, "Come out," unless we can give them grace and faith we might lead them to take a step in the flesh. The Lord alone, the wonderful Counsellor, can either show them how to act or enable them to do what his gracious Spirit prompts. Unless rightly brought out, they will have little comfort themselves, and be of little benefit to the church of God.

Among the many objectionable things in the Prayer Book, there are few, if any, worse than what is called the Catechism. As a compilation of Christian doctrine, it is one of the poorest, most meagre skeletons that could well be put together, and, compared with the Articles, Burial Service, and some of the Collects, a disgrace to the Prayer Book. The author of "The Christian Year," speaks of the "soothing influence" of the Prayer Book. Most soothing indeed it is, and it has soothed tens of thousands into the sleep of death. The laudanum of the Catechism is dosed out drop by drop in every parish school; and most soothing it would be to the poor little things who are compelled to take it, were they able to swallow it; but its greatest advantage is, that they cannot understand it. It is with them a mere exercise of verbal-memory, and they gabble over their abracadabra as school boys repeat by rote their Latin grammar, or the little cathedral choristers chant the Nicene Creed.

The author of the work before us has drawn his sword very valiantly against this misshapen idol; for, like most heathen idols, which seem worshipped with fervour proportionate to their ugliness, the Catechism is the great idol of the patron and patronesses of parish schools. His language is perhaps a little too strong in places, but he no doubt felt that to root up and hack to pieces such an idol required some vigorous and repeated blows.

The following extracts will give some idea of the work:

"Q.—I ask, then, what is the seventeenth lie?

"A.—They 'promise and vow that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith.'

"A.—Faith is the gift of God, Scripture abundantly and everywhere EXPRESSLY says. (Eph. ii. 8; Pet. i. 1; Rom. xii. 3; &c. &c. &c.)

"A.—Yes, and it had need be too; for faith saves: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Works cannot, in whole nor in part, save. The giving of faith, therefore, is the brightest diadem in Christ's kingly crown, as regards the salvation of any of the children of men. For these ignorant godfathers and godmothers, with a blind priest to huddle and muffle up thus so important, so very important a doctrine and feature of Christianity, I should wish to be put for a thousand lies. Truly 'the blind do lead the blind, and they both fall into the ditch.' To muffle, to put blinders on, to huddle up, and confusedly to muzzle and becloud faith which saves, is thus worse than a thousand lies. It trifles with, it sells for lies; it beclouds the souls of men as to what faith is, where it comes from; who is the giver. It puts men and children into a fog and mist of error, and endeavours thus secretly to confirm them in it, as to what faith is. And, instead of pointing

out faith as the Kingly Gift of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, it puts it thus on a parcel of ignorant pope-made godmothers and godfathers, ('woe worth them!') with a blind priest to teach them this erroneous Church Catechism; and then for a dead political parliamentary prelate, 'dead in sins,' to confirm the people in such awful lies!

"I cannot but be warm on this point, for when I was enabled to see the grand error of the Church of England in this its Catechism and elsewhere, muffling, putting blinders on, and muzzling this capital doctrine of the Bible; had I ten thousand tongues, I would have cried out against the Church of England thus, elsewhere and in this wretched Catechism, committing thus the crime of high treason against God as regards faith."

"Q.—Which is the twenty-ninth lie?

"A.—'And I heartily thank our heavenly Father that he hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.'

"Q.—There are eight or nine lies in that sentence, I think I can clearly see.

"A.—You must go through them.

"Q.—1. Thanking God for lies is one. 2. Palming the lies on God the Father is the second. 3. Heartily thanking is the third; for there is no heart in it; it is all a whim of the Pope. 4. Saying 'our' heavenly Father is the fourth; for if 'our' refers to any one rightly, it refers to Satan, the father of such lies and liars. 5. Saying 'he' (God) had called to this sad state is the fifth lie. 6. Calling it 'this state of salvation' is the sixth lie. 7. And saying it was 'through Jesus Christ' is the seventh lie. And 8. 'Our Saviour,' alluding to such rebels, thus neck-deep in lies, is the eighth lie. That makes thirty-six lies.

"A.—Yes, thirty-six lies.

"Q.—Which is the thirty-seventh lie?

"A.—'And I pray unto God to give me his grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.'

"Q.—I think there are six or seven lies again.

"1. To pray unto God amid such froth, lies, and stuff is an abomination, or lie. 2. To ask God to give his grace as a seal to such abominations is horrible, or a lie. 3. For the child to continue in the lies is a lie. 4. To ask God to cause the child to continue in the *identical*, or 'same' lies, is a fourth abomination, or lie; for glaring lies need repentance, not stubbornness in them. 5. And 'to my life's end' is awful; for, if this is the case, the child must be in hell, as far as I can see."

"Q.—Which is the forty-second lie?

"A.—'Rehearse the articles of thy belief.' (Here the mis-named Apostle's Creed is repeated.) 'What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?'

"Q.—Now comes again the grand error.

"A.—'First, I learn to believe.'

"Q.—Stop.

"A.—Well, this is clear enough.

"Q.—It is all of a piece.

"A.—Well, instead of saying that faith is a divine 'Gift,' 'wrought by the exceeding greatness of divine power,' as the Scriptures everywhere set faith forth, as being that which sensibly, through God's enabling, 'gives the soul access into grace,' wherein the redeemed and saved stand 'feelingly before God,' and thus 'rejoice in hope,' vitally, 'of the glory of God.' The apostles thus properly prayed to the right quarter: 'Lord, increase our faith.' And in the Acts of the Apostles, setting forth thus faith as God's special gift, and as triumphantly saying: 'As many as were ordained to eternal life believed.'"

It will be seen from the above extracts that the writer has used great plainness of speech; and that, if not set off with much adornment of style or language, it has the advantage of being fully intelligible by the poor, to whom it is chiefly addressed.

POETRY.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WEAK AND A STRONG CHRISTIAN.

- S.* Poor doubting soul what is the matter?
Where are you seeking to be better?
Come, wounded soul, the Lord can heal;
Tell me my friend, how do you feel?
- W.* I feel sin's rankling plague within,
And feel no sense of pardoned sin;
My sin is more than I can tell.
O what can I expect but hell?
- S.* Poor doubting soul, read Peter's story,
You'll see how sinners get to glory.
'Tis not by works which they can do;
No, 'tis a Saviour they must view.
- W.* But I'm blind, and past all feeling.
Ah, whither can I go for healing?
And I'm so dead, and naked too.
Ah! where can such a sinner go?
- S.* If thou art blind, and dead, and naked,
This does not prove that thou art hated.
No, no, my friend; it proves to me
That God designs to set you free.
For all are blind, but all don't know it;
For all are dead, but all won't own it;
And if it is made known to you,
That is a mercy known by few.
Then don't despair, be not mistaken;
You cannot, will not, be forsaken;
For tho' you grieve to feel so dead,
There's life for you in Christ, your Head.
- W.* Ah! could you know what makes me groan,
I think you'd sing another tone.
I'm worse by far than you conceive,
My heart's so hard I can't believe.
- S.* But what's too hard for you and I,
Is not for God, you can't deny;
The blind shall see, the lame shall walk,
The dead shall live, the dumb shall talk.
This will Almighty Jesus do
For wretched sinners; why not you?
Feed not those doubts, suspend thy grief,
Christ saved once a dying thief.
- W.* O would the Lord but look on me
And lead my soul to Calvary!
Salvation there was freely given;
This was the poor thief's way to heaven.
- But ah! the Lord withholds his grace;
He will not let me see His face,
His promise seems of no effect,
Surely I can't be God's elect.
- S.* Ah! when the sun forgets to rise,
And saved souls forget to prize
Redeeming grace and dying love,
And lay aside their harps above,
Then may Emanuel deny
The groaning, sighing sinner's cry.
But O! my friend, this comfort take,
Jehovah saves for Jesus' sake!
- W.* O would the Lord but once reveal
His hidden love, and make me feel,
And let these broken bones rejoice!
Lord, let me know I am thy choice!
- S.* Christ sees thy ways, and Christ will heal,
He'll make thy soul the cure to feel;
And then you'll see all things done well,
Approve the way Christ saves from hell.
No creature righteousness will do;
Christ will be all in all to you.
Christ lived, Christ died, Christ rose again;
This is the poor lost sinner's claim.
- W.* If all is true that you advance
It makes my very soul to dance.
I'll venture on him. Who can tell
But Christ may save my soul from hell?
- S.* Ah! venture there; thou canst not fail;
The blood of Christ, it must prevail!
Thou canst not perish at his feet;
In Jesus Christ thy soul's complete.
- W.* How know you that, my Christian friend?
How know you what will be my end?
What, are there none who fall from grace
And die in darkness and disgrace?
- S.* Ah! fall you may, ten times a day,
But O such falls will make you pray!
But fall to hell, it cannot be;
Christ died to set the prisoner free.
- W.* But I am still in prison bound,
Can I amongst the elect be found?
O would the Lord but set me free,
And tell me, he has chosen me!
- S.* O let not Satan thus beguile;
Altho' the Lord don't seem to smile,

- He's made you feel the plague with-
in;
He died to pay your debt of sin.
Christ shed his blood, Christ did
atone;
Christ is the Way, and Christ alone.
I think this truth you can't reject;
It never was by God's elect.
- W.* But who can fathom God's decrees,
God takes and leaves just whom he
please?
I'll wait in hope, and who can tell,
But Christ has saved my soul from
hell?
- S.* Wait where you are, and I'll engage
Your pardon's clear in every page.
Read but your Bible, there you'll see
Salvation is entirely free.
- The lost, the helpless, and undone,
'Tis such were saved ere time begun.
In time God makes this blessing
known;
You soon shall call the Lord your
own;
And while we're stationed here be-
low,
May Christ be all we strive to know.
Let's praise him for his mercies past;
We surely shall be saved at last.
- W.* I thank the Lord I met with you,
For what you say I know is true.
I then was blind, but now I see
That grace is full and grace is free.
'Tis free for you, 'tis free for me,
'Twas settled in eternity.
Then we must stand, we shall not fall,
Since Jesus is our All in All.

All ordinances, providences, temptations, afflictions, and whatever can be named; life, death, things present, and things to come; all are made subservient to the decree of God, and all work together to bring about his most glorious design. If the course and conduct of common providences were delineated, they would yield an illustrious prospect; how much more the conduct, order, and end of those special providences which are proper to and conversant about election. When all the pieces thereof shall be brought together, and set in order, how beautiful it will be! Angels and men shall shout for the glory of it. Then it will be evident God has done nothing in vain, or impertinent* to your blessedness; that, whatever has befallen you here, (however contrary to your present sense and opinion of it,) was dispensed in very faithfulness to you; that if any of those manifold and cross occurrences you have been exercised with, had been omitted, it would have been a blank in your story, a blot in your escutcheon of honour. When you shall see what contrivances have been against you, what art, subtilty, malice, and power, they were agitated with; how unable you were of yourselves to foresee, prevent, or repel them; and how all the attributes of God and his providences, each one in its time and place, which was always most reasonable, came into your rescue, retorting on your adversaries, and rescuing you; how that which was death in itself was made to work life in you; how amiable and admirable will the story of it be! that when your faith was weak, the Lord did not withdraw from you; that when it was at its height and strength, he then did for you above all you could believe or think; and through an unspeakable press of 'difficulties and contradictions, he carried on his work in you; ever bearing you on eagles' wings, till he had brought you to himself; how will you magnify his work, and admire it then!

—*Coles.*

* That is, "not belonging to," the proper meaning of the word.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 213. SEPTEMBER, 1853. Vol. XIX.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Continued from page 234.)

But to return. After I had heard Mr. Ward at Thorpe, the friends at Ringstead, as well as myself, being much taken with his preaching, invited him to preach at Ringstead, and in a little time he came. He preached there several times after; and the Lord so blessed his ministry in the conversion of many souls, that he came to live there, and a stated meeting was fixed, which is continued to this day, and now a church of Christ is planted there. But the first time he preached at Ringstead, (I think it was the first time,) after I had heard him at Thorpe, he preached from 1 Tim. i. 15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." I did not know that he knew anything of me then, nor do I think he did; but if he had, he could not have made choice of a more suitable text of Scripture than this was to my condition. I heard with all the diligence that I possibly could, and God was pleased to bless that opportunity indeed to my soul—a time which I shall never forget, I hope, as long as I live in this world.

As Mr. Ward was opening the words, and showing that the great end of Christ's coming into the world was to save sinners, and not only to save sinners, but the chief of sinners, which he proved from many other texts of Scripture, O what a word was this to me! I saw indeed myself to be one of the chief of sinners, though I was at this time but young, I suppose about fifteen years old, or at most between fifteen and sixteen. Although I was conscious to myself that I had not been guilty of those great sins or gross immoralities which some had, yet I saw so much sin in my corrupt

fallen nature as to convince me that I was not only a great sinner, but one of the chief of sinners.

Well, as he went on with the text, and spake very much for the encouragement of sinners, great sinners, yea, the chief of sinners, that the Lord Jesus Christ was not only able but willing to save poor sinners that come to him, and that for this end he came into the world, and withal answering some objections that the soul would be ready to make against itself, the Lord, I hope, in infinite mercy, was pleased to set this word with such power upon my soul, as that I believed at that time that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save *me*. O, thought I, if Christ came to save the chief of sinners, why then not me? Surely I was helped, then in particular, to lay hold on Jesus Christ for myself, as the chief of sinners. But O the joy that my soul was at that time filled with, I cannot express! The hopes and satisfaction that my soul had an interest in this glorious Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, filled my soul with joy and peace in believing.

But, alas! this transport of joy did not last long; but I was soon as bad as ever, and began to call all into question, and was afraid that what I had felt was but fancy or delusion; for I found so much sin, corruption, and darkness in my soul, that I thought if the work of God had been right, it would not have been thus with me. Surely, I thought, I should not have found sin, lust, and corruption so strong as I found they were in me. I was so foolish as to think that sin would have been subdued, and corruption kept under; but because I found them more strong than ever, I was ready to look upon myself still as a miserable creature. I looked upon others to be in a happier condition than I; yea, I thought that none were so bad as I was; for I found and dismally felt such lust and corruption boiling and bubbling up in my nature which I never felt before, or if I did, was not so sensible of it. O the cries, tears, and struggles that I have had in my soul about these things, but could in no wise be delivered from them! Those words of David have been something to me, where he says, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul," fearing that this would be my condition. But when I found what had been the experience of so great a man of God as David was, it gave me a little relief; and those words of Paul, where he cries out about "a thorn in the flesh," the "messenger of Satan to buffet him;" and how he prayed and sought the Lord thrice that it might be removed. But, alas! I sought the Lord a hundred and a hundred times over again, I am sure, and yet it was not removed. But there was something to be picked out of these words, and that was, that though Paul prayed so earnestly for the removal of it, he had no other answer than this, "My grace is sufficient for thee." So I thought, if God's grace was but sufficient for me, that was enough.

But Rom. vii. has been a wonderful chapter indeed to me; for here I could read something of my own experience in the experience of the apostle. What he complained of, I cried out under. If a man so wonderfully endued with the Spirit of God as the

apostle was, if he, I thought, cried out, "O wretched man that I am!" well might I cry out so too. But I should be too tedious were I to give a particular account of what I have since seen and experienced from that chapter. It has been of such use to me many and many a time, that I thought I could not have done without this Rom. vii. I could not have borne up my head, if the Lord had not given me some comfort and support from this chapter; but yet I was not free from my fears and doubts, no not for some years. Sometimes I was a little up, and presently down again; sometimes a little comforted, and immediately disconsolate; sometimes hopes, and sometimes none, or very little, appeared.

Thus unevenly I walked for a long time; and in this perplexed condition my fears were much increased by a dream which I had one night. I dreamed that the day of judgment was past, and that all things were settled in an unchangeable state of eternity; and methought I was not in heaven, but excluded from the glorious presence of God and the comfortable communion of the saints. I thought I lay as if I were upon a bed; I do not remember that I felt any pain but what I felt in my mind, and that was terrible enough. I do not remember that I had any company with me, but I lay as if I were alone. Now that which was my greatest torment and was so dismal to my mind, was the exclusion of the glorious presence of God and the comfortable communion of the saints, whose company I so much loved and delighted to be with while in the world, that now I must be excluded from them, and that for ever. O that was a killing word, "for ever!" The thoughts that everything was now settled in an eternal, unchangeable state, and that I was to lie in the state I was then in, separated from God, from Christ, and the saints for ever and ever, were very dismal, dreadful, and terrible to me; so that it soon awoke me, and glad I was that it was but a dream.

But when I came to consider it seriously, it filled me with dreadful fears, lest this should be my condition at last. O Lord, thought I, what shall I do? Is there no hope or possibility for such a poor creature as I am to be saved? This was the cry of my soul, "Dear Lord, I would not be excluded from thy presence for ten thousand worlds." O, I thought, if there were any possible means to be made use of, I would endeavour to be found in them! And though the dream was indeed very dismal to me, yet it had the effect of stirring me up to double diligence, to be found in the use of all possible means; for it made a deep impression upon my mind for some time, and indeed I have often thought of it since; but I hope the Lord has done my soul good by it.

Some time after this, I dreamed again; indeed, I dream often, but I do not give much regard to them, unless they are remarkable, and more than ordinarily impress my mind. But the thing that was most remarkable in this dream was this: I thought I as perfectly heard a voice as ever I did when awake, repeat twice, "Read the ninth chapter of Proverbs; read the ninth chapter of Proverbs." Indeed I was asleep; it was in my dream; nor do I remember that

I saw any personal shape; but I never heard anything plainer in my life than I heard this. Upon this I awoke, with the sound of it in my ears.

What this ninth chapter of Proverbs was I could not tell; but because I was told to read it in such an unusual way, I wanted very much to know what was in it, and had much difficulty in waiting until it was light. But as soon as it was morning, I got up, took my Bible, and when I began to read, my soul was melted. Surely, I thought, this must be from the Lord; it was the Lord that bade me read, and was pleased to speak to me in my sleep, that I might take the more notice of it when awake. For I seldom had any scriptures come to me as I used to hear others had; or if any scripture came, if it did not come in a more than ordinary way, I could not take it as coming from the Lord. I used to think it came from myself, or from my own thinking on such words; but this was some concern to me, that I so seldom had any word, when I heard that others had so many.

But O when I came to read this chapter! "Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars; she hath killed her beasts! she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table. She hath sent forth her maidens; she crieth upon the highest places of the city, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled." How all the former part of it suited my condition! I could not but look upon it as a gracious invitation from the Lord to me; for I was not only directed to the chapter, but had those first verses opened to me in some measure. I was made to see that by "Wisdom" was meant the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the "house" which he builded was meant the church of God; by the "beasts" that were killed, the death and sacrifice of Christ were shadowed out; the "table" furnished must be the rich provision of gospel grace; the "maidens," the ministers of Christ; and the "simple ones," poor sinners such as I was; the "mingled wine," the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit flowing through the blood and satisfaction of Jesus Christ, or the harmonious agreement that there was in the Trinity of persons. Concerning the salvation of poor lost sinners, these words were of wonderful encouragement to me. I saw abundance of grace and mercy held forth in these invitations to sinners, and to me in particular. This chapter I had cause to bless the Lord for, and especially its coming in such a way and manner. This afforded some relief and comfort to me for a time.

But, alas! with shame I have cause to speak it; notwithstanding what I have seen, felt, and experienced of the work of God upon my soul, and the signal appearances of the Lord towards me, yet it was not long ere I began to be as bad as ever, fearing that it was not right; because I could not be free from these strugglings and prevailings of sin, lust, and corruption, which I was continually perplexed with, to the wounding of my spirit and the bowing down of my soul.

But the Lord, who is infinite in mercy, did not leave me altogether comfortless in this condition; for I remember, upon a certain time, Mr. Ward was speaking from those words in 1 Pet. ii. 7, "And to you that believe he is precious," when he was showing how precious Christ was to a believer, and that he was precious to none but them, the Lord was pleased to bless this word with some comfort and establishment to my soul. I thought I had as clear a sight of my having believed in Christ as ever I had since God had begun to work upon me. For here lay a great part of my distress, whether I had savingly believed in Christ or no. I looked upon faith and believing in Christ to be such a great and extraordinary thing, that it filled me with fears, because I could not find those wonderful fruits and effects which I thought it should have in the subduing and keeping under of sin. But these words were made of great use to me, as I said before, for I could experience this, that Christ was precious, lovely, and desirable to my soul. I could, in some measure, say with the spouse, that Christ was the chiefest of ten thousand, and that he was altogether lovely to me, as it is in Song v. 10, 16. I could say with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." O there was none in earth nor heaven so precious to me nor that my soul desired more than Jesus Christ. Therefore from hence I inferred, that if Jesus Christ was precious to them, and none but them that believe, and I could experience that Christ was precious to me, why then I hoped that I had savingly believed on Jesus Christ. These words were not only of use to me then, but have been, I hope, of use to me often since. The encouragement that I found in them wonderfully bore up my soul under these sinking despondencies.

One would have thought that, after so many seals and testimonies of the lovingkindness of God to my soul, there should have been no room for doubts and fears; but, alas! I was not yet free from them. I found, by woeful experience, that when the sunshine of God's countenance was a little gone off, doubts and fears would as naturally arise in my soul as it is for the ensuing night to follow the preceding day. I saw that when I believed and had some good hopes through grace, I could no more keep up the faith of an interest in Christ without the divine power, than I could at the first believe without divine help.

Under all the doubts and fears that my soul was so much distressed with, whether the work of God upon me was a right work or no, those words in Judges xiii. 23 have afforded me some relief. Manoah thought that they must surely die because they had seen God: "But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these." So I thought, if God had designed to have destroyed me, he would not have told me such things as he has, nor have showed me such things as he has showed me. If the Lord had been minded to have destroyed me, he would not have showed me what a lost and mise-

rable condition I was in by nature ; he would not have showed me the beauty, glory, excellency, and suitableness that is in Christ ; he would not have drawn out my soul in such earnest desires that I could not be satisfied without him ; he would never have begotten such hungerings, thirstings, pantings, and breathings in my soul after himself. The consideration of these things gave me some hope that the Lord had begun a good work upon me ; and if I could but be once assured of this, that God had indeed begun a special work of grace in my soul, then I should have no reason to fear nor question but that this work should be maintained and carried on unto the day of Christ, according to the words of the apostle in Phil. i. 6. But these fears, I found, would frequently arise in me, whether it were rightly begun or no ; yet I can say, in some measure, that from the first time I believed, or had hopes of an interest in Christ, I have had a secret trusting, resting, and relying upon the Lord Jesus in the lowest condition ; in the midst of all my doubts and fears there was something of a secret trusting and relying upon Christ. Those words in Job xiii. 15 have been of use to me often : "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Here I desired to lie, trust, and depend, whatever dark, cloudy, and slaying dispensations I might be brought under. This has afforded me some support under dark and trying providences. The consideration of that word has been somewhat affecting to me : "Whoever trusted in the Lord and were confounded or ashamed ?" Surely, I thought, the Lord would not suffer me to be ashamed of my hope, though sometimes it was so weak that I could hardly discern it.

I remember at one time I had such a thought, nay, and expressed my desire to the Lord in this manner : "O Lord," said I, "if thou wouldest but once give me the faith of assurance, then I should never doubt more." I had heard others speak of the faith of assurance, that they did not doubt nor question their interest in Christ, nor salvation by him. O, thought I, if the Lord would but once give me this faith, how comfortable might I live ! I thought that if I could be but once assured, I should doubt no more. What faith I had had before, as I thought, when I hoped I believed, had some mixture of fears in it ; but O that I were once assured, and could believe without any mixture of fears, then I should never question again. Well, the Lord was pleased, in some little time after, to grant my desires, and it was under Mr. Davis's preaching at Thorpe Waterfield. The particulars I have now forgotten, but this I remember, it was such a sealing time of the love of God in Christ Jesus, that I am not able by words to express it. O the ravishing transports of joy that my soul had with God, in his love to me through Jesus Christ, is inexpressible ! I then believed my interest in Christ and his salvation, I think I may say, without any mixture of doubts or fears. Such times my soul has experienced in the ordinances of Christ more than once or twice, blessed for ever be his glorious name. But, alas ! I do not know that it lasted many minutes, though something of the savour abided upon my soul after I had had such an opportunity.

(To be continued.)

THE CARNAL MIND.

The carnal mind is not only an enemy, for so possibly some reconciliation of it unto God might be made, but it is *enmity* itself, and not capable of accepting any terms of peace. Enemies may be reconciled, but enmity cannot. Yes, the only way to reconcile enemies is to destroy the enmity. So the apostle, in another case, tells us, we who were enemies, are reconciled unto God; (Rom. v. 10;) that is a work compassed and brought about by the blood of Christ; the reconciling of the greatest enemies. But when he comes to speak of enmity, there is no way for it, but it must be abolished and destroyed, "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity," (Eph. ii. 15,) there is no way to deal with any enmity whatever, but by its abolition or destruction.

And this also lies in it, as it is enmity, that every part and parcel of it, if we may so speak, the least degree of it that can possibly remain in any one, whilst, and where there is anything of its nature, is enmity still. It may not be so effectual and powerful in operation, as where it has more life and vigour, but it is enmity still. As every drop of poison is poison, and will infect, and every spark of fire is fire, and will burn; so is everything of the law of sin, the last, the least of it; it is enmity, it will poison, it will burn. That which is anything in the abstract is still so whilst it hath any being at all. Our apostle, who may well be supposed to have made as great a progress in the subduing of it as any one on the earth, yet after all cries out for deliverance, as from an irreconcilable enemy. (Rom. vii. 24.) The meanest acting, the meanest and most imperceptible working of it, is the acting and working of enmity. Mortification abates its force, but does not change its nature. Grace changes the nature of man, but nothing can change the nature of sin. Whatever effect be wrought upon it, there is no effect wrought in it, but that is enmity still, sin still. Thus, then, by it is our state and condition. "God is love." (1 John iv. 8.) He is so in himself, eternally excellent and desirable above all. He is so to us, he is so in the blood of his Son, and in all the inexpressible fruits of it, by which we are what we are, and wherein all our future hopes and expectations are wrapped up. Against this God we carry about us an enmity, all our days; an enmity that has this, from its nature, that it is incapable of cure or reconciliation. Destroyed it may be, it shall be, but cured it cannot be. If a man have an enemy to deal with that is too mighty for him, as David had with Saul, he may take the course that he did, consider what it is that provoked his enemy against him, and so address himself to remove the cause, and make up his peace, "If the Lord have stirred thee up against me, let him accept an offering; but if they be the children of men, cursed be they before the Lord." (1 Sam. xxvi. 19.) Come it from God or man, there is yet hope of peace. But when a man has enmity itself to deal withal, nothing is to be expected but continual fighting to the destruction of the one party. If it be not overcome and destroyed, it will overcome and destroy the soul.

And here lies no small part of its power which we are inquiring after; it can admit of no terms of peace, of no composition. There may be a composition where there is no reconciliation. There may be a truce where there is no peace. But with this enemy we can obtain neither the one nor the other. It is never quiet, conquering nor conquered, which was the only kind of enemy of whom the famous warrior complained, of old. It is in vain for a man to have any expectation of rest from his lust, but by its death; of absolute freedom, but by his own. Some in the tumultuating of their corruptions, seek for quietness by labouring to satisfy them, "making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lust thereof?" as the apostle speaks. (Rom. xiii. 14.) This is to slake fire by wood and oil. As all the fuel in the world, all the fabric of the creation that is combustible, being cast into the fire, will not at all satisfy it, but increase it; so is it with satisfaction given to sin by sinning, it does but inflame and increase. If a man will part with some of his goods unto an enemy, it may satisfy him; but enmity will have all, and is not one whit more satisfied than if he had received nothing at all; like the lean cattle that were never the less hungry, for having devoured the fat. You cannot bargain with the fire to take but so much of your houses; you have no way but to quench it. It is in this case as it is in the contest between a wise man and a fool, "whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest." (Prov. xxix. 9.) Whatever frame or temper he be in, his importunate folly makes him troublesome. It is so with this indwelling sin, whether it rage or laugh, whether it violently tumultuate, as it will do on provocations and temptations, it will be outrageous in the soul, or whether it seem to be pleased and contented to be satisfied, all is one, there is no peace, no rest to be had with it, or by it. Had it then been of any other nature, some other way might have been fixed on, but being it consists in enmity, all the relief the soul has must lie in its ruin.

—Owen.

Every man who seeks to justify himself by works, will loathe the doctrine heartily, and load it with most reproachful names. Yet men reject the doctrine, not for want of scriptural evidence, but for want of humbled hearts. We are not willing to be saved by an election of grace, till we know ourselves, and find our just desert. A furnace is the proper school to learn this doctrine in, and there I learned it. Neither men nor books could teach it me; for I would neither hear nor read about it. A long and rancorous war I waged with it; and, when my sword was broken, and both my arms were maimed, I yet maintained a sturdy fight, and was determined I would never yield; but a furnace quelled me. Severe afflictions, greatly needed, gave me such experience of my evil heart, that I could peep upon electing grace without abhorrence; and as I learned to loathe myself, I learned to prize this grace. It seems clear, if God had mercy for me, it only could be for this gracious reason, because he would have mercy; (Rom. ix. 18;) for every day and every hour my desert was death.

—Berridge.

THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF THE WORD "WELL" IN SCRIPTURE.

IN A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. GOULDING TO A
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

(Concluded from page 239.)

Furthermore. "Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it." (Prov. xvi. 22.) The Lord Jesus Christ himself is called understanding: "I am understanding." (Prov. viii. 14.) And as he is the true God, so he is the Fountain of life; and, as Man-Mediator, he has life given him for all his sheep. God the Father gave us life in him before the foundation of the world, and this grace of life, as well as the Spirit of life that produces it in us, comes from the Saviour's fulness; so he is truly God, and properly the Wellspring of life to all his family. But this sense is not the meaning, I think, so much as that faculty of our soul called the understanding, and the understanding here spoken of is peculiar to the elect of God, and none else.

The understanding of all carnal men is in darkness; such are ignorant of God and of all divine and spiritual things. It is described by Paul thus: "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." (Eph. iv. 18.) And it is further confirmed by him, the truth of which we know by our own experience, in these words: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) Then, as no natural man has an understanding in the things of God, so none of them have the understanding called the wellspring of life; which leads me now to take notice that,

It is the gift of God wherever it is, and a fruit of the Holy Ghost; only observe: "I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job xxxii. 7, 8.) This understanding that the Holy Spirit inspires into man, or adorns him with, is the understanding that is the wellspring of life, and this understanding is secured in Christ to all his seed; and hence, as the Spirit of understanding is upon Christ, (Isa. xi. 2,) so he is so upon him that we may enjoy that understanding that has life, and eternal salvation annexed to it. As our understanding by nature is in darkness, so it is beautifully revealed they are enlightened. Paul prayed to God that the Ephesians might enjoy it: "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." (Eph. i. 17, 18.) When the eyes of our understanding are thus enlightened, we then begin to see. We see ourselves lost, hell-deserving sinners, in all the filth of both actual and original transgression: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly." (Prov.

xx. 27.) We begin to see the Scriptures : "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." (Luke xxiv. 45.) We see Christ with the eyes of our understanding when they are opened. Before these the blessed Spirit presents him, testifies of him as revealed in the word, takes of the things that are his and shows them unto us, and lets us know all the things that are truly given us of God. He so discovers to us the glory of his person, (being God as well as Man,) so explains to us the everlasting undertaking, the fulness, freeness of his finished salvation for the worst of sinners, that there is everlasting love, undeserved saving grace in God to sinners, which this Christ, the Mediator, can be extended consistent with every attribute and perfection of his nature ; so makes it manifest how God can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly, that every thought in the matter of salvation is at last brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. In him all our hopes, confidence, and affections centre and fix ; and here, by thus looking, we get salvation, and are brought into the experience of the image of Christ upon our souls. When the heart shall turn to the Lord, "the vail shall be taken away. Now the Lord is that Spirit ; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii. 16—18.) There looking, thus seeing Christ with the eyes of our understanding, as also by the eye of faith, we are saved, find guilt, fear, and torment, the curse of the law, the wrath of God, death and condemnation, are removed, and pardon, peace, righteousness, life, and love come. This way Christ takes possession of our heart, and we are besort a meekness for heaven ; and the understanding that the Spirit gives understands this ; it embraces and includes a knowledge of Christ, of our interest in him, and union with him. Only well weigh this passage : "And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness" (or in the hands of the wicked one). "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John v. 19, 20.) And this revelation of Christ Paul speaks of to the Galatians, so far as it respects him as the only Saviour : "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?" (Gal. iii. 1.) As the Galatians were heathens and Gentiles, they never saw Christ in the flesh ; therefore when it is said, "Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you," it means before the eyes of their understanding. This understanding that is a wellspring of life to him that hath it, includes such an experience a for us in it to know and understand what God hath done for us, to be able to make it out, confirm and establish it by Scripture, to compare what God has promised in his word to do in his elect with what he has wrought by his Spirit in our own heart ; and

the understanding that is a wellspring of life makes this clearly out to tally and agree, and then we can set to our seal that God is true, upon comparing spiritual things with spiritual; and this is called the full assurance of understanding, and it is spiritual. (Col. ii. 2, and i. 9.) It is also that understanding that is spoken of in the Proverbs: "Get wisdom, get understanding;" "Wisdom is the principal thing;" (Christ, the wisdom of God, formed in the heart the hope of glory;) "therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding." To be able to make it clearly out, to our own comfort and satisfaction, that we have an interest in all his saving benefits, "wisdom is the principal thing; and with all thy getting get understanding." And if we are but diligent in prayer, and watchful thereto, we have the promise of this: "Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." (Prov. ii. 3—5.)

And this is the understanding that has so generally come to the saints by the minister of the Spirit that Christ makes, that Christ gives, that Christ sends, in whom Christ dwells, and by whom Christ speaks, as this passage shows: "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you; and I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion; and I will give you pastors according to mine heart," (not heaps to please itching ears,) "which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." (Jer. iii. 14, 15.) And in this saving knowledge, in a knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, and an experience of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and understanding, all the Lord's family have the promise of being established: "The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth on high; he hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness. And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation; the fear of the Lord is his treasure." (Isa. xxxiii. 5, 6.)

This understanding, then, is a wellspring of life, because God the Holy Ghost is the Author of it, the root of it, the fountain of it, the maintainer of it; he feeds it; he is the living Spring that supplies it with all its conception, fervour, energy, or power. And it may be called a wellspring of life, because all that have it are for ever set out of the reach of eternal death. They are alive, and shall live for evermore; while all such as have it not are the subjects of eternal death and distraction. Note the words well: "It is a people of no understanding; therefore he that made them will not have mercy on them, and he that formed them will show them no favour." (Isa. lxxvii. 11.) "Understanding is a wellspring of life to him that hath it;" and as this understanding is founded or stands upon the power of God known and felt in the heart, so in this understanding alone can we truly know or understand the Scriptures. They cannot be truly known where the power of God has never been felt in the heart. They may be known by some in speculative knowledge and theory, but not otherwise, as we see in what Christ says, "Ye do

err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." For the want of the experience of the latter they know nothing of the former.

But lastly, by *well* is sometimes meant the church of God: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." (Song iv. 12, 15.) This garden is the only fruitful spot in all the world, and every tree and plant in it is of the Lord's own planting: "They shall be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." And says Christ, "Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." What encloses this garden and separates or distinguishes it from the world is God himself: "I will be a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her." His love or favour: "With favour wilt thou compass him" (the righteous) "as with a shield." God's blessing is a hedge for the protection of his church, this garden: "Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands." And the church may be called a spring, a fountain, a well, because God, Father, Son, and Spirit, dwell in her. Hence the Father is called a Fountain of living waters; Christ the Well of salvation, by which Joseph was such a fruitful bough that his branches ran over the wall; and the Holy Ghost is a Spring of living water, that springs up in her unto eternal life. Where the glorious Lord is a place of broad rivers and streams, his everlasting love in Christ is called the river of his pleasure; but the streams thereof flow to the saints, and make glad the city of God, Mount Zion, or this garden. And whatever love there is to God; whatever peace; whatever righteousness; whatever there is enjoyed of the favour of God; whatever measure of the Spirit; whatever of the presence of the Father is experienced; whatever communion and fellowship with Christ crucified, which is compared to dew and to showers of rain; whatever filial fear, faith, hope, or meekness; whatever life or love, may be found in any in this world, all are absolutely confined to this garden enclosed. And that the church is a fountain, a well, and a spring, the Lord tells us plainly in this passage: "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there; all my springs are in thee." (Ps. lxxxvii. 7.) *All my springs*; then there are none anywhere else.

Thus I have endeavoured to set before you what I understand by *well* in Scripture; and if one word is attended with a refreshing, enlarging, comforting, establishing power, bless God for it, for the excellency of this power, wherever it comes, is of God and not of man.

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

"Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

“Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume ;
 Spirit divine, descend and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.

“Make our best spices flow abroad,
 To entertain our Saviour, God ;
 And faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And every grace be active here.”

The blessed Spirit, the springing Well in the heart, is the Author of all our fruitfulness. Our profession must be a dry, barren thing if he does not influence us ; but when he springs, then we are fat and flourishing. Doubts and fears, hardness of heart, unbelief, bondage, darkness, sin, and Satan, fly before this living spring, and up comes faith, hope, love, light, life, joy, peace, heavenly-mindedness, sensible communion and fellowship with both Father, Son, and Spirit ; and here we are at home while these things are enjoyed. This is the day of prosperity, in which we are joyful ; but when left to the temptations of Satan and the working of corruption, then this is the day of adversity, in which we are to consider every grace as a corruption to oppose it. The Shulamite is a company of armies. “That which is born of the Spirit is spirit, and that which is born of the flesh is flesh.” Grace and corruption walk in all the saints, but God has given us a most precious promise : “Sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace ;” and grace shall “reign through righteousness unto eternal life,” in all believers—hope shall reign over despondency, faith over unbelief, life over death, love over enmity, joy and peace over bondage, distress, and misery. God’s power displayed in the heart shall reign over the power of Satan ; meekness shall reign over hardness, humility over pride ; truth shall reign over error ; and light shall reign over darkness. Thus grace shall “reign through righteousness unto eternal life” in heaven. When here, only the earnest of every grace is enjoyed ; there, will be filled and perfected in us. So is Christ’s promise : “I will fill their treasures.” Here they are not full, but there they shall be eternally complete ; and to think of everlasting love, everlasting joy, everlasting peace, everlasting consolation, everlasting righteousness, of an eternal weight of glory, which includes an everlasting fulness of satisfaction—I say the thought of this is precious, but then how much more the enjoyment ? This is a river to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over. As in God’s presence is fulness of joy, so at his right hand are pleasures for evermore ; and therefore as this is a felicity, a river of pleasure without either bottom, brim, or shore, how can it ever be passed over ? No, God will dwell in us and we in God, and that for evermore. Wherefore comfort your heart with these things ; and that we may be kept abounding in hope, and in the confident expectation of his glory that is to be revealed in us in the last times is the least desired by, dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in the Lord of all perfectness,

CHRISTOPHER GOULDING.

HAPPINESS.

I have wondered what that good is which God has appointed for the sons of men, what lasting and solid profit a man has of all which he takes under the sun. A Christian, one of the manifested elect, has to turn his back on the world and the flesh ; and, if these are crucified, what is there left ? I answer, the springs of God are left. On the ruins of terrestrial or earthly pleasures arise celestial or heavenly pleasures.

I have narrowly observed this point, through grace. The general opinion of men is that religion is something melancholy, sour, and severe ; and this opinion I used, like other men, to agree in ; and it was not till electing grace, on God's part, first broke up this ice and thawed it, that my ignorance gave way, and I was brought to taste of those rivers of pleasure which are at God's right hand, in Christ, for evermore. Rivers of pleasure, say you ? Why I heard of a man the other day, ninety-one years old, and he said that his days had been vanity and vexation ; and you will find most people acknowledge, when the glare and heat of passion are gone, that they scarcely ever had a cup of unmixed happiness. Where, say they, therefore, are those rivers of pleasure ?

It is true there are indeed rivers of pleasure, if the Bible be true !

I have asked the blessed God at several times, in the greatness of my sincerity, to afflict me more, in order to dig, with the spade of sorrow, after those hidden springs. But the answer was, " No, you are afflicted enough ; love will do it." In addition to affliction, I have found also, through the Spirit's influences, these five or six things to help me to find out and continue to possess these springs, part of these rivers of pleasure : 1. Bewaring of backsliding in heart, and begging for swift and daily repentance, lest I should be filled with my own ways. 2. Not to regard iniquity in my heart, lest my daily prayers should not be heard. This, through the grace and spirit of Christ, ties me up to perpetual watchfulness. 3. Not to be lukewarm, lest I should be spewed out of God's mouth ; lest I should be like a cake baked on one side, that cannot be eaten ; on one side doughy ; an image of a religion neither fit for God or man ; too good for man and not good enough for God ; salt that has lost its savour a good deal, fit much for nought but the dunghill. 4. Exercising myself, through grace, to have a conscience void of offence toward God and men, as well as to depend on a free-grace salvation. 5. Through grace, to avoid carnality, which, as a canker, eats into spirituality and produces deathliness. 6. Avoiding worldliness and worldly conformity, which is another canker, eating out the virtue and marrow of felt Christianity in the soul.

Whatever men may say, the above are some of the greater or lesser foxes which eat off the bark and destroy much of the beauty of Christ's spiritual vine-branches.

I know it is called legality, insisting on these things, and that your iniquities have withholden good things from you ; but I think, with reverence be it spoken, if these things are not to be spoken of

as fruits of faith or as things that accompany salvation, the blessed Holy Ghost has made a mistake in the penning of the sacred Scriptures.

I find there is nothing staggers my faith so badly as sin. And if any one says he has so strong a faith that sin does not damp it, then let him keep it ; that is, I do not want it.

Look at the godly Mr. Tauner, of Exeter, who says that for forty years he had not a feeling doubt of his interest in Christ. How was he enabled of God to keep his hope so clear ? See his journal. Daily repentance, swift repentance, he was enabled earnestly to covet, or else he would have fallen into midnight bondage, more or less, in allowed backsliding in heart ; regarding iniquity in his heart, lukewarmness, carnality, and worldliness. Look at Bunyan. He was so enabled to keep his heart with all diligence, (which our refined Antinomians now-a-days laugh at,) that for one sinful *thought*, "let Christ go if he will," he was shut up in gloomy iron bondage for two or three years.* There never was a day like ours, when there was so much high assurance and such low practice.

Those rivers of happiness and pleasure are not to be got except in the same degree as we are enabled to strive lawfully, to be sound in doctrinal, experimental, and practical godliness ; or, in other words, to have a religion, experienced and felt, as is set forth outwardly in the sacred Scriptures.

If these things are legal, then, as a wise and godly friend of mine, lately dead and now in glory, said last year on his knees in chapel, "then let me be more legal, Lord."

O happiness, thou lovely name, where art thou to be found ? Art thou to be found in notion, letter-knowledge, or fancied faith ? He that only hath immortality can solidly satisfy the desires of an immortal soul.

Happiness must be got in communion with God. Thence, as from that Immortal Spring, must distil down the drops of that precious commodity called happiness : "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." O sacred streams, open to and received by the mouth of heaven-begotten, heaven-indited prayer ! Steadfastness, immoveableness, always abounding in the work of the Lord, through the ever-moving principle of a healthy work of grace in the heart, shall not lose its reward in the Lord ; while, "through idleness of the hands, the house droppeth through." Legality or not legality, let me strive, through grace, to walk in all the gospel statutes and ordinances of the Lord gospelly blameless.

* It should be borne in mind that this was a temptation from Satan, and, by the permission of God, was by his infernal malice represented to Bunyan as a deliberate selling of or parting with Christ. It was not a mere passing thought, for doubtless many worse thoughts passed through Bunyan's mind, but it was the power and force of a peculiar temptation. These two things widely differ and should be carefully distinguished. Bunyan himself saw afterwards that it was a temptation, and chiefly from reading Luther on the Galatians.

To put on the Lord Jesus Christ in a free-grace salvation, without my works, and most narrowly to observe the operations of his Spirit in me day by day—be this, through enabling grace, my religion, my happiness, and my glory. Nay, it is so ; and day by day I am more or less feelingly soothed, solaced, and overjoyed by it. This is happiness ; and I am possessed of it. A great fight of afflictions has ever accompanied it in me, and does now. And, indeed, precious bitter herbs and vinegar I esteem afflictions to be. Were it not for them, through grace, I should be oftener thrown down than I am inwardly, (and, I often fear and dread it much, even outwardly,) through the deceitfulness of sin. God has been gracious to me in providence ; and if it were not for the sour and bitters of afflictions, the honey of temporal sweets would cloy and destroy me. O sacred springs and rivers of pleasure, constituting happiness ! Is't not a miserable world to me without divine influences ? Is not my soul as restless without supernatural incomings from God as the barren land is without rain ?

Happiness ! say you, do not you ever feel anything else ? Yes, I feel so weighed down with a sense of the emptiness of earthly things, and with such storms of lusts of other things, like the thorny-ground hearers, and with such rebellion and stubbornness more or less, to make a heaven here below more or less out of earthly things, that my life is a burden to myself, I am so earthly-minded, which is why I bless God I am afflicted. O were it not for afflictions, I do not know what I should do ! I should go giggling, and gadding, and laughing about. "Let thy judgments help me." Indwelling sin makes me wretched. A bleeding, suffering, butchered, unjustly-slaughtered Saviour makes sin bitter to me. I am as weak as water and as treacherous as Satan. And yet the softly-fastening anchorage of hope, softly fastening in God, through the rent flesh of Christ, tenderly jointing there in the everlasting love of God ; this, notwithstanding the raving waves of trouble, gives me such a settled calm, that I must needs say, God has done it ; and, like Samson's riddle, gives me happiness out of the jaws of destruction.

So that, with a daily cross, much tribulation, and the body being dead because of sin on one hand, and the inshinings of divine love on the other, in this mysterious chequered work, (hid from the eyes of all living but the manifested elect,) this, this alone contains happiness in the seeds and buds. A person possessed of these invaluable, inestimable buds in this life, dying daily to the body and to the world, will have his spirit so made life because of righteousness in Christ, that he will be a wonder to himself. Dull mortality left behind, and sitting with God in heavenly places feelingly in Christ Jesus, the whole glories of God outwardly revealed in the Scriptures, and inwardly thus revealed in his soul, he can with the most divine benevolence shake his hand at all fiends and wicked mortals, and say, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ?"

But let me again, as the fruits of my own experience, say that no one can stand on this ground, except in the same degree as he is crucified to the world and the flesh. Let not any one *otherwise* play

on the hole of the asp and dare Satan to do his worst. O it is a hair's-breadth path! Fresh-contracted guilt makes me as timid as a hare and as shy as a rabbit, instead of being enabled to face it out against Satan and all his roaring and infernal companions. Thus happiness rises, not in a notional Christ, but in One that crucifies the world and the flesh. Thus happiness rises, to the real elect, on the ruins of all worldly and fleshly satisfactions. No one can serve two masters :

“ To follow Christ is to believe;
Dead faith is but to think.”

I have taken some pains to let people know, before I die, that I am possessed of this happiness. And I solemnly declare, in the face of indwelling sin, my bitterest and worst enemy, that in Christ I am often much as happy as if in heaven. This happiness consists only as a manifested elect soul enabled to put on Christ by imputation, (without any of my works,) in a free-grace salvation perfect and complete, and, through love and gratitude, striving to keep gospelly all Christ's commandments. Here is happiness. I came nineteen years ago to Abingdon, and did not know one person in the place, and had only three sovereigns in my pocket ; and I vowed I never again would pollute my conscience by sprinkling another child, by which I forfeited my church clergymanship and worldly livelihood, through the precious fear of God, and went on for years and had not sixpence I could call my own ; and now, unsought by me, God has provided for me amply. With the dawnings of heaven in my soul and the eternal weight of glory when dead, is not this happiness? Yes. I solemnly declare all the worldly and fleshly satisfactions I ever experienced are eclipsed and swallowed up in the dawning lustre of Christ in my soul. I can recommend religion to any one, and set to my seal that God is true. And any one whom he has given an honest and good heart to in the new birth, he will swim, or rather overswim that soul, sooner or later, with celestial pleasures, and make him know what Cowper says,

“ One sight of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.”

This is happiness!

Abingdon.

I. K.

A knowledge or true understanding of indwelling sin, will lead to meekness, compassion, readiness to forgive and to pass by offences, “Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.” The man who understands the evil of his own heart, how vile it is, is the only useful, fruitful, and solidly believing and obedient person. Let us then consider our hearts wisely, and then go and see if we can be proud of our gifts, our graces, our valuation, and esteem among our professors. Let us then go and judge, condemn, reproach others that have been tempted, and we shall find a great inconsistency in these things.—*Owen*.

WATCH UNTO PRAYER.

Dear Thomas,—Although I never saw you, and it has pleased God in his all-wise providence to put it out of your power ever to see me, yet, what is infinitely more precious, he has opened the eyes of your understanding to discern the unspeakable riches of his grace.

There are but few of us who do not know that it is by "terrible things in righteousness" the Lord answers us ; and though the Lord may not have dealt with us exactly as he has dealt with you, yet I am persuaded he never makes any mistakes, nor ever misses his mark when he sends an arrow of conviction into our hearts. Wherever this is effectual it will pull to pieces and utterly demolish all our vain hopes, and not leave a shred to take one drop of the water of life. It must be a new vessel to contain this living water, a vessel which alone our heavenly Potter can form, and it is called a vessel of mercy made meet for himself, or, in his own language, it is said, "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." Is it not a wonder of wonders that the Lord should pick out you and me out of so many thousands to form us ?

I sometimes find it hard to believe, and yet am at other times more than sure. This is a sweet word, "Who by him believe." This is the faith which God gives and works in us, and therefore will abide. "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom ;" then where is the power that can hinder ? Only let us carefully watch the coming and going of the Lord, and whenever a cloud gathers, do not let us use the language of some who live a lifeless profession, but let us carefully inquire into the cause of every cloud as it passes, and see that the cause is brought to the Fountain open, and we do what was once said to a poor helpless sinner, "Go, wash and be clean."

There is a spiritual mystery in all our movements when enlightened by the Spirit of God ; his teaching is always to know the rights of things, and to have our evidences clear ; the contrary is a sad sign of a fruitless profession, which always brings sad work for a dying bed.

May the Lord comfort your heart and keep your soul alive ; and do not forget this promise of God, "I will leave in thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." This name is "Merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

From your sincere friend in the Lord,

Sutton Coldfield, Sept. 15, 1852.

J. B.

Christ's children must not always expect to lean upon his bosom. He sometimes sets them down on the cold, frosty side of the hill, and makes them walk, barefooted, upon thorns. Yet does he keep his eye of love upon them all the while. Our pride must have winter-weather, to rot it.—*Rutherford*.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MY SOUL.

(Continued from page 248.)

About this time, it pleased the Lord to effect a great temporal deliverance on behalf of my wife, and I felt at the time some little gratitude arise in my breast towards the Author and Giver of all our mercies. At night, after business hours were over, I took down the Bible and opened upon Ps. ciii., and as it began with blessing and praising the Lord, I thought it very suitable for me to read after what had occurred. I had no sooner commenced the 3rd verse, than I was melted down, as it were in a moment, into contrition, and I felt wonderful softness of heart as I read on. But when I lighted on the 9th verse, I was quite overcome. The words, "He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever," seemed so big, so full, and so weighty, even to the 17th verse; they seemed all for me. I retired to rest with a breast full of consolation, weeping because my sorrow was turned into joy. I wanted no sleep; my eyes seemed to be, as it were, a fountain of tears; for the precious words of that psalm kept rolling into my mind with such power, especially that verse, "He will not always chide," and the 10th, 11th, and 17th verses. I felt greatly relieved for a day or two; compared with my previous bondage, it was indeed a sip by the way, and I then hoped it was but the beginning of brighter days. As I had sucked so much sweetness out of that psalm, I would be perusing it over and over again, but to no purpose; for the life of me I could not gain those happy feelings which I before realised; and something seemed to say, "You sit in the same posture, the words are the same as you read before, God is the same, and his truth the same, and yet you cannot obtain the blessedness you before enjoyed; sure enough it is all a delusion." With this I readily fell in, fearing it might be sparks of mine own kindling; but I would fain believe now that it was the motions of the Spirit of God operating in my heart, begetting me to a hope in the mercy of the Lord. However, I resisted and set it at nought; the consequence was, I very soon returned to my own sad place, and in my feelings sank lower than ever. The whole "head was sick and the whole heart faint," and in my feelings I was indeed "nought but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores," and there was no soundness in me, being now led to see that "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." I resolved that there should be no more additions to the old catalogue that the law of God had against me. To attain this end I vowed many resolutions, such as checking sinful thoughts, being more circumspect in actions, and keeping up more of an even temper. But I do not remember keeping to one of my vows or resolutions; they proved to be nothing but "wood, hay, and stubble," "when the blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against the wall." So that I found,

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more."

Upon this I was much dejected and cast down, and could see no way whereby I could ameliorate my sad condition. Sullen and gloomy, I was a prisoner in Doubting Castle.

“To cause despair’s the scope
Of Satan and his powers.”

Everything I now read or heard appeared to make head against me, and under nearly every sermon I was condemned in one way or other. One Lord’s Day I heard a young minister deliver a discourse, which was founded upon the prayer of Jabez. I felt it to be truth that he uttered, and in accordance with the word of God, as regarded Bible saints being a praying people; but it cut me up root and branch, for at this time I could not bow the knee in prayer to the Almighty. Viewing him as an angry Judge, it was suggested to me that if I made the attempt I should be struck dead on the spot, for presuming upon that mercy which was only imparted to the “election of grace:” “Reprobate silver shall men call you, because the Lord hath forsaken you.” Viewing myself now as one of those against whom “the Lord hath indignation for ever,” I coveted the worldling’s portion, that if I was to be eternally lost, I might have some little respite, at least in this world, to swallow down my spittle. Still having a thought that the root of the malady lay in a diseased body and in low fits of nervous debility, to gain the point just mentioned I said, “I will spend a guinea for once, and try what a physician can do for me in restoring to me my wonted health and vigour.” I accordingly went to an eminent man for his advice; he asked me many questions; among others, he said, “Do you go to church or chapel?” I replied, “To chapel.” He then wished to know how often? I told him twice on the Lord’s Day. He said, “Let me advise you to go but once, and during the remainder have an excursion on the water down to Richmond or Gravesend, and get all the fresh air and scenery you can, remembering you have a duty to perform to your body as well as to your soul, and God does not require you to neglect one at the expense of the other.” I, in my turn, also asked him questions, and I elicited from him that I had no bodily disease, but my sufferings arose in a great measure from nervous excitement, produced by gloomy forebodings and wrong apprehensions. So that the design I had contemplated when I consulted him, of making my nest comfortable as regarded this time-state, was entirely frustrated, and I despaired of success from that quarter. However, he wrote me a prescription; and just as I was about entering a medical hall to get it prepared, these words darted into my mind, “Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?” I groaned out to myself, “Ah! Lord, there is, and that is just what I need; the balmy blood of Jesus would heal all my diseases; could I but touch the hem of his garment by faith, I should be whole.”

I have never lost the impression these words made upon my mind; from that time Jesus was set forth the only Way to the Father. I had known this before in my judgment; now it was a

fact revealed to my conscience. While the young men were preparing the medicine, I could discover from their words and actions, that it was something to create animal spirits. When they committed it into my hands, they begged of me to keep up my spirits, and to take a glass of sherry and water every day after dinner as a stimulant, to attain this end. But having no relish for wine nor yet for Sunday excursions, I never put this advice into practice. The bondage wherein I was made to serve was now happily drawing to a close. Many wearisome nights were appointed me, having but little rest ; I was weary in the day time, and when night came, sleep seemed to make itself wings, and I could not grasp it ; so that my bosom companion remarked, that let her wake up at whatever hour she might, she seldom or ever found me asleep. I oftentimes feared to close my eyes, and when I did, I had strange visions upon my bed ; among others, I dreamed that I was sinking into the bottomless pit, and sensibly felt myself sinking lower and lower. And O how glad I was to find it was but a dream ! Gratitude teemed forth from heart and lip to a long-suffering God, who still upheld me in being. This occurred early on a Lord's Day morning. When I got to the place where I attended, the clerk gave out Hymn 527 of Gadsby's Selection. I was standing up at the time, but when he gave utterance to these words,

"The vilest sinner out of hell,
Who lives to feel his need,
Is welcome to a Throne of Grace,
The Saviour's blood to plead,"

I dropped upon my seat with wonder that my case was so aptly described ; and how it encouraged me to hope against hope ! The black cloud that had so long hovered over me seemed to be ready to disperse, and expectation was called forth. I could see now that the invitations of the gospel were addressed to certain characters, and could but believe they were addressed to such as I. "The expectation of the poor shall not perish," was a good word to me ; "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price," was a good word ; and again, "If any say I have sinned and perverted that which was right and it profited me not, he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." I was led to see that God was no respecter of persons : "The Spirit and the Bride say come ; let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

For a long time I waited to be somewhat better, that I might attract the notice of Immanuel. I felt ashamed to come with all my pollution and guilt ; and one of the hardest things I ever met with, was to venture upon the great Physician with the plague of leprosy upon me. But he has said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;" and I now felt some little glimmerings of hope that he would condescend to come where I was, even as

"he must needs go through Samaria" to pick up one of his own jewels. At this juncture of my experience I wrote to my father for the first time, and related to him my longing desires, &c. He wrote me back the following, without any comment whatever: "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." Receiving now and then little helps and supports by the way, my desire was to be saved in the Lord's own appointed way, leaving the time, the manner, and the means entirely to him. I saw that the law was holy, just, and good; that "God made man upright, but he had sought out many inventions;" that though man had changed, God had not; hence the justice of God in executing vengeance on the ungodly. The attributes of Jehovah seemed to shine forth now in all their lustre; and for myself I could feelingly exclaim,

"That should he send my soul to hell,
His righteous law approves it well."

The absurd doctrine of "claim" was no refuge for me; it would have grieved me to see even one of the attributes of God tarnished or sullied in my salvation.

A little before this I was much tried respecting the confession of sins. Although none could bring a charge against me of an outward character, yet there were sins that weighed heavily upon my conscience which were unknown to any, and such texts as these very much exercised my mind: "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall have mercy;" and, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now I felt that I could as soon die as confess to man some things which had proceeded from my heart against a holy God; and truly, under the consciousness of it, I blushed before the Majesty of heaven. Falling into the company of a good man, who had been in the way for many years, I asked him what he thought of the matter. He said, "If you have sinned or wronged any man, confess your folly unto him, as it is written, 'Confess your faults one to another,' as it was with Zaccheus, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold;' but if your sins lie solely between your own soul and God, confess them to God alone, begging mercy for Christ's sake." As he gave me a "thus saith the Lord," I felt relieved, and could approach the mercy-seat with a "Behold, I am vile," with my "mouth in the dust, if so be there might be hope." Although Satan and unbelief gained an advantage over me for a time in keeping me from where mercy alone could flow, yet I learned one truth, that the devil was a liar, for he did, as it were, place insurmountable obstacles in the way, and seemed to stand by to resist any effort on my part; yet when pressing necessity forced me to secret prayer, he skulked off, making good these words,

"For Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

My proud heart being now somewhat humbled "under the mighty and of God," it remained for me to be "exalted in due time," as

might please his sovereign pleasure; and these words were descriptive of the position I was brought into, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Although I waited a considerable time, the blessing was worth the waiting for, and was highly prized when it came. "The vision is yet for an appointed time; it will surely come, it will not tarry." Blessed be God, the set time was at hand, when he would powerfully

"Say to that ugly gaoler, sin,
Loose him and let him go."

Some thought I should have no deliverance until my mortal career was nearly run out; but God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts. Indeed I had said many times, that not all the good men in the world combined would be able to make me believe that my unworthy name was "written in the Lamb's book of life." Nothing short of the sealing power of the blessed Spirit, brought home with power and demonstration to my heart, would suffice:

"Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth,
That he has chosen me."

I wanted such a proof as poor unbelieving Thomas had; nothing less than beholding Jesus by precious faith as *my* Redeemer would do; and O how graciously did he favour me in this particular!

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FRAGMENT BY RUSK.

The occasion of my writing the undermentioned things is as follows: I was told that Mr. Horne, minister, of Grub Street Chapel, told a Mr. Palmer that he believed the children of God never did backslide; and, as far as I can understand, it is brought in this way, that the new nature cannot backslide, and the old nature cannot foreslide; all which appears very plausible, but I must never bring in one scripture to explain away another. If I deny backsliding, it is plain I am wise above what is written, and, as such, stumble at the plain word of God, which stands point blank against me, as for instance, "My people are bent to backsliding;" and "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you;" "I will heal your backsliding," &c.; "Thou hast left thy first love;" "They have forsaken me, the Fountain of living waters," &c.; and indeed I might go on, for the Scripture is full of it. I cannot say but it has exercised me much; for in the first place, thinks I, there certainly is but one affection or heart in man, and going after different objects is backsliding. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart;" "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth;" "I will circumcise their heart to love me," &c.; and "I will bind up the broken heart," &c.; I thought it was the same heart, but bent to

depart or go after idols. Now backsliding may be brought in this way, but it runs foul of many other scriptures; for instance, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Again, How can it be the same heart or affections, to love both God and sin? I never can suppose that vile affections, or inordinate affections, or corrupt, or natural affections, can ever love God; neither can I suppose that those affections that are set on the things of God can ever go after sin; so that I was wrong in saying a Christian had but one affection or heart, and went after different objects, as well as the other, of there being no backsliding. This led me simply to God; and I told him he knew it was not in "him that walketh to direct his steps," and, said I, "Thou hast bid us not lean to our own understanding; and if we lack wisdom, to ask thee." And at last it was impressed on my mind while at work, thus: What does a child of God take his name from? Answer. From the new nature; as a "believer," a "Christian," a "saint," a "friend," "beloved," a "holy people," "sons of God," &c. If a "believer," I must have faith; if a "Christian," I must be anointed; if a "saint," I must be sanctified; if a "friend," I must be reconciled; if "beloved," it is God, "yea, I have loved thee in my heart;" if a "holy person," I must have his Spirit; and if a "son," then I am adopted. All these names spring from the new nature. And what constitutes the most moral man's name destitute of these things? I answer, the old nature; and therefore, says Solomon, "I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy," &c.; from all which I gather, that backsliding is entailed on the person; as for instance, that person who has two natures is bent to backslide. You go to a child of God and say, Can your new nature backslide? Answer. No.—Can your old nature foreslide? No.—But cannot you, a person with two natures, backslide? Yes; to my sorrow.

June 13th, 1806.

If many professors were asked for a reason of their hope, they would be obliged to bring forward what they are doing for God, because they know nothing that God has done for them.—*W. T.*

What reason have you to suggest that your case is singular, when so many have told you they have felt the same? What reason have you to conclude so hardly against yourself, when the gospel speaks in such favourable terms? Or what reason to imagine that the gracious things it says are not intended for you? You know indeed more of the corruptions of your own heart than you know of the hearts of others; and you make a thousand charitable excuses for their visible failings and infirmities which you make not for your own. And it may be some of those whom you admire as eminent saints, when compared with you, are on their part humbling themselves in the dust, as unworthy to be numbered among the least of God's people, and wishing themselves like you, in whom they think they see much more good, and much less of evil, than in themselves.—*Doddridge.*

REVIEW.

Epistles of Faith. By the late W. Huntington.

It was the firm belief of Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington that Popery would once more lift up its head and become the dominant religion in this country. Both of them were, we know, men of great mental capacity, deep insight into the Scriptures, of which they were most diligent and unwearied students, and endowed, Mr. Huntington in an extraordinary degree, with the gifts and graces of the Spirit of God.

But though they both decidedly maintained that Popery would prevail, yet they as firmly believed its reign would be short. Considering that the witnesses (Rev. xi. 7) would be slain at that period, and taking the "three days and a half" to signify, in prophetic language, so many years, they limited the dominion of Popery in this country to the space of three years and a half.

The concurrence of two such eminent servants of God on these points is the more remarkable when we take into consideration that in their day Popery was at the lowest ebb. In the time of Dr. Gill, Romanism seemed to be almost a breathless corpse; and Mr. Huntington lived in the days of the first French Revolution, when the Roman Catholic worship was proscribed in France, and afterwards when Rome was formally annexed to the French Empire and the Pope was a prisoner in the hands of Bonaparte. To judge according to appearances, there seemed at that time no prospect of Popery reviving from its prostrate, humiliated condition. The cloud which we have seen to gather was then but as a man's hand in the far horizon. Nor was the channel then apparent through which Popery was to enter. External violence, such as a French invasion, was expected to be the means of its conquest rather than internal treachery. But we have lived to see, what might after all have been justly anticipated, that the citadel which could not be taken by storm might be captured by treason. On one point we have long differed from Mr. Huntington. He viewed the Church of England as the great outward bulwark against Popery. We believe just the contrary—that it is its main fortress. John Knox, speaking of the old monasteries and cathedrals in Scotland, used to say, "Cut down the trees, and the rooks will fly away." In England the trees were left standing, or at least only a few outer branches were cut away; and what is the consequence? That the nests are all ready for the Popish rooks when they have driven out the Puseyistic jackdaws. What more can they want? There are the churches and cathedrals all ready for the mass when they have been duly sprinkled with holy water; there are the palaces ready for the bishops and the parsonages for the priests, requiring no alteration beyond pulling down the nursery; there are the tithes to support them, the titles to honour them, the organs and choristers to chant to them, and the bells to ring to them. In fact, they will only come back to their own, for all these were their inventions.

There is such a just and deep-seated antipathy to Popery in this

country, it is so opposed to all those principles of civil and religious liberty which beat in every truly English heart, that it was well nigh impossible for it to come in in its real shape. Popery, as it appears in really Popish lands, such as Spain, Portugal, or Italy, would not be tolerated in Protestant England, at least would not have been some years back. It could, therefore, only come in under a disguise. It could not enter through the front gate, therefore slipped in through the back one; crept down the area steps of the Church of England, and sneaked in through the kitchen door of Puseyism. This plan was tried two hundred years ago. King Charles I. and Archbishop Laud held what is now called Puseyism, and laboured hard to force it on the nation. But the stout hearts and stout hands of our Puritan ancestors, by the favour of God, overthrew their designs, and cut the sinews both of tyranny and Popery in the most decisive and effectual manner.

One remarkable characteristic, however, of Popery is its undying energy and tenacity of purpose. Penetrated to the very core with corruption both in doctrine and practice, it yet does not die of mortal disease. So far from being weakened by age, it gets stronger as it grows older, and is pushing its conquests in all directions. Sixty years ago, it was death throughout France to be a Roman Catholic priest. "Priests to the lamp-post"* was the cry of the mob in Paris and all the great towns. The priests now throughout that large empire control, if they do not constitute, the governing power. In the beginning of the present century Popery was scarcely heard of in England. There were a few old Roman Catholic families in whose private chapels mass was administered chiefly by priests educated abroad; and there were a few scores of French refugee priests who had fled to our hospitable shores from proscription and death. But this mere passive Popery, like a sleeping body, neither stirred nor spoke. It was as torpid as a snake in its hole, or a toad in a cucumber frame during the month of December.

But what a change have we lived to see! The snake has crawled out and is laying its eggs in every corner. Popery has come forth disguised as Puseyism; and there are hundreds of parishes where the doctrine inculcated from the pulpits by young, active, energetic ministers is essentially and radically Popish. Mr. Huntington's view that the Church of England was the outer court which pro-

* At that period there were, properly speaking, no lamp-posts in Paris, but the streets were lighted by a large lamp, or lantern, suspended across the centre of the street from a rope. The sanguinary mob of Paris soon found out that this mode of suspension formed a ready means of hanging on the spot, without judge or jury, a priest or an "aristocrat," or any one to whom the said sovereign mob had conceived a dislike. At the cry "*Prêtres à la lanterne*," ("priests to the lamp,") the wretched man was seized, the lamp lowered from one side of the street, a noose fastened round his neck, and the lamp drawn up again, by the side of which dangled, in dying agonies, the victim of mob law. On one occasion, as some priests were conveyed to prison in a coach, a man mounted on the steps with a knife in his hand, and stabbed every one either to the heart or wherever he could best reach, so that the blood flowed through the carriage into the street.

tected the inner was justified by the circumstances of his time. Fifty years ago the Church of England was mainly divided into two sections, one the old High Church "Orthodox" party, as they called themselves; the other, the Low Church or "Evangelical" party. These were quite opposed in doctrine, but were on one point fully agreed—opposition to Popery, though on different grounds, the Orthodox chiefly for political reasons, the Evangelical for religious. As types of the two parties we might take Lord Eldon and Mr. Wilberforce, the former the grand supporter of the Orthodox, the latter of the Evangelical party, and each their leader and mouthpiece. But both these parties are well nigh extinct. A new body has sprung up, said to number of positive adherents four thousand clergy, and probably including, besides the main army, an almost equal number of allies, who, though they may hover, as if undecided, on the outskirts of the camp, are really with them in heart.

People wonder sometimes at the progress of Puseyism. But when we look at it a little more closely, there is nothing extraordinary in its growth and progress, at least among the clergy. It is worth observation that it is chiefly the young clergy who are most deeply tainted with its principles, and that this circumstance is the main cause of its extension. There is thus a gradual introduction of it through the length and breadth of the land. The process is very gradual, and scarcely observable, but not less real. Here is a quiet country village, where the old rector dies—a harmless man, whom religion never troubled, and who never troubled himself about religion; or a new church is built in a populous district. Soon a young man makes his appearance with a frock coat down to his heels and a waistcoat buttoned up to the chin, over which peeps a white stock. Who is this? The new rector or the young curate who is come to take possession of the church, and become the pastor of the parish flock. But why notice his dress? What is there in a man's clothes? A good deal, or we should not allude to it. This is the Puseyistic livery, an imitation of the dress of the Popish priest, accustoming the eye and gradually paving the way for the full-blown Popish canonicals. There is no noise nor commotion in the parish beyond a little staring at the new minister. Few care to inquire what doctrine he will preach. Now, if there were a Catholic chapel built and a regular priest sent from Stonehurst, the Protestant feeling would be roused, the whole parish thrown into alarm and up in arms; but the new rector comes in without any suspicion being created, and yet is at heart a rank Romanist. He has the ears of the whole place, and without suspicion can advance one Romish doctrine after another till he gradually leavens the parish. And even if the people begin to perceive what is going on, they have no remedy. Of what use is it to appeal to the bishop or the patron, who are both probably Puseyites too? There is indeed one remedy—to leave; but the author of the mischief is still there, who, fortified by the bishop's favour and the laws of the land, can almost preach what he pleases and do as he pleases. Were he a Calvinist, the bishop would try to turn him

out; but he may go to the very verge of Romanism, and stand high in his diocesan's favour. Could Rome devise anything better than this to promote her ends? It is doing for her what she could not do herself; and, if Satan and the Pope could lay their heads together, each of them would say that this was the very best thing that could be done for their mutual interest.

But why should this youth be a Puseyite? A great deal, of course, is due to the example and influence of others, especially the air that he has been breathing lately at the University, which is as much loaded with Puseyism as Manchester is with smoke, or the Scotch mountains with mist. But this would not be of much avail were not the whole bent of the system to exalt the priest. *That* is the grand secret of its success among the young clergy. All men love power and influence. It feeds their pride and ambition. Now every Romish doctrine gives power to the priest. That he is the mediator between the sinful laity and God, is the spirit of all their doctrines. To whom must sin be confessed? To the priest. Who gives absolution? The priest. Who offers sacrifice for the living and the dead? The priest. Who administers every ordinance? The priest. He has the keys of hell and death, unlocks purgatory, and opens paradise. The Lord Jesus is virtually dethroned, and the priest put into his place. Now this is genuine Popery. How can we wonder, then, that a number of youths, as ignorant of vital godliness and spiritual religion as the wild Arab, should embrace a system which, with a magical touch of the bishop's hand, transforms nobodies into somebodies; which takes a raw lad, who in the army would be but a marching ensign, or in the law a briefless barrister, and transplants him into a parish as a privileged dispenser of the favours of heaven? The very man who a few months back hacked and hammered through a University examination, pale as a sheet and dripping to his very fingers' ends, now mounts the pulpit as the only teacher of religion to the people, the only channel of grace, to turn away from whom is to despise God, and in whose assembly not to worship is to commit the deadly sin of schism. Looking at the darkness of the mind of man, and at the bewitching influence of Satan, the great juggler, who does not see that a system which puts a man from the bottom to the top of the tree at one step must be acceptable to the natural heart? A man's good sense may revolt against such absurd intolerance; but every real Churchman is a Puseyite in heart.

Now this is the door through which Popery will come in, if it should ever prevail in this country. In fact, it is in already as much as a thief is in the house whose finger is lifting up the kitchen window. The first step is to preach under a disguise Popish doctrines, and then, when these are generally received, to introduce Popish practices.

The Romish system is a complete chain, the links of which are so connected that the introduction of the first necessitates the drawing on of the second. This is true as regards both her doctrines and her practices; and this makes us view with suspicion the least approximation to one or the other.

One of the worst, if not the worst of Popish practices is, that of **CONFESSION**. This is indeed one of the depths of Satan. "Confess your faults one to another," says James. What faults? Why, where brethren have wronged or misunderstood each other, let them mutually acknowledge their error. On this text has Satan built up the doctrine and practice of confession to a priest of every sin that the penitent can remember. To assist his memory and drag sin to light, the priest is instructed to ask questions of the most searching, and in many cases of the most revolting nature. In Popish countries it is the greatest crime, in some instances punishable with death, to take the sacrament without going first to confession and obtaining absolution from the priest. All young persons must "make," as the term is, "their first communion" when they are about fifteen or sixteen. The questions which the priests are not only authorised but directed to put to young females, are so revolting, we may say hideous, that we dare not allude to them. Now think of our daughters, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, kneeling before a lecherous priest questioning them on topics which their mothers dare not hint at. Shall Protestant England ever submit to see her modest daughters thus profaned under the mockery of religion? But what if the penitent be ignorant of the priest's meaning? Why, he must make her understand him by using plainer language. Or what if, from modesty, she remain silent? She must answer every question under penalty of mortal sin and being denied absolution and the Lord's supper—a prey to a guilty conscience and a disgrace to her friends. The confessional is Rome's chief instrument of power. Here family secrets are wormed out; here every circumstance is traced out which can affect the church. It is Rome's secret police, giving her access to every hearth, and, like a spider, weaving a web round every home. To turn and twist a text of Scripture like that of James into this mighty engine, to seek to destroy female modesty by confession of sin, and to hold in the hands of Rome the domestic secrets of every family, is double-distilled devilism. Now, there are hundreds of Puseyistic clergy in this country who, with the least encouragement from the public, would set up the confessional in their churches. With the setting up of the confessional would come all the intolerable evils which we have alluded to, for there can be no half confession of sin before a man authorised to search your conscience; and then where is domestic confidence or female purity; when English wives are questioned about their husbands' affairs, and English daughters on subjects fit only for a brothel?

Mr. Huntington, in the work before us, has unmasked Popery with a masterly hand. We hope, in a following Number, to furnish a fuller account of the work before us, which is a cheap republication of his correspondence with Miss Morton, a Roman Catholic lady who was chiefly by his instrumentality converted from the errors of Popery; but the following extract will, to those who never read his admirable letters, give a good idea of his cogent and scriptural style :

"The religion of Jesus Christ consists in being a partaker of that faith, which is of the operation of the Spirit of God, of evangelical repentance towards God, and of being born of God; this makes us new creatures in Christ. In Christ Jesus 'circumcision and uncircumcision availeth nothing, but a new creature; and faith which worketh by love.' (Gal. vi. 15, and v. 6.)

"This religion is of Christ, and Christ is the substance of this religion; it came from Christ, and will lead to, and end in Christ; he will own it, and honour it, when all others will appear like 'a garment that is moth-eaten.' A religion of human contrivance is all outside; it stands in 'bodily exercise, which profiteth little;' (1 Tim. iv. 8;) in 'will worship;' (Col. ii. 23;) in 'voluntary humility;' (Col. ii. 18;) in 'divers washings,' (Heb. ix. 10;) in 'abstaining from meats;' (1 Tim. iv. 3;) in 'sham fasts;' (Isa. lviii. 5;) in 'making a fair show in the flesh;' (Gal. vi. 12;) in bowing to idols, wafers, and relics, in 'worshipping angels;' (Col. ii. 18;) saints and sinners. Their confidence stands in 'lying wonders;' (2 Thess. ii. 9;) in 'devils' miracles;' (Rev. xvi. 14;) in 'dead men's bones;' (Matt. xxiii. 27;) in 'old wives' fables;' (1 Tim. iv. 7;) in 'observance of days;' (Gal. iv. 10;) in 'priestcraft;' (Eph. iv. 14;) and 'fleshly wisdom.' (2 Cor. i. 12.) And all this by 'philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' (Col. ii. 8.)

"Such devotees perform their devotions as punishments for their sins, which makes it eye-service, performed in the shackles of a slave, in servile fear, after the doctrines and commandments of men. Such devotion is perfect bondage; there can be no joy nor happiness till it be over, and the poor slave slips his feet out of the stocks. Groping in the tombs, bowing to skeletons, and cringing to bones, make professors look more like moles and bats than the 'wings of a dove, covered with silver and her feathers with gold.' (Ps. lxviii. 13.)"

Our next extract is from a letter of Miss Morton to Mr. Huntington, in answer to some of his inquiries concerning confession and other Roman Catholic practices:

"My soul abhors the remembrance of 'auricular confession.' I am a living witness of this abomination. David 'confessed his transgressions to the Lord, and he forgave him the iniquity of his sin.' I really never felt, when a Catholic, any satisfaction in confessing my sins to the priest, but I have found it in pouring out my broken petitions before God by myself in private. Surely this is a most vile and sinful practice.

"I shall open to you the whole mystery without reserve, as you have questioned me so close on the subject. 'Reward her,' says God, 'even as she rewarded you; and double unto her double according to her works.' (Rev. xviii. 6.) It is a shame for a woman to approach these confessionals; if they were never wise in the scenes of iniquity before, the priest will be sure to instruct them, by asking such filthy and indecent questions that a modest woman would blush to think of. I declare to you that I was confined three days to my bed from my first confession; and thought then I never could have gone to confession a second time, being so abashed and confounded by the abominations that he had put in my head. I was truly terrified at a sinful thought, more from the idea of telling it to the priest than a fear of offending the Almighty God. O what a penance was this! At the same time, when it was over, my cursed pride was nursed, and I was congratulated as being an angel, without a sin on my conscience.

* * * * *

"But if it is mental purity you mean, judge ye of their minds, who, contrary to all the laws of God, of modesty, and decency, are constantly exposed to the filthy and lewd interrogations of such carnal priests; notwithstanding God has fixed a bar of modesty on every female mind, this is perpetually broken through, by putting questions to them on such subjects as the Scriptures declare ought not so much as 'to be named amongst the Gentiles.' (1 Cor. v. i.)"

POETRY.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN DELINEATED.

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

A Christian (Friend) is one of Adam's race
 Depraved by nature, but renewed by grace;
 No inward principle of good possessing,
 Till favoured with the great imparted blessing;
 Caught at the tempter's will in every snare,
 And born a child of wrath, as others are;
 A willing slave of that Satanic power
 Which smiles with base intentions to devour.
 Yet, heedless soul, he loved his bondage well;
 Secure and thoughtless, on the brink of hell,
 Embraced his chains, obeyed the tyrant's laws,
 A zealous servant in the devil's cause,
 Till once, without design, he chanced to stray,
 (The God of grace and mercy led the way,)
 Beneath an awful hill, where fire and smoke,
 In dreadful torrents, from the summit broke.
 Etna, in all its horrors, can't compare,
 Nor dread Vesuvius equal what was there;
 For Sinai's mount the trembling sinner saw,
 And heard the dreadful thunders of the law:
 "Go, wicked rebel, hence, and die accurst,
 The law condemns thee and the law is just."
 The Spirit opened to the awakened soul
 The solemn import of the sacred roll,
 And conscience, starting from her heedless stand,
 Appears a faithful witness near at hand.
 Old sins, forgotten long, were now in view,
 Of scarlet dye and deepest crimson hue.
 O'erwhelming scene! where can the sinner fly,
 Unfit to live, yet more unfit to die?
 But die he must; yet Gilead's balm is found,
 And Gilead's good Physician heals the wound.
 Convinced of sin, the soul is led to view
 The matchless wonders pard'ning grace can do.
 "Peace, troubled soul!" the sacred Spirit cries,
 And from the heavenly mansion downward flies,
 Takes his abode where Satan reigned before,
 And, entered once, will never leave it more.
 True faith embraces, though with trembling arms,
 The dear Immanuel, with his heavenly arms.
 The new-born soul with sacred rapture cried,
 "Father, thy law is just, but Jesus died;
 My comfort, my rejoicings all shall be,
 Christ died and rose; he died and rose for me.
 He lives for me; for me he pleads above;
 I'm lost in wonder at Immanuel's love!
 My scarlet sins are washed in precious blood;
 My soul is cleansed in that atoning flood.
 Amazing thought, that God should groan, should bleed!
 Yet none but God could answer sinners' need;
 No other sacrifice could sin atone;
 Dear Lord, 'twas thine, indeed 'twas thine alone."
 Is this the man we saw secure at ease?
 It is; he once was blind, but now he sees.
 Is this the man we saw in Sinai's smoke?
 'Tis he; yet Moses smiled when Jesus spoke.

Is this the wretch that dragged the devil's chain,
Which galled his legs, yet never felt the pain?
Thrice happy soul, it is, it is the same,
He's changed his master now, and changed his name.
Jesus he loves; he walks in wisdom's ways,
Learns his commands, and, as he learns, obeys,
Owns his corruptions strong, his graces few,
Seeks pard'ning mercy, grace to help anew,
Goes out of self, his humble soul takes wing
To Jesus Christ, his Prophet, Priest, and King.
Armed with his Saviour's strength, against his foes
Into the field the faithful champion goes.
The world and Satan join, and find within
A pow'rful helpmate, strong indwelling sin.
But if the Christian's Captain heads the fight,
His foes retire and take a hearty flight.
If he alone attempts the dang'rous fray,
He's overcome, and Satan gets the day.
Yet if he falls, he also shall arise
Secure and safe beneath his Father's eyes.
Thus through the wilderness he bends his way,
Both in the stormy and the pleasant day;
Flies to his heavenly Friend in every woe;
His Friend supports him as he passes through.
Jordan appears; why should the Christian shrink?
A heavenly convoy waits him on the brink.
His Saviour passed the rapid stream before,
And death's attendant sting is now no more.
All good is his; the gloomy tyrant, Death,
Smiles in his face, and asks the parting breath;
His soul ascends, and finds a blissful place
In heavenly mansions, thither brought by grace.

David would not have been so often on his knees in prayer, if affliction had not weighed him down. There are, I believe, more prayers in the writings of David and Jeremiah than in any other portion of Scripture.—*Toplady*.

If thy soul yet feareth the difficulty of its own particular case, in respect of the greatness of its sins, and the circumstances thereof, or any consideration whatsoever which to thy view doth make thy salvation a hard suit to obtain, the Apostle saith, "He is able to save to the uttermost," whatever thy case be, and this through his intercession. That same word, "To the uttermost," is a good word, and well put in for our comfort; consider it therefore, for it is a reaching word, and extends itself so far that thou canst not look beyond it. Let thy soul be set upon the highest mount that ever any creature was yet set on, and that is enlarged to take in, and view, the most spacious prospect of sin and misery and difficulties in being saved that ever yet any poor humbled soul didst cast within itself; yea, join to these, all the objections and hindrances of thy salvation that the heart of man can suppose or invent against itself; lift up thine eyes, and look to the utmost thou canst see; and Christ, by his intercession, is able to save thee beyond the horizon and furthest compass of thy thoughts, even to the utmost and worst case the heart of man can conceive.—*Goodwin*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 214. OCTOBER, 1853. VOL. XIX.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Continued from page 286.)

But as to this faith of assurance, when I had it, as I dare not doubt that I have had it many and many a time, blessed be the Lord, I saw that I could not hold it long, but doubts and fears would presently arise again. Neither am I free from them to this day, though, through the blessing of God, not such distressing fears as I had then.

I shall endeavor to give a few reasons, according to the apprehensions I have, why it should be that I was thus exercised with doubts and fears:

The first reason, I humbly conceive, lies in the sovereignty of God, who dispenses his grace how, which way, and in what measure he pleases. To some he gives strong faith, to some weaker, as he sees fit.

Secondly. That those who are strong might help those who are weak, that so the whole mystical body of Christ might be useful to the strengthening of each other; wherein the wisdom of God and his goodness wonderfully appear.

Thirdly. That hereby we might be kept humble. It may be he sees something in us that we do not see in ourselves, which is prone to be lifted up; therefore he is pleased to lead many of his dear children on in a secret way of believing, resting, and trusting, that their continual dependence might be upon him.

Fourthly. That we might be the more diligent in making "our calling and election sure," as we are exhorted. The Lord loves to see his children diligent; therefore, it may be that he is pleased to exercise us, that we may be more diligent in hearing, praying, read-

ing, and searching the word of God; that we might be more diligent in waiting upon the Lord and being found in all the ordinances of Christ.

Fifthly. That we might be brought the oftener to the throne of grace, and be the more earnest with God in prayer. It may be the Lord would not hear of us so often, nor find us so frequent at his foot, if those enemies, corruptions and temptations, and the fears that we find in us, did not engage us to go to him.

Sixthly. More particularly in reference to myself. Why I was thus distressed with doubts and fears is, as I conceive, from the work being carried on in such a gradual way upon my soul. I have heard of some with whom this work of God has been quick and sudden; they have come under the sound of the gospel with wickedness in their hearts, (it may be to make sport, or to hear what "the babbler" will say,) and God has been pleased in mercy to touch their hearts, and they have become new men before they have gone thence. Now the work of God has been so wonderful and evident upon them, that I thought it appeared a work of God indeed. This has made me sometimes desire that the work would begin again, and that it might be quick and sudden; then I used to think that I could better believe that it was a work of God. Thus I would fain have chalked the Lord out a way, but he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will;" and it is well for us that he does so, though we cannot always see it.

I remember Mr. Davis's preaching was made of great use upon this account. He would sometimes use this objection, which the soul is so ready to make against itself, "It may be you are afraid that the work of God is not right upon your soul;" (O this used to be my objection often!) "well, what then? Soul, tell Satan, for it is his business to make you question if the work be not right. If you have not yet believed on Christ, if you have not come to him and ventured your soul upon the Lord Jesus for salvation, it is time now to come, it is time now to believe, it is time now to venture upon Christ. Therefore come now, come now as a poor sinner, and throw yourself now in the arms of his mercy for salvation." While Mr. Davis was speaking thus, by way of encouragement to poor doubting souls, I was made to see that coming, believing, and venturing upon the Lord Jesus Christ as a perishing sinner for salvation was a continual work all the days of my life. I have heard of an expression that one Mr. Browning, a great man of God, who was Mr. Davis's predecessor, made use of; and that is, "If ever I have been converted once, I have been converted a hundred and a hundred times." This, through infinite grace, I have experienced something of, that conversion, believing, and coming to Christ, is not only needful once, but as long as we live. But,

Seventhly. Another reason why I was so much perplexed with doubts and fears, I found to be from that sin, lust, and corruption which was so strong and powerful in me, and used to bring a cloud of guilt and darkness upon my soul, so that sometimes I could not see that I had the least light of interest in Christ. Those lusts,

corruptions, and temptations so boiled and bubbled up in my nature, as I said before, that I was carried away captive in my desires, though, blessed be God, I have been kept from the acts. But alas! when I came to see into the spirituality of the law, I saw by the law I was guilty. I used sometimes to think of those words, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

O no one knows what struggles and conflicts I have had about these things but God and myself! Though I cried and prayed to God in secret, yea, and shed a fountain of tears, God is my witness that I could in no wise be rid of them. I have often thought of those words of Christ, where he says, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." I thought I could willingly have my right hand cut off, so that I might be free from these temptations. I did not see that it must be cut off by faith, prayer, repentance, and mortification of sin, so clearly then as the Lord has helped me to see since.

Well, what to do I could not tell. It is true the Lord was pleased to give me comfort sometimes, which did a little bear me up and carry me on; but these temptations would soon embitter them, and make me grow disconsolate again, many a day. But at last I came to a conclusion what to do. Well, thought I, I will fast and pray; I will keep certain days in fasting and prayer. I used to think on these words, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." So I used to keep some days in this manner; for this was when I was upon my own hands, and lived by myself, as I did some time.

Thus I went on, until I was resolved to pinch and afflict the body, by not letting it have what was needful. I purposed and concluded in my mind to eat nothing but bread and to drink nothing but water; by this means, so foolish was I, I thought I should keep my corruptions and temptations under. I used to think of John the Baptist, who lived in the wilderness upon locusts and wild honey; I thought that was not much better than my bread and water. Well, I began thus to live, and I thought if I could but get master of myself, and be satisfied to live this sort of life, I should not only keep the flesh, sin, and corruptions under, but I should have a great deal of time to devote myself wholly to the work and service of God, excepting now and then to do something for a little bread; water I could have for nothing.

O what a paradise did I make in my own fancy, and how pleased was I with it! Now I thought I should give up myself to hearing, reading, praying, and meditation; now I thought I should be nothing but spiritual, and my mind wholly taken up with spiritual things. This was not only a desire to live so, but I really designed to do so; yea, and made a beginning, and went on thus for a little time. I remember one day I went to the baker's for some bread, and the baker had just drawn a pot of apples; and being asked if I would

eat some, I durst not; I was afraid to eat a baked apple, because I had purposed to eat and drink nothing but bread and water. But these things I kept to myself; I was not willing that any person should know them.

Well, thus I went on for a little time; indeed I could not go on thus long, though I attempted it more than once or twice. But alas! I could not bear this hard and austere life; it was as great an affliction to me as the Egyptian taskmasters were to the Israelites. Neither could I find that sin and corruption were at all subdued, but were as strong as before. This brings to my mind what I have read of one of the old fathers,* who would devote himself wholly to God, and therefore had a place made for him in a wood, and had food brought him privately, that he might not see anybody, nor hear the noise, nor see the temptations that were in the world, but that his mind might be wholly taken up in reading, prayer, and meditation. But alas! it was not a wood, a cave, nor the most retired place in the world that could subdue sin and keep under those corruptions and enemies that were within; for when he would have his mind taken up with the things of God, he thought he saw a company of beautiful ladies dancing before him; that is, in his mind he apprehended such ensnaring objects present.

But I met with a disappointment. My covenant was soon broken; my purposes came to nothing; and now I could not tell what to do. I saw plainly enough that I could not subdue my own corruptions by any means that I could use. Well, I thought, if I must perish, I must perish; for I saw I could do nothing. Nor could I find any relief in this condition, until I was helped to commit and cast myself wholly upon the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, as a poor sinner, for peace, pardon, redemption, and salvation; and in the Lord's time he was pleased to deliver me from these temptations in a great measure. The Lord helped me to see which way sin must be subdued as well as pardoned, and that is by faith in the blood and satisfaction that Christ gave in his death. I saw, through infinite grace, that there was no way for the mortifying of sin and corruption, but the exercise of faith in Christ crucified for sin, aye, and for my sins. The more I was helped to see this, the more bitter and odious sin appeared to me.

I remember one time when I was at Rothwell; and Mr. Davis was administering the ordinance of the Lord's supper, I had such a sight by faith of the death, blood, righteousness, and satisfaction which the Lord Jesus Christ gave as a sacrifice for my sins, as afforded much comfort to my soul. I saw that it was my sins that plucked off the hair, when he gave his back to the smiters; it was my sins that crowned his head with thorns; I saw it was my sins that pierced his side and made him sweat great drops of blood. O the sight that my soul had of the love, grace, mercy, and kindness of God, flowing through the blood of Jesus Christ, I am not able to declare! I have had many comfortable refreshments in that or-

dinance, blessed be the Lord, but this was a particular time. O the meltings of my soul! I could not lift up my head during the ordinance; then I could tell what it was to have tears of joy. O how sweet was the love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul at that time, and how bitter was sin made to me! I found it was that which my soul abhorred, and would fain, if possible, have lived without. My soul was made to see from hence that it was nothing but the infinite, pure, free, unmerited grace, love, mercy, and favor of God through Christ, that I must depend upon for salvation and consolation. I thought I could have trampled on that rotten notion of free will. I had tried to do what I could for the subduing of sin and the keeping of my heart above; but alas! I found by experience that I could do nothing, but must be beholden to the free grace of God for all, and therefore will set the crown upon the head of free grace, and cry out, "Grace, grace, from the foundation to the top stone." Well may it be said, "By grace are ye saved." (Eph. ii. 8.) But,

Eighthly. I may briefly give another reason why I was so much distressed with doubts and fears, and that was, I would fain have proved the truth of my salvation by the measure of my sanctification, which I found to be a very uncertain way. For what sanctification can there be in the soul without faith in Christ, for justification? If the spring of faith in justification be low, I am sure the stream of sanctification must be low also. And therefore to seek in ourselves for sanctification as the evidence of our interest in Christ for justification, is like looking for fruit upon a vine in the midst of winter, or like seeking the living among the dead.

It is true, where there is an imputation of Christ's righteousness for justification, there is an implantation of righteousness for sanctification. These two graces are to be distinguished, but not confounded together, nor yet separated; for where there is an imputation of the one by faith, there is certainly an implantation of the other by the Spirit; and these can no more be separated than we can separate heat from the fire or light from the sun. Whatever sanctification any person may pretend to, if not flowing from faith in Jesus Christ, I am sure it is but dead and legal. Now, for me to look for the truth and reality of my interest in Christ, when my faith is low and my soul at a loss about it; then, I say, for me to look in myself for what sanctification I have to evidence my interest, is but to puzzle, perplex, and drive me out of all hopes.

But the Lord has since helped me to see that the only way for satisfaction of my interest in Jesus Christ is to believe on the word of grace, or promise of salvation, held forth in the gospel to sinners, and then, by looking into myself, to see what fruits and effects this faith has upon my soul in the producing of sanctification; this being the only rule God has given us in his word to prove our interest by, according to those words in James, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." "Show me thy faith without thy works, if thou canst;" as if the apostle should say, "thy faith, whatever faith thou mayest pretend

to, is worth nothing if it have not works, good works flowing from it; but 'I will show thee my faith by my works,' that is, I will show thee the truth and reality of my faith by the inseparable fruit, good works;" or, "Those works, whatever works we may pretend to, if not flowing from faith in Christ, are worth nothing either." So that we see we are to prove the truth of our faith by the good works it produces, and the truth of our good works by the faith which they flow from. O I see what a proneness there is still to be looking into myself for something, whereas it is my mercy to be going out of myself as a naked, empty creature, unto Christ Jesus, held forth in the gospel in all his fulness, as a free and suitable Object to fix and centre my soul continually upon both for salvation, comfort, and consolation!

The next thing I shall give a few hints upon is the great doctrine of election, which I was so much puzzled and distressed about at first. When the Lord was pleased to give me some hope through grace, O how sweet was this doctrine to my soul! My soul could not but stand and wonder, to consider that God should have such a poor unworthy creature as I was upon his heart; that I should have a room and place in God's vast thoughts from everlasting; that he should make choice of me in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, when thousands and thousands are passed by! O that Christ should be set up as my Mediator and Head of the eternal covenant, into whose hand an infinite fulness of unchangeable grace was put by the Father, to be secured and in time communicated to me! This is wonderful, amazing, and inexpressible grace. The consideration of distinguishing love has made me often cry out with Judas, not Iscariot, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" How my soul loved and delighted to hear and read this sweet and soul-ravishing doctrine, and that when I had but some secret hopes of an interest in it! I found that if I could live more in the exercise of faith upon this doctrine of electing love, there was nothing which would so sweetly draw and engage my soul in gospel evangelical obedience as this would. This is that amongst the great train of salvation blessings which will fill the hearts of the saints with admiration and adoration for ever. If electing love, distinguishing grace, and redeeming mercy be so sweet to faith now, when we have but now and then a short glimpse of it, how ravishing, sweet, and inexpressibly glorious must this be to an eternal, uninterrupted vision!

But to draw these remarks to a close, though I might make further enlargements; for what I have here set down are but a few brief hints of what I have seen, felt, and experienced of the work and dealings of God upon my soul. Some things have slipped my thoughts in so long a time, but many of them are still fresh upon my mind; neither had I so clear and distinct an apprehension of these things then as the Lord has given me since; nor have I set down everything in such precise order as I might have done if I had written my experience sooner. But what I have set down of the dealings and dispensations of God towards me, is as near as I can

remember and collect things together. I shall give a few further hints of those points of doctrine that were most affecting and wonderful to my soul, since the Lord has been pleased to reveal himself to me, and they are,

1. The doctrine of *the holy Trinity*. O how wonderful has the consideration of this been, that there should be a Trinity of Persons in the unity of essence, or one God; that three should be one, and one should be three. This was a mystery I found too deep for me to fathom, but I saw it was my mercy to believe it, because it is so full and plain in the holy Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament. (Deut. vi. 4; Jer. x. 10; 1 John v. 7.)

2. The doctrine of *God's decrees*. That God should from all eternity decree in himself whatsoever should come to pass, in his infinite, wise, holy, and unchangeable counsels, which reach from the greatest to the least thing that ever was, is, or ever shall be in time or eternity, yet so ordering them as that he himself is not the author of sin, because his decree offers no violence to the will of the creature. But that which God designed in his holy and wise decree was the magnifying of all his glorious attributes in the creation both of angels and men, the attributes of his love, mercy, power, wisdom, faithfulness, and goodness, in the salvation of elect men and angels; and the attributes of his justice, holiness, and purity, in the deserved punishment of all who perish. O the depth both of the wisdom and counsels of God! how unchangeable are his judgments! and his ways are past finding out. (Isa. xlv. 10; Eph. i. 11; Acts xv. 18; Rom. ix. 11, 22.)

[We need scarcely add a word to these simple, clear, scriptural, and truly experimental statements; but we wish to commend to the particular attention of our spiritual readers that portion which commences at "Seventhly" down to "Eighthly." The writer has so clearly traced out from his own experience the struggles of the soul under and against sin, the weakness of the flesh, the inefficacy of all creature means to subdue inward corruption, and the true, the only source of gospel holiness, and has at the same time so simply, and yet so clearly, laid out the whole subject, that we think it singularly edifying and instructive.—*Ed.*]

(To be concluded in our next.)

Many profess to be disciples of Jesus in the name; but what profit is this? If souls have not been sick of sin, alas! Jesus will be a Physician of no value to them. If souls have not seen themselves lost, their state accursed, and their case hopeless and desperate, so that none but Jesus can restore and save them, they will but lightly esteem our Saviour. However precious Jesus is to others, he will be but little regarded by them. They may profess his word, but not being his disciples indeed, they will not continue long; they will only follow him for a season. Ah, poor souls, how soon are they offended! Little things put them to a stand; trifles turn them back. Temptations and trials prove what they are. Other objects engage their affections, and they presently fall quite away, and follow the Lamb no more.—*W. Mason.*

CONSOLATION IN AFFLICTION.

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT, MINISTER
OF THE GOSPEL.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and by the contents I perceive you have not heard of the calamity that has befallen me since I was with you.

The last day of the month of last March two years, I walked to Frant as well as I had been for many years past; I preached there in the evening. Just as I had concluded the service, I felt a numbness-attack my toes. I rather wondered what was the cause, but I went down the pulpit stairs, which I could very well do by taking hold of the rail by my right hand. I then sat down on a form below, and felt in an instant the stroke that began at my toes go up the whole of my left side to the crown of my head. A medical person being sent for, I told him it appeared to me to be paralysis; he said he thought so too, and so it has proved. I was taken to a friend's house, where I continued three weeks, for the most part in great bodily pain, but the Lord graciously answering my prayers in bringing his work to light and shining sweetly on my soul, I had a heaven below. It appeared as if I were at the gates of paradise, and for some time expected the angels to be despatched on their message to fetch me. I had experienced many divine manifestations of the love of God in the course of my pilgrimage, but this was greatest, and lasted longer than any before.

It was about three months before I went into my pulpit, into which I can go out of my bed-room without going down stairs. After preaching a few Sundays at home, the friends sent a conveyance and fetched me to Five Ash Down, nine miles from home. I remain lame with my left side, and hobble on at the most a quarter of a mile at a time, and my left hand is useless. I have been enabled to preach for the most part in a regular manner ever since June or July two years; one Sunday at home, and the other at Five Ash Down. The friends have sent and fetched me twice to Sevenoaks, and a place wide off, where I spoke among my old Otford friends. I have been fetched to Frant several times, and hope to attend regularly once a month at Waldron, on the week evening. I have been very weak in my speech most of the summer, but I am now rather better. The stroke of paralysis I had was a heavy one and has left a pressure on my head. I find it needful to be cupped every five or six weeks; my memory is hurt, yet I consider it a mercy I am as well as I am, and am able to preach so regularly and often as I do. Mr. C., of Wadhurst, seven miles from Mayfield, comes to Deptford Chapel. I inquired of him about you; he preached several times for me when I was at the worst. He told me he understood you had been ill. I begged of him to inquire after Mr. and Mrs. B., of Broadway; Deptford; I wish to hear from her more of her soul's welfare.

From the account you have sent, I understand that some of your friends are going to America, some to Mr. C.'s, and some are no

more. Those who are gone to the Lord I am anxious to follow; for I am looking for that blessed hope and longing for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, to be a peculiar people to himself, zealous of good works. Mr. R., who preached at your place, has sunk into a sad state of despondency; I have been over one Sunday, and spoke for him; he is a little better. Mr. V. has sunk very low, and has had a fit, which took away the use of his left side and arm like mine; he now preaches again, but like me is obliged to sit down in the pulpit. I went to Lewes to see him.

Give my love to the friends. It is not likely I shall visit you again. I have a desire "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." Thanks be unto God for a good hope. This last visit has been a sealing time, and has made me long to go home to that city whose builder and maker is God. The Lord bless you all. Amen.

Yours affectionately,

Mayfield, Oct., 1832.

WILLIAM ABBOTT. ●

N.B.—Your correspondent being in possession of a note by Mr. Fowler, who republished the experience of our much-esteemed friend, he extracts a few lines from the same, as it may be acceptable to some who knew him:

"For many years Mr. Abbott preached the gospel at Mayfield, and Five Ash Down, Sussex, and the Lord blessed the word to many sinners, as many still living can testify. By a series of paralytic attacks, Mr. A. was laid aside from preaching for several years before his decease. During his last attack he was much favored with joy and peace in believing, and his speech, which he had long been deprived of, was sufficiently restored to enable him to drop many precious things; among which were the following: 'I know Christ!' 'I know the love of Christ!' and he burst into tears of joy. On being asked if Christ was precious to him, he said, 'Precious! precious! precious!' • He left this vale of tears January 25th, 1838."

W. B.

What can be more feeble than the ivy, the jessamine, or the vine; yet these, by the assistance of their tendrils, rise, and are supported, until they sometimes mount as high as the tree or wall that sustains them; so the weak believer, laying hold on Jesus by the tendril of faith, rises into the fulness of God, defies the invading storm, and becomes as a fruitful vine upon the wall of a house.—*Toplady*.

Some of you may ask, "What good is there to be got by going to a place of worship? Might we not as well stay at home and read?" Preaching is an ordinance of God, and "faith cometh by hearing;" and if you get no good by coming, I am sure you will get none by staying away. When people begin to neglect attending the chapel, they will very soon neglect reading the Bible and secret prayer. One will soon follow the other.—*W. T.*

THERE IS NO FEAR IN LOVE.

My very dear Friend,—It pleased God, when I was taking my breakfast in bed on Lord's Day morning, about eight o'clock, to come down upon my soul in showers of blessings. The dew of heaven and the showers of grace came abundantly upon me, producing a frame attended with meekness, peace, love, comfort, unction, rest, and joy indeed. It was nothing less than the crown of the anointing oil, for I felt full with the blessing of the Lord, crowned with lovingkindness and tender mercy. The Holy Spirit in his influences came down upon me as a Remembrancer, leading my mind back to many waymarks and high heaps which I had set up in past days, and led my heart towards the Highway, Christ Jesus, and filled my heart with love to him, while I enjoyed the blessings and benefits of his death and resurrection to a considerable degree. He led me back to the place where he came down upon me as an enlightener and quickener of my soul, when in a moment he convinced me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, showing me my lost, miserable state by nature, which was followed by a cry for mercy. He came upon me in his influence and operation as my witness, as the Spirit of adoption, as the sealer of me up to the day of redemption, and sweetly operated upon my soul as a confirmer of what he had wrought in me for fifty years past; at the same time leading me to look forward to there being fullness of joy in his presence and at his right hand "pleasures for evermore." And, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places," brought to my recollection the field which I entered into when I was a little more than twenty-one years of age, when I sat down upon a bank, and while there a most heavenly influence came upon me, and a sweet persuasion that the Lord was as surely there as he was with Jacob when he took a stone for his pillow, and appeared to him. Many times and places were full in my view where I enjoyed communion with God and foretastes of everlasting rest; many blessings and promises which had been applied to me many years ago were on my thoughts, with a delightful persuasion of not one promise failing. While I looked forward with unspeakable pleasure to the full accomplishment of them, promise upon promise occurred to my recollection, such as, "I will bless thee;" "Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store; blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out;" promises relating to temporal, spiritual, and eternal things; promises that he will perfect that which concerneth me, because his mercy endures for ever, attended with an assurance that there will be a performance of all the things that have been told me by the Lord. I had a sweet view of every chastening being blessed, of every rebuke being in love, of all his judgments being right, and every affliction being sent in faithfulness. Many past trials were brought to mind, and how the Lord had helped me and delivered me; he had done all things well, and all things had worked together for my good. So filled was I with gratitude and thankfulness to God, that his glory seemed to cover the heavens, and the earth was

filled with his praise. His presence so filled my soul, that peace seemed to sit upon everything; and it appeared to me as if God so surrounded us and consecrated and hallowed the earth with his presence, that all around was covered with his blessing. I thought how blessed are all to whom it is given to receive Christ and his gospel; then the curse is removed, Christ, who is full of blessings, is theirs, and "he blesseth the habitation of the just." I seemed to have a summary view of all the way in which I had been led; in the eyes of my mind I had a view of my own chapel, and all the chapels and consecrated places in which I had preached, and the congregations as they appeared when we worshipped; and this thought was in my mind, "O that I could be placed in the midst of them all, declare the things God has done for me, tell them of the peace I enjoyed, wish them the same blessedness, say good-bye, and die!"

All these things I mentioned to that part of my family who were with me and about me. And this is not all; for I felt an increase of love to him that begets and to them that are begotten of him, which is an evidence of having "passed from death unto life." To love another as a child of God, a member of Christ, and as having his image on him, is not of nature, but of grace. I felt the truth of what John says, "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."

The message of God to us is, that we love one another. I believe I may safely say I felt and enjoyed the perfection of love, and entered into what John further writes, "There is no fear in love." This is the true spiritual circumcision. "I will," says the Lord, "circumcise thine heart to love the Lord thy God, that thou mayest live." This is the unction from the Holy One which teacheth all things, and the anointing which leads into the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and into the secrets of the Lord, which are with the righteous, and into fellowship one with another. The name of Christ is "the Lord our righteousness;" and he is called Jesus, for he saves his people from their sins. This makes his name as an "ointment poured forth;" and because of the savor of his good ointments, we feel a love to him, which none but this altogether lovely One can communicate. I was dissolved with his goodness and melted in his love; I enjoyed a mixture of godly sorrow, true contrition, sweet peace; the oil of joy was upon me. This was a great token from the Lord for good, and something like the latter rain.

This mental vision abode with me about two hours, and then the glory of it began to decline. All came from the fulness of Christ; and the remembrance of it abides, though the first influence has subsided; still I look back upon it with pleasure and thankfulness to the Giver. This frame, I know, is no part of my salvation; that is in Christ; he is all our salvation. In him we are saved at the time. It led me to look back unto him, the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin, bore it in his own body on the tree, and, by his one offering, hath put away the transgressions of his people for ever. It led me to reach forth to the things which are before, eternal glory and

happiness, and to the fulness of the joy there will be in his presence, and pleasures for evermore. This new visitation confirmed in me that experience which works hope. I thought of these words, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" What shall I say more? "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

I have got to the end of my paper, and seem to myself to have said but little compared with the reality. I have not power to set it forth as I experienced it. I send it in love to yourself, Mrs. M., and your family, together with all the brethren. Greet them by name for me.

Leicester, April 26th, 1849.

J. C.

SCRIPTURAL EVIDENCES OF A WORK OF GRACE.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ,—May a rich supply of grace, mercy, and peace rest upon, dwell in, and remain with you and all that sincerely love our dear Lord Jesus, both theirs and ours, through the powerful operations and gracious influences of God the Holy Spirit, for his sake, and through the aboundings of the everlasting love of our triune Jehovah, who is God over all, blessed for evermore.

No doubt you will be anxiously expecting to hear from me. I therefore, if it were the Lord's will, would attempt to relieve that anxiety, by presenting you with the few following lines, which, though written in much weakness, contain, I trust, the language of my heart, and therefore humbly hope they may be blessed to your soul's edification, comfort, and consolation; if so, our God shall have all the praise and the glory. But before I proceed, suffer me to present you my unfeigned thanks for your very kind and affectionate letter, which I safely received, enclosed in your packet, last week. And above all, please to accept of my warmest gratitude for your very kind inquiries after both my and our dear friends' and brethren's spiritual interests; for indeed, my dear friend, this benighted and God-dishonoring generation makes the words of inspiration truly evident, and at once proves their veracity, where it says, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." But blessed be God, this "all" does not include every one upon the earth; for there is, yet a handful of corn on the top of the mountain, whose fruit shakes like Lebanon. God has still his witnesses, and ever will have till the end of time; and where they are found, they ought to be highly prized for their Master's sake. And you, my dear brother, rejoice in the Lord, because he has so highly distinguished you, by placing you among these happy, thrice-happy characters. (See Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.) Their evidences of this their blessed estate are, that they savor much of the things of Jesus, from an experimental knowledge and a feeling acquaintance they have of them; they love a God in Christ, though not as they could wish; for while they are tabernacling in a body of sin and death, sin mars all their enjoy-

ments; nevertheless they do love him, and desire to love him more; they love his dear people, his ordinances; they love to be much at a throne of grace; they hate sin in all its shapes and forms, and groan under its weight; they would live without sin, but find and feel by painful experience that they cannot, for under its extreme pressure they mourn, they groan, they sigh; they feel their own helplessness to extricate themselves; they are obliged, from feeling necessity, to take hold of Christ's strength, which they are sweetly enabled to do through the precious influences of the blessed Spirit of all grace, and the sweet drawings of the Father's love; they know what it is to enjoy pardon of sin, through the reconciling blood of the cross, in their own souls; at times they feel Christ precious, the "chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," and with the poet can say,

"Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame,
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare;"

they feel that Christ's presence makes a heaven, and his absence a hell in their souls; they dread a treacherous calm more than being tossed upon the waves of sorrow; they fear being left to themselves, for if they are, they know they shall fall, and such is their weakness, that they tremble at the thought; they know wherein their great strength lies. Finally, when Christ is enjoyed in their souls, they then feel, sweetly feel, all their wants, however many, however large, well supplied; for in him they have all and abound; and, having a blessed hope that this precious Christ is formed in their hearts as the only hope of glory, may they not (yea, they do at times) rejoice and triumph in him as the God of their salvation, their strength, their refuge, their high tower, and their exceeding great reward?

Thus you see, my dear brother, I have named a few, out of many evidences, of a real disciple of Jesus, an Israelite indeed. "He is a Jew," says the voice of inspiration, "who is one inwardly," and the true circumcision is that of the heart. It is, my dear friend, a great, a blessed thing to be a true Christian, for then Christ is ours, life is ours, death is ours, all things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. O thou blessed of the Lord, here is a security! a rock within a rock! O then, "let the inhabitants of this rock sing." These are the true salt of the earth, the handful of corn on the top of the mountains; and, blessed be God, these are his living witnesses, who can and do witness to his faithfulness, his long forbearance, his goodness, his mercy, his truth, the unchangeableness of his will, his love and mercy, the blessed reality of religion known and felt in the soul, the happy effects it produces, and the glorious result: "Hence," says the beloved apostle, "there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all that love his appearing." Then, O then, my dear brother, suffer me to join with you in praising and admiring the exceeding riches of sovereign and discriminating grace; for, I humbly trust, snatching us as brands from the everlasting burnings,

and giving us a place amongst these his despised children, better than that of sons and daughters.

Probably you may think me rather presuming with respect to myself; but it is to God that searcheth the heart that I can and do appeal to testify of the sincerity of my soul, for he it is, and he alone, who knows my soul's conflicts with sin, Satan, and the world; a three-fold enemy, which, aided by the vile corruptions and desperate workings of a wicked and deceitful heart, I have daily, yea, constantly to contend with; and it is only as I am enabled to keep close to a throne of grace, that I am able to stand. But, blessed be God, he has, according to his word, kindly upheld me till now, and I trust he will till my latest breath; for it is the desire of my soul to live and walk according to what the blessed gospel of Christ inculcates. It is thus the Lord keeps me dependent upon him for every mercy I enjoy; it is thus I have been taught to know, and trust I do know, the inestimable worth of prayer, and by waiting upon him, and by him leading me thus, he has renewed my strength from time to time; by which, together with the renewal of the blessed manifestations of his lovingkindness to my sin-burdened soul from time to time, he has so established me in his blessed truth, that, through grace, I trust I know whereof I affirm; and I can assure you I have learnt it by painful experience.

I write thus to you, my dear brother, because I know you are an old soldier in Christ's cause, and therefore require good strong wholesome meat to feed upon; for I know in laying down evidences of a real work of grace in the heart, in order that the dear weaklings of God's flock may not be wounded, but be strengthened, it is necessary to follow them down to the lowest traces; for I truly am a living witness, let who will discard the doctrine, that grace has very gentle and gradual beginnings sometimes; yea, the illuminating influences of divine grace, in some instances, are so imperceptible, and dawn upon the soul in such a manner, that no account can be given by the subject himself of the beginning, neither as to the time, place, when, nor how; and all the account such dear souls can give is in the language of the blind man of old, "whereas I was blind, now I see." This sight, communicated to the soul by the blessed Spirit himself, first exposes to their astonished view the evil nature of sin and the vileness of it, then the broken law of God, which it hears pronouncing its curses upon the breakers of it; till at length the same Spirit that at first showed them the evil of sin and its direful consequences, carries on the work, and leads it to Christ for peace and pardon; a sense of which, in its measure at first, is in general according to the height of distress a law-work has had upon the mind of such. But then this work is still carried on till the soul grows into the knowledge and stature of a man in Christ. These dear souls require to be dealt gently with.

But I find time forbids me to proceed. I do not name this for any other motive than to show you the way the Lord has led me, which I trust has been a right way, and to evince my love to all God's dear flock, the weak as well as the strong. May the Lord

carry on his blessed work in our souls, and perfect it in realms of immortal felicity, for his precious name and mercy's sake! May he bless your labors still more and more, to the furtherance of this work in the souls of his dear people, and to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom! Blessed is your employ; therefore go on, my dear brother, and may the Lord the Spirit clothe the word with power! Thus may the dear people of God and yourself rejoice together, and his name in all things be glorified.

I trust the Lord is with us at our little Zion; we go on very peaceably and comfortably. Our friend and brother still preaches to us the good old truths, so much despised in this dark day. O my dear brother, pray for him, pray for us, pray for me! and O may the Lord grant us answers to our prayers, and bless us all with the overflowings of his grace, that we may live in his fear, die rejoicing in his love, and reign with him above for ever!

I remain, yours affectionately in gospel bonds,

Bedworth, July 21st, 1823.

G. T. C.

Your trials are always of the wrong kind. "O," you say, "if they had been any others, we think we could have borne them." But if you had the choice of your own crosses, they would do you no good. You would not grow under them. As God has to make them work for your good, so he must choose them.—*W. T.*

Spurn me not away, O Lord, from thy presence, nor be offended when I presume to lay hold on thy royal robe, and say that I cannot and will not let thee go, till my suit is granted! (Gen. xxxii. 26.) O remember that all my hopes of obtaining eternal happiness, and avoiding everlasting, helpless, hopeless destruction, are anchored upon thee; they hang upon thy smiles, or drop at thy frown! O have mercy upon me, for the sake of this immortal soul of mine! Or if not for the sake of mine alone, for the sake of many others, who may on the one hand be encouraged by thy mercy to me, or on the other, may be greatly wounded and discouraged by my helpless despair! I beseech thee, O Lord, for thine own sake, and for the display of thy Father's rich and sovereign grace! I beseech thee by the blood thou didst shed on the cross! I beseech thee by the covenant of grace and peace into which the Father entered with thee for the salvation of believing and repenting sinners, save me! save me, O Lord, who earnestly desire to repent and believe! I am indeed a sinner, in whose final and everlasting destruction thy justice might be greatly glorified. But O if thou *will* pardon me, it will be a monument raised to the honor of thy grace, and the efficacy of thy blood, in proportion to the degree in which the wretch to whom thy mercy is extended was mean and miserable without it! Speak, Lord, by thy blessed Spirit, and banish my fears! Look unto me with love and grace in thy countenance, and say to me, as in the days of thy flesh thou didst to many a humble supplicant, "thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace."—*Doddridge.*

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MY SOUL.

(Concluded from page 283.)

After my captivity was turned, a young minister whom I used to hear preach told me that he frequently besought the Lord that he would cause him to be instrumental in bringing me into "the glorious liberty of the gospel;" but in this he was disappointed, for God appeared to me quite apart from the ministry or the outward means of grace. "His own arm brought salvation."

It came to pass one night as follows: I had been informed, a few hours previously, that certain individuals had gone to testify before the people what God had done for their souls. I felt a spirit of jealousy come over me. I had seen many much younger in years than myself brought to a knowledge of the truth, while I had waited a long time for the "troubling of the waters;" and though I felt at times as if my turn was come, yet another and another "stepped in before me." This much dejected me, and I said to myself, "Surely it will never be my happy lot to say, 'Come hither, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.'" After business hours were over, I retired in secret, as my custom was, to peruse the word of God. I had been somewhat profited and edified by perusing the lives and experiences of the patriarchs. It fell to my lot that night to be reading Judah's supplication to Joseph on the behalf of Benjamin. Upon this my understanding was very much illuminated; it appeared as though scales fell from my eyes, and I could discern a wonderful depth of spiritual matter in Judah's powerful plea, "If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever." But when I came to the next chapter, where it is said that "Joseph could not refrain," but "wept aloud," I was overcome with a look from him of whom Joseph was a type:

"His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

As soon as I had recovered from the effect which was produced by that one beam which emanated from the Sun of Righteousness, I read on to these words, (and that was all I could read for that night,) "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life." While memory lasts I shall never forget the light, the glory, and the power which accompanied those words, "I am Joseph your brother." It was the personal application, "*your brother*," that suited me so well; nothing less than that would do. With these words peace flowed into my soul like a river; my heart melted like wax, and wondered to feel its own hardness depart. None were permitted to stand with me while he made himself known unto me as my salvation.

"Envy, and lust, and pride depart,
And all his works I praise."

How my heart glowed within me while he opened unto me the Scriptures: "I am Joseph your brother." What a volume was here opened up to my astonished view! Here I beheld the "Brother born for adversity," even Jesus, who appeared before me with love beaming in his eyes and pardon in his hands. Faith was now imparted, whereby I could behold him as my God, my Friend, my Portion, and my All. O how his precious blood flowed into my conscience in copious streams of mercy and lovingkindness! Not only did the fountain bring pardon, peace, and reconciliation, but it bore away into the land of forgetfulness everything that had pressed down my spirit, such as the wrath of God revealed against unrighteousness, the requirements of the law, the accusations of conscience, the insinuations of the adversary, the terrors of a God out of Christ, and the enmity of the heart. All these things fled before the Redeemer; when I looked for my accusers they had taken their flight at the sight of Jesus of Nazareth, and I found myself freed from all their power while I held communion with the Friend of sinners, of whom I was indeed the very chief. He gave me to see that by my sins I had sold him into Egypt; that I was made upright in Adam, but through pride had fallen from my native innocence into ruin and degradation; but as he had become my Surety, had espoused my cause, and was related to me by indissoluble bonds, he must needs lay aside his bright robes and be born into the Egypt of this world; ("out of Egypt have I called my Son;") that as I had broken the holy law of God in thought, word, and deed, he came to restore that which he took not away; ("he magnified the law and made it honorable;") that as I was all unrighteousness, he had worked out a garment that would cover all my defects from view, and that by virtue of his active obedience being now imputed to me, he could present me without spot or wrinkle before the Father in love, and (how astonishing, yet true!) that the law was none the worse for my disobedience, through his all-prevailing merits; ("this is his name whereby he shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness;") that as I had actually sinned both in body and soul, that same body and soul must suffer for sin; ("forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same;") that as my sins were against an infinitely holy Being, nothing short of infinite perfection could satisfy the insulted majesty of heaven, and for this cause he must needs take human nature into union with his divine, very God and very Man; ("for such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;") that as, through the fall, I had become perfect weakness, and had opened my heart freely to the assaults of Satan, and he had usurped all authority to himself, and not only tempted, but carried me hither and thither as permission was granted him, so must Christ be made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and be "tempted in all points like unto his brethren, yet without sin," that he might be able to succour those who are tempted, destroying the works of the devil, condemning sin in the flesh; that he must suffer hunger, thirst, and persecution, and have not where to lay his head, in order that there should be no

spot to which his brethren might be brought but what he had been in before them, that he might be a merciful High Priest : " In all their afflictions he was afflicted : "

" Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 " He knows their feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same. "

" He learned obedience by the things which he suffered. "

He then led my wondering eyes to Gethsemane. My sins had merited eternal wrath, but he having become my Surety, my heavy debt was placed to his account ; and never before did I see and feel sin to be so exceeding sinful as at that time, when he began to be sore amazed at the tremendous storm of wrath due to his people, but which was poured out upon his righteous soul without measure, when he endured all the hells which the election of grace must have suffered had he not stood in the breach : " Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him ; he hath put him to grief ; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin. " Who can tell a thousandth part of the sufferings of the Lamb of God when he was pressed to the earth under the vindictive wrath of God against sin, when " he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, " when horror took hold of him ?

" Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to pay. "

" Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. " O Christian,

" If sin affects thee not with woe,
 The Spirit of Christ thou dost not know. "

The cup that Jesus drank up was bitter indeed. Now to the cross, by faith, I sped my way, and beheld him hanging on the accursed tree ; and how I wept to think that it was my sins that nailed him there ! There justice drew its flaming sword, and pierced his sacred side, and rent his heart with anguish : " Awake, O sword, against thy shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow. " Here he hung a spectacle to angels, men, and devils ; justice demanded payment in full, life for life. Here he fought with the powers of darkness single and alone. Here he experienced the hidings of his Father's face : " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " But what invaluable blood flowed in his divine atonement ! how it suited my guilty conscience ! how it made all things within calm, and, blotting out the hand-writing that was against me, brought with it full pardon, peace, and joy in believing.

" O thou bleeding love divine,
 What are other loves to thine ?
 Theirs a drop, and thine a sea,
 Ever full, and ever free ! "

Now I knew what it was to joy in the God of my salvation, yet grieve for grieving him. He did not chide me, but said, " Be not

grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life."

"The Father sent the Son to die;
The willing Son obeyed."

Here I saw the three-fold cord which cannot be broken, the Father's love in choosing many sons and daughters to inherit eternal glory; the Son's love in marrying his Hephzibah to himself, undertaking to bring her out of all her pollution, sin, and shame, clothing her in raiment clean and white, that she might be a vessel of honor fit for the Master's use; the blessed Spirit's love in his quickening the heirs of glory, in his leadings, and at last guiding them to their haven and their home, there to exult and praise a Triune God. When the Spirit came he led me into all truth, sweetly testified and took of the things of Jesus, and revealed them unto me. The incarnation, the life, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension of the Son, were revealed with invincible power to my heart; and what made it so glorious and grand, it was all for me.

"And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

Now could I enter fully into the words of dear Hart:

"Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.

"Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,
And worship love divine;
Thus may I always be devout;
Be this religion mine."

Truly I lay prostrate on the ground, bowed my head, and worshipped a Three-one God for the wonderful love, mercy, and grace so richly displayed towards a guilty rebel. How long I continued in that position I cannot say; but it was long enough to have my leprous soul washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and for life and immortality to be brought to light in my heart; it was long enough to be taught those things which I have been enabled to pen, and to be rooted and grounded experimentally in all saving doctrines of the gospel and in the Trinity, and to believe that to save our souls the three Persons in it were all concerned; it was long enough for me to have a faith's view of Christ Jesus the Lord, and to be firmly persuaded of his Divinity:

"That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers."

He told me there was a needs-be for him to speak roughly to me by his law, by rebukes, and by chastisements, in order that I might

highly appreciate his lovingkindness and tender mercy; that he had led me to see and feel the malady and enormity of sin, in order that I might glory in him as the great Physician, ("The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;") that it was by virtue of union with him that vanity and vexation of spirit were stamped upon all things which I should have gone in quest of; that he hedged up my way, in order that I might seek for true pleasure in time to come; ("In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore;") that it was he who brought me off from self-righteousness, and taught me that, were it possible for me to begin to live in conformity to the holy law, yet there was original sin committed when I fell in Adam, my federal head and representative; that boasting must be excluded; ("It is not by works of righteousness which we have done;") "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.") He told me that all I had passed through was by divine appointment; that he had led me about and instructed me out of his law, that I might, when his purpose was brought about, "rest from the days of adversity;" that it was he who had made me to acquiesce in my eternal condemnation, and brought me to feel guilty before God, and to be so tender towards his honor as to feel an unwillingness to be saved at the expense of justice or to the sully of any of the attributes of Jehovah, but that, by virtue of his obedience and death, he could be both a just God and a Saviour; and that he had made an end of sin and brought in an everlasting righteousness.

When I arose and stood upon my feet, I sensibly felt the absence of my former burden; conscience ceased to condemn, it having been purged with precious blood. I looked round for my enemies; some were drowned in the fountain, but not all, for I have found since that some fled to their strongholds and to the mountains. All within was hushed into a calm; the smiles of a reconciled God gladdened my heart. I lifted up my eyes on high, but perceived no black clouds; the heavens were clear and serene; the stars shone resplendently upon me. I looked upon the earth; all things seemed to set forth the handiwork of God in creation; everything appeared beautiful in its season; all family connections were endeared to my affections; father, mother, wife, children, and friends were viewed as gifts from the Father of lights: "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." When the day dawned, I could see God in everything; I even admired the grain of some boards which lay before me; the variety, the simplicity, the greatness, and the grandeur of the works of the Lord were then surveyed by me with delight: "Old things passed away, and all things became new."

I was absorbed in contemplating the change that had come over me, when the time came that I must attend to business affairs. My thoughts were miles away from secular matters. It sometimes occurred that if an individual asked for a certain article, I gave him a different one; if they asked a question, I answered with something quite foreign to the point. I thought of keeping all that had hap-

pened to myself, and saying nothing about it ; but as I was walking with a friend one Lord's Day morning, I asked him if it were possible that God could reveal himself to a soul apart from the means of grace, so as to bring pardon and peace into the conscience. He answered in the affirmative, and said he had known several instances of it. Then being pretty full, I opened my heart to him, and I think it made him very glad, for he was telling first one and then another, until it was pretty well known that such a one was brought into the liberty of the gospel. Then nothing would do but I must be proposed for membership, and by the help of God I was in some humble measure enabled to "give a reason of the hope that is in me" with meekness and fear, and to pass through the despised ordinance of baptism.

The Bible now appeared a new book. Oftentimes previously it was a terror ; now it was full of consolation, and all manner of ripe clusters appeared to my view : "Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." I sought for my sins, but could not find them ; in my apprehension they were drowned in the depths of the sea of God's everlasting love. I now well understood the sweet singer of Israel, where he calls upon inanimate things to praise and bless the name of the Lord, though before, to reason, it seemed absurd. These things to the natural man are foolishness, but very plain to all who are brought into the way of understanding.

I was now by my friends likened to the young man who was newly married, who was not to go out to war for a whole year, but to abide at home, to live in joy, peace, and felicity. Some said they hoped I should continue thus for a year ; others doubted it ; and so it proved ; for I gradually felt the withdrawals of the sensible presence of God. O with what tardy steps did I leave the mount of communion to grovel in the dark ; it was as though a prince should leave his throne and sweep a crossing ; as though a queen should lay by her robes and act in a menial capacity. Yet I was obliged to submit : "There is none that hath power over the Spirit to retain the Spirit ;" and "none can keep alive his own soul," "Not by might, nor by power ; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." I was not taught this on the hills of Delight, but in the valley of Humiliation. Now that the rays of the Sun of Righteousness were eclipsed in my soul, I had enough to do to make out my signs. What with indwelling sin, cursed unbelief, and the power of the enemy, I had much ado to keep Christ in view, who was now "formed in my heart the hope of glory." Yet I found there was a needs-be for the change ; faith must be tried, hope must cast anchor, and every grace of the Spirit must be called forth. The warfare had now commenced against "spiritual wickednesses in high places ;" the whole armor of God must be put on, not for a vain show, but for use, against external, internal, and infernal foes. Although the fact of my deliverance was disputed, and that often, yet the impression could not be effaced ; it came with such divine sealing that no trial or temptation has been able entirely to erase the earnest of the inheritance from my mind.

“How high a privilege ’tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven;
To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heaven!

“To look on this when sunk in fears,
While each repeated sight,
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
And makes temptations light!”

And now that it may please the Lord, by his almighty power, to make manifest more of his jewels, who are now lying in the ruins of the fall, and to translate them out of the kingdom of Satan “into the kingdom of God’s dear Son,” that many more sons and daughters may rise up to call him blessed, is the desire and prayer of,

NATHANIEL.

When traitors are condemned to die, it often happens that the king will spare some one at least, and hang the rest. And this act of grace may be shown to one or more, without a charge of injustice to those that are hanged. One has cause to bless his prince, while the others have no reason to complain. And shall not the sovereign Lord of all, be allowed to act in the same manner towards his rebellious subjects? Must his hands be tied up, that he cannot do what an earthly prince may justly do, show mercy to some offenders, without injuring the rest? This is hard indeed! But God will not be fettered by the cobweb cords which human pride has weaved for him. He will have grace to give, and justice to inflict, and will be glorified in both.—*Berridge*.

Did the patriarch Abraham enter at once into the hearty enjoyment of spiritual things, and discover his full and complete salvation in Christ? Ah, no! The Lord led him by the right way to the city of habitation; but the Lord did by him, as the Lord does now by Abraham’s seed; carry them about, and exercise them by various exercises. The Lord had said to him: “Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.” But in the same chapter we read, that at the going down of the sun, Abram fell under a deep sleep; and lo, a horror of great darkness! (Gen. xv. 12.) Yes! Though there was no Mount Sinai of terrors from the broken law of God opened and proclaimed in Abram’s day; yet there was in his soul, and in the soul of every one convinced of sin, what was tantamount to it; even “blackness, and darkness, and tempest.” For when God the Holy Ghost carries conviction to the heart, the regenerated child of God stands in himself condemned and guilty before God; and until Christ is revealed in all the glories of his person, and the infinite fulness and suitability of his almighty deliverance of his people from sin, and all its tremendous consequences; the patriarch Abram, no more than the writer of these lines, or any other of the children of promise, can enter into the divine freedom of the gospel.—*Hawker*.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE J. KEYT.

My very dear Friend,—Your kind, instructive, and savory epistle of the 28th of last month came safe to hand, and its contents proved to be more precious than rubies in more respects than one. It found me in a drooping and disconsolate state of mind, being much cast down and tried, both within and without; as Mr. Hart describes,

“Weak of body, sick in soul,
Depressed at heart, and faint with fears;”

having been sorely tried by temptation, by inbred corruption, and by much darkness of soul.

Thus I had for some days been tossed with a tempest “and not comforted,” inwardly mourning and ready to conclude, with Judah’s afflicted king, that I should see the Lord no more in the land of the living, but go on at this sad rate all my days, in the bitterness of my soul. Just at that juncture I heard a very encouraging and experimental sermon from these words, “The righteous shall never be removed;” the preacher was a country minister, of the name of Warburton. The next morning your affectionate letter came to hand, and was like the dove that came to Noah with an olive leaf in her mouth; yea, more, for the anointing unction came with it, producing sweet peace and refreshing to my troubled mind. This gracious favor I knew came from the ever-blessed Comforter, by its effects, for every reviving mercy comes from God alone and invariably leads to him again; and thus it was with me, for I am now somewhat like the poor Gadarene, sitting at the Lord’s feet, clothed with humility and with peace, the work and effect of righteousness imputed and imparted, and in my right mind. I have, my dear friend, through the tender mercy and favor of the Most High, found the source of true happiness, or rather it has found me, and have drunk of its refreshing streams times without number, and can say from the heart,

“Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?”

But O this wandering heart! how apt to slide back, and to be unmindful of this life-giving Fountain, from whence all true happiness flows! I have frequent cause to sigh, “My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!” Yet notwithstanding all these wanderings and “many defilements,” as you observe, “this work cannot be blotted out;” for I find in my soul, in the saddest hours, a continual longing and panting for the living fountains and the river of divine pleasure, which draws my heart out in earnest breathings after fresh manifestations of the love of God; so that in these seasons of absence I cry with David, “Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee,” &c. But after all, I am at the best a very unskilful soldier, without either strength or courage, unless the banner of everlasting love is displayed, and the dear Spirit of God is pleased to shed this precious love abroad in my heart. Thus

I find it in every fresh engagement with the enemies of my soul; for I am as weak, as helpless, and as insufficient to stand in the conflict as ever, notwithstanding all the deliverances God has wrought for me; and daily feel the truth of the Lord's words, "Without me ye can do nothing;" but when he is pleased to put forth his strength in my weakness, I can withstand every foe.

I rejoice to find that your heart is inclined and moved to go hither and thither in search of the scattered sheep in this dreary wilderness, who are in general counted as the offscouring of all things, and are reckoned as the outcasts of Israel. These are sure to discover a real beauty in the feet of such as bring good tidings, and publish that peace which Christ has made by the blood of his cross. And may the Almighty bless and prosper you in this and in every other branch of your high vocation and calling, for of a truth such ambassadors of peace are now more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir!

I am much depressed in spirit respecting the probable loss of our house of prayer, and in pondering over the gloomy prospect that presents itself in reference to our once-favored hill of Zion, where the God of Israel has assuredly recorded his covenant name. But now, alas! it appears as if the glory of the Lord were going to depart from the threshold of the house, while the poor despised remnant that are left are, according to outward appearances, to be scattered like outcasts, whom no man cares for. The mourning prophet, in Lam. ii. 8—10, describes the sad portrait of the captivity of Zion in his day; and ours at Providence seems to be a parallel case in many respects; while the adversaries are rejoicing at our calamity, and scornfully reproach us, saying, in effect, "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" However, "They that hate Zion shall be desolate." Yet surely there must be some grievous backslidings that have procured all this forsaking, as well as in Jeremiah's days. But here I must lay my hand upon my mouth, feeling my own baseness, helplessness, unworthiness, coldness, and heart-wanderings; for these things and many others I loathe and abhor myself, and often wonder at the goodness, mercy, and long-suffering patience of the Almighty to me-ward. Yet have I frequently drawn an inexpressible sweetness from these words, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy!" and indeed, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not," especially towards such a worthless worm as myself. At the same time I see and feel a bright beam of this rich mercy shining in the passage you quote from, (Jer. ii. 2, 3,) "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals," &c.; and it produces at times a strong consolation when the spirit of faith persuades the mind that he will never forget nor forsake his inheritance, that his love is everlasting, and that his truth and faithfulness endure unto all generations.

It is true that my privations are many to what they once were.

My temporal concerns are, at length, adjusted to the entire satisfaction of each creditor, though I was for conscience' sake to give up that which cost double the sum I owed; and thus I have been cast entirely upon the good providence of God for every supply. Although the "brook Chereth" seems to be drying up, still the Fountain continues to flow, and the "Lord Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and he will supply the necessities of his own people, both spiritual and temporal, for he is the Saviour of the body as well as the soul, and both share in the blessings of his goodness.

At the time your kind epistle came to hand I had been occupied in reading a pamphlet, just published by one T. L. S., which caused some perturbation in my mind. In this tract the author holds up the Providence-connexion to scorn and contempt, as the basest community of professors in the land, as being devoid of common honesty; a set of deceitful workers and base hypocrites. But it is evident to me that his aim is to erect a pedestal on which to display himself; and as he has now commenced as a preacher, his plan is to draw away disciples after him. Like Goliath, of Gath, he struts about in printers' armor, and challenges the whole or any individual to single combat; but as no one has entered the lists against him, he vaunts himself, though I have no doubt he is inwardly galled by their silence, for they hold their peace, and have not yet answered him a word. This attack is adding affliction to our bonds, and is helping forward the calamity; therefore we may well weep and hang our harps upon the willows. But yet we cannot forget Jerusalem, nor be, as you observe, "enamoured with every fresh 'lo, here!' and 'lo, there!'"

I anticipate the pleasure, if it please God, of hearing you at least once more in the old spot, though it is the gracious presence of the Most High, and that alone, which consecrates the place and makes it holy ground.

Please to remember me in Christian love to all friends, if I have any in Cranbrook besides yourself, for whether known or unknown, I am a companion of all them that fear God. I must request you to excuse my sending this poor scrap, but your kindness has constrained me to make my thankful acknowledgments. Besides, by this communication I feel my mind relieved of part of my burden, finding but very few in this sad day to whom I can without reserve disclose the various sensations of my heart.

I remain, my beloved friend, most affectionately yours,

London, June 6th, 1833.

J. KEYT.

[We always take a peculiar pleasure in inserting Keyt's letters. He was one of the choicest of Mr. Huntington's hearers spared to our day.—ED.]

There are three kinds of straits in which Satan aims to entrap the true believer; nice questions, obscure scriptures, and dark providences.—*Gurnall*.

REVIEW.

Epistles of Faith, addressed to Miss Elizabeth Morton, a Rigid Papist.
By William Huntington, S.S. London: T. Allman, 42, Holborn
 Hill. Price One Shilling.

(Concluded from page 290.)

POPERY may well be called "the masterpiece of Satan." Its singular adaptation to man's fallen nature, its flexibility, its deceptiveness, its subjecting to its dominion and casting into its peculiar mould every mind which submits to its influence, its pride, prejudice, and bigotry, its persecuting, demoniacal enmity against the saints of the Most High, its perversion of the word of God, its lying miracles, its gaudy pomp and show, its hardening, searing effect on men's consciences, the licence it gives to sin, and its undying hatred to the gospel—all these features stamp Popery as the masterpiece of that Enemy of God and man, who combines the subtlest intellect with the most infernal malice. As a divine influence accompanies the gospel when it is made "the power of God unto salvation," so a Satanic influence accompanies the doctrines and practices of Popery. Of this we see daily instances in those who are justly called perverts. Men of the highest, acutest, and most logical intellect, believe the lying legends of Romish saints, invented in the dark ages, and put their pretended miracles on a par with those in the Scriptures.* Men, who previously shrank from the least approach to falsehood, no sooner embrace Romanism, than they outvie even Papists themselves in Jesuitical equivocations; and those who once stood forth free men, no sooner crouch at the feet of a priest than they sink into the most abject bondage, not daring to read, or inquire, or examine on which side truth or error lies. All these circumstances show that a peculiar influence accompanies Romanism, which will account both for its daily spread and amazing power.

All error, like common slander, is either based on truth, is mixed with truth, or passes current for truth. It would not otherwise get into circulation. Who would take base coin unless it resembled the true? The way to get a lie believed is to mix a dash of truth with it. A naked lie soon dies of cold and starvation; but a lie clothed with the garment of truth finds many a house to take it in, and almost becomes one of the family before it is exposed and turned out of doors. So with the doctrines and practices of Popery. They are so based on truth, mingled with truth, or dressed up in the garb of truth, that their deceptiveness does not at first sight appear.

* There is now a lying fable current in France, and accredited by the Pope, about the Virgin Mary appearing at Salette, near Grenoble, to two children, and giving them a certain message. The invention of this fable has been traced up to an innkeeper, who wanted to bring customers to his inn, and sell, as miraculous, bottles of water from the well near which the Virgin was said to appear. This lying tale has just been imported into this country, and indulgences have been issued by the Pope for the pardon of the sins of those who worship this divine "Virgin of Salette."

Take, for instance, the institution which is making great progress in this country—that of monasteries and convents. On what truth is this institution based? On separation from the world, its ensnaring pleasures and employments, and entire devotedness of body, soul, and spirit to God. What can seem better at the first glance? If the salvation of his soul is and ever must be to the awakened sinner the main concern of life; but if, from the weakness of the flesh, he is overcome by the temptations of the world; if prayer, meditation, searching the Scriptures, Christian conversation, nurture the life of God; if solitude, fasting, hard labor, seclusion, be means of subduing the rebellious lusts of the flesh—if these premises be true, who can well deny the conclusion, that a monastery is the very place where every grace and fruit of the Spirit may best flourish, and sin be most effectually repressed and subdued? It was on these principles, apparently so scriptural and true, yet really involving radical error, that monasteries and nunneries were founded. See how truth and error are mixed together in these principles. To be separate from the world is good; it is a divine precept and truly Christian practice. But to come out of the world in spirit and to come out of the world in person are two different things. The apostle has settled this point, 1 Cor. v. 10; “for then must ye needs go out of the world,” which a Christian is not called on to do, but to continue in it in person and calling, though in heart and spirit separate from it. God looks to the heart. One man may go out of the world into a monastery and have his heart full of it, as indeed it must be without the grace of God; another may continue in the world and yet by grace be utterly, in heart and spirit, separate from it. But these blind guides know no other way of coming out of the world than shutting a man up in a monastery, like a prisoner in a penitentiary, and no other way of crucifying the flesh than spare diet and a cat-o’-nine-tails.

It is foreign to our present purpose to trace out the rise and progress of monastic institutions. A few words, however, may not be amiss on this point.

It was some time in the middle of the third Century that, during the Decian persecution, (A. D. 252,) men called Hermits* arose in Egypt. These men, of whom one called Paul† was the most distinguished, fled from the persecution to the stony deserts of Upper Egypt, where they dwelt alone in caves, spending, or rather professing to spend, their time in prayer, meditation, maceration of the body, and what they called communion with God.

As error, superstition, and self-righteousness gradually increased,

* The word is properly “Eremites,” which means literally, “inhabitants of the desert.”

† Paul the Hermit, a very different character from his namesake, Paul the Apostle, lived in a lonely cave in Upper Egypt, more like a wild beast than a man, for about ninety years, where, according to the lying legends of the day, he wrought miracles, defeated Satan, subdued every sin, and rose to a sort of semi-angelic state—the *ne plus ultra* of Roman Catholic sanctity.

so did the number of these hermits, or anchorites,* as they were sometimes called, of both sexes, until a monk, named Antony, in the fourth Century persuaded some of them to form themselves into a community, and to live together under certain fixed rules. This was the origin of monasteries, which spread with amazing rapidity, first over the East by the disciples of Antony, into Italy by Athanasius, and into Gaul and the West of Europe by Martin, Bishop of Tours, towards the close of the fourth Century.

We should not waste words upon this subject were not England threatened with an inundation of monks and nuns,

“Eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.”

These lazy drones were well broomed out at the time of the Reformation, and their hives overthrown. Such an exposure was then made of their flagitious practices and crimes that they were driven away amidst the hisses of the nation. But of late years their number has fearfully increased, especially nunneries, and there is every symptom of their rapid and continual multiplication. Almost all our Catholic aristocracy educate their daughters at these nunneries, and a practice is prevailing of immuring the younger sisters whom it is inconvenient to portion in marriage, in these wretched institutions, where they, for the most part, drag out a miserable existence.

The monastic orders have always been the strongholds of Popery; and just now, when Rome is pushing her forces in all directions, she establishes, wherever she can, monasteries and convents, as so many advanced posts and fortresses in which to concentrate her strength. Humanly speaking, nothing can or will stop Rome in her projects to re-conquer these isles but the force of public opinion. Laws and enactments cannot do it, nor can Government or the Houses of Parliament. Rome can easily elude or baffle all their opposition. But enlightened public opinion, which now really governs this country, and, to a certain extent, influences the whole of the continent, Rome cannot withstand. This public opinion can, however, only be formed and extended by means of the press. Hence the value of all those publications which unmask and expose Popery. It was Luther's writings which, under the blessing of God, gave it such a deadly wound in Germany and brought on the Reformation. His powerful preaching was heard by comparatively few, but his pungent writings, full of the keenest wit and simple manly eloquence, penetrated the length and breadth of the land.

We want this bold, energetic, and enlightened spirit now. As a nation we seem half drugged from the wine cup of the Babylonish harlot. The most glaring instances of bigotry, tyranny, and superstition, which in any other sect would rouse the whole nation from one end of the land to the other, are passed by almost unregarded. Were any other denomination to immure young women in convents,

* The word “anchorite,” or more properly “anchorete,” signifies one who withdraws himself, that is, into the desert, out of the world.

detain them there, willingly or unwillingly, prisoners for life, deny all access to them from relatives and friends, except in the presence of a spy of their own party, appropriate all their property, confine them in close dungeons if disobedient to certain arbitrary rules, and throw a veil of impenetrable darkness over all their proceedings,—were any other religious body to do all this, what an outcry would fill the length and breadth of the land. The police would break in the doors, the mob would be ready to tear down the walls, the magistrates would meet, the Houses of Parliament would interfere, and such a storm of public indignation would rise that all would be swept before it. But Rome, trusting to her ancient name, and relying on her thousands of zealous and steadfast adherents here and abroad, may dare anything and do anything,—insult the Queen, laugh at Parliament, entrap heiresses into convents,* besiege dying beds to sweep into her coffers the only support of the widow and fatherless, burn Bibles, and persecute, where she can, those who read them; and when she has done the most infernal deeds, neither repent nor confess them, but glory in them, as done for the honor and interest of the only true Catholic and Apostolic Church.

But look at the basis on which all monastic institutions rest. It is avowedly to devote body and soul to the service of God. But how can this be done without grace? What blindness and folly to think that going into a convent can win the favor of God, procure the pardon of sin, cast out Satan, overcome the world, or subdue the evils of the heart.† Let them fast, watch, mumble prayers, macerate their bodies, wear hair shirts, scourge their backs, keep their midnight vigils, their early matins, and their late vespers; let them wear their miserable apparel till filth and vermin rot it off their flesh; let them kneel and confess and receive absolution again and again; and let them wear out a miserable life in their gloomy cell,—will all this servile drudgery bring them to heaven? Can all these human contrivances mortify or subdue one sin? The rage and power of indwelling lust will break through all these self-devised inventions, as the foot of the traveller breaks through the gossamer threads of the autumn meadow. Where in all this wretched monkery is grace, the blood of the Lamb, faith, hope, or love, and the teachings of the Holy Ghost? If this be the way of getting to heaven, Christ has died in vain, and works of human merit are the ladder of salvation. The whole principle is wrong, root and branch, taken under its most favorable aspect, and assuming that in this country the convents are free from immorality. But knowing what human nature is, and what man can and will do when temptation and opportunity combine, and a shroud of darkness covers

* The Hon. Mrs. Petre has just sold property to the amount of £250,000. As she is a nun in an English nunnery, the whole of this immense sum falls to the convent. It is in this way that funds are obtained to spread Popery in this country.

† That part of the experience of Joseph Perry in our present Number, to which we have called our readers' attention, is very much to the point on this subject.

all deeds, we need not wonder that a convent now may become what they undoubtedly were at the time of the Reformation—little better than a brothel.

Public opinion should, therefore, be enlisted against the existence and increase of nunneries in this country; and this is the main reason why we have travelled out of our usual domain to dwell on the subject, and why we recommend the work at the head of the present article.

Miss Morton was a young woman whose father attended the ministry of Mr. Romaine, and she was therefore, of course, brought up a Protestant; but being a governess, and finding her deficiency in the French language, she went to Boulogne to attain it, and boarded there in a convent. It was there she was converted, or rather perverted to Popery; but returning to England, she was induced chiefly by curiosity to hear Mr. Huntington, whose ministry fell with great weight on her mind. She therefore wrote to him a long letter, which he answered in an epistle of equal or greater length. A further correspondence ensued, which was eventually published in the "Epistles of Faith." The edition which we have thought desirable to notice is a cheap reprint, and will amply repay reading. Mr. Huntington's letters are weighty and his arguments clear and powerful. He seems to have had a clear and remarkable insight into the nature and spirit of Popery, and has attacked it with scriptural weapons, mingling the whole with that peculiar vein of wit and humor which makes his writings so pungent and lively. The letters of Miss Morton are, of course, inferior to his; but there is in them a good deal of curious and authentic information about nunneries as they existed at that period, and they are probably little altered now. The following extract will give a good idea of Mr. Huntington's keen and powerful pen:

"As for the 'holy Catholic Church,' I read of no such church in the Bible, nor you neither; it is a name that the disciples of Christ have nothing to do with. The grace of faith, the word of faith, and Christ the object of faith, must all be in a man's heart, if ever he be saved. The word 'Catholic' is stuffed into the Common Prayer Book, but what have the saints of God to do with that?"

"God never tells me to approach him with any creeds, nor with any forms of prayer of human composition. A man must 'know his own sore, and his own grief,' (2 Chron. vi. 29,) and pray by the Spirit, if he prevails with God.' The holy Catholic Church that you contend for is national, which the church of God is not, nor ever was; for though Israel were all called God's people, yet the promises were applied to none but the remnant of his heritage. All the world, if they choose, may belong to your church. Christ's kingdom is not of this world; he takes them out of it, as he did the elect Jews, one of a city, and two of a tribe.

"The whole world is said to wonder after the beast, but not the elect of God, for they are not of it, but are chosen out of it; as it is written, 'My kingdom is not of this world; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me' out of it; but your Catholic Church consists of whole nations; thieves, robbers, murderers, persecutors, haters of God, whore-mongers, mockers of God, burners of the Bible, and makers of idols,—all are members of the Catholic Church. Pray what became of the church of God for 4,000 years before the dragon gave the Pope his 'power, and his seat, and great authority?' (Rev. xiii. 2.)

"Is charging the word of God with errors, a sign of a holy church, when Christ says his word 'is all right to him that understandeth, and shall never fail or pass away?' Is blotting out the second commandment and many other parts of the Scriptures, and introducing their own fables instead thereof, a sign of the true church, when God threatens that man with all the curses in his book that does it, and with no part in it that takes a word from it? (Rev. xxii. 18, 19; Deut. iv. 2; xii. 32.) If he be threatened that adds a word, or diminishes a word, what damnation shall they be thought worthy of that burn the whole? Were not the King of Judah, his servants, and all Israel sent into captivity for burning Jeremiah's roll? Are not these the men that 'take away the key of knowledge?' that enter not into heaven themselves, and hinder others? Is it not 'life eternal to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent?' And can we know him without the Bible? Does not 'faith come by hearing, and hearing by the word of God?' Are burning the saints, hanging of them, drawing them to pieces with horses, devouring them with wild beasts, blowing them up with gunpowder, and cursing them with bell, book, and candle, any characteristics of the church of Christ? Are a bloody inquisition, racking upon the wheel, persecuting with fire and sword, extorting confessions that no understanding can comprehend, and which they themselves can never explain,—I say, are these the weapons that Christ furnished his disciples with, to convert souls to the faith of the gospel?"

"If the whole word of God declares that there is but one Mediator, one Advocate, one Intercessor, and that God sent Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, and all their company into the pit alive for wanting to multiply mediators, and rebukes Aaron, and smites Miriam with leprosy, for interfering with the one Mediator; what shall we say of them who have brought in saints of God's making, and saints of their own canonising, angels, men, and women, as intercessors, mediators, and advocates? God has set up his son Jesus Christ upon his holy hill of Zion; but who set up all these?"

"When Christ says, 'Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you,' (John vi. 53,) does it imply that the Son of God is to be turned into a wafer? And when Christ says, 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life,' (John vi. 63,) does the Saviour mean that the mumbling over a few words by a blind priest, shall turn or transubstantiate a wafer into what Christ calls 'Spirit and life?' It is the Holy Ghost that quickeneth: 'The words that I speak, they are *spirit*, and they are *life*.' Shall a juggling priest turn a wafer into immortality and eternal life? If Christ's expressions of 'eating his flesh and drinking his blood' are spirit and life, does he mean that so gross a substance should be turned into divinity? If the Saviour's meat and drink be an entertainment for the bowels, instead of the mind and conscience, a body thus fed should never die. 'This is the bread that came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die.' (John vi. 50.) But by eating his flesh and drinking his blood, pardon, peace, and eternal life are meant, which are procured by his death, and conveyed to the soul by his Spirit; and that is the entertainment that you want at this time; and the soul that is thus blessed and fed shall never die the second death; nor shall a final separation ever take place between God and such a happy soul."

"Are such relics as the tail of an ass, the splinters of a cross, the milk of a woman, a bit of a stick at the bosom, the bones of dead saints, and the tricks of living ones,—I say, are these the ornaments of Christ's church? Does not God command us not to 'seek the living among the dead?' Did not our Saviour cast the legion of devils out of the crazy Gadarene, that he should grope among the tombs no more? and did he ever do it till the devil was in him? Did not the angels rebuke the pious women for peeping into the Saviour's tomb, telling them that he was risen, that they might be 'begotten again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead,' and not settle their hopes in a grave?"

The cold water of persecution is often thrown on the church's face, to fetch her to herself, when she is in a swoon.

POETRY.

"I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE."

I struggle on through mire and clay, A gloomy night, and long for day; Oft fearing too I've miss'd the way, And pant and sigh;	Gird up thy loins, be not afraid; Trust on the promis'd strength and aid; Help on a mighty Friend was laid For such an one.
With weary feet and burden'd heart, And sounds and sights which make me start, And grieve, and cry, and mourn apart, No brother nigh.	The narrow way in hope pursue, The sure word strive to keep in view; Thou shalt behold, with rapture too, The glorious Sun.
But look, my soul! a cheering wind Dispels the cloud, and straight behind Its parting mists, so clear, so kind, The Day-star shines.	O yes! the sun at length will shine, Gladden thy heart with warmth divine, And prove his blessings all are thine, And well repay
It is the path! my soul, take heed, 'Tis tribulation, helpless need; 'Tis mire to hate, 'tis faith, not speed, Behold thy signs!	Thy pains and trials, pangs and griefs; Thy only hope be chief of chiefs; Thou'lt then recount his sweet reliefs Throughout the way.
Press forward still with fix'd intent; Though weak through pain, with trouble bent, The day's at hand, the night far spent. O blissful day!	E'en now, as back I turn my eyes Across the valley of my sighs, I faint discern the outline rise Of that bless'd hill,
The mark's in view; then courage take; The Day-spring from on high will break. Hold on, my soul, though faint and weak, And watch and pray.	Where I sat down refresh'd from toil, And thank'd, and bless'd, and prais'd awhile, And could on former troubles smile; Soul, onward still.

D.

The abuse of doctrines is no argument to prove the doctrines themselves are hurtful. The blessings of Providence are quite as much abused as the doctrines of grace; yet none reject the providential blessings because of their abuse. If all my countrymen were drunkards and gluttons, this would be no argument for my rejecting food and liquor, but a good caution to use them temperately. And if those who profess the doctrines of grace should all agree to wear them as a cloak for wickedness, this would be no reason for my rejecting the doctrines, but a strong caution not to wear the cloak myself.—*Berridge*.

He is a skilful limner that draws to the life, though life itself can never be drawn. Some resemblance of life there may be, the cast and colour of a living face, but no breath; like painted fire, no heat; or the picture of a man running, without any motion; he is fixed in his first step; you will always find his feet where your pencil left him, standing in a running posture. Thus it is with many professors; they are as pictures hung upon a wall, dressed up in all the formalities of religion. You would take them to be real Christians; they have a name to live, but are indeed dead, without any living principle of grace to animate and quicken those forms, filling them up with true and real holiness.—*T. Cole*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 215. NOVEMBER, 1853. VOL. XIX.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Concluded from page 299.)

The grace of *redemption* has been wonderful and affecting; I mean the consideration of the way which God himself, in his infinite wisdom and grace, found out for the recovering of lost man from that fallen state which by sin he had plunged himself into; and that this must be by the Son of God coming out of his Father's bosom into this world, assuming our nature, taking upon him our sin, yea, and being made sin for us, bearing our curse, standing in our place, shedding his blood, pouring forth his soul unto death, as the great atoning Sacrifice for sin, that so he might redeem us from sin, the curse, hell, wrath, and eternal misery, by his fulfilling the law in his holy life, and satisfying offended justice by his meritorious death. (Eph. i. 7; John iii. 16.)

The grace of *justification*, when the Lord was pleased to lead me into it, and give me some comfortable hopes of interest, was very sweet and wonderful; for I believe God had really been at work upon my heart some time before I had a clear distinct apprehension of it. But when I came to see that the matter of my acceptance as righteous, in the sight of a holy and pure God, was alone by the pure and spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, which he wrought out in his own person as God-Man Mediator, in his active and passive obedience, actively fulfilling the law in his holy and sinless life, and passively suffering the penalty, the wrath of God, that was due to us for the breach of it; and so working out a complete, perfect, justifying righteousness, which when the Lord helped me to believe was, by a pure act of grace in the Father, imputed, made over, and accounted to me as my own, apprehended, received, and laid

hold upon by faith, as the only ground and foundation of my acceptance and justification, both of person and performance before God, it was great and unspeakably wonderful to my soul. (Rom. iii. 21, 22, 24.)

The grace of *sanctification* was a sweet grace too, though indeed I saw, and still see, so much weakness and imperfection of this grace in myself, as that I find continual cause with shame to lie in the dust of self-abhorrence. But when the Lord helped me to see that the Lord Jesus Christ is "of God made wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," O then I saw that Christ was made not only righteousness for justification unto me, but he was made righteousness for sanctification also! I saw it was my privilege, in all my approaches or drawings near to God and enjoying communion with him, to have my eye fixed upon that holiness, purity, righteousness, and sanctification that is in Christ for me; and however weak and imperfect this is in myself, yet in Christ I see it is always full, perfect, and complete: "That no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." And sure I am, whatever others may pretend to, that the only way for the abounding of the fruits of sanctification in my soul is to fix the eye of faith upon Christ's righteousness, purity, holiness, and sanctification, as the fountain from whence it must spring to me. (Hos. xiv. 8.)

Again. The grace of *adoption* has often been, through infinite mercy, very sweet to my soul. The consideration that I, who was such a vile, sinful, polluted creature, should, by an act of pure grace, be made a son of God; that I, who was the child of wrath by nature, even as others, should be invested, installed into the privileges of a son; this I saw was grace indeed. Those words have been very sweet to me in 1 John iii. 1, 2, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." I saw that it was from pure love in the Father to me. I saw by this grace that I stood related to God as a child to a father, and therefore was invested with all the privileges of a child. Those words in Rom. viii. have been wonderful, "If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." I thought, what could I or any other creature desire more than to be an heir of God, an heir of all good, the fountain of all happiness, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, which he cannot inherit without us. O grace, grace indeed! "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." (1 John iii. 1; Eph. i. 5; Rom. viii. 17.)

The grace of *regeneration* was wonderful too; that the Lord should call me by the power of his grace, that he should open my eyes and let me see what a miserable, undone, perishing creature I was as I came into this world; and not only so, but should let me see what beauty, preciousness, and suitableness there was in Christ Jesus for

salvation. O that he should draw out my soul in such earnest desires after him that I could not be satisfied without him! O that he should bring me under the sound of the gospel, and not only so, but cause me to hear it, and not to hear it only, but to know the joyful sound of it. That he should pluck me as a firebrand out of the burning; that I should be "brought out of the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of his dear Son;" that Christ Jesus, his person, glory, righteousness, and excellency, should be revealed to me for salvation; O the consideration of the distinguishing nature of it: has been wonderful to me; that God should take me from all my relations, who were all involved in Popish darkness; that the Lord should bring me out, and reveal his Son in me; that he should break my "heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh, and put his Spirit within me, and write his law," the law of grace, the law of love, the law of faith and obedience, "in my inward parts;" and his fear, not a slavish, but a childlike, godly, filial fear, according to the promise of the new covenant! I thought indeed there was none that received Christ: but who had cause eternally to admire the grace of God; but if any, I thought, had cause to admire it more than others, surely I had; and O that I could admire it more. (John iii. 3; Col. i. 12; Ezek. xi. 19.)

Again. The *final perseverance of the saints* has been and is very sweet; that the Lord should not only begin this good work, a work of grace upon my heart, but that he should stand engaged to carry it on, and to complete the work which he has begun, by his word, oath, covenant, and promise, unto the day of Christ; therefore it is said, "The righteous shall hold on his way;" and, "They that believe shall be saved; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand;" "All that thou hast given me," saith Christ, "have I kept, and lost none, but the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled;" "This is the will of him that hath sent me," that is, the will of his Father, "that of all those which thou hast given me I should lose nothing, but raise it up again at the last day." And many other passages show how impossible it is for any of those who were given to Christ, or have believed on him, to perish. O this has been comfortable indeed and sweet to me! (John vi. 39; Phil. i. 6.)

Neither can I easily pass by the consideration of that soul-ravishing doctrine of the *union of the two natures*, divine and human, in the blessed person of the Mediator, a favor not vouchsafed to the angels. He did not take upon him the nature of angels, but the nature of the seed of Abraham. And again, "the children being partakers of flesh and blood, he," that is, the Son of God, the Second Person in the Trinity, "himself took part of the same," and so became the great "Immanuel, God with us," or God in our nature; not by changing the divine nature into the human, nor by changing the human nature into the divine, nor by confounding these two natures together; but the divine nature, that is to say, the Second Person in God, did, in the fulness of time, really assume a human body and a reasonable soul in the sanctified womb of the Virgin.

Mary, very flesh, blood, and bones, as we are, yet without sin; because his conception and birth were not after the ordinary generation of men, but by the miraculous power of the Holy Ghost; as it is in Heb. x. 5, "A body hast thou prepared (or fitted) me." By this union of the two distinct natures, divine and human, in one person, the person of the Mediator, are we brought as near unto God, and the enjoyment of him both by faith here, and vision hereafter, as possibly creatures can be to the enjoyment of the Creator. How the love, mercy, grace, and goodness of God appear, through the Lord Jesus Christ, unto us, in the union of these two natures, whereby we are brought so nigh to God! This was the way his infinite wisdom, grace, and mercy devised, that his banished might not be excluded from him. This is the marrow, spring, and fountain of all our comfort, consolation, and happiness, either in grace or glory. O how wonderful is the consideration of this union, whereby our nature is united to the Divine Being into a personal union of the Mediator for ever, whereby the saints will be capable of enjoying God, the Fountain of eternal happiness, in such a near relation, to eternal ages. Well might the apostle say, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16; Matt. i. 23; Heb. ii. 14.)

I might take notice of many other precious truths of the gospel, but I forbear, lest I should be too tedious; but these have been more than ordinarily sweet and comfortable to my soul. I shall mention but four or five more, the consideration of which have been wonderful to me:

First. *The immortality of the soul.* It has been very great and awful to me, that the soul is of an immortal nature, and has no dependence upon corporeal matter, that is, the body, but is capable of living out of as well as in the body, and so consequently capable of enjoying communion with God in a state of separation from the body. O how wonderful was and is the consideration of this, that the soul should be of such a spiritual nature that it can live, and sensibly feel happiness or misery, in a state of separation. The truth of this I saw very fully and plainly in God's word, both in the Old and New Testament; though I was indeed for reading all the books I could obtain which treated upon the subject, for I have been so afflicted with atheistical thoughts as I never used to be troubled with, so far as I can remember, in the days of my unregeneracy. This has stirred me up to a more diligent search of the Scriptures and good men's writings; and, blessed be the Lord, the more I have read and studied this point, the more satisfaction my soul has found in it. (Gen. ii. 7; Matt. x. 28; Luke xxiii. 43.)

Secondly. *The resurrection of the body.* The consideration of this has been both sweet and wonderful to me, that the body which for many ages has lain mouldering in the dust shall rise again the self-same body in the last day. The truth of this has appeared so undeniable to me in God's word, that I saw I might as well question the truth of the Bible as to question this. But O how sweet has the thought been to me, that the bodies of the saints shall rise

again, and that in the likeness of Christ's glorious body; and therefore it is said, "He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." The bodies of the saints that then shall be living shall be changed, and the bodies of the saints that are in the graves shall be raised into a state of incorruptibility and immortality, like the glorious body of Christ. As the body of Christ is fair, beautiful, and lovely, so shall the bodies of the saints be; as the body of Christ is sinless and free from all imperfection, so shall the bodies of the saints be; as the body of Christ is strong, swift, and full of agility, so shall the bodies of the saints be; as the body of Christ is incorruptible and immortal, so shall the bodies of the saints be in the resurrection. How glorious will the saints appear in that day, when soul and body, both glorious, shall be reunited and glorified together, and so fitted for an eternal communion with God for ever and ever! How sweet is the consideration of this to faith! But what will it be to sight, when they shall be like Christ, and see him as he is? The bodies of the wicked must also rise, but that will be a dismal and a dreadful resurrection to them. (John v.; xxviii. 29; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52; Phil. iii. 21.)

Thirdly. *The second coming of Christ* in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. The consideration of this, that there will be such a time was very sweet to me, soon after the Lord had been at work upon my soul, or soon after I began to have some comfortable hopes through grace of an interest in Jesus Christ. As soon as I began to have any light or discerning in the word of God about these things, a serious thought of it was very affecting to my soul. O how I loved to hear any preach or discourse about Christ's personal coming and kingdom! No hungry man could have more desire for his food than my soul had to feed upon these things. But I used to wonder that the ministers of Christ preached so seldom about Christ's coming. Sure, I thought, if these things had been so warm and comfortable upon their spirits as they were upon mine, they could not forbear, but must oftener preach them up than they did.

Fourthly. That there will be a *general judgment* of all men that ever did, do, or ever shall live in the world. This I saw very plainly too; but the thought and consideration of it have been very great and awful to me many and many a time, that the dead, small and great, rich and poor, noble or ignoble, of whatever nation, kindred, tongue, or people they have been of, must all appear before the tribunal seat of Jesus Christ, to give an account of what they have done in the body, whether it be good or evil. But, as I humbly conceive, there will not only be a difference as to the manner of the resurrection of the saints and the wicked, but also a difference as to the time. So will there be a difference between the time of the judgment of the one and the judgment of the other; as the saints will rise first, so will their judgment be before the other begins. This is very full in God's word, that the saints

shall not stand at the bar with the wicked, but shall sit down with Christ upon thrones of judgment, to judge the world and fallen angels. For I apprehend that the personal reign and kingdom of Christ and the judgment of the saints will be contemporary; so that in this perfect kingdom state it will be both a time of judging and a time of reigning among the saints.

That blessed Millennium, or one thousand years spoken of in Rev. xx., I conceive cannot be understood of any other time than when the Lord Jesus Christ will be personally present with the saints, and they personally present with Christ, in a perfect, incorruptible state of immortality; for Christ, I cannot believe, whatever have been or may be the thoughts of other good men on this point, will come down from the right hand of his Father, until his whole mystical body is completed, or the whole election brought home to Christ by converting grace. So that to me it appears evident that this thousand years' glory of Christ's personal kingdom, or the saints' reigning with Christ a thousand years, will be in the day of judgment among the saints a time of judging and a time of reigning.

How wonderful has the consideration of these things been to me! O that it might be the will of God, to fasten them with seriousness upon the heart of each particular soul, that they might not spend their precious time and opportunities about shadows, as all these things of the world are, which will stand their precious souls in no stead at that day! O that now poor souls might be in earnest about salvation matters, by laying hold, as poor, naked, empty, perishing sinners, upon Christ Jesus and his righteousness, by faith for salvation, and so securing an interest in these wonderful blessings and privileges of the sons of God, escape that dreadful state of punishment into which the wicked must be turned.

I may briefly add another thing, that my thoughts have been many a time lost in the consideration of, that it is an endless eternity. O eternity, eternity! How wonderful has the thought of thee been to me! Sometimes I used to let my thoughts go out in the multiplying of years; as thus: Suppose there should be as many thousands of years as there have been minutes of time passed from the beginning of the world to the end of it, how many thousands of years would that amount to? Again: Suppose there should be as many thousands of years as there are drops of water in the sea and all the rivers, or as many thousands of years as there are piles of grass growing upon the face of all the earth; as many thousands of years as there are stars in the firmament, grains of sand on the shore, or atoms flying in the immaterial space, with many other things endless to express; how innumerable do these thousands and millions of years appear, almost, one would think, to an eternity itself! But, alas! when we have gone this way by multiplying years as far as we can possibly go in our conceptions, we shall come and sit down infinitely short of eternity. Though my thoughts and conceptions have been lost in these considerations, yet this difference I could easily perceive, that when I had multiplied these

beforementioned years, yet every thousand years there would be a thousand the less. But this cannot be said of eternity. O how sweet is the consideration of it to the saints now, and how sweet will it be in heaven! But O how dreadful will it be to the wicked!

THE FUGITIVE NOT TO BE GIVEN UP.

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee."—Deuteronomy xxiii. 15.

The servant who has escaped from his master is he who has escaped from the lusts of the flesh, the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil; he who has looked within his own heart and beheld some of the abominations there; I say some of the abominations, because "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" and this causes David to pray to be cleansed from secret sin. The servant who has escaped from his master is he who has looked within his own heart and beheld the chamber of imagery, the idols set up there, the besetting sins that are earthly, sensual, and devilish. The Holy Spirit of God has shone within his soul, and he now sees and knows what he knew not before, that he has been led captive by the devil at his will. He knew not that the sinful habits of which he had been guilty, which were at first but as silken threads, have become as bands of iron for strength, which it is entirely out of his power to break or release himself from; and if some powerful hand does not unfetter him, he must remain bound to all eternity. This servant has tried and struggled to release himself from his bonds, till he has found that, like the fly in the spider's web, the more he struggles the more he seems entangled, till he knows not what to do. He is like the cripple at the Pool at Siloam, not able to move his foot even for the restoration of his health. He finds there is no soundness in him. He is like the "woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years;" he can in no wise lift up himself; and unless the Redeemer of Israel heals him he never will have strength. He is like the Egyptian whom the servants of David found; (1 Sam. xxx. 11;) his master, the Amalekite, has left him behind because he was sick, sick of the world and its pleasures, sick of sin, sick of bondage, sick of his master, who has become a hard taskmaster. There seems hardly any life left in him; he seems ready to perish; "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." But at last he receives a little nourishment; he revives; there is some hope; he says, "Let me not go back to my master again."

He shall not go back to his master again. He has been drawn by the Father to the Son; and the great Fulfiller of the law, the Lord Jesus Christ, in obedience to the command of the Father, says, "Him

that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Here it appears is the direct answer to the command, "I will not deliver him again to his master." The disciples could not heal him. "Bring him unto me," says our Lord and Saviour; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Lord Jesus came to fulfil the law; this my text is part of it; it is the will of God; and he says, "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God." The servant has escaped from Egyptian bondage; he is hearing the thunderings of Sinai, "He shall not return again into Egypt;" he is being led by a way which he knew not, a way of sorrow and trouble, of terrors by day and terrors by night, till he has a slight glimpse of the promised land. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Here is a grape from the promised land. He has escaped from his master; his joy knows no bounds. The Lord has broken his bonds: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in his eyes."

But fears and doubts beset him again; Satan buffets him; he fears he shall again become a slave; he beholds the vileness of his heart; he thinks perhaps all he has experienced is a delusion. Is it possible he can have been cleansed from his sins? He appears as wicked as ever; he thinks the Lord has given him over to a reprobate mind. It is not so; the Lord will not deliver him again to his master; his old master shall not have dominion over him. Satan desired to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat; but says the Lord Jesus, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Thou shalt not fall away entirely: "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." He is now a servant of the Lord; he loves his master. Of such it had been said, "Ye are not my people; but there shall they be called the children of the living God." He is a son, and "joint-heir with Christ;" he shall do no servile work; he shall remain in the house for ever. What! is it possible this poor sinner, who seemed a slave, is now a son, has received the spirit of adoption? Why should he not be? "Bring forth your strong reasons," saith the King of Jacob. Here are the evidences of his adoption, repentance, and humility; and before honor is humility. He has humbled himself before God, and "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Here are evidences,—faith, hope, love to God, a desire for righteousness, mourning: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He is one of the poor and needy; poor in spirit; then his is the kingdom of heaven. The Lord has brought him low, the Lord has humbled him, and when God humbles any one he means to exalt him; if the Lord shows him his vileness, he means to have mercy on him; if the Lord has cast him down, he is sure to lift him up; if the Lord has wounded him, he will heal him; if the Lord throws down, he will also build up. Many may despise this servant, and some of them would deliver him again to his master; if they could, they would drive him back into the world; but, "Behold, ye despisers!"

(Acts xiii. 41.) The despisers, professors of the letter and not of the spirit, will not believe the work that is worked in him. But he is of the escaping of Israel, he is escaped out of the captivity. The prey is taken from the mighty; the Lord of Hosts will keep him as the apple of his eye. He is chosen. Men may despise him, but "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him whom man despiseth, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee; and I will preserve thee."

If we are for setting buttresses to the house that is built upon a rock, what is this but a disparagement to the foundation? If the foundation be already firm and good, why are you for endeavoring to strengthen it? So far as you set up any props unto Christ the foundation, who is to bear up all by himself, so far you disparage Christ, so far you bring him down, and give him not the pre-eminence.
—*Crisp.*

It is enough; aggravate my grief and my distress no more. The sentence you have been so awfully describing, as what shall be passed and executed on the impenitent and unbelieving, is my sentence, and the terrors of it are my terrors. My case is quite singular. Surely there never was so great a sinner as I. I have received so many mercies, have enjoyed so many advantages, I have heard so many invitations of gospel grace, and yet my heart has been so hard, and my nature is so exceeding sinful, and the number and aggravating circumstances of my provocations have been such, that I dare not hope. It is enough that God has supported me thus long; it is enough that after so many years of wickedness I am yet out of hell. Every day's reprieve is a mercy, at which I am astonished. I lie down, and wonder that death and damnation have not seized me in my walks the day past. I arise, and wonder that my bed has not been my grave; wonder that my soul is not separated from flesh, and surrounded with devils and damned spirits. I have indeed heard the message of salvation; but alas! it seems no message of salvation to me. There are happy souls that have hope; and their hope is indeed in Christ, and the grace of God manifested in him. But then they feel in their hearts an encouragement to apply to him, whereas I dare not do it. Christ and grace are things in which I fear I have no part, and must expect none. There are exceeding rich and precious promises in the word of God; but they are to me as a sealed book, and are hid from me as to any personal use. I know Christ is able to save; I know he is willing to save some. But that he should be willing to save me, such a polluted, such a provoking creature, as God knows, and as conscience knows, I have been, and to this day am; this I know not how to believe; and the utmost that I can do towards believing it, is to acknowledge that it is not absolutely impossible, and that I do not yet lie down in complete despair; though, alas! I seem upon the very borders of it; and expect every day and hour to fall into it.—*Doddridge.*

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SHORTER, AT BEXLEY, KENT, APRIL 29TH, 1852.

“Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.”—Psalm li. 12.

You are aware of the circumstances that gave rise to this prayer. David was under peculiar circumstances; he had been guilty of a most horrid crime, not only of adultery, but also of murder. When the prophet came to him and related to him the circumstance, he said, “The man that hath done this shall surely die;” not thinking that he was the character to whom the prophet referred. But when Nathan opened up and charged home sin upon his conscience, with “Thou art the man,” under the power of the Spirit he was brought to confession, “Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil,” &c.; and immediately upon this confession the prophet went on with his commission, “The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not surely die.” O what joy must have then been felt in his poor soul!

We have in these words four things: 1. *Salvation itself*; 2. *The joys of that salvation*; 3. *The loss of those joys, and the restoration thereof*; and 4. *The uphodings of the Spirit supplicated and longed for*: “Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.”

1. *Salvation itself*. And what is it? A salvation or deliverance of his church and people from wrath, from law, from sin, from death, from hell, aye, from Satan too. It is such a salvation as will meet all the needs, all the necessities, all the emergencies of all his church and people, from the beginning of time down to its final close, when it shall be declared, that “There shall be time no longer.” This salvation is so blessed, that there is not a circumstance, however painful; there is not a difficulty, however perplexing; there is not a trial, however keen, but that this salvation can reach; and not only so, but bring them out of their trial, difficulty, or distress. This salvation has brought me up out of the “horrible pit and miry clay,” and has given me a song to sing. But this salvation is great; aye, it is great, because it is the work of a great God, and it is for great sinners; and they who are the subjects thereof are brought to feel that it is a great salvation indeed, for had it not been a great salvation, it would never have reached them, no, nor you or me. It was this great salvation that made way into Paul’s heart. It brought Zaccheus out of the sycamore tree with a “This day is salvation come to thine house” Aye, friends, this is a salvation worth having, worth realising, worth possessing; because it will do for us in the day of trial and adversity as well as in the sunshine of prosperity.

2. But there are the *joys of this salvation*; and when realised they are blessed. How sweetly could David speak of this at times. Look at Ps. xxvii. 1: “The Lord is my light and my salvation.” And how sweetly did the prophet Isaiah speak of the same: “Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid.” And cannot you and I speak similar language, when the realisation of these joys

has been blessed to our soul? Aye, friends, it is a great salvation, and the joys of it have been to me very great also; yea, more, they have been so great that when the Lord has been pleased to shine, nothing could give trouble. Aye, the devil and all his agents might have heaped trouble, and they have to no small degree, but the Lord's shining would remove it all, and it has done so. Look at it in the case of Job; here we have a striking instance of it. After all the trouble they had heaped upon him, (for the Lord gave Satan permission only, "Upon himself put not forth thine hand,") he was brought to this, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither;" again, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Yea, friends, I have been so brought even to bless God for trouble, and would not have been without it, for the trouble the Lord hath blessed.

3. But on the other hand, there is *the loss of those joys*; though not of the salvation itself; and when the Lord shuts a man up in darkness, none can bring him to the light. It must be the same hand which shuts him up that must bring him to the light again; as David expresses it, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Job knew the loss of these joys, as you read in many chapters; and in one place he says to the Lord, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me." And the Lord said there was a cause, only to bring him to one point: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Then the Lord turned the captivity of Job. And has not the Lord turned our captivity again and again? When in trouble we have called upon the Lord, and though he has not answered our prayer at the time, yet we have been "holpen with a little help," still to hold on, still to keep crying, till by and by the Lord has appeared, and we have realised again the joys of this salvation; and then O how sweet and precious it has been! Yea, it has been so precious, that we have longed to be gone where we could enjoy it in full fruition; where we could realise it without interruption, where the song continually is, "Salvation to God and the Lamb." Look again at Hezekiah, when he lost the joys of this salvation, and when Sennacherib, King of Assyria, came up against him with a great army. He was enabled to take the right course, and went and spread it before the Lord. Aye, friends, we never do so well as when we go and tell the Lord all about our troubles, though he well knows them. But mark what he says, "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." Yes, we often feel that our prayers are like the chattering of a crane or a swallow, of little worth,—no life, no power, no feeling in them. But he says, "I did mourn as a dove." Then he was brought in a right position; for, my hearers, God's people are really mourners; they are brought to mourn over many things in secret that the worldly professor knows nothing about. Yes, it is a secret between God and their own souls. Although they may and do thus mourn; there is a blessing pronounced for such: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Hezekiah experienced the *restoration* of the joy of this salvation, for he

says, "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my Spirit." And I am sure, my hearers, we get much comfort in the furnace of affliction, and they are the sweetest blessings and of the most lasting good. But he goes on further. O Lord, he says, thou hast in love to my soul "cast all my sins behind thy back." And David could speak nearly the same language, the same in substance: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us;" "The Lord is my light and my salvation;" "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit."

Then, 4. We have *the upholdings of the Spirit supplicated*: "Uphold me." What should we do without this? What poor creatures we should be without upholding grace, upholding mercy, and upholding power. You need upholding as a father, you need upholding as a mother, as a husband, or as a wife. But still further, you need upholding in your profession of religion, that you may adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things; that you may show forth whose you are and whom you serve; and I am sure if you are made the happy recipient of divine grace, of vital truth, your prayer will continually be, "Uphold me with thy free Spirit." You will feel that you need this upholding every moment; and more, you will feel that without this you are not safe, not happy, not comfortable, and under these feelings you will of necessity cry out, "Uphold me with thy free Spirit."

May the Lord bless these broken remarks. Amen.

We cannot *fully* understand the sufferings of Christ. God only knows what is in the curse of the law. God alone knows what is the true and utmost desert of sin. How, then, do we know what Christ suffered, when the punishment due to our sin, when all our iniquities met upon him, and he had the curse of the law upon him? God only knows what there is in these things.—*Owen*.

It is impossible for any, who have not been spiritually quickened from above, to pant for God as a thirsty land; to grieve evangelically, from a heartfelt sense of sin; and to be pained after a godly sort. A good man of the last century somewhere observes, that "He who cries out, I am dead, proves himself, by that very cry, to be alive." Can a dead person feel? Can a dead man complain? A believer may lament his deadness, but he cannot lament his death, without his lips refuting themselves. There must be spiritual life, or there could be no spiritual sensibility, no spiritual motion, no spiritual breathings. If the Lord had not drawn you, you would not follow hard after him. Nor could you say, "The desire of my soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee," unless God's Spirit had awakened that desire in your heart. If you were not truly converted, you would not be so anxious about the truth of your conversion. It is not the untamed bird of prey that pours the plaintive strain; no; it is the dove that mourns; it is the nightingale that sings with her breast against a thorn.—*Toplady*.

LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Friend,—I hastily grasp the moment to acknowledge your letters of love. Answer them I cannot; I have not time or strength; but I am always glad to hear from you. Your debtor I am; and it appears to me I shall ever remain an insolvent. But O! when I think of Jesus Christ, my blessed Lord and Saviour, and the everlasting love of my covenant God and Father in him, and the love of God the Holy Ghost, my blessed Comforter, I sometimes melt into meekness and contrition of soul. I bow myself before Him under a humbling sense of my utter unworthiness of the least of all his tender mercies to such a desperate foe, a vile sinner, and base backslider. I sensibly feel and grieve on account of an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. But O the amazing love and condescension of the Lord the Spirit, in testifying of Jesus Christ, in taking of the things that are his and showing them to me! Under his holy anointing and blessed unction, I resign myself to my dear Lord. I would be for Him and not for another. I confess my sins, my infirmities and irregularities, and am sorry for grieving my holy and loving Comforter. I bow, I weep, I bless and praise him, and never more would I have a thought contrary to his holy will. And he, in mercy, instructs me by the Scriptures, as it is written, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" then kindly directs me to Jesus Christ as the Fountain open for sin and uncleanness. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and his righteousness covers all deformities; and the blessed effects are peace and quietness, gratitude, thankfulness, and praise. He can abundantly bless my dear friends, and secure the glory to himself; and we can join with Mr. Hart in singing to the Lord:

"As the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine."

Amen and Amen. Farewell.

Westminster, March 17th, 1830.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Let a man be tempted to commit various sins, such as telling lies in buying and selling, or in making a wrong return to the Income Tax, or in excessive eating or drinking, or in any other way; and let him be able to say his conscience is kept tolerably clear in this respect, then pride and self-conceit will spring up; but he will yet find that there is sin enough in his heart to send to hell all the people in the street in which he lives. "Why," say you, "are you preaching to a parcel of convicts, that you say such things?" No, a man need not be a convict to feel these things. And yet there is amidst it all some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel; something that makes the man hate himself with a perfect hatred; and he would not, if he could help it, do a thing that would not be for the glory and honor of God.—*W. T.*

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

BY JOHN RUSK.

The many blessings my soul has enjoyed since I have been in the path of tribulation, and the whole of it springing from one source, in which is all my delight, with a dependence on the Holy Spirit, I intend to write a little on the following subject. As for order or regularity, that I shall not stand for, but, as it is brought to my mind, so I shall write it down. The subject is, *the Presence of God*.

As it was in the creation of the world; so it is when God is pleased to shine into our hearts. As Paul says, "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Again, "All things that are reprove are made manifest by the light" which appears; for "whatsoever makes manifest is light." Now all this comes from the presence of God. You may see it in Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." And I prove it from the text in which David says, "Thou hast set our sins in order before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." Thus you see, his presence discovers our sins. You may see it also in Isa. vi. 1, 5: "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." So again in Daniel, Abraham, and Job.

Secondly. It is his *presence* which raises us to hope; for when God has demolished our false hope, let it be what it will, whether a form of godliness, good resolutions, fasting, prayers, repentance, self-righteousness; whatever we have patched up, God's presence pulls it all down. As David says, "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth." But how is it done? why, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of God bloweth upon it." You see, his presence withers the old crop, and gives us a hope of a better one. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, for the help of his countenance."

Thirdly. *Life*. Of all the blessings, this is the greatest. Many have had great knowledge, both natural and acquired; this is to fail; gifts likewise, working miracles, with every branch of external religion; but this never fails, and one great proof of it is, when nothing short of an experimental acquaintance with Christ Jesus will do; for he must be "formed in the heart the hope of glory;" and "he that hath the Son hath life." But this comes from the presence of God, for "in the light of the king's countenance is life, and his favor is as a cloud of the latter rain;" i. e.; his favor in our journey is like what we shall enjoy more fully before we close our eyes in death; as we did enjoy it in our first love.

Fourthly. *Peace*. This is what no hypocrite ever felt, though he may have tried to mimic it by healing the wound slightly. The world-

ling has his peace, because the strong man armed keeps possession of the palace. But after all, "destruction and misery are in all their ways, and the way of peace they never knew;" and to one that is racked with torment and bitterness, feeling the anger and wrath of God in a broken law, after laboring and working out all his strength, how sweet this branch of the kingdom is! But how does it come? Why, read Num: vi. 26: "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Fifthly. *Justification*, as you may see in Gen. vii. 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." And again in the case of the adulterous woman; when her accusers were all gone, Jesus lifted up himself and said, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." So true is it what Solomon says, "A king that sitteth on his throne scatters away all evil with his eyes."

Sixthly. *Repentance*. I mean that repentance which makes us hate ourselves and love Jesus Christ. When our aggravations are multiplied before our eyes; when worn out with legal striving, hardness of heart, hankering after sin in our mind, and, like tinder, we catch and rage and fly at a little, feeling the wrath and bondage of the law which stirs up sin to fight. As Milton says, it is but for him to appear pacified, and down we go. Astonished at his long suffering mercy, we melt; hate, nay, loathe ourselves; sink into nothing; and are filled with self-abhorrence at our having muttered perverseness, &c. All this comes from his presence; as you read, "And the Lord looked on Peter, and Peter remembered the words that Jesus had said; and he went out, and wept bitterly."

Seventhly. *Love*; a great proof of which to us is, God's chastisements: "For as many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." "He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." It is done by crossing us in all our pursuits, till he breaks our hearts; after which his love is shed abroad in our broken hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost; we are enabled to believe it; every idol comes down; and he is "the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" for all contention is for this end, that he may have our hearts; as Solomon says, "My son, give me thy heart;" but then, this love comes from his presence. "Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love; and I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness; yea, I sware unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine." (Ezek: xvi. 8.) Yes, say you, this was God's love to us in looking on us; but will his presence make us feel that love? I answer, Yes; you have it in the account of the two disciples going to Emmaus, when they said, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked to us by the way?" (Luke xxiv. 32.) Mary, David, and John, yea, and Paul, knew this love.

Eighthly. *Salvation* attends his presence. You may ask, What are we saved from? I answer, 1. The *wrath of God*; as Paul says, "Saved,"

from wrath through him." 2. *Our sins*: "He shall save his people from their sins." But if I am saved from the wrath of God, what becomes of these texts, "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men;" and, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die?" I answer, Jesus stood in our law place; as it is written, "Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered;" and, "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Thus, his blood cleanseth from all sin, and, instead of wrath, there is everlasting love. Now this comes with his presence. "Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved." (Ps. lxxx. 3.)

Ninthly. *Rest*; a thing which no wicked man ever had; for the wicked are like "the troubled sea, that cannot rest." Now, if you ask who wants rest, I answer, a person whose sins are charged home on his conscience, and who feels the weight of them. This was David's case, when he said, "My sins are gone over my head, a sore burden, too heavy for me to bear;" which makes him cry out, in another place, "There is no rest in my bones, because of my sin." But again, the hard bondage and wrath of God in a broken law, when made to feel it, makes me want rest. "And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve." (Isa. xiv. 3.) Now there is death in each of these: 1. *Sorrow*. "The sorrow of the world worketh death." 2. *Fear*. Christ came to deliver them "who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." 3. *Hard bondage*. The law is the ministration of death, and that genders to bondage; as Christ says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It may be asked, where do we rest? I answer, where God does: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing." (Zeph. iii. 17.) Now we get rest in Christ as I have just mentioned; but how do we get at him? Why, "With loving kindness," says the Father, "have I drawn thee." Then, says Christ, "No man can come, except the Father draw him." Now the presence of God brings this; as God said to Moses, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Tenthly. *Spiritual provision*; for when the soul is quickened, it must be fed as well as the body is literally; as Christ says, "My flesh is meat indeed; and my blood is drink indeed." You cannot suppose he means literally; by no means; it is a mystical feeding. One that is filthy from head to foot, how precious is the blood of Christ to him. One that is condemned on all hands, how suitable an imputed righteousness is to him. One parched to death with a fiery law, how valuable is Jesus, the end of it, to him that believeth. Now, I know from experience that there is a mystical living on these things; and if you say you know nothing about it, I answer, you are dead in trespasses and sins. But this provision comes from the presence of God. Says the pharisee, "John's disciples fast, but thine eat and drink." Says Christ, "Can the children of the bride chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? But the time will come, when the bride-

groom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days." Thus you see, his presence is a feast.

Eleventhly. *Joy*. This joy is distinguished from that of a way-side hearer by being called the "oil of joy," or "spirit of joy." You may say, How shall I know whether my joy is the oil of joy? You may know it by these six things, and the Spirit of God brings all the six. 1. *Justification*. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord," &c.; and we, says Paul, are "justified by the Spirit of our God." There's the oil of joy. 2. *We joy in God*, by whom we have now received the atonement; but then the "Spirit takes of the things of Jesus." 3. By your *faith*, for there is "joy and peace in believing;" but Paul says it is "the same Spirit of faith." 4. We rejoice in *hope of the glory of God*. Yes, says Peter, and it is the "Spirit of God and of glory that rests on you." 5. *Salvation*; as David says, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation." But Paul says, "We are saved by the renewing of the Holy Ghost." 6. *Having God for our portion*. "I will go to God, to God my exceeding joy." Now the Spirit is God, and his fruits are love, joy, peace, &c. But does this come from God's presence? I answer, yes, both here and to all eternity; here, his flesh shall be fresher than a child's, and he shall see his face with joy; to all eternity, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Twelfthly. *Strength*. This strength is always made perfect in our weakness, so that we must have all our human strength exhausted before we ever shall find God's strength; hence such texts, "Let the weak say, I am strong;" "To them that have no might he increaseth strength;" when your strength is all gone and there is none "shut up," &c. This is the last thing we give up; as one says, "Lord, we have no might;" then says God, "The battle is not yours, but mine." Now all contention, chastisement, rebuke, and reproof, is to exhaust our supposed strength; but it is his presence brings this; as God says when he looked, mark that, looked on Gideon, and said, "Go forth in this thy might, and thou shalt deliver Israel." What, with human power? No; twice he said the people were too many, till he brought them to three hundred men. Thus his strength was made perfect in the weakness of Gideon's army, or, as Paul says, "He strengthens us with his Spirit's might in the inner man."

Thirteenthly. *Pardon*. This, as well as all the rest, is a most valuable blessing. But it may be asked, How shall I know whether I am pardoned? I answer, these four things will always attend it wherever it comes: 1. *A cessation of arms*. "Since I spake against Ephraim, I do earnestly remember him still. I will surely have mercy upon him;" and he says "he will not contend for ever, nor be always wrath." No; no more of this when brought to accept the punishment of our iniquity. 2. *Peace* naturally follows: "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." 3. *A good conscience*. As Paul says, our hearts are "sprinkled from an evil conscience." 4. *The love of God*. I love the Lord, because he has forgiven the "iniquity of my sin." Now this comes from his presence; as it is written, "God be merciful to us and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us." For what

end? "That thy way may be known on earth, and thy saving health among all nations." Say you, what is the cause of sickness? I answer, sin. "In that day, the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, for the people therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

Fourteenthly. *Our safety.* We have many enemies to cope with; we have devils, worldlings, hypocrites, and ourselves. All these we have to engage; and the worst is, we have a principle of corruption that takes part with our enemies. 1. We have a nature that is devilish. 2. A carnal mind that is enmity. 3. A deceitful heart. 4. Are lovers of ourselves. And we have no stock in hand, I mean of power. Now, how are we to overcome all these? Why, the way is shown in Ps. xxxi. 20: "Thou shalt hide them (that fear thee) in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

Fifteenthly. *A saving knowledge*, (2 Cor. iv. 6,) which you may take in a fourfold point of light: 1. a knowledge of the *moral law*; as Paul says, "For I speak to them that know the law." But, say you, is there any glory in the law? Yes. Paul says, the "ministration of condemnation was glorious." Well, apply it to Christ, and he is the end of it to all believers. 2. By the law is the knowledge of *sin*; and when we acknowledge that we are sinners, from a feeling sense, we give God the glory; as Joshua said to Achan, "Give glory to God, my son, and confess." Now, there is a glory in this, but where is this glory more fully seen? I answer, in our being pardoned; as he says, "And I will give them a heart to know me," (Jer. xxiv. 7,) by being merciful to their unrighteousnesses. But this pardon is in Christ; as the Father says, "My covenant name is in him." The law is *holy*; and what does David say? "Thou art glorious in holiness;" Isaiah knew this; as he says, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of Hosts," and adds, "The whole earth is full of his glory." Now, apply this to Christ Jesus, and he is made to us sanctification. 4. To know him to be the *true God*, in contradistinction from all idols; as he says, "I will reprove thee, and set thy sins in order;" then he says, his "glory he will not give to another, nor his praise to graven images." Apply it to Christ. John says, he is the true God and eternal Life. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols;" for Christ is the express image of the Father, for he and the Father are one. Now his presence brings all this knowledge and glory: "For God who commanded the light to shine," &c., to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God; but where? why, in the face of Jesus Christ.

Sixteenthly. *Fresh revivals of the work.* Every time we get into the furnace of affliction, which is intended to discover the base metal, and our dross and tin; and every time we get worldly, careless, dead, insensible, or at ease in Zion, I am as sure as I am born, we should never rise more, if it were not for the work being revived again and again; as David says, "He is the lifter up of my head," &c. But how is this done? Why, the times of refreshing are to come from the presence of the Lord.

Seventeenthly. *Grace, in all its fulness, comes this way; for instance,*

quickening grace, called the grace of life; pardoning grace, "I will receive them graciously," &c.; preserving grace, as it is said, "Preserved in Christ Jesus," wherein all fulness of grace is. But all this grace springs from this, having found grace in his sight, as Moses did.

Eighteenthly. *It removes slavish fear.* To an awakened sinner, there is always something of slavery in his fear; he generally has God before his eyes, as a sin-avenging God, or a consuming fire. This made Christ endeavor to familiarise the Father to his disciples, by saying, "It is your Father's good pleasure," &c. Again, "The Father himself loveth you," &c.; "It is not the will of your heavenly Father;" "Your Father knoweth you have need," &c. But when he would set it before them more effectually, it is done by his presence. "It is I, be not afraid."

Nineteenthly. *It is transforming.* I have often noticed in myself, that the brightest discoveries have begun with a very little; as for instance, I have been dead and lifeless, and had no taste or relish for spiritual things. I will not say no appetite, because nothing short of God's presence will do. Well, I have thought, I will turn to past experience, as David says, the hill Mizar, and compare it with my carnal or natural state. Well, here is room for praise; but is my heart in tune? No, but I will begin with the lip; well, I have begun similarly to this: I thank thee for bringing me out of the world. Well, I will go a step further, and for convincing me of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Well, another step, for searching my heart, and making me know my true state. Well, no farther? Yes; demolishing my false hopes, and refuges of lies. Well, no further? Yes; raising me to hope. Now you will stop? No, enabling me to believe in thy dear Son. Is that all? No, justifying me in his blessed righteousness; circumcising my heart to love thee; and for choosing me in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, for not appointing me to wrath, but to obtain the salvation that is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory; for putting my worthless name in the Lamb's book of life; for passing by so many of the wise and prudent; and for making such a fool as I wise to salvation; such a filthy creature, so abominable and vile, and yet complete, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. "Why was I made to hear thy voice?" &c. But how is all this done? I answer, by his presence; for, "looking through a glass darkly, we are changed into the same image: from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of our God."

Twentiethly. *Liberty.* This is what no worldly man ever knew, nor any hypocrite, however accomplished. If you ask what it stands in, I answer, 1. *Freedom from insensibility*, or carnal security, when you find a resurrection amongst your sins. 2. In a *discharge* or deliverance from the *burden*, which is the sting of death: "O death, where is thy sting?" 3. A *deliverance* from the reigning *power of sin*: "Sin shall not have dominion over us." 4. From the *devil*: "I will give you power to tread on serpents." 5. From the *curse of a broken law*: "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the broken law." 6. From the *fear of death*. Now it may be asked, if I get rid of this wretched crop, what do I enjoy in this liberty, or freedom? I answer,

the enjoyment will be but transient, till you get the last thing I shall mention. But now for the first, which is, love to the brethren, at least as far as we know they are brethren, though at that time we were very dark. By this, says John, we know, (he does not say *you* know,) that we have passed from an insensible carnal secure "death unto life," to feel our sins, "because we love the brethren."

2. The blood of Christ delivers me from the sting of death, which is sin. 3. The kingdom of Christ set up delivers me from the reigning power of sin. 4. "Christ formed in the heart," delivers. 5. The happy enjoyment of life delivers me from the curse, (for upon mount Zion, God commanded the blessing.) 6. The love of God; for though you may at first have love to the brethren, which delivers you from death; yet perfect love delivers you from the *fear* of death; for perfect love casteth out all slavish fear and torment. Take particular notice of the first and last of these particulars; and till you get here, you will not be able to say experimentally that "his service is perfect freedom." Well, his presence brings this, this year of release, this Jubilee. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." (Ps. lxxxix. 15.)

Faith is the master-key to the treasury of Jesus; it opens all the doors, and brings out every store. A heart well nurtured in this precious grace finds the gospel rest. In time of danger, sickness, or temptation, it flutters not, nor struggles hard to help itself, but stands still, and sees the salvation of God. (Exod. xiv. 13.) The eye is singly fixed on Jesus; the heart is calmly waiting for him, and Jesus brings relief. Faith calls, and Jesus answers, "Here I am to save thee!"—*Berridge*.

In the penalty inflicted on Christ for sin, the justice of God is most gloriously manifested. To see, indeed, a world made good and beautiful, wrapt up in wrath and curses, clothed with thorns and briars, to see the whole beautiful creation made subject to vanity, given up to the bondage of corruption, to hear it groan in pain under the burden; to consider legions of angels, most glorious and immortal creatures, cast down into hell, bound in chains of darkness, and reserved for a more fearful judgment, for one sin; to see the oceans of blood of souls spilt to eternity on this account, will give some insight into this thing! But what is all this to that view of it which may be had by a spiritual eye in the Lord Christ? All these things are worms, and of no value in comparison of him. To see him, who is the wisdom of God, and the power of God, always beloved by the Father; to see him, I say, fear and tremble, and sweat, and pray, and die; to see him lifted up upon the cross, the earth trembling under him, as if unable to bear his weight, and the heavens darkened over him, as if shut against his cry, and himself hanging between both, as if refused by both, and all because our sins did meet upon him; this of all things does most abundantly manifest the severity of God's vindictive justice.—*Owen*.

LET US RUN WITH PATIENCE THE RACE THAT IS SET BEFORE US.

Dear Friend,—“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;” and although the night may be long, the clouds dark, the stars dim, the moon out of sight, the sun eclipsed, all things very gloomy, the soul shut up, the presence of the Lord concealed, grace sunk out of sight and feeling, sin bubbling and boiling up like a pot within, with gloomy forebodings, and all things seeming to go against you, remember, my friend, though things look as they do, the Friend of sinners is still alive, and waits to be gracious.

I was truly glad to receive a letter from you, but sorry to read the contents of it, as I see that yourself and a few others are quite disappointed. Well, there seem to be but few among the churches at the present day who are longing, seeking, panting, and thirsting after life and power in the ministry, but are well satisfied with a dead form, an empty sound, a smooth tale, a beautiful sermon, as it is called. But poor tried, tempted, cast-down, sin-oppressed souls, want the true Bread, a living Saviour, an Almighty King, set up in the heart and conscience; they want his atoning blood to wash away their filth and guilt, his grace to subdue their indwelling sin, his righteousness to cover their nakedness, his salvation to set their souls on high, and his love to enlarge the heart.

What a mercy, my friend, it is to know anything about life and power, and to be craving after more of it, and to cry out,

“Dry doctrines can do me no good
While floating in the brain.”

— is a barren soil; it is like ploughing upon a rock, and not many crying out, “Give us this day our daily bread.” But yet I believe there are a few of the poor and needy. At — Chapel I had a blessed time the last Lord’s Day, and more so in the evening, or else I should have left — with a sorrowful heart. The work of the ministry is a trying work, and more so when the Lord hides his face, and shuts up the soul, and all things look gloomy and sad.

But, my dear friend, we live in a trying day. Some professors tell us we live in a gospel day. But we live to prove, by daily experience, that there is but little gospel sought after, and but few people feel their need of it in the spirit and power of it. What a mercy it is to know anything of the life, virtue, power, grace, mercy, sweetness, and savor of the everlasting gospel of the blessed God! It is all the comfort I have in this world, and all the hope of eternal happiness in the world to come; for my soul is more or less every day looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who has loved me, and given me an everlasting consolation and a good hope through grace. And why is it a good hope? Because it is a gospel hope; for the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God. And again it is a tried hope; it is tried under darkness, death, and bondage, and also under doubts and fears, sins and tempt-

ations, frowns of friends and persecutions of enemies; and when the soul is shut up in such dark prison-houses, sunk into deep dungeons, and left without life or feelings of a godly nature, then it fears that there is not one grain of true hope left in the heart. But still it is hope against hope, and he cannot give up his hold, because it is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which "entereth within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for ever entered, even Jesus."

I hope the Lord may bless your soul, encourage your heart, keep up your fainting spirit, help you to stand fast in the truth of Jesus, "fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life," and not suffer you to turn to the right hand nor to the left, but enable you to walk on in the King's highway, striving for the "faith once delivered to the saints," running "the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

I feel for yourself and few friends. The Lord pour the Spirit of grace and supplication upon you, and draw forth your hearts and affections unto himself; and that Christ may be precious to your souls, is the desire of your unworthy friend. My love to the outcasts.

Yours in the truth,

Woburn, Beds, May 1st, 1851.

T. G.

There is as much difference between the sufferings of the saints and those of the ungodly as there is between the cords with which an executioner pinions a condemned malefactor and the bandages wherewith a tender surgeon binds his patient. The design of the one is to kill; of the other to cure. Believers undergo many crosses, but no curses.—*Arrowsmith.*

Glory to the high and holy name of Jesus; not one ounce, not one grain weight more is laid on me, than he has enabled me to bear; and I am not so much wearied to suffer as Zion's haters are to persecute. O if I could find a way in any measure to strive to be even with Christ's love! but that I must give over. I see if Christ but ride upon a worm, or a feather, his horse will neither stumble nor fall; the worm Jacob is made by him, "A new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth to thresh the mountains, and beat them small; and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them so as the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind scatter them." Christ's enemies are but breaking their own heads in pieces upon the rock laid in Zion, and the stone is not removed out of its place; faith has cause to take courage, from our very afflictions; the devil is but a whetstone, to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints. I know he but hews and polishes stones, all this time, for the New Jerusalem.—*Rutherford.*

REVIEW.

Spiritual Pride; its Deceitful Nature and Evil Fruits. By President Edwards. Abridged. First printed in 1742.. Price 6d. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

PERSECUTION has, in all ages, been a fruitful instrument in promoting the spread of the gospel. The forcible and often-quoted expression of Tertullian, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," has been verified again and again, from the times of Nero, when Christians, wrapped up in pitched garments, were burnt alive to illuminate the Emperor's gardens at Rome, to the bonfires of Smithfield, kindled by bloody Mary. Never was Satan more thoroughly outshot by his own bow than when he egged on his children to drown the church in her own blood; for the very means adopted, at his instigation, by ungodly kings and rulers to crush the kingdom of God have ever contributed most powerfully to its extension. It was so in the days of the apostles: "And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles." "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." (Acts viii. 1, 4.) The blind Pharisees thought if they could extinguish the church at Jerusalem, they would effectually nip in the bud this new-fangled doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth. But they acted like a man trying to beat down with his stick a ripe thistle; their blows at the stem dispersed the seed all over the fields. From the ashes of Stephen there sprang a Paul. The kings of the earth might set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. But he that sitteth in the heavens laughed; the Lord had them in derision; for he had fixed, and would declare the firm decree, I have set my King, King Jesus, upon his holy hill of Zion.

What laid the foundation of that mighty Republic whose territory now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and whose flag waves in every sea of both hemispheres? *Persecution*; and shame be it for us to confess, English persecution; nay, what is worse, Protestant persecution. It was the cruel, unintermitting, and ungodly persecutions of the Puritans by the rulers of the Church of England, spread over wellnigh a century of priestly dominion, which drove to the wild shores of the Western Continent the "Pilgrim Fathers," whose memory will remain embosomed in the hearts of our American brethren whilst the earth endures.

As it was from these self-exiled Puritans that Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated author of the work before us, derived his birth, and as it is a portion of modern history probably little known to our readers, it may not be wholly out of place, by way of introduction to the treatise at the head of this article, to give a faint sketch of the

rise of that colony which, under the name of New England, has become so widely and justly celebrated.

We have already hinted that it was persecution which peopled the North American wilds; and we have now to add, that it was the prison and the halter in the hands of English bishops and archbishops which drove out of England those true-hearted believers who preferred to worship God in Spirit and in truth in the gloomy forests of New England, rather than belie their consciences in their native homes. Of these ruthless episcopal persecutors, the foremost in virulence, was Archbishop Whitgift, who was raised to the see of Canterbury by Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1583, for the express purpose of crushing what her imperious Majesty abhorred more than Popery itself—Nonconformity in all points to the Church of England. Obedient to the commands of his Royal mistress, who, though she was wont to call him "her little black husband," was so far from being an obedient wife that she declared she could make or mar, frock or unfrock* him and his brother prelates at her pleasure, the Calvinistic archbishop, with the same pen which had drawn up the famous Lambeth definitions of election and reprobation† published three new articles, which all the clergy were called upon to subscribe. Our space will only permit us to give part of the second, which was the one mainly objected to by the Puritan clergy: "II. That the Book of Common Prayer and of Ordering Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth nothing contrary to the word of God." More than 200 of the clergy refused to subscribe to this article, in consequence of which they were summarily deprived of their livings. Burghley, the Queen's Prime Minister, though on political grounds hostile enough to the Puritans, the Lords of the Privy Council, (somewhat similar in position to the modern Cabinet Ministers,) and the House of Commons, were all against the arbi-

* Her well-known letter to the Bishop of Ely, shows how this imperious dame, true daughter of Henry VIII., could write as Head of the Church to her servile bishops:

"Proud Prelate,—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagements I will unfrock you.

"Yours as you demean yourself,

"ELIZABETH."

+ The celebrated Lambeth articles are nine in number. The following are among them:

1. "God hath, from eternity, predestinated certain persons to life; and hath reprobated certain persons unto death."

2. "The moving, or efficient cause of predestination unto life, is not the foresight of faith or of perseverance, or of good works, or of anything that is in the persons predestinated; but the alone will of God's good pleasure."

5. "The true lively and justifying faith, and the Spirit of God justifying, is not extinguished, doth not utterly fail, doth not vanish away, in the elect either finally or totally."

8. "No man is able to come to Christ unless it be given him, and unless the Father draw him; and all men are not drawn by the Father, that they may come to his love."

9. "It is not in the will or power of every man to be saved."

trary measures of the archbishop; but, undeterred by their opposition, and well knowing the despotic character of the Queen, he fell on his knees before her, begging her "to support the sinking church." Fired at the attempt to encroach, as she considered, on her prerogative as the Head of the Church, the Queen reprimanded the House of Commons for their audacity, and bade them "meddle no further in these matters." The House of Commons, timid in those days as a flock of sheep, crouched at the feet of their Royal mistress, and abandoned the Puritans to their persecutors. Then commenced that long series of suspensions, deprivations, banishments, imprisonments, and judicial murders, whereby our Puritan forefathers were persecuted and harassed for wellnigh a hundred years.

But the chief weight of the storm fell on that section of the Puritans who, from their first founder, were called *Brownists*. A few words will explain why the main fury of the tempest fell on them. Robert Brown was a Church of England clergyman, who, separating from the Establishment, first preached the doctrine of the independence of gospel churches, meaning by that tenet that every church, based upon gospel principles, was in its constitution, government, pastor, deacons, and ordinances, wholly independent of all other churches. He therefore denied that the Church of England was a true church, and would not allow that her ministers were regularly ordained. Her discipline he viewed as Popish and anti-christian, and her sacraments and ordinances null and invalid. Nor would he allow his people to join with her in prayer, hearing, or any part of public worship.

He thus, both in principle and practice, struck at the root of all existing churches at home and abroad, and as much condemned the Lutheran Church in Germany, the Reformed in Switzerland, and the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, as the National Establishment of England. But as these views were more particularly levelled at the Church of England, they drew forth the peculiar and unbounded wrath of its heads. Brown himself, though nearly related to Lord Treasurer Burghley, was so persecuted that he was at different times shut up in 32 prisons, in some of which, according to his own statement, he could not see his hand at noonday.* But the iron mace of persecution fell heavily also on the heads of his followers. In the year 1592, 56 of the Brownists were seized on a Lord's Day in London at their place of worship, and cast two by

* Archbishop Whitgift and Robert Brown, persecutor and persecuted, are alike melancholy instances of the utter worthlessness of knowledge without grace. The author of the Lambeth articles was a persecutor of the saints; and Brown, who had suffered so much for his principles, at last recanted them all. He deserted his congregation which he had formed at Middleburg, in Holland, returned to England, was reconciled to the Establishment, was preferred to a living in Northamptonshire, which he held for 40 years, hardly ever preaching all the while, though living on the tithes which he had so strongly condemned, and at last died in his 81st year in Northampton jail, whither he had been committed by a magistrate for striking a constable with whom he had quarrelled about the payment of a rate.

two into the several City prisons.* Of these, some died of sickness, the prisons in those days being horrid dens of filth and disease, others were banished, and three or four hanged.† Two men were hanged at Bury St. Edmund's, June, 1583, for dispersing Brownist publications. In 1593, Mr. John Penry, a minister, was hanged for a so-called seditious paper, found in his closet in an unfinished state; and in the same year Henry Barrow, and John Greenwood, a minister, were hanged at Tyburn, and William Dennis at Thetford, Norfolk, for the crime of being Brownists.

Worn out by these cruel and unceasing persecutions, many of the Brownists determined to quit their native land, and retire to some foreign shore, where they might worship God in peace and quietness according to their own views of divine truth and the dictates of their own conscience, without being thrust into noisome dungeons or dying as malefactors on the gallows at the nod of an archbishop. Holland was at that time the only country in Europe where toleration was established by the laws of the land. Thither, therefore, a company, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Smith, some time in the year 1603, fled across the sea, and settled at Amsterdam. In the spring of 1608, a second congregation went over to Holland, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Robinson, of whose church Mr. Brewster was the elder. This little body eventually settled at Leyden; but after the lapse of about 12 years, they began to be

* The following petition, drawn up by one of these sufferers, gives a touching as well as striking account of the cruelties practised upon them:

"These bloody men will allow us neither meat, drink, fire, nor lodging, nor suffer any whose hearts the Lord would stir up for our relief, to have any access to them, purposing belike to imprison them to death, as they have done 17 or 18 others in the same noisome jails, within these six years. Some of this company had not one penny about them when they were sent into close prison, nor anything, being abroad, (which is the case of most of them, if not of all,) to procure themselves and their poor families any maintenance, save only by their handy labors and trades. Whereby it is come to pass, that these enemies of God do not only starve and undo a number of men in the prisons but even a lamentable company of poor orphans and servants abroad. Their unbridled slanders, their lawless privy searches, their violent breaking open and rifling our houses, their lamentable and barbarous usage of women and young children in these hostile assaults, their uncontrolled thievery, robbing, and taking away whatsoever they think meet from us in this case, their unappeased and merciless pursuit of us from our houses, trades, wives, children, especially from the holy society of the saints, and the church of God, we are enforced to omit, lest we should be overtidious. We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly, or to live openly in the land of our nativity. If we deserve death, it beseemeth the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, (viz.) that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers."

+ We cry out, and that justly, against the imprisonment by the Grand Duke of Tuscany of the Madiari, for reading the Scriptures, and more recently of Miss Cunningham for giving a Bible and a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," to an Italian peasant; but is he worse than the Calvinistic bishops and archbishops of the Protestant Church of England, from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to the Revolution of 1688?

weary of living in a foreign land, where they must gradually lose their English character, and be absorbed into the Dutch people. This made them cast their eyes across the Atlantic Ocean, that they might have a home for themselves in those new settlements which were gradually springing up in North America. A portion of that northern continent had been previously separated from Virginia under the name of New England, and to that the Brownists in Leyden turned their eyes, that they might build themselves there a lodge in the wilderness. After considerable difficulty and opposition from the bigoted James I., they succeeded in obtaining a patent for the foundation of a new colony. Two ships were hired, the "Speedwell" and the ever-memorable "Mayflower," to take the pilgrim band across the Atlantic waves. A solemn day of fasting and prayer was kept at Leyden; and thence they all went to Delft, where the little band was to embark. Mr. Robinson, their pastor, was to join them subsequently with the bulk of the congregation; and having continued together with them all night, and kneeling down on the sands, he committed them, in fervent prayer, to the blessing of God. Mr. Brewster, their elder, was now their spiritual head; and embarking with them on board the "Speedwell," the Pilgrim Fathers were borne across the Channel to Southampton, whence on the 5th of August, A.D. 1620, the two ships sailed. The master of the "Speedwell," through treachery or cowardice, before they reached the Land's End twice put back, and the "Mayflower" was compelled to do the same; the issue being that the "Speedwell" was entirely laid aside, and the little band of 101 pilgrims sailed out of Plymouth Sound in the solitary "Mayflower,"* Sept. 6, at the very worst time of the year, when they would on their voyage meet all the fury of the equinoctial gales, and encounter at their landing all the rigors of an American winter. Two months were they on their perilous voyage, and on Nov. 9 sighted land at Cape Cod, a considerable distance to the north of their intended settlement. But even here the providence of God watched over them, for had they landed lower down, they would probably have been cut off by the wild Indians, who were very numerous further south, but a plague had recently swept them almost wholly away from the locality where they first pitched their tents. Upon their sufferings and hardships from the rigor of the winter and want of houses and necessaries, which, engendering disease, cut off half their number in four or five months, we shall not dwell. Suffice it to say, they maintained their ground, and were in due time joined by band after band of brothers in persecution, whom the rigorous measures of Archbishop Laud and the High Commission Court drove out of England. But

* The "Mayflower" was a ship of about 180 tons, not much larger than one of the collier brigs which bring coals from Newcastle to London.

+ Their patent allowed them to settle between the 40th and 48th degrees of latitude; but Cape Cod is in latitude 42, and therefore two degrees, or about 140 miles north of their highest northern limit. This was owing to the treachery of their pilot, bribed by the Dutch, who had an eye to the southern coast, and had just founded a settlement on the spot subsequently called New York.

this proud prelate was as uneasy at their flight as at their stay; and therefore, when eight ships in the Thames were about to sail for New England, an Order in Council was obtained to prohibit their departure. And who were on board these vessels? Unhappily for the archbishop's own head and his Royal master's, Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell. During the Commonwealth there were few accessions to their numbers; but with the return of Charles II. and the infamous Bartholomew Act, whereby 2,000 clergy were compelled for conscience' sake to leave the Establishment in one day, the tide of emigration again swelled and bore on its bosom to the American shore many hundreds, and indeed thousands of persecuted Puritans, who ventured every hardship to be allowed the privilege of worshipping God in peace and quietness.

Thus were the broad foundations of New England laid, not by the scum of society, by felons and convicts, nor by greedy gold-seekers, but by godly men and women, deeply imbued with those principles of civil and religious liberty which have made New England the very backbone of American freedom, and influenced her laws and institutions to their inmost depth. Everything that is truly valuable in that great republic she owes to New England. Sadly indeed have the northern states degenerated from those times when the strictest, most rigid morality, the complete, almost judaical, sanctification of the Lord's Day,* the universal attendance on public worship, the bringing up of children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, the thorough cutting of all worldly pleasures and amusements, the unintermitting supervision of the young, and the strictest control over everything vicious and ungodly, was the universal practice and glory of New England. But the principles of civil and religious liberty, first carried across the Atlantic Ocean by the Puritan refugees from English persecution, have so deeply leavened the American mind and institutions that she owes to them wellnigh all she possesses worthy of admiration.

At Windsor, in the present state of Vermont, in the year 1703, and surrounded by the immediate descendants of the first colonists, was that great and good man, Jonathan Edwards, born. His parents were godly persons, his father being a minister and a man of considerable learning and education. He seems to have been called while young in life, and, perhaps in part for that reason, his conversion was not so striking and clear as is often the case where spiritual religion has not been inculcated from childhood as the one thing needful, and where all immorality has not been restrained. But we believe no person, of any spiritual judgment, can read the following extract of his experience without believing and acknowledging the grace of God in him:

* In New England all work was suspended on Saturday evening at sunset. Every knife and shoe was cleaned, and every coat brushed, and all the children called in from their play before the sun went down. At sunset the next evening their Sabbath similarly terminated.

"I have sometimes had a sense of the excellent fulness of Christ and his meetness and suitableness as a Saviour, whereby he has appeared to me far above all, the chief of ten thousands. His blood and atonement have appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet; which was always accompanied with ardency of spirit, and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.

"Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour, which kept me, the greater part of the time, in a flood of tears and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him, to live upon him, to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure with a divine and heavenly purity. I have, several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects.

"I have, many times, had a sense of the glory of the Third Person in the Trinity, in his office of Sanctifier; in his holy operations, communicating divine light and life to the soul. God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite Fountain of divine glory and sweetness, being full and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul, pouring forth itself in sweet communications, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life. And I have sometimes had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God as a word of life; as the light of life; a sweet, excellent, life-giving word, accompanied with a thirsting after that word, that it might dwell richly in my heart.

"Often since I lived in this town I have had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness; very frequently to such a degree as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, sometimes for a considerable time together; so that I have often been forced to shut myself up. I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my heart, than ever I had before my conversion. It has often appeared to me, that if God should mark iniquity against me, I should appear the very worst of all mankind, of all that have been, since the beginning of the world to this time, and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell. When others that have come to talk with me about their soul-concerns, have expressed the sense they have had of their own wickedness, by saying that it seemed to them that they were as bad as the devil himself, I thought their expressions seemed exceeding faint and feeble, to represent my wickedness.

"My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination, like an infinite deluge or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often, for these many years, these expressions are in my mind and in my mouth, 'Infinite upon infinite—infinite upon infinite!' When I look into my heart and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss, infinitely deeper than hell. And it appears to me that, were it not for free grace, exalted and raised up to the infinite height of all the fullness and glory of the great Jehovah, and the arm of his power, and grace stretched forth in all the majesty of his power, and in all the glory of his sovereignty, I should appear sunk down in my sins below hell itself; far beyond the sight of everything but the eye of sovereign grace, that can pierce even down to such a depth. And yet it seems to me that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small and faint; it is enough to amaze me that I have no more sense of my sin. I know, certainly, that I have very little sense of my sin-

fulness. When I have had turns of weeping and crying for my sins, I thought I knew at the time that my repentance was nothing to my sin."

It was a practice in the church over which Jonathan Edwards was pastor, to admit unregenerate persons, with certain limitations, to the Lord's Supper. This practice he resisted as unscriptural, which gave such offence to the congregation that, in the issue, he was not only compelled to resign his pastoral charge, but to leave the town, Northampton, where he had many years lived.

The little work at the head of this article, on "Spiritual Pride," he was well adapted to write. Profession being almost universal in New England, he was, as it were, in the very hotbed of spiritual pride; and, possessing a deep knowledge of his own heart, a mind of singular logical acuteness and depth, and a clear, expressive style, he was enabled, not only to dissect to the very heart's core this deep-seated malady of the professing church, but also to lay it bare to the observation of others.

We shall attempt, if the Lord will, in our next number, to enter on this subject, and to lay before our readers some specimens of his masterly dissection of that prevailing sin, which has fixed its seat in many a bosom that is little conscious of harboring a foe so hateful to God, so destructive to the peace of the church, and so impoverishing to the soul.

Some talk of the mercy of God, without scriptural views of his love. Hence they make mercy to endure but for a few days or years to poor sinners, then it comes to an end, and the once objects of mercy become the subjects of God's curse and damnation. So they give the lie to the Spirit of truth. But his mercy endures for ever, because the love of Father, Son, and Spirit, changes not.—*W. Mason.*

Would this law of sin have contented itself to have subdued any one faculty of the soul, would it have left any one at liberty, any one affection free from its yoke and bondage, it might possibly have been with more ease opposed, or subdued. But when Christ comes with his spiritual power upon the soul to conquer it to himself, he has no quiet landing place. He can set foot on no ground but what he must fight for and conquer. Not the mind, nor an affection, not the will only, but *all* is secured against him. And even when grace has made its entrance, yet sin will dwell in all its coasts.—*Owen.*

The profession of Jesus is easy to nature. There is nothing irksome to the flesh in being called a Christian. But to know Jesus in heart, to confess him with the tongue, and to follow him in our life, will ever expose us to reproach and contempt. But if, with Philip, we have really found that blessed Person of whom Moses and the prophets wrote, we must, we shall speak of him to others. We shall esteem Jesus our Beloved as our richest treasure. Our hearts and affections will be going out after him. Moses' choice will be ours; we shall esteem the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.—*W. Mason.*

OBITUARY.

SUKEY HARLEY.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the experience of Sukey Harley, copious extracts from which we gave in our magazine for 1849, page 171, &c.

We have now to mention that it has pleased the Lord to take her to himself. We have been favored with the sight of a letter, giving some account of her death, which we feel a solemn pleasure in inserting, though, from the nature of her disease, there was nothing remarkable on her deathbed. Good old John Newton used to say, "Don't tell me how the man died; tell me how he lived." This was, perhaps, going too far, as a deathbed, gilded with the rays of opening glory and immortality, sets a blessed confirming seal on the life; but his meaning, though strongly expressed, probably was one in which we fully coincide, that too much stress is sometimes laid on a dying experience, and that where there are indubitable proofs of the soul having been blessed in days gone by, there is no necessity, though sweet where given, of further evidence.

"My dear Friend,—I do not know whether any friend has acquainted you with what has passed before us since this day last week, even the closing scene of our dear Sukey's days in this world. Last Tuesday, very early in the morning, she was seized with a stroke of paralysis. After the first seizure, she just had power given her to get out of bed; and coming down stairs she fell. The sound awoke her daughter in the next house, and she instantly got up and came to her mother's door, saying, 'Mother, what's the matter; can't you open the door to me?' Dear Sukey opened the door, saying, 'I am very bad, Mary; come up stairs with me, and wait with me awhile.' She walked up stairs with difficulty and got to bed, but said her head and stomach were distressingly bad. Her daughter sat down by her side. She began to wander a little in her mind, and Mary felt alarmed and went for help; but very shortly after she sunk on the bed in a sort of insensible doze, and then found she had quite lost the use of her right side. She continued in this apparently unconscious state from 3 o'clock on the Tuesday morning till half-past 4 on Sunday morning last, August 21st, when she breathed her last, called by her own Redeemer to enter upon a Sabbath of rest and joy with him in glory, which will never end.

"To the outward view of sense this may appear to have come with unexampled suddenness, and in a manner very contrary to the anticipated hopes of some. But, indeed, my dear friend, we can say with assurance that it came neither suddenly upon her nor contrary to the way she had often had intimations of. Repeatedly have we heard her speak language like this of her death: 'Ah, many will come round me when I am dying, and think to hear what old Suke Harley has got to say on her deathbed; but they will hear nothing. No; I shan't have a word to say when I am dying. They can see my lump of flesh, but that's all; they cannot see my life, that's up in heaven, hid with Christ in God. My filthy-rag righteousness, do they want to see that? I hate, I abhor, I detest myself! My righteousness is up in heaven; it is my blessed Saviour. He is all to me.' This is the way again and again she would speak of her death; also thus: 'My dear children in the Lord need not be surprised nor alarmed if my death should come suddenly. It won't be sudden to me, come when it will or how it will.' After

hearing such expressions as these, and after so bright and clear a testimony as was given in the days of her flesh, what can we want beside? A few more uttered words on her deathbed could not add to what we had already witnessed in her life on earth.

"It would indeed have been most blessed to have heard her speak at that solemn time of those unseen realities she had often had a foretaste of, and often had spoken of with joyful anticipation, and was now about to enter into the full enjoyment of. But so was not the will of the Lord; and we feel more than satisfied about it, because we feel in this thing, as we believe, he was pleased to answer the desire he put into her heart. It was also a desire she sometimes expressed that she might leave the world on a Sabbath day to enjoy a heavenly and eternal one; and this was granted her, as the sun just began to dawn on the last Lord's Day.

"Thus, my dear friend, I have given you a full account of the event that has just taken place amongst us. Thirty-seven years has she gone in and out amongst us in this place, and our hearts have been knit together. Nor is that bond broken by death, (if I may dare, though with fear and trembling, express such a hope.) J. and I watched over her dying bed, and sat beside her for some hours, day by day, from the Tuesday till the Saturday evening, when we took our farewell view of her in this world. And though there was neither voice nor language in all these days, and her eyes were closed, yet we felt as if surely the Lord was in that place and that it was holy ground.

"The funeral is to take place on Thursday, about 12 o'clock.

"With love to yourself, &c.,

"Yours very affectionately,

"M. G."

Sanctified afflictions are a thousand times rather to be chosen than unsanctified prosperity. They may consist with, yea, are often the effects of, God's special love; he sees we want them, and he knows that they will work for our good. Do then, O God, what thou pleasest with me, so I may but die to this world, overcome my corruptions, live more upon Christ, bring more glory to his name, and have more comfortable tastes and pledges of his love, and be often saying, "The will of the Lord be done."—*Berridge*.

The sweetest seasons on this side heaven are, when the soul sinks, as into nothing, before the face of God, and is absorbed in the sight of Christ and the love of the Spirit; when we feel the presence of Deity, and silently wait on Him, at the foot of the cross, with weeping eyes, melting affections, and bleeding hearts. When Christ entered into Jerusalem, the people spread their garments in the way. When he enters into our hearts, we pull off our own righteousness, and not only lay it under Christ's feet, but even trample on it ourselves.—*Toplady*.

Christian grief is not forbidden. Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her; Joseph made a mourning for his father seven days. The children of Israel wept for Moses, in the plains of Moab, thirty days. David lamented the deaths of Saul, Jonathan, and Abner. Christ wept over the grave of Lazarus; devout men, who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him; and the Apostle Paul signifies concerning his friend Epaphroditus, who had been sick and nigh unto death, that if the Lord had not mercy on him he should have sorrow upon sorrow.—*Gill*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 216. DECEMBER, 1853. VOL. XIX.

A WONDERFUL MYSTERY.

"I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—John xiv. 20.

My soul, contemplate this astonishing mystery with the deepest humility and with holy adoration! Christ, thy Kinsman, Redeemer, thy Righteous Head, is in the Father, is one with him, is the Father's co-equal and co-eternal Son. My soul, these are not the mere opinions of men; but the testimony of Christ himself. "*I am in my Father.*" Here my faith is fixed. From this glorious union between Christ and the Father, which I discover by faith, my richest consolations arise. God is the portion of mine inheritance; he fills my cup at times brim full of love. I want no other Christ but he that is in the Father. He shows me who the Father is, and makes me to know what he is. "God is love." Away, vain speculations; begone, blind reason; faith is my sure guide into this sanctum sanctorum, this holy of holies, this blessed paradise of spiritual delights. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." Compared with this, how poor, how empty, are all religious duties, however right and proper they are in themselves, and to be observed by men. He who is so favored as to enter into fellowship with God is spoiled for this world; and fleshly professors of religion and their conversation are alike disgusting to him. Alas! how few are thus favored in this cloudy day!

This union between the Father and the Son is the foundation of the saints' happiness, both here and hereafter. Is Christ in the Father, and does he rejoice over his people to do them good? Then, to complete their happiness, that their joy may be full, he will lead them into the blessed knowledge of the Father's love and of their interest therein. Christ discovers the Father's heart to his children, until, enamored with his love, they cry out, "Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God."

"And ye in me." This is another part of the great mystery. The saints are as truly in the Son as the Son is in the Father, and can no more be separated from Jesus Christ than Christ can from the Father. This is a sweet consolation to my soul, amidst all the miseries and sin that I am the subject of; for I know that I sinned in Adam, and I know that I am a sinner before God every day, and that I sin much in my very best doings. But my standing is in Christ, my place of security from wrath, death, and hell, is Christ. That which grieves me most is my sin, but that which pleases me most is, that not one sin that grieves me shall appear against me in the day of judgment to condemn me. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." O the blessedness of knowing that I am in Christ!

"And I in you." This is another branch of the same great mystery. Christ is in the saints, the hope of glory. Hence their hope cannot perish; it is full of immortality. The believer has no life without Christ that can scarcely be called by the name of life; for so Paul means: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." O blessed life this! All my springs of action flow from Christ, my Head; and as Christ is full of grace and truth and I am one with him, I must conclude, I will conclude, that all will be well with me in life, in death, and to all eternity.

London, July 1st, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

A PRECIOUS JESUS IN TIME OF NEED.

My dear A.,—It having been settled for me to speak on Tuesday evening, I shall not see you before Wednesday, at which time, by the blessing of God, I hope to do so. Mrs. L. is in a very low state in her body, but very happy in her soul. I hope you are doing well, and enabled to look unto the dear Lord for his helping hand toward you. No hand but his can afford such helpless creatures real benefit or support. To find our precious Jesus bowing himself down to our necessities and granting us almighty aid, is beyond, yea, far beyond what such polluted sinners deserve. In our dreary walks he sometimes cheers us with his animating voice; sometimes how soft and yet how powerful does he speak unto the heart! It is suitable to our present wants. How I long to hear it now, being just bending my course toward M—, there to stand up in his great name. We now stand in as much need of it as when we were sinking under the law, with the weight of guilt, &c. Such as are strangers to these things may speak against them, which is an evident proof they are standing in a state of presumption. The Great High Priest of our profession will, to those for whom he offered himself up, manifest his almighty power to them when brought to feel how low by sin they are sunk. Into the heavens he is passed, through his own blood, and by which only shall we follow.

That the good Lord may bless you, is the prayer of
Thine in the bonds of everlasting love,
Brighton.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JAMES ABBOTT.

If the Lord says, "Open wide thy mouth and I will fill it," "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness," "I will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," we should not be afraid to ask, or think it is humility to refrain. I believe a soul is never so truly humble in the sight of God as when he is pleased to reveal this pardoning love; and such a one by faith views Christ crucified. A sense of his dying love will melt the hardest heart, and produce that repentance which needeth not to be repented of, but is indeed unto salvation. The apostle, in his Epistle to the Romans, says, "The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Now if we get this, we have all that can be enjoyed in this world; and it is a sweet earnest of the kingdom of glory in the world to come. This also is promised, "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Now, all in whom the Lord is pleased to put his fear are entitled to all these blessings; having divine life in their souls, there will be a hunger and thirst after the enjoyment of them; and in the Lord's own appointed time they will be communicated according to the portion allotted for each. Some of God's people, I believe, enjoy a greater degree of love, peace, and joy than others; and while the manifestations of these precious blessings last, whether more or less, they are satisfied. But we must not expect to enjoy them uninterruptedly while in this world, because all have a body of sin within them, by which Satan works. On this body of sin he can fasten his temptation; but the closer we are enabled to cleave to Christ, the more shall we enjoy of His love and of the love of the Father, and also of the consolations of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. B— was led, last Wednesday, to say to his people that they should not rest satisfied with now and then getting a little comfort in either hearing or reading the word; but that they should earnestly seek to get such a sense of the love of God as to be fully satisfied, as he himself had that day been led, being very poorly, and not knowing whether his illness might be a prelude to his approaching end. But he earnestly addressed in prayer the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and obtained an overwhelming enjoyment of love beyond what he could possibly describe. This is what I intend by what I have now written, that you may set your heart upon and obtain; then your mouth will be filled with his praise and his honor. I cannot be satisfied myself without this. I am often exceedingly cast down, because of my sins and the oppression of the enemy; nor can I be happy until I obtain a fresh and powerful revival of these things. For though we may have experienced a thousand such revivals in the course of many years' experience, yet by reason of a body of sin, and the fierce temptations of Satan, we are often brought into great perplexity and trouble; many sinking fears and despairing thoughts will invade the soul. So, at least, I

often find it ; and nothing will remove these sad feelings, and set matters right again, but a powerful sense and enjoyment of our interest in Christ, by the love of God the Father being shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Ghost, and feeling his powerful witness that we are indeed the children of God. Seeing these things are promised, may you be enabled to follow hard after them ; and may the Lord, of his infinite mercy, grant you an abundant enjoyment of them.

So prays your affectionate Friend,

JAMES ABBOTT.

RUTHERFORD'S CHRISTIAN DIRECTORY.

Grace, worthy and dearly Beloved in the Lord ; grace, mercy, and peace be unto you.—I received your letter ; I wish I could satisfy your desires in drawing up and framing for you a Christian Directory. But the learned have done it before me, more judiciously than I can ; especially Messrs. Rodgers, Greenham, and Perkins. Notwithstanding, I shall endeavor to show you what I would have been at myself (howbeit, I always came short of my purpose). First. That certain hours of the day, less or more time, for the word and prayer, I said, be given to God, not sparing the twelfth hour or mid-day, howbeit it should then be the shorter time. Second. In the midst of worldly employments there would be some thoughts of sin, judgment, death, and eternity, with a word or two of ejaculatory prayer (at least) to God. Third. To beware of wandering of heart in private prayers. Fourth. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from prayer without sense of joy ; downcasting, sense of guiltiness, and hunger are often best for us. Fifth. That the Lord's Day, from morning to night, be spent always either in private or public worship. Sixth. That words be observed, wandering and idle thoughts be avoided, sudden anger and desire of revenge, even of such as persecute the truth, be guarded against ; for we often mix our zeal with our own wildfire. Seventh. That known, discovered, and revealed sins that are against the conscience, be eschewed, as most dangerous preparatives to hardness of heart. Eighth. That in dealing with men, faith and truth in covenants and trafficking be regarded ; that we deal with all men in sincerity ; that conscience be made of idle and lying words ; and that our carriage be such as that they who see it may speak honorably of our sweet Master and our profession. Ninth. I have been much challenged, first, for not referring all to God as the last end ; that I do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, speak, and think for God ; second, that I have not benefited by good company ; and that I left not some word of conviction, even upon natural and wicked men, as by reproving swearing in them, or because of being a silent witness to their loose carriage, and because I intended not in all companies to do good ; third, that the woes and calamities of the kirk, and particular professors, have not moved me ; fourth, that at the reading of the life of David, Paul, and the like, when it humbled me, (I coming so far short of their

holiness,) I labored not to imitate them, afar off at least, according to the measure of God's grace ; fifth, that unrepented sins of youth were not looked to nor repented for ; sixth, that sudden stirrings of pride, lust, revenge, love of honors, were not resisted and mourned for ; seventh, that my charity was cold ; eighth, that the experience I had of God's hearing me in this and the other particular, being gathered, yet in a new trouble I had always, as it were, my faith to seek, as if I were to begin A, B, C, again ; ninth, that I have not more boldly contradicted the enemies speaking against the truth, either at public church meetings, or at tables, or ordinary conference ; tenth, that in great troubles I have received false reports of Christ's love, and misbelieved him in his chastening, whereas the event hath said, All was in mercy ; eleventh, nothing more moveth me, and weighteth my soul, than that I could never for my heart, in my prosperity, so wrestle in prayer with God, nor be so dead to the world, so hungry and sick of love for Christ, so heavenly minded, as when ten stone weight of the cross, a heavy cross, was upon me ; twelfth, that the cross extorted vows of new obedience which ease has blown away, as chaff before the wind ; thirteenth, that practice was so short and narrow, and light so long and broad ; fourteenth, that death has not been often meditated upon ; fifteenth, that I have not been careful of gaining others to Christ ; sixteenth, that my grace and gifts bring forth little or no thankfulness. There are some things also, whereby I have been helped ; as, first, I have benefited by riding alone a long journey, being engaged in prayer ; second, by retirement, and giving days to God ; third, by praying for others : for, by making an errand to God for them, I have gotten something for myself ; fourth, I have been really confirmed, in many particulars, that God heareth prayers, and therefore I used to pray for anything, of how little importance soever ; fifth, he enabled me to make no question that Christ's mocked way, which is so nicknamed, is the only way to heaven.

Sir, these and many more occurrences in my life would be looked unto ; and, first, thoughts of Atheism would be watched over, as if there be a God in heaven, which will trouble and assault the best at times ; second, growth in grace would be cared for above all things, and falling from our first love mourned for ; third, conscience made of praying for the enemies who are blinded.

Sir, I thank you most kindly for your care of my brother, and me also ; I hope it is laid up for you, and remembered in heaven. I am still ashamed with Christ's kindness to such a sinner as I am ; He hath left a fire in my heart that hell cannot cast water on to quench or extinguish it. Help me to praise, and pray for me ; for ye have a prisoner's blessing and prayers. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you. Yours, in Christ Jesus,

Aberdeen, March 15th, 1637.

S. RUTHERFORD.

If you know what it is to be spiritually-minded, you also know what it is to be carnally-minded. Many people have religion enough to prate about, but not enough to stop their mouths.—*W. T.*

THE HEART OF MAN.

“Who can know the heart? I the Lord search it.” The heart of man is perversus to God only; hence he takes the honor of searching the heart to be as peculiar to himself and as fully declaring him to be God as any other glorious attribute of his nature. We know not the hearts of one another; we know not our own hearts as we ought. Many there are that know not their hearts as to their general bent and disposition, whether it be good or bad, sincere and sound or corrupt and naught; but no one knows all the secret intrigues, the windings and turnings, the actings and aversations of his own heart. Has any one the perfect measure of his own light and darkness? Can any one know what actings of choosing or aversation his will bring forth upon the proposal of that endless variety of objects that it is to be exercised with? Can any one traverse the various mutability of his affections? Do the secret springs of acting and refusing in the soul lie before the eyes of any man? Does any one know what will be the motions of the mind or will, in such and such conjunction of things? Such a suiting of objects, such a pretension of reasonings, such an appearance of things desirable? All in heaven and earth, but the infinite all-seeing God, are utterly ignorant of these things. In this unsearchable heart dwells the law of sin; and much of its security, and consequently of its strength, lies in this, that it is past our finding out. We fight with an enemy whose secret strength we cannot discover; whom we cannot follow into his retirements. Hence oftentimes, when we are ready to think sin quite ruined, after a while we find it was but out of sight. It has coverts and retreats in an unsearchable heart, whither we cannot pursue it. The soul may persuade itself all is well, when sin may be safe in the hidden darkness of the mind, which it is impossible that he should look into; for whatever makes manifest is light. It may suppose the will of sinning is utterly taken away, when yet there is an unsearchable reserve for a more suitable object, a more vigorous temptation than at present it is tried withal. Has a man had a contest with any lust, and a blessed victory over it by the Holy Ghost, as to that present trial? When he thinks it is utterly expelled he ere long finds that it was but retired out of sight. It can lie so close in the mind’s darkness, in the will’s indisposition, in the disorder and carnality of the affections, that no eye can discover it. The best of our wisdom is but to watch its first appearances, to catch its first under-earth heavings and workings, and to set ourselves in opposition to them; for to follow it into the secret corners of the heart, that we cannot do. It is true, there is yet a relief in this case, namely, that he to whom the work of destroying the law of sin and body of death in us is principally committed, namely, the Holy Ghost, comes with his axe to the very root, neither is there anything in an unsearchable heart that is not open and naked unto him. (Heb. iv. 12.) But we may hence see what an enemy we have to deal withal.—*Owen*.

A VIEW OF JESUS.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

I have long wanted to write to you, but I really have not been able, for I find and feel that I can do nothing as I would. What a mercy it is that the source of my comfort in nowise depends on my ability to pray, speak, or write, but alone in the free favor and mercy of my God! This I seem always to know in my judgment, but seldom in my feelings; for it is as natural to me as my breathing, to be looking for something in myself wherefrom I may get comfort; but it has hitherto failed with me, and I have been brought into the feeling of those words of Hart,

"Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe."

So it generally has with me; but, bless his dear name, he brings his people by a right way, and so he has brought me, and to acknowledge, and more than once to feel, that I would not have it in any way altered; but this I cannot now enter into. When I last visited you, I quite thought I should have told you how the dear Lord had visited my poor soul not long before that time, but the enemy was permitted to throw my mind into such confusion, that I could not feelingly enter into anything, though I was very happy when I left home. But the dear Lord has appeared again and again unto me, as my all in all. I believe I told you of my going to Lewes, near Brighton, a place I believe I shall never forget as long as I live in this world. I must now tell you I left my home for that place as wretched and miserable as I ever felt, and continued to get worse and worse up to the time I am now alluding to, when the dear Lord revealed himself to me in such an amazing manner as my poor tongue can never be able to tell, while walking up a hill, near that place, with a load of sin and guilt upon my shoulders, which must have sunk me into despair, had not the Lord appeared and taken it all away, never more to be found.

I was reading dear Hart's hymns, when I came on the one upon the Brasen Serpent, which I read through; and when I came to the words, "Dying sinner, look and live," I was cast upon Jesus, rejoiced in him, and wept over him as my suffering Saviour, bleeding, dying the accursed death on Calvary's Cross, in the room and stead of sinful me. When, after a moment, I came a little to myself, I looked to see my sins and misery, but they could not be found. Then came these words,

"Long time I after idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd man."

O how my poor soul did weep for joy. I walked about until I scarce knew where I was, till I became exhausted, when I sat down with such peace and comfort as I never had before, and with such a view of the life, death, and sufferings of Jesus, that I wished ever to live to his honor and to his praise. How to make the most of this I never shall be able; but this I know, none can know him but

by the Holy Ghost. O my dear brother, what a mercy to be brought to feel that in and through the death of his dear Son, we are reconciled unto God who had a just right to cut us off in our sins. Since then I have had many dark days, but the Lord has delivered, and I trust he will yet deliver me. Since I saw you, I have lost another dear child, two years old, which makes three taken away, and three living. But the Lord has done all things well, which has been my comfort in this trouble; and he is one near at hand and not afar off.

I sincerely hope this will find you and your dear partner and children in good health, as it leaves mine; but I am poorly with many infirmities. Please to remember me to the brethren at O—, whom I saw at A— after I left you, but had no time to speak much to them. I suppose you are still in the same spot. May the Lord enable you to wait till the cloud moves, and then you to follow. I hope the Lord will put it into your heart to write to me, for I long to hear from you. The Lord bless you. Amen.

Yours, in the best of bonds,

London, February 26th, 1844.

T. B.

A WORD OF COUNSEL.

My dear Friends,—It is a commendable thing of you to try to establish a cause of truth for the glory of God and the good of immortal souls in Coventry; and if the dear Lord has put the thought into your hearts, and maintains the desire therein to honor his holy name in the salvation and comfort of his dear people, and for your own benefit, and for the exalting of our lovely Jesus on high thereby, with united wrestling and unceasing prayer, you will succeed and prosper, will live to see the wonders he can do, and have blessed cause, with heart and soul and voice, to sing his worthy praise together.

Observe strict communion; be careful whom you receive; keep church order in love; cleave close to Jesus and to each other, in one spirit, by prayer and supplication. May you be lovers of truth, rich in experience, diligent in all means, jealous over your hearts and for his honor, striving together for the unity of saints and for intercourse with our best Beloved, and to prove yourselves monuments of grace. May you be the Lord's despised yet favored ones, enduring the cross with joy, with the Shepherd's mark visible, following his footsteps, chastened, comforted, and blessed heirs of the kingdom made manifest below; desiring to live and die in peace, beneath the droppings of love and blood at our dear Redeemer's sacred feet, and in the enjoyment of his lovely presence while here and for ever. And the God of love and peace shall be with you.

My motto hidden deep, and felt within my breast, is, with great desire, to know and do the will of God, and in all things to please him; my covenant God, Redeemer and Friend; that I may enjoy his lovely presence in sweet and solemn communion while here below, and live

and reign with him above for ever. The Lord is my help, my strength, my salvation, and my memorial. Praise him, O my soul.

My dear friends, may this be your motto also, engraved deep in your hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost. Yours in love,

Bedworth, Oct. 7th, 1853.

G. T. C.

A LETTER BY THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE

My dear Friend,—By your kind note yesterday, that Mr. — received, I found the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand once more on your frail body. O may it prove profitable to your never dying soul ; for though afflictions are not pleasant at the time to our flesh, and when alone only cause rebellion and murmuring, still when we have a little hope spring up by faith in Him who suffered, bled, and died for such rebellious worms of the earth as we, then we can feel what Paul said, and know that it is truth, “No affliction is joyous but grievous ; *nevertheless*, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” It is a blessing indeed to be brought to this spot, to be made submissive to his will ; that word *nevertheless* has been many times blest to me, in reading it in the word of God. Sometimes we are enabled to rejoice in afflictions ; and what a mercy it is that Isaiah, by the blessed Spirit, was enabled to pen that sweet chapter, the 63rd, for our comfort and encouragement, when he said, in the 8th and 9th verses especially, “Surely they are my people, children that will not lie ; so he was their Saviour. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them ; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them ; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.” These are sweet portions indeed, and comforting, when at such times, brought home with power by the Holy Spirit to our hearts ; then can we sing with dear Hart :

“How harsh soe’er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on,
Nor leave us till we say,
‘Father, thy will be done.’

At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up.

“Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light compared with thine !

*Finish, dear Lord, what is begun ;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.”*

Yes, my friend, these words I believe I shall never quite forget, for they were brought to me in a real time of need, and were a comfort to my poor burdened, cast down soul ; and I could say then, from my heart, “that it was good for me that I had been afflicted.” Yes, my friend, you have known something of this, I believe, for you have been a subject of sore affliction in your short life, both in body and mind ; and yet, at times, when faith is in exercise, you know that it has all worked together for your good, and to the profit

of your soul. This is a great mercy indeed, and may he ever give you to see it so at all times, in whatsoever he may see fit to call you and yours to pass through, in this pathway of tribulation, to that heavenly place of rest that is laid up for them that fear Him, and love Him in truth. There will be no more changes and troubles then, for we shall there be out of the reach of the darts of the wicked one. I think you will say this is strong language for me; indeed it is; but really yesterday I had such a sweet season in reading the 3rd and 4th chapters of the Book of Proverbs, that I can speak and write as I feel from my heart, and the Saviour has not quite left me now. What a mercy it is to be favored at times with such sweet lifts by the way, though they are but short. Mr. — met with us last evening, and we had the Lord's presence with us. Your note was read to the few assembled there, and they felt a great sympathy for you in your affliction. We are going to dine with — to-day, and I really hope the conversation will be profitable to our souls; if not, I would rather stay away. May the Lord renew your strength, and enable you once more to come amongst us, to set forth and exalt a precious Christ, to abase the sinner, and lay him low in the dust of self-abasement, if it be his blessed will, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, for the carnal mind is at enmity with true religion. May He come with you and bless the word from your lips, for He has said that His word shall not return unto Him void; but it shall prosper where-to he pleases to send it. I did not expect to have scribbled on as I have done when I first began, only to send a few lines. I shall be glad to have a line or two from you when you are able. All the friends unite with me in love to you; and believe me to be,

Your ever well-wisher, and unworthy Friend in Truth,

Faversham, Nov. 28, 1845.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

Wretch that I am! What shall I do? or whither shall I flee? I am weighed in the balance, and am found wanting. (Dan. v. 27.) This is indeed my doom; the doom I am to expect from the mouth of Christ himself, from the mouth of him that died for the redemption and salvation of men. Dreadful sentence! and so much the more dreadful, when considered in that view! To what shall I look to save me from it? To whom shall I call? Shall I say to the rocks, "Fall upon me," and to the hills, "Cover me?" (Luke xxiii. 30.) What shall I gain by that? Were I indeed overwhelmed with rocks and mountains, they could not conceal me from the notice of his eye; and his hand could reach me with as much ease there as anywhere else. I do then, O blessed Lord, prostrate myself in the dust before thee. I own I am a condemned and miserable creature. But my language is that of the humble publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" (Luke xviii. 13.) Some general and confused apprehensions I have of a way by which I may possibly escape. O God, whatever that way is, show it me, I beseech thee! Point it out so plainly, that I may not be able to mistake it! And O reconcile my heart to it, be it ever so humbling, be it ever so painful!—*Doddridge.*

THE LORD HEARETH THE POOR AND DESPISETH NOT HIS PRISONERS.

My dear Brother and Sister, in Him who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our own works, but according to his own purpose and grace.

To address you thus may appear to be strong meat, especially for my dear sister's weak stomach, who appears at times to be full of fears whether she ever yet came in at the gate of regeneration. We read of some who are "unskilful in the word of righteousness;" that is, they have no sensible might, power, or wisdom, to make use of the sword of the Spirit and shield of faith against the fiery darts of Satan, who oft comes in like a flood, and fills them with fears that they are out of the secret of true religion; that their convictions have never been deep enough; that they know nothing of the law in its killing power, because they never experienced it to the same degree as others, of whom they hear and read. These are the babes that have need of milk; and the dear Lord has provided for these poor little ones plenty of it in his word; for every new-born babe, like my dear sister, desires the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby. For my own part, I am very fond of a little of this milk myself at times. Strong meat does not at all times suit me, when I feel faint and sickly from the wounds I receive from inbred sin and Satan. Such as Paul fed upon, "Christ loved me and gave himself for me;" or, as the church says, "My Beloved is mine and I am his," &c.; this meat is too strong for me to feed upon at such times; but I am enabled, now and then, to suck a little milk from such portions of the precious word as this, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none," &c.; "The needy shall not alway be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever;" "The Lord heareth the groaning of the prisoner, and despiseth not the prayer of the destitute." And although you, my dear sister, may, at times, fear that you are destitute of real religion, because you never experienced those depths of distress, nor those bright consolations as others you have heard or read of, yet this is a wrong criterion to judge by. In this I can feel a sympathy with you. I know well where you are, having been there before you. For years was I held in bondage in the same spot, trying to measure myself by the standard of others' experience, and standards set up in the pulpit by some men, until my mind became so much confused that I have been at my wits' end. O how have I sighed, and cried, and groaned; and begged of the Lord that he would decide the doubtful case; and in due time the Lord inclined his ear unto me, heard my cry, and led me to the standard of his own word, blessing these words to my soul's comfort: "He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God;" with other confirming testimonies. He heareth, and forgetteth not the cry of the humble, the sighing of the needy, and the groaning of the prisoner. He delivered Jeremiah out of the low dungeon; Jonah out of the belly of hell; Daniel from the lion's den; David from the mire and clay; and Zion out of captivity. And certain I am that he will deliver my dear sister

in his own time, out of her present fears whether her religion is of the right kind. But, why speak so confidently? say you. Why, because I saw the mark and image of Jesus, felt a soul union to you in conversation, and am satisfied that, if you were not born of God, you never would have had that mark of uprightness of heart to so much dread deception as you do. If you had never experienced a law work, had never been killed and made alive, there would not have been that love to the brethren which you manifest. Love is of God; and he that loveth is born of God, is passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation, (that is, finally,) for they often feel condemned in themselves; yet Jesus says, "Neither do I condemn thee." If your soul had never been made alive, you would have been destitute of those marks which you now have; there would have been no such hungering and thirsting after righteousness; no panting for the Lord as "the hart panteth after the water brooks;" no crying, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" no prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus;" no inquiring your way to Zion with your face thitherward: no felt sense of destitution, poverty, and need; no mourning your lonely state while you see others walk at large; no knowledge of your helplessness and ignorance, and the need of the Lord as your wisdom and strength; no being troubled about your being so shut up and not able to come forth, if you were not a prisoner of hope. These things prove you to be one of the broken in heart; and the sacrifice of the Lord is a broken and contrite heart, which he will not despise. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; and he will by and by bring your soul health and cure, for He is faithful that hath promised. He taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy; who have nothing else to hope in, but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Methinks I hear my sister say, "Well, I have nothing else to hope in but that." Well, then, "be of good courage, and the Lord shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

And now, my dear brother, a word or two to you. I do think with you, that it is right to set up standards, as far as the word of God justifies, but no farther; and that says, "I kill, and I make alive," &c. But then, as to the manner of death, that is quite another thing. God is a sovereign, and acts as he pleases. He cuts a Saul down at a stroke, and roots the jailor up as by an earthquake, while he opens a Lydia's heart in a milder form, and saves many a poor sinner in this manner. Bunyan describes poor Mercy, who was so fearful that she should not be admitted, because she had not such testimonies as Christiana. And this brings to my mind what our dear friend P—says in one of his sermons. He is there speaking of the way in which the sinner dies, comparing it with the Lord's work in killing the body. Some, he says, are cut down by a sudden stroke or raging fever; while others linger long in decline; yet both at length die. So it is spiritually, as was the case with Paul and Lydia. Therefore to set up standards according to others' experience is quite inconsistent, and calculated to make the hearts of the people sad, whom the Lord has not made sad.

Sutton Benger.

A SMOKING FLAX.

OBITUARY.

MARY PRATT CLAYDON.

Communicated by her Husband, through Mr. John Garritt, Baptist Minister
Stoke Newington.

Mary was the daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Thompson, and was born Oct. 26th, 1824. She was of a lively and agreeable disposition naturally, had many pleasing manners, and was very attractive, which insured her the friendship and esteem of all that knew her.

In the latter part of 1840, when still in my wild career of sin and youthful madness, I became acquainted with her; it was at a dance. From this time a rapid increase of attachment and affection towards each other took place, and we married Nov. 6th, 1842.

God chastened us for the iniquity of our youth, by crossing our purposes and wishes in very many things, and weakened my tabernacle with affliction, so that we ate the bread of adversity during our short stay in the wilderness with each other.

From the first that my soul was led to God in prayer, she was earnestly petitioned for; but during the sickness which put an end to her life, I trust I may say, through grace, I travailed in birth for her till Christ was formed in her heart, the hope of glory; (Gal. iv. 19;) and then we realised the fruit and sweet effects together, as in some measure we "spoke of the glory of God's kingdom, and talked of his power." (Ps. cxlv. 11.)

From April 17th, 1846, the birth of our last child, she appeared very ailing; but nothing particular can I notice of a spiritual character till about the time she was attacked with her last illness, viz., consumption, Nov., 1846.

About this time, after reading the word of God and engaging in family prayer, we have sat for an hour or so talking upon spiritual and eternal matters. I frequently questioned her as to her own state, but she would always put from her any encouragement that she was spiritually concerned for her soul. She gradually became worse in body; and as I watched her minutely, I often perceived her in earnest and solemn thought; but if I asked her what engaged her mind so earnestly, she would give no answer concerning her soul's state. About the second week of January, 1847, one night after reading, &c., I particularly questioned her. She then told me that she had felt concerned about her soul for months, but added, "It is only natural feeling, from hearing of these things and my being ill." I said, "True, such is the case frequently; but the Lord is a God of means, and hearing his truth, and you being ill, may be the very means the Lord is about to make use of to manifest you to be his; but we 'must be born again.'" And I asked if that thought at all affected her, and she said, "No." However, feeling a desire not to encourage any false hopes, I said, "Then, Mary, according to the word of God, you are dead; and, living and dying dead in our trespasses and sins, we must be lost." From this time she became manifestly deeply concerned and exercised about her soul's state; and when talking together, she would say, "O to die without a hope, how distracting!"

On Feb. 18th, 1847, I had some considerable conversation with her, from which I felt a confirmed hope that she was truly and spiritually alive to her state as a sinner in the sight of God. We wept together. At this time her crying was, "I am lost, O I am lost, if I die as I am! I am lost, if I die in my sins, without a hope in Christ; I know I am lost!" and then she would weep sorely. She told me this night she had very long been exercised about her soul, but always felt afraid it was only natural feeling, so would not speak of it; "but," she added, "whether spiritual or natural, this I know, it is the constant subject of my thoughts and mind," often saying, "Without Christ I feel lost," &c. I tried to comfort her by offering all I could of the lowest Bible evidence of a God-fearing soul.

She gradually kept sinking. Her medical adviser ordered a change of air, as being beneficial to her health; and said, "If she is to get better, she must go into the country." She went to H—, having friends there; but returned much worse. The following is an extract from the first letter to me after she left:

"My dearest Husband,—I know how anxious you are to have a few lines from me, to know the state of my mind as well as my body. I feel almost afraid to say anything about it, lest it should be only natural feeling. If I have, or think I have any serious impressions, they do not appear lasting. I begin to think I shall be for ever lost, if Christ in mercy do not have compassion upon me. I thought I would try and read some of Bunyan's 'Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ,' which I did. I felt several times to be quite melted down, for I so feared I was not one of Christ's adopted that Bunyan speaks of. Still there remains a hope that Christ, in his tender mercy, would in his own time make it manifest, by speaking peace to my soul."

From this may be gathered evidence of a living sense of her lost estate, and a need of Christ as the only Saviour and salvation of a poor sinner. I wrote to her, as enabled, and on the following day her answer was as follows:

"My kind and faithful Partner,—How eagerly did I peruse your letter, which I read over and over again, and trust I found some comfort in reading it; but I feel sometimes so destitute of feeling, so prone to back-sliding, such a carelessness, that I begin to fear that the Lord should leave me to myself, that is, be as I used to be. O how I have wished I had never uttered a word to any one, but kept it to myself; and then if it was not the Lord's work, no one but my own conscience would have known it. Then, again, I think I am unbelieving; for yesterday afternoon I was very ill; as I sat in my chair resting my head on a pillow, my eyes being closed, I thought I would go to Christ, and I felt such a breathing of prayer to ask for the things I need, if this is going to him. I know no other way. O my ignorance! My dear husband, I think you will scarce know what to make of me; I feel so destitute of everything pertaining to Christ. Several times before I have tried to pray (if I dare call it praying) to God for peace and pardon through the blood of the Lamb, my mouth, as it were, has been shut that I could not utter a sentence. I read those passages of Scripture you directed me to, with several more besides, and I do enjoy the reading of those precious books. I feel a sweetness in their pages I used not to feel; but I want something applied with power to my soul before I can rest satisfied of my interest in Christ. But we must wait His divine will in all things.

You wished to know how my dear friend Jane's note affected me. I read it whilst getting my breakfast. I read it, and wept over it; there appeared something so kind and sympathising; and I said to myself, 'You do not know what I am; you are deceived in me;' and then I wept again. But I must return to answer your letter, hoping that the Lord will, in his own time, speak home with power to my soul that I am his, and his name shall have all the glory. Amen."

Previous to this letter, a female friend had written to her. The following was her answer:

"My very dear Friend,—I feel unworthy of the concern you have felt for me during my sickness. O how eagerly did I open your note to read the contents, which melted my heart within me. I wept and read, and wept again. I hope I have found some comfort from yours, and likewise from my dear husband's, more particularly his last, which I received this morning. I have not felt so despairing as I did a few days since. I read my Bible sometimes, and Hart's hymns. I find some of them very precious. The first part of the day I have not been able to read at all, but I think upon the whole I have been much better to-day. I hope my dear friend will not think I am at ease; far from it. I cannot rest short of Christ. I shall have quite a history to tell you, should the Lord in his tender mercy spare me once more to return home. To-day I have been quite annoyed by the Church parson; not Mr. R—, but his curate, Mr. W—. I have had several books brought me, but I do not read them. I know my own are truth, (the Bible, Bunyan's 'Come and Welcome to Jesus,' and Hart's Hymns,) and to them I keep, for fear I should get into error and lose what little I think I do know. But I do not think they will visit me much. Mr. R. said very little; but Mr. W. went on preaching with his eyes shut, until I was obliged to interrupt him. I said, 'It matters not what man can say unto me; I want something applied with power from Jesus Christ to my heart and conscience!' He did not like the saying, as he had it over more than once or twice. He came with no other intention but converting my soul, but God in mercy would not suffer me to be drawn into Satan's net. I hope it is not presumption in me to say, that the Lord was a shield to me. I hope, my dear friend, you will excuse my simplicity in answering your note, for I feel my ignorance so great as regards spiritual things; but you cannot expect much from one so young in the way.

"I remain, your sincere friend,

"H—, Monday evening, March 15th, 1847.

"MARY."

The following are a few words extracted from a note to me, enclosed in the above, in answer to mine of the 14th:

"I received your letter, which I eagerly opened. I could not at first read it, but after a while was enabled. I found the language it contained so sympathising that it melted me. Are those feelings natural or spiritual? I fear natural. But, my dear husband, I hope to see you in a day or two, and then we can have some talk! O how I should like to hear dear Mr. Creasey next Lord's Day. But farewell until we meet.

"H—, March 16th, 1847.

"MARY."

Accordingly I went on Wednesday, the 17th, and returned on the 20th. During my visit with her, I was rejoiced at the manifest work of God's saving grace in her poor soul. We had much spiritual conversation with each other, more than I can here notice, and the Lord blessed us with his presence in reading his word and in prayer. She was evidently thirsting after Christ, under a deep sense

of her lost estate. She told me how annoyed she had been by the village curate, and said, "Though I feel in so low a state, yet I would not change places with him for worlds." I very often found her breathing her soul out in prayer. She also expressed her desire for the Lord's house of worship, and her love to his saints; also her indignation against the canting and empty profession around her.

Friday morning, March 19th, upon entering her bedroom after breakfast, I found her in tears. We wept together. Upon asking her what was the cause, I had the joy to know it was a sweet melting of soul from these words, flowing in and through her soul with power in prayer, "Lord Jesus, quickly come," not to depart, but in a manifestive way and manner to her soul. O how humble she appeared, low and abased before God, in her soul! We enjoyed a sweet season with each other, and I trust the Lord granted her a sweet spiritual feeling of this, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." She complained much of spiritual destitution, as she was blessed with a deep sense of the same in herself. Her cry was constantly, "Without Christ revealed, I must perish. I have no other hope; but, O I scarcely can hope! yet in his mercy I do hope." I left her in much sorrow, feeling no real hope of her being better bodily. She promised to write to me by the Thursday following, if she were able, which she did, and it was the last letter she ever wrote:

"My faithful and attentive Partner,—I write, although I feel unable, fearing lest you should think me worse. On Monday you heard of the state of my body. On Tuesday I was extremely ill; such a faintness, similar to Sunday. I was obliged to lie down in the afternoon, which I found I must not do if I could possibly keep up, for when I do sleep my sweats are tremendous. On Wednesday I felt a little better in the morning, but at night I again felt uncommonly ill. I have such queer feelings in my head. I am so afraid I shall lose my senses; but whatever the Lord is pleased to afflict me with, I hope he will in mercy spare me them. I know not what to say as regards coming home, I am so incapable of waiting even upon myself. I shall be so glad, in a spiritual sense, when I am home; I am so beset with false professors; two women this last week, one a Ranter, the other a Wesleyan Methodist; She wrote down on a piece of paper Rom. v. and viii. and John xiv., which she sent by my cousin Betsy, and said she would either call and see me, or I was to go to her. I thought if I wrote her a few lines that would settle it; but no, she came to inform me the way to get to heaven. I said very little, and she found I did not receive what she said; but she expressed a wish to see me again, although I have no desire to see her, for hers is poor comfort to a wounded soul. On Monday evening I hope I may say I found some comfort from the 91st hymn of Hart's,

"'Christ is the friend of sinners,' &c.

If I have ever felt anything precious, I did this hymn. I read it again and again, and of several more I have felt the sweetness likewise. The Scriptures, I feel them blessed truths; I only regret my neglect of reading them. So you see, my dear, although I am not, as the people would have me, in a full assurance of faith, (as they term it,) I have a good hope through grace. Neither, my love, am I in despair, as I felt a day or so; but read Rom. viii. 25, and five or six following verses. I am illing to wait the Lord's time; that is the present state of my mind as

regards spiritual matters. Lastly, my beloved husband, do not fret on my account; the Lord will be better to us than all our fears. I must conclude with my best love to you, hoping you and the dear children are quite well.

“Remaining your sincere partner,
M. C.”

“H—, Thursday, March 25th, 1847.

In the foregoing letters of hers, during her visit at Heacham, surely a growth in grace is very evident, and that, too, under a sinking state bodily; for which cause she fainted not, as it is written, “Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.” (2 Cor. iv. 16.) “Bless the Lord, all ye his saints; bless the Lord, O my soul.”

After she had returned home, I found in her desk a copy of the few words she sent the Wesleyan Methodist woman at H—. I here copy them :

“Dear Friend,—I found the reading of Rom. viii. very comforting to me, more so from the 25th verse, and five or six following verses, which I wish you to read. Begin at the 25th verse; there you will see the exact state of my mind. The Lord says in his word, there ‘is a set time to favor Zion.’ I cannot refer to the passage, but I know it is Scripture; and I hope in that set time he will in mercy favor my poor soul with his pardoning love, and shine in me, that I may ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

“‘Though God’s election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God’s own mouth
That he has chosen me.’

“Farewell,
“Tuesdays, March 23rd, 1847. “MARY CLAYDON.”

The first Lord’s Day after her return home, which was April 4th, was a blessed day, and that with us both.

Early in the morning, before it was light, she asked me if I were awake. I was. She then told me she had just awoke in a very blessed and happy state, with a sweet promise to her, and which she felt was for her. It was, thy “bread shall be given; waters shall be sure.” (Isa. xxxiii. 16.) We had some sweet conversation upon it, feeling Christ to be the “bread of heaven,” (John vi. 48,) which poor sinners, by faith, feed upon; (John vi. 51;) and Christ, the water of life, (John iv. 14,) as a well of water in us, “springing up unto everlasting life.” Thus we understood the promise, and thus she fed upon it. From this time her soul appeared much stayed and in peace to what it had ever been; and often did she speak of this promise, always saying, “I felt it to me; O it was given to me!”

Monday week following this, the 12th, she, however, sank again. I had some conversation with her on the state she was in. I found her very distressed; indeed, more so than I ever did. We wept together. She said, “O Robert, to be without a hope in Christ! O how distracting!” I said, “Thousands are without that blessed treasure, and know no distress on account of it.” She said, “O I am lost; all my feelings are natural; O how destitute I am!” and looking at me, in much distress of soul, she said, “O to die without Christ!”

and then, biting her lips, she said, "Is not that distracting?" I said it was unutterably so, but such a feeling sense of it was felt only to a living soul. She said, "I want Christ." I said, "That want or desire will surely be granted," and spoke to her, although stammeringly, of the precious promises of a faithful covenant-keeping God, from Isa. xli., trying to show her the suitability of the promises to the characters therein described, and I trust at last drew out her hope, closing my poor remarks by referring to Rom. viii. 25, the first portion her soul felt comfort and support in; which is, "For if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." After this she became comforted and lifted up by, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." Every day something was to be seen, as a renewing of God's work in her soul, either of a distressing sense or otherwise, with fervent breathings of soul for the Lord to appear.

April 15th was the last day she was brought down stairs alive. All hope of her ever being better in this world was lost by me. This evening, as I was carrying her up stairs, she rested her poor head upon mine, and groaned out, "Lord Jesus, look upon me!" I said, after I got up stairs, "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine." (Ps. xxxiii. 18, 19.) She said, "The Lord bless you, my dear," but too much panted for breath to say more; and having such great difficulty in breathing, being so extremely faint and weak, requiring to be kept quiet and as still as possible, little could be said to her.

April 24th she was much worse, and thought she was dying; but the Lord, through the means of a draught, was pleased to revive her again. In the afternoon she spoke to her sister, as well as she was able, concerning her soul and spiritual realities. She told me, that while she was talking with her she felt her heart glow within, and a sweet liberty of soul and an enjoyment of an assurance of hope of eternal glory through the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he was hers and she his. In the evening she was got up to have her bed made, when she would sit a little time, and have me close to her, saying she wanted to talk with us; but, poor dear, she could scarcely be heard, except by me, as I was as near to her as she could get me. She spoke very firmly of her hope in Christ, but panted after further assurance. Looking at me in earnestness and energy of soul, with tears in her eyes, she said, "O to die without a hope, and be filled with wrath, how distracting!—eternal wrath! O distracting thought! But, O Robert, I have a better hope, a hope in Christ. O blessed hope! Lord, save me; have mercy upon me!"

April 25th, a day ever to be remembered by me so long as my senses remain unimpaired. According to her own request our dear boy was fetched home from S— for her to see him. Our friend came also, and her company my beloved Mary much enjoyed; and was, throughout the whole day, in a sweet enjoyment of a good hope through grace of eternal glory. This morning she would have me get my breakfast with her in bed. She gave commandment

concerning her funeral, and things connected with it, directing me how to proceed when she was gone. She also spoke of the many slights some of her family had shown me, and of the grief and vexation it had caused her, but said, "Never mind, I bless the Lord I ever knew you, and the providence of God that brought us together, for you have been the instrument of bringing me out of a reprobate family to the knowledge and light of the gospel. O Robert, my love for you is of a two-fold nature now." I spoke to her of the many strugglings of soul I had had in prayer to the God of Israel for her soul's salvation, and that I might be blessed with her, to speak to each other of "the glory of his kingdom," and talk of his power; and this morning it was realised. We wept and rejoiced together.

April 26th. In the morning her father came to see her. She told him she must leave him, spoke to him about me, and several things. He appeared affected, and promised her to behave well to me. After this, she spoke of those things no more to me. This evening, as she lay, I perceived her lips moving. I placed my head as near to her mouth as I could, and found she was in fervent prayer. I heard distinctly, "Jesus, take me to thy rest; I do not wish to be here. If it be thy blessed will, grant me a manifestation of my interest in the covenant ordered in all things, and sure." I did not speak to her, as she was inclined to sleep.

The next day, the 27th, I told her she reminded me of Hannah of old, who "spoke in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard." She said, "Yes." She was blessed, indeed, this day with a spirit of grace and supplication, and earnestly longed to be gone. This day our dear boy Robert went to S— again, leaving his dear, fond mother, to see her no more. She took the last farewell of her child with surprising fortitude and resignation, as she knew (having so dreamed) that she should see him no more, but, as she would often say, "was going to Christ, which is far better."

April 28th. She was violently attacked with panting for breath, was very restless, and overpowered for want of sleep, but could get none. We expected her to die every hour. Her sister, and our young women, were up all night with me. A restless night she had, indeed, bodily, and suffered much. During this night, at different times, she expressed her assurance of sleeping in Jesus, and was at times in ecstasy of joy, triumphing over death, hell, and the grave, through Christ, the Captain of her salvation. She extolled the mercy—the mercy of God towards her, speaking in language of deep self-abasement and godly sorrow; spoke of Christ as all in all and everything to her, a poor sinner; acknowledged the personal election of God, repeating this, "And I will take you one of a city, and two of a family," (Jer. iii. 14,) saying, "I did not seek the Lord; he sought me; and O the mercy that I, even I, out of a reprobate family should be brought to Christ! O is not that a mercy?" Claspings her hands and gazing upon me, she continued, from time to time during the night, praising and blessing the Lord, in such like expressions of thankfulness and praise, praying to depart and

"be with Christ, which is far better;" and then reproving herself for being, as she said, impatient, as she desired to wait the Lord's time, and to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." I said to her once, "O Mary, how blessed you are; you have got far above me." She answered and said, "*You are not dying, my dear; I am.*" And truly I can say that joy bounded in my soul, to hear her with her dying breath preach Christ and the faith she once cared not for. She said to her sister, taking her by the hand, "May the Lord bless your soul. O do you not see now that there is something in religion? Are you not convinced?" And then, turning to me, she said to her, "Do not despise my husband; and behave well to my children." From this blessed sealing time of the Spirit, she earnestly longed to be gone; and, at different times, when her death had been expected and she survived, she would express her disappointment that she did not die.

The next day was a suffering one with her, and a weeping one with me. After she sat up once, I said to her, "Try and lie down, and get to sleep." She answered and said, "I want to sleep in Jesus." This morning, I think it was, when we lifted her up to try and eat a little for breakfast, she said, with a sweet smile, "My Jesus has done all things well." I was with her all this day, according to her own request.

May 1st. She expressed a restlessness of desire "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," wishing every day to be her last, and hourly inquiring about the time. She told me her sufferings were great. Yet she would say, "God is long-suffering; he is a forbearing God." Her bodily state was such as to render it useless to read or say anything to her on spiritual things, only as she was moved to speak and required an answer, for she was by this time very deaf. After we had settled for the night, and she had said something to me about — (who sat up with us in turn this night), she reproved herself, and said to me, with an earnest and expressive look, "I want to go to my Christ—my Refuge, my Rock, my Hiding-place." I said, "Then he is *all* to you, is he?" She replied, with a look I shall never forget, piercing and full of expression, "I hope so!" She then lay down, and would have me do the same by her side, which I did; and being worn out with fatigue, I fell asleep, which was the last sleep I got by her side in bed.

May 2nd. About 4 o'clock, A.M., another change was evident, as from this time she slept soundly down to breakfast time, the perspirations in her sleep being heavy, standing upon, and rolling off her face in drops like peas. About half-past 10 o'clock she aroused herself again. I commenced talking with, her by repeating Hart's hymn, Gadsby's Selection, 251st :

"When Jesus, with his mighty love."

She firmly responded to it, and I asked her if that was her feeling. She said, "Yes." Previous to this she had asked me if I thought her safe in Christ (meaning, did I think she was his?) I said, "I hope so, but such a desire I cannot satisfy; nor can you be satisfied by my telling you so." She said, "No, no."

She spoke about dying with great composure, desiring it greatly, and apparently pleased to think she was in such circumstances. She wished to see the baby, and it was brought. She kissed it, and said, "May God bless its soul and bring it to its mother." I said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" and added, "This death-bed is to the glory of God. God is glorified in the death of his people, therefore their death is precious in his sight." She said, "O that he would take me!" I answered, "He is about doing so." She said, "*I am dying*;" I hope the Lord will grant me an easy death." I said, "Yes, perhaps in your sleep." She said, with a pleasant countenance to look upon, "I am going to Jesus; blessed hope;" and whispered something to herself in acclamations of praise. I repeated Jer. xiv. 8: "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble," and spoke of Christ being our hope, our peace, &c. She said, "This is the Lord's Day." I said, "Yes; and on the first day of the week, Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene, and you want him to appear to you." She said, "Yes," and something more which I could not hear. I then said, "You appear greatly composed, and can smile at death." She blessed the Lord, and continued uttering something too low for me to hear. I left off talking to her. She was again aroused about 3 o'clock, when I fed her. Just after this, her doctor came. He found her breathing better than he had for the last time or two, and was much surprised to find her continue as she did, and she was as much disappointed. She smiled to hear the poor doctor, who thought a parson must needs come to her. This evening another change took place in her, from which time to her last she continued in a very precarious state, and required night and day to be attended to by females, so that I had but short interviews with her, which were during my meals, &c.; also her sufferings became so great that spiritual conversation was much interrupted; yet, blessed be the Lord, we had at different times a few sweet words together, though she was very deaf, and could scarcely speak to be heard for difficulty of breathing.

May 4th, I think it was, she had been telling me how she suffered, &c., and then she poured out her soul to God to depart. After sitting a little time, I said, "How fervently you desire to die and go to heaven. Now is that merely to escape your present sufferings, or for the sake of Christ and being with him?" This was a close question, and I trembled as I asked her. She turned her eyes upon me, and gave a look that told me the whole powers of her soul were aroused, and said, "What do you say?" I told her again, and explained what I meant. She then, with a peaceful smile, said in energy of soul, "Robert, my dear, I have a better hope, though I do also wish my sufferings were at an end." We blessed the Lord together. Precious union and praise.

May 5th she suffered much. In the afternoon the Lord was pleased to grant her a sweet and soul-sealing visit, which I should have much liked to witness, and which caused her to rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ with "joy unspeakable and full of glory,"

being led by the Holy Ghost (in some measure) into fellowship with the Lamb slain, in his agonies and sufferings, during which time she felt hers light—yea, for a time, gone. When I returned home from work, she told me, as well as her poor panting breath would allow her, what a precious season she had experienced, and wished I had been present. She said, "I felt no pain of the chest then—no sore hip and ear; then all was gone." I gathered enough to ascertain the blessed nature of the season, and the sweet effects of the same on her soul, which was as I have just hinted at.

May 7th, her last entire day in this wilderness, she remained in much the same bodily state as the day or two before, until the forenoon, when a change was evident. I was sent for about 12 o'clock. When I got home, I found her, as I then thought, in the article of dying. Describe my feelings I cannot. O the throbs of anxiety and grief, and the glowings of joy together! the former to see her in agony and the sense of being bereaved of her; the latter in being assured that soon her "mortal would put on immortality," when the saying that is written would be fulfilled in her, "Death is swallowed up in victory." (1 Cor. xv. 54.) However, she suffered much, and continued the day through, though sinking fast under her sufferings.

At noon-time she expressed great disappointment that she did not die. In the afternoon, upon hearing the clock strike, she asked what it struck. Being told four, she said, "Then I wish it was ten."

May the 8th came, and she entered upon it dying. In her last few hours she suffered very much. O the efforts nature made for the breath of life! About a quarter before 4 o'clock, A.M., her last struggles were evident; but,

"Now all her foes were quelled, and every danger past;
Though death remain'd, he but remain'd to be subdued at last."

She kept talking up to the last seven or eight minutes, as well as she was enabled, and much of her poor, panting, dying breath was spent in fervent prayer to the Lord to depart. Some things I could distinctly hear at times. I heard her say, "O Lord, take me now away; if it be thy blessed will, take me now." Another time I heard her say, "I shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Whether it was, "I shall," or "I do rejoice," &c., I am not wholly certain. Again I heard, "Where shall be no more sin, no more pain, no more sickness, and sorrow shall be for ever done away." And again and again I could distinctly understand her to be in familiar converse with Jesus, from expressions like the following: "Christ Jesus, take me!" "O Lord Jesus, quickly come!" "O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! if it be thy blessed will, let it be now." Thus were her last breathings spent incessantly. She had appeared to be so earnest to depart as to feel impatient, but perfect resignation to the will of God she vitally enjoyed. Her last words I heard a few minutes before she died; they were, "Must wait thy will." Placing her hand in mine, she opened her eyes, looked upon me with satisfaction, and then closed them to open them no more.

Lynn.

ROBERT CLAYDON, JUN.

REVIEW.

Spiritual Pride; its Deceitful Nature and Evil Fruits. By President Edwards. Abridged. First printed in 1742. Price 6d. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

(Concluded from Page 354.)

OF all sins *pride* seems most deeply imbedded in the very heart of man. Unbelief, sensuality, covetousness, rebellion, presumption, contempt of God's holy will and word, hatred and enmity against the saints of the Most High, deceit and falsehood, cruelty and wrath, violence and murder, these, and a forest of other sins, have, indeed, struck deep roots into the black and rank soil of our fallen nature; and, interlacing their lofty stems and gigantic arms, have wholly shut out the light of heaven from man's benighted soul; but these and their associate evils do not seem so thoroughly interwoven into the very constitution of the human heart, nor so to be its very life blood as pride. The lust of the flesh is strong, but there are respite from its workings; unbelief is powerful, but there are times when it seems to lie dormant; covetousness is ensnaring, but there is not always a bargain to be made, or an advantage to be clutched. These sins differ also in strength in different individuals. Some seem not much tempted with the grosser passions of our fallen nature; others are naturally liberal and benevolent, and whatever other idol they may serve, they bend not their knee to the golden calf. Strong natural conscientiousness preserves many from those debasing sins which draw down general reprehension; and a quiet, gentle, peaceable disposition renders others strangers not only to the violent outbreaks, but even to the inward gusts of temper and anger. But where lust may have no power, covetousness no dominion, and anger no sway, there down, down in the inmost depths, heaving and boiling like the lava in the crater of a volcano, works that master sin, that sin of sins—pride. As Rome calls herself the Mother and Mistress of all the churches, so is Pride the Mother and Mistress of all the sins; for where she does not conceive them in her ever-teeming womb, she instigates their movements, and compels them to pay tribute to her glory.

The origin of evil is hidden from our eyes. Whence it sprang, and why God suffered it to arise in his fair creation, are mysteries which we cannot fathom; but thus much is revealed, that of this mighty fire which has filled hell with sulphurous flame, and will one day involve earth and its inhabitants in the general conflagration, the first spark was pride.

It is therefore emphatically the devil's own sin; we will not say his darling sin, for it is his torment, the serpent which is always biting, the fire which is ever consuming him; but it is the sin which hurled him from heaven and transformed him from a bright and holy seraph into a foul and hideous demon. How subtle, then, and potent must that poison be, which could in a moment change an angel into a devil! How black in nature, how concentrated in vir-

lence that venom, one drop of which could utterly deface the image of God in myriads of bright spirits before the throne, and degrade them into monsters of uncleanness and malignity!

Be it, then, borne in mind that the same identical sin which wrought such fearful effects in the courts of heaven was introduced by the Tempter into Paradise. "Ye shall be as gods," was the lying declaration of the father of lies. When that declaration was believed, and an entrance thus made into Eve's heart, through that gap rushed in pride, lust, and ambition. The fruit of the forbidden tree was "pleasant to the eyes;" there was food for lust. It was a tree "to be desired to make them wise;" there was a bait for pride. "They would be as gods;" there was a temptation to ambition. The woman tempted the man, as the serpent had tempted the woman; and thus, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.)

There are sins which men commit that devils cannot. Unbelief, infidelity, and atheism, are not sins of devils; for they believe and tremble, and feel too much of the wrath of God to doubt his threatenings or deny his existence. The love of money is a sin from which they are exempt, for gold and silver are confined to earth, and the men who live on it. The lusts of the flesh in all their bearings, whether gluttony, drunkenness, or sensuality, belong only to those who inhabit tabernacles of clay. But pride, malignity, falsehood, enmity, murder, deceitfulness, and all those sins of which spirits are capable, in these crimes, devils as much exceed men as an angelic nature exceeds in depth, power, and capacity a human one. The eye of man sees, for the most part, only the grosser offences against morality; it takes little or no cognisance of internal sins. Thus a man may be admired as a pattern of consistency, because free from the outbreaks of fleshly and mere human sins, whilst his heart, as open to God's heart-searching eye, may be full of pride, malignity, enmity, and murder, the sins of devils. Such were the scribes and pharisees of old; models of correctness outwardly, but fiends of malice inwardly. So fearful were these holy beings of outward defilement, that they would not enter into Pilate's judgment-hall, when at the same moment their hearts were plotting the greatest crime that earth ever witnessed—the crucifixion of the Son of God.

All sin must, from its very nature, be unspeakably hateful to the Holy One of Israel. It not only affronts his divine Majesty and is high treason against His authority and glory, but it is abhorrent to His intrinsic purity and holiness. It is, indeed, most difficult for us to gain a spiritual conception of the foul nature of sin as viewed by a Holy Jehovah; but there are, perhaps, times and seasons when, to a certain extent, we may realise a faint idea of it. It is when we are favored with the presence of God, see light in his light, and have the mind of Christ. Then how do we feel towards our base backslidings and filthy lusts? With what eyes does the new man of grace then view his sinful yoke-fellow, that base old man, that body of sin and death, that carnal mind in which dwelleth no good

thing, that heaving reeking mass of all pollution and abomination, which he is compelled to carry about with him whilst life lasts? He views it, how can he but view it except, with loathing and abhorrence. But what is this, for the most part, short and transient, and, in its very nature, weak abhorrence of evil, compared with the enduring and infinite hatred of God against sin, though it may aid us in obtaining a dim and faint conception of it?

But amongst all the evils which lie naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, pride seems especially to incur His holy abhorrence; and the outward manifestations of it have perhaps drawn down as much as, or more than, any other sin his marked thunderbolts. His unalterable determination against it, and his fixed resolve to bring down to the dust every manifestation of it, is no where so pointedly or so fully declared as in that striking portion of Holy Writ which forms the second chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah. And this is the burden of the whole, "And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." (Isaiah ii. 17.) But, besides these general declarations, the sacred record teems with individual instances of God's anger against this prevailing sin. Pride cost Sennacherib his army and Herod his life; pride opened the earth to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and hung up Absalom in the boughs of an oak; pride filled the breast of Saul with murderous hatred against David, and tore ten tribes at one stroke from the hand of Rehoboam. Pride drove Nebuchadnezzar from the society of his fellow-men, and made him eat grass as oxen, and his body to be wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown as eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. And as it has cut off the wicked from the earth, and left them neither son nor nephew, root nor branch, so it has made sad havoc even among the family of God. Pride shut Aaron out of the promised land, and made Miriam a leper white as snow; pride, working in the heart of David, brought a pestilence which cut off seventy thousand men; pride carried captive to Babylon Hezekiah's treasure and descendants, and cast Jonah into the whale's belly, and, in his feelings, into the very belly of hell. It is the only source of contention; (Prov. xiii. 10;) the certain forerunner of a fall; (Prov. xvi. 18;) the instigator of persecution; (Psalm x. 2;) a gin for the feet; (Psalm lix. 12;) a chain to compass the whole body; (Psalm lxxiii. 6;) the main element of deceitfulness; (Jer. xlix. 16;) and the grave of all uprightness. (Hab. ii. 4.) It is a sin which God especially abhors, (Prov. viii. 13, xvi. 5,) and one of the seven things which he abominates; (Prov. vi. 17;) a sin against which he has pronounced a special woe, (Isaiah xxviii. 1,) and has determined to stain it, (Isaiah xxiii. 9,) to abase it, (Dan. iv. 37,) to mar it, (Jer. xiii. 9,) to cut it off, (Zech. ix. 6,) to bring it down, (Isaiah xxv. 11,) and lay it low. (Prov. xxix. 23.) It was one of the crying sins of Sodom, (Ezek. xvi. 49,) desolated Moab, (Isaiah xvi. 6, 14,) and turned Edom, with Petra its metropolis, into a land where no man should dwell, and which no man should pass through. (Obadiah 3, 4, 9, 10; Jerem. xlix. 16—18.)

But pride is not content with her dominion over the children of this world, (Job xli. 34,) her native born subjects and willing slaves, among whom she rules with lordly sway, at once their tormenting mistress and adored sovereign. Not only does she set up her worship in every family of the land, and reigns and rules as much among the low as the high, swelling the bosom of the blind beggar who holds his hat for a halfpenny as much as of that high-born dame who, riding by in her carriage, will not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness. Not only does she subject to her universal influence the world of which Satan is god and prince, but she must needs intrude herself into the Church of Christ, and exalt her throne among the stars of God. She comes indeed here in borrowed garb, has put off her glittering ornaments and brave attire, in which she swells and ruffles amongst the gay flutterers of rank and fashion; and with looks demure, and voice toned down to the right religious key, and a dialect modelled after the language of Canaan, takes her seat among the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, much as Satan stood up among the sons of God. (Job i. 6.) And as she has put off her apparel, so has she changed her title, assuming that which shall give her the readiest and most unquestioned passport. "Humility" is the name with which she has new christened herself; and, slipping into the camp by the most lowly portal, she moves onward, aiming at no lower seat than the throne, and no less weapon than the sceptre. Some, however, of Zion's watchmen, and no one more than the writer of the work before us, have lifted up her veil, found out her real character, and, having first branded her on the forehead, "Spiritual Pride," have labored hard, though hitherto ineffectually, to cast her out of the congregation of the saints. But as all their labors have hitherto been ineffectual, and she still dwells in our midst, it may be as well to put her once more into the "Hue and Cry," and describe some of her features, referring to the work before us for a fuller and clearer description of this dangerous intruder.

1. *Ignorance*, and that worst species of it—ignorance of one's own ignorance—is evidently a main feature in her face. In this point she wonderfully resembles that stolid brother of hers, who is so much in every company—worldly pride. We are all ignorant, sadly ignorant of everything that belongs to our peace; but the first step out of ignorance is to be conscious of it. No persons are so thoroughly impracticable, so headstrong, so awkward to deal with, so deaf to all reason, so bent on their own will and way, so self-conceited, and so hopelessly disagreeable, as those unhappy persons, whether in the world or in the church, who are ignorant of their own ignorance. Touchy, sensitive, quarrelsome, always grumbling and complaining, unable to lead and yet unwilling to follow, finding fault with everything and everybody, tyrannical where possessed of power, though abject enough where any advantage is to be gained, bungling everything they do and yet never learning to do any better, making up in a good opinion of themselves for the general ill opinion of them by others—such persons are the plague of fami-

lies, workshops, churches, and congregations. When persons of this stamp become, as it is called, religious, being all the time really destitute of grace, their pride runs in a new channel, and with a strength in proportion to the narrowness of the banks. In them we see the disease at its height; but there are many of the Lord's people who exhibit strong symptoms of the same complaint. Yet what can be more opposed to grace or to the spirit and example of Him who said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart?" Where the true light shines into the soul there is a discovery of the greatness and majesty of God, of his holiness, purity, power, and glory; and with this there is a corresponding discovery of our own nothingness, insignificance, sinfulness, and utter worthlessness. This divine light being accompanied by spiritual life, there is raised up a tender conscience as well as an enlightened understanding. Thus is produced self-abasement, which every fresh discovery of the holiness of God and of our own vileness deepens and strengthens. This lays the foundation for true humility; and when God's mercy meets man's misery, and Christ is revealed to the soul, it cannot too much abase itself before his blessed Majesty, nor lie low enough in the dust of self-loathing and self-abhorrence. Humility is the daughter of grace, as pride is the child of ignorance.

2. Another marked feature in this impostress is, her *self-deceptiveness*. She may not succeed in deceiving others, but she rarely fails in deceiving herself. Thus she usually hides her real character most from those who are under her special influence. Patterns of humility externally to others, they are patterns internally of humility to themselves. Sweet is the incense which regales their nostrils from the admiration of others; but sweeter far is the odour of their own admiration of themselves. Other sins are not so self-deceptive, so self-blinding, so self-bewitching. Sensual thoughts, blasphemous or rebellious imaginations, anger, carnality, prayerlessness, deadness, coldness, unbelief—these and similar sins wound conscience, and are, therefore, at once detected as essentially evil. But the swellings of spiritual pride, though not hidden from a discerning eye and a tender conscience, are much concealed from those very religious people whose amazing humility and undeviating obedience are ever sending forth a sweet savor to delight their approving nostrils.

3. *The grossness and universality of her appetite* is a no less prominent feature. Other sins feed only on a limited and appropriate diet. Covetousness is confined to the love of money; sensuality, drunkenness, gluttony, to their peculiar gratifications. But pride is omnivorous. To her greedy maw no food comes amiss. Like the eagle, she can strike down a living prey; or, like the vulture, banquet on putrid carrion. Some are proud of their knowledge, others of their ignorance; some of their consistency, others of their freedom from all tight restraints; some of their gifts, others of their very graces; some of their ready speech, others of their prudent silence; some of their long profession, others of their deep experience; some of their Pharisaic righteousness, others of their Antinomian security. The minister is proud of his able sermons; the deacon of his wise

and prudent government ; the church member of his privileges above the rest of the congregation. Some are proud because they attend to the ordinances, others because they are not tied up in the yoke of church discipline ; some are proud of the world's contempt, and others of the world's approbation ; some are proud of their gentility, and others of their vulgarity ; some of their learning, and not a few of their want of it ; some of their boldness to reprove, and others of their readiness to forgive ; some of their amiability, and others of their austerity ; some because others think well of them, and others because nobody thinks well of them but themselves. Thus, as some weeds flourish in every soil, and some animals feed on every food, so does pride flourish in every heart, and pasture on every article of diet. When an apostle was caught up into the third heaven, pride assailed him as soon as he came back to earth, so that it was needful for a thorn to be given him to rankle in his flesh for the remainder of his life, in order to let out its venom. Pride would have been too much even for Paul's grace, but for this messenger of Satan daily to buffet him. Pride set the twelve disciples by the ears who should be the greatest ; and pride widened, if it did not originate, the breach between Paul and Barnabas. It was the pest of the primitive churches as well as of our own. The pride of gifts was the besetting sin of the Corinthian church ; the pride of legal observances the sin of the Galatian church, the pride of vain philosophy of the Colossian church. Timothy was not to allow novices to preach, for pride was their besetment ; and he is especially cautioned against those who will not consent to wholesome words as being "proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness." (1 Tim. vi. 4, 5.) None are exempt from her baneful influence. She works in the highest Calvinist as well as in the lowest Arminian ; swells the bosom of the poorest, most illiterate dissenting minister, as well as puffs up the lawn sleeves of the most lordly bishop. And, what is far worse, even in those who know, love, and preach the truth, spiritual pride often sets brother against brother, friend against friend, minister against minister. She is full of cruel jealousy and murderous envy, greedily listens to the slanderous tales of whisperers and backbiters, drinks down flattery with insatiable thirst, measures men's grace by the amount of their approbation, and would trample in the mire the most honored of God's servants, that by standing upon them she might raise herself a few inches higher. The very opposite to charity, she suffereth not long, and is never kind ; she envieth always, and ever vaunteth herself ; is continually puffed up, always behaveth herself unseemly, ever seeketh her own, is easily provoked, perpetually thinketh evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth not in the truth ; beareth nothing, believeth nothing (good in a brother), hopeth nothing, endureth nothing. Ever restless and ever miserable, tormenting herself and tormenting others, the bane of churches, the fomentor of strife, and the extinguisher of love—may it be our

wisdom to see, our grace to abhor, and our victory to overcome her ; and may the experience of that verse in Hart's hymn be ours :

"The garden is the place Where pride cannot intrude,
For should it dare to enter there, 'Twould soon be drown'd in blood."

Jonathan Edwards was singularly qualified to probe the depths of this peculiar disease. He enjoyed great natural gifts. Few men have ever possessed a mind of equal reasoning powers, and gifted with such a depth of penetration into the very heart of the most difficult and abstruse subjects. He was accustomed daily to search into and analyse his own mind to its inmost depths, and grace had taught him to bring to the test of God's word and to the light of his countenance, all the secret workings of his heart, whether natural or spiritual. He lived too, at a time, and in a country, such as we can form little idea of. Besides the general tone and spirit of religious feeling which pervaded the whole of New England, there had been a most remarkable revival in his own town and congregation. This circumstance is thus recorded in his life :

"The year 1735 opened on Northampton in a most auspicious manner. A deep and solemn interest in the great truths of religion had become universal in all parts of the town, and among all classes of people. This was the only subject of conversation in every company; and almost the only business of the people appeared to be to secure their salvation. So extensive was the influence of the Spirit of God, that there was scarcely an individual in the town, either old or young, who was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. This was true of the gayest, of the most licentious, and of the most hostile to religion. And in the midst of this universal attention, the work of conversion was carried on in the most astonishing manner. Every day witnessed its triumphs; and so great was the alteration in the appearance of the town, that, in the spring and summer following, it appeared to be full of the presence of God. There was scarcely a house which did not furnish the tokens of his presence, and scarcely a family which did not present the trophies of his grace. "The town," says Mr Edwards, "was never so full of love, nor so full of joy, nor yet so full of distress, as it was then." Whenever he met the people in the sanctuary, he not only saw the place crowded, but every hearer earnest to receive the truth of God, and often the whole assembly dissolved in tears; some weeping for sorrow, others for joy, and others from compassion. In the months of March and April, when the work of God was carried on with the greatest power, he supposes the number, apparently of genuine conversions, to have been at least four a day, or nearly thirty a week, take one week with another, for five or six weeks together.

"Upwards of fifty persons above forty years of age, and ten above ninety, nearly thirty between ten and fourteen, and one of four, became, in the view of Mr. Edwards, the subjects of the renewing grace of God. More than three hundred persons appeared to become Christians in half a year, about as many of them males as females. Previous to one sacrament, about one hundred were received to the communion, and nearly sixty previous to another; and the whole number of communicants, at one time, was about six hundred and twenty, including almost all the adult population of the town."

Now, assuming even that there was much natural excitement in all this, it only opened a wider field of discovery for his acute and penetrating eye. What a crop of spiritual pride must have sprung up on this fertile soil, and of the 620 communicants how many subjects for his close and acute analysis! But, besides this, as it was essentially a religious colony, all shades and grades of opinion were there prevalent. What was called by him "Antinomianism"

was very prevalent, and it is probable that in the ranks of those so denominated there were some really deserving the title. There was also a great deal of wild fanaticism, as is evident from many circumstances mentioned in his work on the "Religious Affections." This would be one extreme; and the rigid rules of Puritanism, we may be sure, would have a tendency to generate the other extreme—Pharisaic self-righteousness. Here then was an ample field of observation for one possessed of such acute mental powers as Jonathan Edwards, and gifted also as he was with peculiar grace to sit in judgment over his own motives and heart.

It is, then, a master-piece of spiritual analysis, laying bare the very heart's-core of spiritual pride. Drawing his materials, as he did, from living, walking men and women, it is a complete gallery of portraits, the likenesses of which may be found in Old England as well as in New England, and in 1853 as well as in 1753. It is, indeed, a mirror in which Spiritual Pride may be clearly seen through all her disguises; and if those most under its influence do not see their own features reflected in it, there is this advantage, that others can see it for them. By the aid of this little manual of detective police, many a person of great supposed religious attainments may be discovered to possess much less grace than he gives himself credit for. Weighed here in the balance of the sanctuary, much of his humility is found out to be pride, his faithfulness and boldness to be leavened with self-conceit, and his austerity and rigidity to flow more from self-righteousness than grace.

But our pen has already much outrun its usual limits, and we have left ourselves too little space for extracts. Take, however, as a specimen of the work, the following description of spiritual pride, as traced by this skilful hand:

"2. Spiritual pride is more hidden, and with much more difficulty discerned than any other corruption, for this reason—that it does very much consist in a person's having *too high a thought of himself*, and thinks he has just grounds for such an opinion; if not, he would cease to have it. This evil consists in a high conceit of those two things—viz., their *light* and their *humility*, both which are a strong prejudice against the discovery of their pride; for being proud of their light makes them not jealous of themselves; as he that thinks a clear light shines around him is not suspicious of an enemy lurking near him unseen; and their being proud of their *humility*, makes them, least of all, jealous of themselves in that particular, viz., as being under the prevalence of pride. 'Who can understand his error? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' (Ps. xix. 12.)

"3. In nothing in this world is the heart of man so deceitful and unsearchable as in this matter of spiritual pride, and not one of which they are so hardly convinced. The very nature of it is to work *self-confidence*, and drive away self-diffidence. It appears in many unsuspected shapes, even as an angel of light; it takes occasion to arise from everything; it perverts and abuses everything, and exerts itself even in the exercises of real grace and real humility. This sin has, as it were, many lives. If you think you kill it, it lives still; if you mortify and suppress it in one shape, it rises in another; there are so many kinds of it, and in different forms, one under the other, that they encompass the heart like the coats of an onion.

"4. Spiritual pride is, in its own nature, so secret, that it is not so well discerned by immediate intuition of the thing itself, as by the *effects and fruits of it*, some of which I would here mention, together with the contrary fruits of pure Christian humility. Spiritual pride is very apt to suspect others;

whereas, a humble saint is most jealous of himself, and is so suspicious of nothing in the world as he is of his own heart. The spiritually-proud person is apt to find fault with other saints, that they are low in grace; and to be much in observing how cold and dead they be, and crying out at them for it; and is quick in discerning and taking notice of their deficiencies: but the eminently humble Christian has so much to do at home, sees so much evil in his own heart, and is so concerned about it, that he is not apt to be busy with others' hearts; he complains most of himself, and cries out from a sense of *his own* coldness and lowness in grace; consequently he esteems others better than himself, and is ready to hope there is no one but has more love and thankfulness to God than he, and cannot bear to think that others should bring forth more fruit to God's honour than himself. Some that have spiritual pride mixed with high discoveries and joys, are prone to call on other Christians about them, and sharply reprove them for being so cold and lifeless; while others, very differently, in their raptures, are overwhelmed with a sense of their own vileness; and, when they have great discoveries of God's glory, are all taken up with their own sinfulness; and though they also may be disposed to speak much, yet it is in crying out of themselves, and exhorting their fellow-Christians, but this in a charitable and humble manner. Pure Christian humility disposes its possessor to take notice of everything that is in any respect good in others, to make the most of that, and strive to diminish their failings, but to have his eye chiefly on those things that are bad in himself, and to notice and guard against what aggravates them."

Now examine the following portrait, and see whether it is over-drawn. Scrutinise well its features. May be it represents thine own:

"5. The manner of some persons has been to speak of almost everything that they see amiss in others in the *most harsh, severe, and terrible language*—of their opinions, conduct, or advice—of their coldness, silence, caution, moderation, prudence, and many things that appear in them—that these are from the devil, or from hell—that such a thing is devilish or cursed, that such are serving the devil, or that they are soul-murderers, and the like. And such language they will commonly use, not only towards wicked men, but them also that *they themselves allow to be the true children of God*, and also towards ministers of the gospel, and others that are *very much their superiors*; and such behaviour they regard as a virtue and high attainment. 'Oh,' say they, '*we must be plain-hearted and bold for Christ—we must declare war against sin wherever we see it—we must not mince the matter in the cause of God, and when speaking for Christ.*' And to make any distinction in persons, or to speak the more tenderly because the wrong is seen in a superior, they consider very mean for a follower of Christ when speaking in his Master's cause. Oh! what a strange device of Satan is this, to overthrow all Christian meekness and gentleness, to defile the mouths of the children of God, and to introduce the language of common sailors among them, under a cloak of high sanctity, and zeal, and boldness for Christ! It is a remarkable instance of the weakness of the human mind; and how much too cunning the devil is for us!

"6. The grand defence of this way of speaking is, that they *say no more than what is true*—that they only speak the truth, without mincing the matter—and that real Christians that see the evil of sin, and know their hearts, will own it to be true, and not be offended at such harsh expressions concerning them and their sins. 'It is only,' say they, 'hypocrites, or cold and dead Christians, that are provoked, and feel their enmity rise on such occasions.' But it is a grand mistake, to think that we may commonly use, concerning one another, such language as represents the worst of each other, *although according to strict truth*. Every degree and kind of sin is from the devil, and is accursed; and if persons had a full sight of their hearts, they would think no terms too bad; they would appear as beasts, serpents, and even devils to themselves, and would be at a loss for expression to describe what they saw; the worst would seem too faint to represent it. But shall a child use such language towards a holy father or mother, that they have devilish and cursed dispositions, &c. &c.? And shall the meanest of the people be justified

in using such words concerning excellent magistrates or their most eminent ministers? To proceed on such principles, what a face will be given to the church of Christ—the little beloved flock of that gentle Shepherd, the Lamb of God! What sounds will be brought into the house of God, and into the family of his dear little children! How far off shall we soon banish that lovely humility, sweetness, gentleness, mutual honour, benevolence, complacency, and the esteem of others above themselves, which ought to clothe the children of God all over! Christians should certainly watch over one another, and reprove faithfully and plainly, and be much in it; but it does not thence follow, that dear brethren in the Lord's family should, in rebuke, employ worse language than Michael, the archangel, durst use, when contending with the devil himself. Christians, that are but fellow-worms, ought at least to treat each other with as much humility and gentleness as Jesus, who is infinitely above them, treats *them*. When his soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death, and he, in a dismal agony, was crying and sweating blood for them, how did he treat his disciples, who were so cold towards him—so regardless of his sufferings, that they would not watch with him, not even be with him one hour in his great distress, though he once and again desired it of them?"

Extracts, however, give an imperfect idea of the work itself. It should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. Besides its intrinsic value, we may add that it possesses two other recommendations. First, It is cheap. Being a reprint, it is published for sixpence. Secondly, The profits are to go to the aid of that excellent institution, "The Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society."

With these recommendations in its favor, we think we may safely leave it in the hands of our readers. Being written nearly a hundred years ago, it may reprove without personality, and rebuke without giving offence; and as it points to the remedy as well as discovers the malady, it may, with the Lord's blessing, be a means of edifying and instructing those who are willing to listen to its words of grace and truth.

O the bitter cries and complaints that the broken hearted have, and make to one another! still every one imagining that his own wounds are deepest, and his own sores fullest of anguish, and hardest to be cured.—*Bunyan*.

Some may say they shall think it very hard if God does not take them to heaven at last. How many times have you prayed that God would bestow this blessing upon you before everything else, that whatever may be your lot here, you may enjoy the presence of Jesus at God's right hand for evermore? Perhaps you would pray if they were flogging in one room and praying in another; but if you only pray to escape a flogging, if you only desire to go to heaven that you may escape hell, it is a poor look out.—*W. T.*

The law was established with divine solemnity among the Israelites, yet they were evermore deserting this establishment, and warping to idolatry. And how were they reclaimed? By a prophet's mouth, you say. True; but a prophet's mere preaching could no more reclaim the people than a prophet's dancing. God gave a promise to his prophet, "I will pour upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and supplication;" (Zech. xii. 10;) and so the work was done. Where the Spirit of grace fell, a change was wrought.—*Berridge*.

INDEX.

A Brief Account of the Lord's Dealings with my Soul	242, 279, 308
A Fragment by Rusk.....	283
A Love Visit	180
A Precious Jesus in Time of Need	360
A View of Jesus.....	365
A Wonderful Mystery	359
A Word of Counsel	366
Backsliding (On) by Rusk.....	283
Benefits (The) of a Mercy Seat	14, 37, 69, 101, 133, 165
Biography and Experience of Dr. U. S. Lindsley ...	20, 45, 76, 110, 139
Brief Account (A) of the Lord's Dealings with my Soul ...	242, 279, 308
By these Things Men Live.....	74
Carnal Mind (The).....	267
Christian Directory	362
Consolation in Affliction.....	300
Editors' Address	5
——— Remarks	14, 20, 28, 55, 109, 115, 147, 148, 172, 299
——— REVIEW : The Protector, Oliver Cromwell.....	63, 88
——— Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon, and Life and Experience of Whitefield	126, 157, 219
——— How many Lies are there in the Church Catechism? ..	252
——— Epistles of Faith	285, 318
——— Spiritual Pride	347, 381
Fiery Trial (The)	207
Fragment (A) by Rusk	283
Fugitive (The) not to be given up.....	331
Happiness	274
Heart of Man (The)	364
He delivered my Soul	210
Highlands (The) Work of God in	142
INQUIRIES, with EDITORS' ANSWERS :	
A Married Woman deserted by her Husband	55, 115
Emigration	148
Joseph Perry (Life of)	197, 229, 261, 293, 325
Letters by J. Jenkins	27, 173
J. Keyt	51, 315
W. Moore	81, 337

INDEX.

Letter by James Abbott	361
—— Wm. Abbott.....	300
—— Ann Boorne	175
—— C. Broadbridge	367
—— W. Gadsby	204
—— Charles Lodge	42
—— E. Parsons	240
—— Mr. Radford, of Exeter	107
—— Henry Tanner, of Exeter.....	145
—— John Warburton	207
Love is as strong as Death.....	29
Let us run with Patience	345
Life of Joseph Perry	197, 229, 261, 293, 325
Lame (The) take the Prey.....	212
Lindsley (Dr. U. S.) Biography and Experience of...20, 45, 76, 110, 139	
Love Visit (A)	180
 Mystery (The) of Faith in a pure Conscience	18
 Narrative of the Experience of Dr. U. S. Lindsley...20, 45, 76, 110, 139	
 OBITUARY :	
Ann Boorne, of Greenwich	120
Alice Ditchfield, of Chorley	82
Mr. Papworth, of Elsworth	31, 56
Sukey Harley.....	355
Mary Pratt Claydon	371
Mrs. Walsh, of Preston.....	190, 214, 247
Outlines of a Sermon by Wm. Abbott	175
 Precious Jesus in Time of Need	360
Presence of God (The)	338
 Rutherford's Christian Directory	362
 Sermon (Outlines of) by William Abbott	175
—— (Substance of) by D. Shorter	334
Scriptural Evidences of a Work of Grace.....	304
Spiritual Meaning (The) of the Word "Well".....	235, 269
 The Benefits of a Mercy Seat... ..14, 37, 69, 101, 133, 165	
The Carnal Mind	267
The Fiery Trial	207
The Fugitive not to be given up	331
The Heart of Man.....	364
The Mystery of Faith in a pure Conscience	18
The Lame take the Prey	212
The Lord heareth the Poor, and despiseth not His Prisoners	369
The Presence of God	338
The Spiritual Meaning of the Word "Well"	235, 269
The Witness of the Spirit.....	189
The Work of God in the Highlands	142
There is no Fear in Love	302
There I will Meet with Thee.....	184
Two Nations are in thy Womb.....	43
 View of Jesus.....	365

INDEX.

Watch unto Prayer.....	278
Who is This that Cometh Up from the Wilderness	186
Witness (The) of the Spirit	189
Woe is Me that I sojourn in Meshech	205
Wonderful Mystery (A).....	359
Word of Counsel	366

POETRY.

A Dialogue	259
An Admonition	228
Death of R. Papworth	68
I press toward the Mark	324
On Despair	36
The Blood of Jesus.....	99, 131, 163
The True Christian Delineated	291
To a Suffering Member of Christ's Body	196

LONDON:

J. GADSBY, PRINTER, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

WORKS

*Published by J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London.
May be had by ordering of any Bookseller who receives parcels from London.*

The WORKS of the late W. GADSBY, Manchester, with PORTRAIT. In Two Volumes. Price 6s. in Cloth; 8s. Half Calf lettered; or, with the Memoirs prefixed, 9s.

Vol. I. contains, 1, The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Conduct; 2, The Present State of Religion, or, What are the People miscalled Antinomians? 3, The Perfect Law of Liberty, or the Glory of God revealed in the Gospel; 4, Controversy on the Law, including Replies to Stevens, Gawthorn, Bogue, and Bennett; 5, What is Faith?

Vol. II. contains: 1, An Address to the Regenerated Church of Christ; 2, An Everlasting Task for Arminians; 3, Lines in Praise of Free Will; 4, A Few Hints to them that are Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called; 5, A Catechism; 6, A Dialogue between a Parent and Child; 7, A Christmas-Box for Children, being a Hint to the Professing World, in Three Dialogues; 8, A New Year's Gift for the Seed-Royal; 9, The Lamentation of a New-Born Soul, being a Dialogue between Three Innates, a Female Visitor, and the Matron, in a Female Penitentiary; 10, An Address to Youth; 11, Musical Festivals and their Patronising Clergy Dissected by the Knife of God's Truth; 12, A Few Thoughts for the Consideration of the Evangelical Clergy; 13, The Unity of the Church, being a Letter to Mr. C. W. Ethelston; 14, Christ the Believer's Breakwater; 15, A Dream; 16, The Nature and Design of the Marriage Union; 17, The Glory of God's Grace; 18, Zion, the City of our Solemnities; 19, The Long-suffering of God; 20, The Publican's Prayer; 21, Thoughts on Sunday Schools; 22, Select Hymns, &c.

Extract from a Letter.—“I have not charged more for the books I have sold than the cost price. If those ministers who loved your father for the truth's sake would order some copies of his works and sell them at cost price, I am persuaded much good might be done. I feel constrained to do this from the love I had to the author, whose memory is blessed, and who, though dead, yet speaketh. The sweet, powerful, and deeply experimental way in which he was enabled by God the Holy Ghost to preach and write, I have, through reading this edition of his works, found revived, and have again had my soul refreshed and strengthened.”—J. F.

Publishing in Numbers, at Threepence each, to be completed in about 12 or 15 Numbers,

MY WANDERINGS. Being TRAVELS IN THE EAST in 1846-47, 1850-51, 1852-53. By JOHN GADSBY. This work will contain some account of Malta; Greece; Constantinople; the Seven Churches of Asia; Egypt and its great River the Nile, (Sihor, Jer. ii. 18,) its Temples, Monuments, Mummy Pits, and Cities; the Red Sea; Ethiopia, or Nubia; the great Desert and its Camels; Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Ishmaelites; Beersheba, Hebron, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jericho, Joppa, Cesarea, and other parts of the “Holy Land;” (Zech. ii. 12;) Sicily, Italy, Gibraltar, France, &c.; Manners and Customs of the People; Religions, Superstitions, Ceremonies, &c.; Scripture Prophecies and their Fulfilment; Illustrations of the Old and New Testaments, with Engravings on Wood; Attacks of the Arabs; Storms at Sea; Spiritual and Providential Mercies, &c. &c.

“As we have been greatly interested in the perusal of this narrative thus far, we shall anxiously watch its progress, and hope, in future numbers, to give occasional extracts.”—*Gospel Magazine*, Nov., 1853.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

“My anticipations have been more than realized. It is pleasing to follow you in the relating of your incidents. I felt as if I were with you, witnessing the same things. As a small map represents a large country at one view, so is your little work—much in little—the pith and marrow of your extensive travels. I hear but one opinion of its merits, ‘very interesting,’ ‘deeply interesting,’ and what makes it doubly so to me is your illustration and elucidation of Scripture history.”—J. F.

“We think the ‘Wanderings’ very interesting and profitable. The work increases in interest as it advances.”—J. K.

“I am much pleased with your ‘Wanderings;’ and your account of the state of your mind from time to time is not the least interesting part.”—W. C. C.

“We have read your ‘Wanderings.’ They are deeply interesting.”—E. S.

“I am very much pleased with your travels. You are too severe on the doctors; but the work is exceedingly well written, and quite original.”—R. D. (M.D.)

“Myself and friends experience great delight and pleasure in reading your travels.”—J. G.

“When I got into your fifth chapter, and read, from the pen of one whom I must believe, things so astoundingly grand, and so in harmony with the Scriptures, I was obliged to take time, and wonder. . . . I reflected upon your glowing description of the various things and places, Mar’s Hill among the rest, till I thought myself almost among the ruins of Grecian glories.”—A. B. T.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

VOL. XX., 1854.

LONDON:
JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.
1854.

LONDON:
J. GADSBY, PRINTER, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET,
FIET STREET.

INDEX TO THE SIGNATURES.

- Abbott (W.), 176.
 A. B. T., 150, 274.
 A. B., 388.
 A. C., 140.
 A Constant Reader, 386.
 An Inquirer, 216.
 Anonymous, 88, 142, 146, 210, 300.
 A Lover of the Truth, 281, 308, 336.
 A Tried One, 41.
 A Voice from the Wilderness, 115.
 A Wayfaring Man, 121.
 A Watchman, 18.
 Berridge, 380.
 Boston (T.), 304.
 Broadbridge (G.), 214.
 Boorne (Anne), 47.
 Brown (W.), 123.
 Brown (John), 372, 385.
 Bunyan, 26, 52, 125, 175, 201, 215,
 249, 303, 325, 333, 380.
 Collyer, 80.
 Coles (Elisha), 21, 29, 70, 122, 186,
 229, 237, 287, 292.
 C. M., 179.
 Davidson (H.), 304.
 D'Aubigné, 114.
 Doddridge, 61, 114, 155, 181, 201,
 262, 277, 280, 335, 389.
 D. M., 78.
 E. M., 144.
 Erskine (Ralph), 231, 263.
 E. S., 371.
 E. W. W., 39, 173.
 Gadsby (William), 17, 273.
 Goldsmith (Edward), 46.
 Goulding (Christopher), 183, 327,
 359.
 G. T. C., 85, 270, 381.
 Huntington (William), 23, 29, 71,
 103, 172, 215, 237, 278, 280, 292,
 303, 335, 368, 385.
 I. K., 199.
 J. B., 236.
 J. C., 189.
 J. C. R., 172.
 Jenkins (J.), 117, 211, 278.
 J. G., 102.
 J. H., 22.
 Joss (Torial), 268.
 J. S., 16.
 J. T., 81, 279, 334.
 J. W., 44, 384, 390.
 Keyt (J.), 25, 148.
 Kershaw, (John) 167.
 Lindsley, (U. S.), 202, 238.
 Luther, 17, 23, 43, 84, 141, 166, 175,
 221, 249, 267, 278, 326, 372.
 Macgowan, 222.
 Mason (John), 45, 61, 80, 95, 120,
 143, 182, 223, 230, 235, 247, 287,
 292, 301, 390.
 Mason (William), 21.
 M. D., 370.
 M. H., 51.
 M'Kenzie (J.), 112.
 Offer (Stephen), 248, 302.
 Owen, 36, 50, 101, 114, 140, 155,
 189, 213, 230, 269, 287, 308, 315,
 333, 369.
 Parsons (E.), 212.
 R. R., 51, 145.
 Rutherford (S.), 24, 111, 118, 140,
 189, 229, 261, 287, 294, 301, 325,
 326, 358, 389.
 Smith (William), 295.
 S. S., 27.
 T. G., 119.
 T. K., 250.
 Toplady, 24, 46, 70, 88, 134, 181,
 198, 221, 247, 277, 280, 315, 325,
 326, 335.
 Ward (A.), 182, 307.
 Warburton (John), 44.
 W. R., 113.
 W. S., 171, 305.
 W. T. (Abingdon), 21, 38, 43, 84,
 102, 125, 147, 186, 230, 253, 380.
 W. T. (Pentonville), 301.

POETRY.

- An Exile, 293,
 Anonymous, 37, 102, 326.
 A. S., 358.
 Berridge (John), 262.
 Boorne (W.), 178.
 I. H., 230.
 I. M. U., 166.
 J. W., 390.
 M. D., 358.
 R. S., 70, 134.
 W. B., 102.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XL 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

NO. 217. JANUARY, 1854. VOL. XX.

ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

WE have been so long accustomed to greet our spiritual readers at the opening of each new year with an Annual Address, that, were we now to discontinue our wonted custom, we should incur, we fear, the charge either of neglecting our friends, or of a declension from those kind and affectionate feelings which we have hitherto entertained towards them. It is the privilege of the Editor of a Periodical which circulates so widely among the children of God, to count them as so many friends; and to minister to their spiritual instruction, consolation, and edification, as it is his peculiar office, so it is the main reward of his labor of love. In thus ministering to their spiritual profit, we would rather set before them what has dropped from the lips and pens of others than anything of our own. Yet as something is expected from our pen on the present occasion, and in consulting our own feelings, we might seem to be inattentive to the feelings of others, we will, without further preface or apology, direct the thoughts of our friends to a subject which must ever be of vital importance to the church of Christ—the *manifested union which exists, or should exist, among the living family of God.*

When the Lord Jesus was about to shed his precious blood on the cross for the redemption of his church, he offered up before he suffered, as if anticipating that branch of the priestly office which he now exercises, that intercessory prayer for his disciples which is recorded by the Holy Spirit, John xvii. Among the petitions which he, as the great High Priest over the house of God, then offered up, was one which, reaching beyond his immediate disciples, embraced the whole church of which he is the living Head: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John xvii. 20, 21.) The union

thus prayed for by the blessed Redeemer is not so much *actual* as *manifested* union. A few words may show the difference and explain our meaning. There is a *real* union amongst the family of God which exists previously to, and is the basis of, their *manifested* union. The foundation of this union amongst the members, as well as the source whence it flows, is their union with Christ, their living Head. This actual union of the members with Christ, their divine Head, and with each other in him, is set forth in Scripture under various figures. The husband and the wife, the vine and the branches, the corner stone and the living stones, the head and the body, the elder brother and the younger brethren,—these and similar figures will at once occur to the spiritual mind as emblems of this true and actual union, which, uniting the members to Christ, unites them in him with each other.

But besides this actual, substantial union, there is a *manifested* union, of which love is the cementing tie, and whereby they become evidenced to themselves and to each other, and, as the Lord prayed, even to the world, as fruitful branches in the only true vine. This union, therefore, is no mere agreement in opinion, though this harmony does for the most part exist; nor a similarity of taste and inclinations, though this actually prevails; nor a coincidence in the object of pursuit, though a oneness on this point subsists. Such bonds of union are too earthly, too natural, too temporary, and too feeble to constitute that peculiar tie which unites heart to heart the regenerated family of God.

These two kinds of union, actual and manifested, as they are contained or implied in the petition of the Lord which we have quoted, so are they clearly and beautifully set forth by the Apostle Paul Eph. iv. 1—6. We quote the latter portion of the text first as showing the foundation and nature of that substantial union which binds together the Head and the members: "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, one faith, one baptism; One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." In the above words we find actual, substantial union set forth. Thus there is "one body," of which Christ is the Head; "one Spirit," who regenerates, teaches, leads, and comforts all the members; "one hope," laid up for all in heaven, and now anchoring within the veil; "one Lord" Jesus, whom all adore and worship, believe in and love; "one faith," one in grace as its source, in Jesus as its object, in doctrine as the truth, in operation as purifying the heart, in end as salvation; "one baptism," one in substance, the baptism of the Spirit, and one in shadow, immersion in the name of the Trinity;

"one God," whom to know is life eternal; "and Father of all," who loves every son and daughter, whether fathers, or young men, or little children, or babes with equal love; who is "above all," and therefore above all their differences and divisions, and their Father notwithstanding them; "through all," shedding abroad his love in their hearts, and thus pervading and influencing all; and "in them all," dwelling and walking in them all, according to his covenant promise, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." (2 Cor. vi. 16.) What a union is this! how substantial and actual, binding together in one harmonious body the members with Jesus, their glorious and exalted Head!

But the object and desire of every child of God, as a living member of this harmonious body is, or should be, to obtain and maintain *manifested* union with the Lord Jesus, the Head, and with his fellow-members, as the evidence and fruit of this actual and substantial union. This is in deed and in truth, "holding the Head, from which all the body, by joints and bands having nourishment ministered and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." (Col. ii. 19.) Therefore the apostle, enforcing this manifested union, and showing how it is to be maintained, says, "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." He knew the difficulty of maintaining a spirit of love and union amongst the children of God; and yet, feeling its indispensable importance, he beseeches them, as one suffering bonds and imprisonment for Jesus' sake, to labor after it. To "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called" is to walk in love to the brethren, which is the first and chief evidence of being a partaker of the heavenly calling. (1 John iii. 10, 14; iv. 7.) But as love cannot take root or flourish where pride reigns and rules, that being its chief hindrance, there must be "all lowliness," whereby we have the lowest, meanest opinion of ourselves, "and meekness," whereby in word and conversation, as well as in general deportment, we are gentle and tender towards others. As there will be much in the brethren to try our mind, this requires "long-suffering;" and as we shall try them with our crooked ways as much as they will try us, there must be "forbearing one another," or mutual forbearance. And as to do this as a mere matter of duty or conscience is poor, legal, miserable work, it must spring from, and be kept alive by, a higher and more evangelical principle,—*"in love."* The striving so to

walk from gospel means and under gospel influences, is "endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." "The unity of the Spirit" thus enforced by the inspired pen of the apostle, is a spiritual union with the Lord's living family generally, and those of them with whom we are brought into personal intercourse particularly. To produce this is the special work of the blessed Spirit, and is therefore called "the unity," (or as the word literally means, "oneness,") "of the Spirit." It is, therefore, not a mere oneness of mind, by their being "perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment," (1 Cor. i. 10,) and thus seeing eye to eye in the grand truths of the gospel, but a oneness of heart by their being "knit together in love," (Col. ii. 2,) and thus "loving each other with a pure heart fervently." To produce this is the special work of the blessed Spirit, and was beautifully exemplified in those primitive days, when "the whole multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul." This "unity of the Spirit" is held firm and fast by being bound up in "the bond of peace," whereby an end is put to all strife and war, and being at peace with God through Christ Jesus, they are at peace with each other in Christ Jesus.

But as this is a subject which we wish specially to bring before our readers on this occasion, and as it is one of deep importance to the family of God, we shall take the present opportunity of dwelling upon it somewhat more practically and experimentally, our remarks hitherto having been chiefly directed to explain and enforce it from the word of truth.

As Satan is the author of all ill, so in strife between brethren must we trace his mischief-working hand. If there be one sight which he especially hates in the family of God, it is to see them enjoying union and communion with God and union and communion with each other. Milton represents Satan as looking with envious and malignant eye on our first parents in Paradise, happy in each other in all the purity of their sinless love:

"Aside the devil turned
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadised in one another's arms," &c.

But what was all their natural love, though pure and innocent in their unfallen state, compared with the spiritual love of the saints to God and to each other? That paradise he quickly marred. This he hates the more because beyond the touch of his destructive hand. Yet will he try to weaken it, for the weakness of the church is the

strength of his kingdom. In her union, he knows, mainly resides her strength. The church is compared (Sol. Song i. 9) to "a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot," and therefore not only well-matched and paired, but pulling harmoniously together; and to "an army with banners;" not a ragged regiment plundering and pillaging, without captain or ensign; nor a routed mob fleeing before their foe, with their flags captured; but an army moving gallantly and unitedly onward, in close rank, with banners, and conspicuously over the rest "the banner of love," (Sol. Song ii. 4,) floating over their heads as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." A church torn with divisions is little better than a routed army, which can present no firm front to any quarter.

But let us examine this point a little more closely. A church is a standing witness for the truth of God by the purity of her doctrines, by the depth and power of her experience, and by the godliness and consistency of her practice. But as all this flows only from the grace of God, whatever dams back or narrows the stream whereby she is continually watered and made fruitful in every good word and work, weakens and impairs her testimony. Strife and division seem more than anything, gross corruptions in doctrine or practice excepted, to have this evil effect. A church therefore, rent with internal strife, cannot, with any consistency, or with any power and effect, "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints" in any one point of doctrine, experience, or practice. If she advocate the doctrine of *election* may not the world justly say, "What! are these the elect? Were they elected to quarrel with each other? Look at this elect church! Why, we whom they call reprobates agree together better than they do." Nor can she advocate *particular redemption*, when those who profess to be redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, instead of taking his yoke upon them and learning of him to be meek and lowly in heart, are filled with all the party-spirit of Diotrephes. Nor can she advocate the *union of the Church* with Christ above, when she can show no union of the church below; or contend for the *final perseverance* of the saints when her own perseverance is but a perseverance in evil? Thus, instead of "holding forth the word of life" as a lamp brightly burning, she is forced for very shame's sake to hide it, lest its rays betray her own torn and soiled garments. Nor when divided and torn with inward strife can a church consistently advocate any one branch of Christian *experience*. Her nest is not that of the dove, but of the daw; her fold not that of the meek ewes, but of the butting rams. The fruits of the Spirit in a gracious experience are "love

joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." But how is any one of these consistent with "hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders," all which are the fruits of the flesh, and are brought forth profusely in all divided churches? If she contend for "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," it may well be said to her as to one of old, "What hast thou to do with peace?" Where there is peace within there will be peace without. He who is at peace with God is at peace with his brother. How can she contend for pardoned sin, when mutual forgiveness is set at nought? or how for manifested mercy, when there is no mercy manifested in the divided parties to each other? In *practice* too she is and must be wholly mute, when she sets at defiance the grand distinguishing precept of the gospel,—love to the brethren. Conscience must fly in her face if she attempt to enforce the precepts of the New Testament, when the new commandment which Christ especially gave to his disciples she sets at nought, and the badge which he has given whereby she is to be known, she has torn from her forehead and trampled in the mire. O melancholy, miserable sight! that those of whom God has said, "Ye are my witnesses," should prove so false to their office that either they must be utterly dumb, or if they speak, their testimony for God be turned against him! Unfaithful as a witness, a divided church is equally worthless as a champion for the truth. Crippled and maimed, she has no hands to war or fingers to fight. The Holy Spirit is grieved, the presence of God withdrawn, and his blessing denied; and thus shorn of her strength she stands the grief of the godly, the jest of professors, and the scorn of the world. All this sad fruit of strife and contention Satan well knows, and therefore his grand aim is to sow divisions amongst the Lord's people, that the church's testimony for God and against him may be weakened, if not wholly frustrated and overthrown.

When the Lord of life and glory was upon earth, he said, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." This he could well say, for he was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" "the Lamb of God without spot." But we cannot speak thus. Satan has much in us,—much on which he can work, much closely allied to his own nature. It is, then, on this corrupt nature that he works, for in some unknown, mysterious way he has wonderful access to and influence upon our carnal minds.

But there is one especial portion of our corrupt nature on which he seems mainly to work. Pride is that peculiar limb of the old man, that wide-spread domain of the estate of sin, inherited from

Adam, on which the sower of tares employs his special culture. "Only by pride cometh contention," is the express testimony of the Holy Spirit; for by pride alone it comes, and by pride alone it is maintained. A slight, real or fancied, is shown us. What feels it? Pride. What resents and will not forgive it? Pride. See how this, which is so often the cause of variance between individuals, acts in a collective body, such as a gospel church. At a church meeting, a difference of opinion arises, as must often be the case where free discussion, in which is the very essence of liberty, exists. Shall the pastor go out for so few or so many Lord's Days? Shall this or that minister be invited to supply in his absence? Shall this or that candidate be received into the church? These questions and others of a similar kind, often fruitful sources of strife in churches, might all be settled in five minutes in harmony and union, did a spirit of meekness and love prevail. Discussion there would be and should be, for a church is not to be driven blindfold by either minister or deacons, honorable men or devout women. The poorest member has here a voice, and for the most part a weighty one too, for the poor of the flock have generally the richest experience and clearest discernment, and many an uneducated laborer or mechanic has a soundness of judgment of which the wealthy deacon is destitute. But with all needful discussion there need be no strife, and will be none where grace reigns. Still less will there be angry words, which, out of place everywhere, are never so much out of place as in the assemblies of the saints. In matters unimportant there will be a giving way, a mutual concession, and in matters really important there will be a general feeling to do that which is right; and if there be not perfect union of mind there will still be union of heart. But how different when pride lifts up her hateful head in the courts of the Lord's house, and turns the assemblies of the saints into the likeness of the brawlings of sinners. Pride flushes the cheek, pride kindles the eye, dictates the angry speech or sharp retort. Pride is never in the wrong. Pride always sees and says what is right to be said and done. Reason, argument, scripture, experience, age, church standing, or church office—Pride is deaf and blind to every appeal from such quarters. It has taken up one impregnable position: "This is my opinion." This strong fortress needs no arguments to support it, as it fears no arguments to demolish it. Shiver it to pieces by scripture and reason; a moment rebuilds it as impregnable as before. If, unhappily, a combatant on the opposite side arises who, like his brother warrior, is

"Stiff in opinion, ever in the wrong,"

a wordy warfare at once arises; and if these two captains marshal their opposing forces, farewell, a long farewell to peace. Satan has gained the day. The peaceable and quiet hang their heads, the tender in conscience are grieved, the younger members astonished and perplexed, and the soul of the pastor burdened, perhaps for months and years. Words are soon spoken, but not soon forgotten, and wounds are inflicted by flying arrows which may rankle unto death.

Seeing, then, the miserable effect of strife and disunion, how desirous should we be in all our intercourse with the family of God, (for our remarks take in a wider range than the comparatively narrow precincts of a gospel church,) to obtain and maintain manifested union. Have we ever felt union of soul with a child of God? Has he ever been manifested to our conscience as a vessel of mercy and an heir of glory? How tenderly we should act ever after towards him. He has tender feelings. How careful we should be not to wound them! He has, like ourselves, many infirmities. He must bear with ours. Why not we with his? His temper, disposition, cast of thought, situation in life, former habits, perhaps religious experience, may in many points differ from ours. All this calls for more forbearance. He is warm tempered. That is the very reason why we should be cool. He is easily offended. That is the very reason why we should take care not to offend him; or if we do so, why we should manifest a forgiving spirit. He at times much tries our patience. What a good thing it is to have a patience to be tried by him, that it may have its perfect work. He is very poor, is sickly himself or has a sickly family, is often out of work, and always seems needing help. What an opportunity to manifest that we love him not only in word but in deed and in truth. Look at a mother's love to a sickly child. What a means is that poor pale cheek of drawing out the love and affections of a mother's heart! Thus the difficulty of showing love and affection to the members of Christ is not in them, but in ourselves. All those disagreeable things which exist, or seem to exist in many of the choicest people of God, are so many tests of the weakness or strength of our love. Weak love is soon chilled, as a low fire soon dwindles to a faint spark. The mother of little affection is repelled by the many disagreeable accompaniments of her child's illness, till tenderness seems turned into harshness. Such for the most part, is the state of the church now. Love is waxed cold; therefore soon repelled by the infirmities of brethren. And as every other grace rises and sinks with love, therefore little forbearance, little patience, little forgiveness, little kindness, little humility, little meekness or gentleness—in a word, little of the mind,

likeness, and image of Christ. But because the corn is so starved and scanty a crop, is there nothing else visible in the field? Alas! yes. A huge crop of tall, noxious, poisonous weeds fills up the furrows and covers the soil. It would be well even if the crop were scanty, if it occupied the field alone, and there were nothing else besides; but as Hart says of his own heart,

“Alas! there's worse than nothing there.”

In a church if there be not love, there will be coldness, or dislike; if no forbearance, there will be quarrelling; if no patience, there will be harsh words; if little of the Spirit, abundance of the flesh; if little of Christ, much of self. There is, therefore, no neutral ground, no medium; but as in the human body, if there be not health, there will be sickness; and as in families, if there be not affection, there will be quarrelling; so in a church, if there be not love, there will be strife and division.

Every spiritual reader of our pages has a special interest in the things which we have thus endeavored to lay down and enforce; and this is one reason why we have made it the subject of our Annual Address. Many of our readers are members of gospel churches. To them our remarks especially apply. But every disciple of the Lord Jesus whose eye these lines may meet has almost an equal share in them. Because not baptized or not a member of any church, is he exempt from the great law—the law of love? Has he no brethren in company with whom he attends the preached word? Has he no Christian friend with whom he holds sweet intercourse? If favored with this world's goods, has he no poor brother or sister to whose help he can minister? Is there no sick child of God to visit, to read with, to pray by? Are you never so burdened with sin and temptation as to need the sympathy of a brother, or never blessed so as to want to speak of it to the glory of God? Wherever you may be, or whatever your state, you will need Christian communion. If a member of the body, you must have union with your fellow-members.

May we all, then, bear in mind, that love and affection amongst the family of God is not only indispensable to the prosperity and comfort of the body generally, but of each member particularly. And as much self-sacrifice, forbearance, gentleness, and meekness will be necessary to maintain Christian union, may it be our earnest desire to obtain these, with all other fruits and graces of the blessed Spirit, from the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and with whom there is no variable-ness nor shadow of turning.

A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SEEKING DAUGHTER.

My dear Ann,—The Lord's name be praised for bringing you in his providence among those that fear him, and speak often one to another. May it please him to own the same to their souls, and yours also, and fulfil this scripture, "The ears of those that hear shall hearken." Be swift to hear, slow to speak, except to the Lord in secret. Pour out your heart before him; show him your trouble; he can guide you; he can lead, save, and bless you. He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins. And in these he acts as a sovereign. All do not go so deep nor sink so low as others; neither are all favored to mount so high in spiritual enjoyments as some are. But the solemn truths taught by God the Spirit, will, in substance, be the same in all. All that are taught of God must and will be taught his majesty, his holiness, his power, his law and its immutability, their sin and sinfulness, and continued inward depravity and helplessness. As one said of sin,

"The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more."

All and each will be brought to see an end of all perfection in themselves, until all hope in self is cut off, and cut up, and creature repentance, creature holiness, creature doings, creature faith, burnt up, and the soul sensibly brought in secret before God, with, "Lord, save, or I perish." This is somewhat of having come to the place of "stopping of mouths," as to any plea of self, with the mouth in the dust, waiting, crying, and hoping for Jesus, the consolation of Israel, to appear. Here, more or less, all come that come to Jesus; and through the law are made dead to the law; delivered unto death for Jesus' sake. These are things that accompany salvation, but not salvation itself. O no. David cried to the Lord himself for that: "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." "Look unto me," says Jesus, "and be ye saved, for I am God, and besides me there is no Saviour." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," not merely as heavy as some of whom we have read or heard, but that are weary with sin and self, and heavy laden with guilt, hardness, deadness, and unbelief. The text does not say, Go to the law and get heavily laden, but come unto me, ye that are weary, &c., for all you need, for more life to feel, more light to see, the things that make for your peace and salvation; and the promise is added, "I will give you rest," or, "Ye shall find rest for your souls." Hart says,

"Want we wisdom? He must give it,
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes;"

and,

"In Christ is salvation,
The kingdom is his."

May it please the Lord to apply his own word to your soul, in that way that shall be most for his glory and your good, and give you that frame which he likes best, "blessing you with all spiritual

blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus;" that you may be a brand plucked from the burning, to the praise and glory of his grace. Amen.

Our united and very kind love to you, with kind regards to Gaius and family. Your affectionate Father,

London.

J. S.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY.

Dear Friend,—Last evening I received your kind present of a piece of flannel, for the poor, for which, in their name, and on their behalf, I thank you.

May the God of all grace deepen your acquaintance with the rich grace of Him, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich; yes, my friend, rich indeed, for there is no blessing of divine grace, that is truly rich and glorious, but what the heaven-born child of God has in Christ. O the blessedness of that text! "All are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" and how indescribably blessed it appears to us when God the Spirit reveals its contents to the conscience, and seals it there. Then the soul says, "It is enough," and with solemn satisfaction can say, "The Lord is my portion, therefore will I hope in him." May you sweetly enjoy this truth, and be led to sing the wonders of God's love, and, by vital faith, draw blessings from the heart of Christ, as your real need requires. Do not trust your own heart in anything, for if you do it will deceive you; and do not lean to your own understanding, for if you do you will smart for it. Be satisfied to be a poor worm in self and of self, entirely dependent upon the Lord, daily seeking the Lord's teachings, aid, and influence; daily praying that he will guide you right in all things, and endeavoring to hearken to the voice of God, both in his word and in your conscience; and if the Lord enable you spiritually to attend to this, and to act under its influence, you will not greatly err. God grant that, in all things, both you and I may be prayerful and watchful, and watchful and prayerful, for we need both in every way.

That you may cast all your care upon the Lord, and daily hold solemn intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, is the prayer of, Yours in the Lord,

January 4th, 1844.

WILLIAM GADSBY.

We must not regard the foolish and ungedly people, in that they abuse our doctrine; for, whether they have the law or no law, they cannot be reformed. But we must consider how afflicted consciences may be comforted, that they perish not with the multitude. If we should dissemble and hold our peace, miserable and afflicted consciences should have no comfort, which are so entangled and snared with men's laws and traditions, that they can by no means wind themselves out.—*Luther*.

THE PEOPLE AGAINST WHOM THE LORD HAS INDIGNATION FOR EVER.

"The iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full."—Genesis xv. 16.

"Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."—Revelation xviii. 4.

Here is a people doomed to destruction. Noah pronounced the curse upon Canaan, (Gen. ix. 25,) which, by looking at the Canaanites which the Lord commanded the children of Israel to drive out, we find was executed. We find that the Canaanites were to be driven out of that beautiful land, that land of corn and wine, of oil, olive, and honey; a land of brooks, fountains, and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, barley, vines, fig trees, and pomegranates. They were to be driven out for their great wickedness; they were to fill up the measure of their iniquity, and then be destroyed.

Now, in these we have a foreshadowing of the wicked of the whole earth. We find a great line of distinction throughout the Scriptures between the righteous and the wicked, the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent. It is quite plain that all the non-elect are the seed of the serpent, and that they war with the seed of the woman, which is Christ and his church. And this seed of the serpent is spread over the whole earth, among infidels and also among all religious sects. The wickedness of the Canaanites caused them to be driven out of a beautiful land; they had filled it with idolatry, abominations, and filthiness of every description; they sacrificed their sons and their daughters to devils. They worshipped the host of heaven, the sun, moon, and stars.

When Adam by transgression fell, he was driven out from the garden of Eden; death came into the world, and the very ground was cursed for his sake. Here we find the parable of our Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. xiii. 25, 38, 39) verified. The enemy began in the garden of Eden, and thus turned a beautiful garden, a paradise, into a wilderness. This world, which was beautiful, and everything therein good, became, through sin, a desolation; murder followed almost immediately; and soon we find the two seeds represented in Cain and Abel. Cain was to be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; the ground was not to yield to him her strength. Affliction, trouble, misery, poverty, terrors of a guilty conscience, a fear of death, a horror of the day of judgment, and dread of hell, although they may harrow up the feelings of a man's heart, do not soften it, but make it harder. He finds no repentance, but rather shuts out the idea of an eternity, if he can, and if not, rebels against God, by saying he is unjust. It matters not whether such a man be professor or profane; if he be a professor, and believe the doctrine of election and predestination, if troubles, afflictions, terrors, and threatenings from the pulpit and in the conscience, do not have any good effect, he may honor God with his lips, and with his mouth show much love, (Isai. xxix. 13, Ezek. xxxiii. 31,) yet in his heart he hates God; and although he may show a false contrition and humility be-

fore men, and say, God is a just God, yet his heart is unhumbled, and he cannot acknowledge to himself that God is just. All these things may bring his pride down before men, may break an independent, overbearing temper, so that he may appear more humble; yet he has never bowed to God in reality.

Again, this seed of the serpent may for a time lead a religious life to all outward appearance, but persecution, or the coldness of God's people towards him may cause him to turn away and blaspheme God and speak against all God's people. I worked with a man of this description a few months ago.* While at work, he said he had studied two or three languages, besides other things. I said, "There is one thing you have not studied, that is, the Bible." He said he had studied it too much; he had been a Wesleyan, and I think he said he had been brought up religiously, and had tried two or three other sects, but they were all alike, all seeking their own gain, that is, the things of this world. However, he was, to all appearance, friendly towards me. And others seem to go on in a deceitful calm all their lifetime, trusting to their moral behaviour, to an attendance upon the ordinances, such as baptism, the Lord's supper, a form of prayer, (for all prayer, when not from the depths of a heart desiring righteousness, is but a form,) and such like. A prayer which comes from the head, and not from the heart, is a mockery; it is hypocrisy. Others, like the Sadducees of old, say there is no resurrection; so they think there is no occasion for them to fear. Again, we find Romanists trusting to the priest for absolution and remission of their sins. Then we find Mormonite teachers telling persons that if they act up to the ordinances of the Mormon church, and come to them and be baptized, their prophet will lay his hand on them, and they will receive the Holy Ghost. And many are led away and believe this, without having any evidence within. Thus they have "strong delusion," and "believe a lie." So we find that there are many who are left to fill up the measure of their iniquity. (Matt. xxiii. 32.) They are then cut off from the face of the earth, and go to their father the devil, whose works they have been doing, and of whom they are.

The characters which I have described are a part of the real Babylon, "the great whore," which "sitteth upon many waters." The Mormon church is "a well-favored harlot." Therefore, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins." This Babylon is become the habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and "a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." And if the Lord had not predetermined to keep his people from being led on to their destruction by this leviathan, they also would have filled up the measure of their iniquity. But the Lord has in mercy commanded his people to "come out of her." His people, whom he ordained should serve him, whom he predestinated before the foun-

* This expression, were there no other internal evidence, will show that our correspondent, though adopting nearly the same signature, is not the same writer who, some years ago, kindly contributed to our pages.

dation of the world, all receive the "seal of God in their foreheads."

There are many of God's people among all those I have enumerated, but he will bring them out, as he brought Lot out of Sodom; for we find Lot lingered, but the men led him out. "Haste thee, escape thither," said they, for we "cannot do anything till thou be come thither." (Gen. xviii. 16—22.) Thus we find that the Lord God of Israel will not let his people be consumed in the destruction of the wicked, for he sends forth his command, "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." (Rev. vii. 3.) But the wicked, although they hear the warnings from time to time, are like the sons-in-law of Lot; the warnings seem but a mere mockery, for "the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand." (Dan. xii. 10.) The wicked cannot understand, because they have been made drunk by the wine of the fornications of "the Mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." They have received, in the hand or in the forehead, the mark of the beast that does lying wonders. And all who have not the mark of God's elect in their foreheads will wonder after the beast, for they are of the world.

What a mercy, then, that the Ancient of Days should pluck us as brands from the burning. Not a soul, not the most obscure Christian in the universe, shall be lost; for the Lord God of hosts has said, "Come out of her, my people;" the King of Israel has said, "My sheep hear my voice," and they only will follow him, "and a stranger will they not follow." God's elect must have some evidence within of their calling and election; they will not, cannot rest in a false security; they must seek their Lord, and they shall find him. If they who go astray in the wilderness, or go among those who are filling up the measure of their iniquity, and are for a time blinded by the god of this world, dazzled by ambition, or slumbering in a careless profession, the Lord seeks them and brings them out from among the unclean beasts: "Come out of her, my people," says the Lord of hosts, "that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

They whom he has called out from among the idolaters of this world, are those who feel their lost condition, and repent truly of their sins; those who are desiring to be cleansed from their sins by the blood of Jesus Christ; those who have no works of their own to boast of, "for it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." "And let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity." (1 Tim. ii. 19.) They are his people who turn away from their wickedness, who hate themselves because of their sinful heart, who strive against the dead formality of a profession, and seek to worship God in spirit and in truth. They are of a contrite, humble spirit; they seek the Lord by secret prayer and supplication. These are they who shall come "out of much tribulation, and wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." (Jer. iii. 14.) "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God." (Jer. xxxi. 18.) "I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." The people of the Lord cannot rest upon anything short of a full and free salvation, and a knowledge of it sealed home upon the conscience, because the Lord has said, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

A WATCHMAN.

God has not appointed angels to preach the gospel, but men of like passions with yourselves. But some of you may say, "We should like to have men of deep experience, men of great spirituality of mind, men separate from the world, and dead to the world, free from sin, and without fault." Well, if you had men of such experience, would they preach *your* experience? Are *you* so spiritually minded? Are *you* dead to the world? If not, of what use would such a minister be to you? If a man told you that the road to heaven was a smooth one, while you found it a rough one, what comfort would he impart to you?—*W. T.*

Next to the glory of his grace, and the honor of his Son, the Lord has placed the blessedness of his chosen as the principal scope and end of all he has done in the world, or will do. It could not, therefore, stand with his holy wisdom, to leave those he was pleased to choose unto salvation, to the conduct of their own understanding and will, with such means and helps as they have in common with other men, and thereon to suspend the whole of his great design; for by such a course it would not only be liable to frustration, but be certainly defeated. For prevention whereof, and that the purpose of his grace might stand, he has made it of the substance of predestination, to prepare and apply the means, as well as to appoint the end; which in sacred language is termed a "giving of all things pertaining to life and godliness." (2 Pet. i. 3.)—*E. Coles.*

What can the believer do, whither can he fly, what course can he take? All legal efforts are in vain—creature acts ineffectual—from self and nature no hope can spring. What can he think? Truly, stand amazed that he is out of hell. He cannot sink lower in his views of himself than what his just deserts are. But never so miserable can he be in his own sight, but the grace of God in Christ Jesus is all-sufficient to afford hope and help. In nature's despair, grace triumphs. A sense of momentary anger heightens returning favor. The joy of the morning is improved by a past night of sorrow. God ever rests unchangeable in his love to his people. This is the essence of gospel grace and truth. That we vary and fluctuate in our apprehensions of his love, is natural to our very existence, as old and new creatures. But we have "a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts."—*W. Mason.*

JESUS ALL IN ALL.

My dear Friend,—I received your last some time since. I have been very busy this winter, and the Lord has continued to bless me with pretty good health.

I hope your soul prospers in the Lord. Mine has gone through many changes since I saw you; many a drink of the water of life I have had, and many dark seasons too. When I have walked contrary to him, he has for a time walked contrary to me; yet he has soon come again, filled me with his love, and made me quite happy again in my dear Jesus. How true I find these words, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body is full of light;" and "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." O to follow Jesus more closely! True godliness does not consist in words, but in the life of God in the soul, showing itself in every good word and work. My dear friend, if you wish to enjoy the presence of Jesus, follow him closely by his strength given to you. Do all for Jesus' sake. If you speak to his people, do it for Jesus' sake; in whatever you do, have an eye to Jesus. Deny yourself, for his sake, of all fine things that poor blind sinners glory in; and put on, for his sake, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; but all for his sake. Let him be your fear, and let him be your joy, and let him be your all in all. Count everything but loss for Jesus; all books, all news, all tales, all reports as nothing compared with the worthy Lamb. And wherever you see the print of his foot, desire, above all, to place yours there, for the simple reason that the beautiful feet of Jesus were there before yours.

O what an altogether lovely Jesus is ours! O that I could exalt him, and do all for him,—

"Nay, every sacred moment spend,
In publishing the sinner's Friend!"

Sweet Lamb, how calm and gentle he is!

"I'd carve his passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Should droop and bear some mystic mark,
That Jesus died for me."

O that the sun, the moon, the stars, the trees, the lakes, the rivers, and the birds might join with me in praising the worthy Lamb! But it belongs to the souls elect, for whom he died, who are led by the Spirit, to give him the noblest praise, and sing the sweetest notes.

Well, I shall soon be with him. I pant, I burn at times, with love, love to the Crucified. O sweet Jesus, to hold thee by the feet and worship thee! How sweet to look on that face, without a spot; that meek, holy, calm, shining face, of my Jesus! How grand it will be! And when he smiles on us, it will be another display of his love, and we shall praise him for that smile, and heaven shall be made up of receiving and giving,—receiving love from Jesus, and giving him all our hearts in return. God invented a glorious plan in making our Jesus Head of the church, and us one with him.

O for the Holy Ghost to come every day, and tell me something fresh about Jesus! We should welcome him as often as he came with something fresh about our shining, lovely Jesus. I can know nothing of myself as vile, nor Jesus as lovely, but as taught by God the Spirit. Sweet Spirit, gentle, meek dove, thou hast told me many a sweet tale of Jesus! O that I might never grieve that gentle Spirit, who has come with the olive branch of peace so often to me, and told me of peace in Jesus, peace made by Jesus! How do we say with the poet, when seeking his face,

"Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes,
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
And still my passion grows.

"I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That best repeats his name.

"My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear."

None like Jesus after all! O it is a little heaven on earth to feel the heart beginning to glow with love to the dear, sweet Jesus!

Kind love to all the friends. How does M. get on? Is she still sitting at Jesus' bleeding feet, and hearing his words? None like him! none like him! May we be permitted, by his grace, to eye him in all we do.

Yours in Christ,

Bradford, Yorkshire, March 19, 1853.

J. H.

We believe in God with his own faith; we hope in his mercy with his own hope; we love him with his own love; we fear him with his own fear, and worship him with his own Spirit and his own truth; and, as all these things come down from him, so all return to him again, in confessions, in prayers, in praises, and in thanksgivings. And these go by the name of water, as we are called dry land and dry ground; because they soften, revive, refresh, and replenish this mystical earth; and afford meekness, humility, and self-abasement, which things counteract hardness of heart and stubbornness of spirit, that cannot yield, bend, or submit, to the will of God.—*Huntington*.

It cannot be denied but that God, before the law was, gave unto Abraham the inheritance or blessing by the promise; that is to say, remission of sins, righteousness, salvation, and everlasting life, that we should be sons and heirs of God, and fellow-heirs with Christ. For it is plainly said in Genesis: "In thy seed shall all nations be blessed." There the blessing is given freely, without respect of the law or works. For God gave the inheritance before Moses was born, or before any man had yet once thought of the law. Why vaunt ye, then, that righteousness cometh by the law, seeing that righteousness, life, and salvation were given to your father Abraham without the law, yea, before there was any law?—*Luther*.

RUTHERFORD'S MARKS OF GRACE.

Loving brother,—Hold fast Christ without wavering, and contend for the faith, because Christ is not easily gotten nor kept. The lazy professor has put heaven, as it were, at the very next door, and thinketh to fly up to heaven in his bed, and in a night dream; but truly, that is not so easy a thing as most men believe. Christ himself did sweat, ere he won the city; howbeit he was the freeborn heir. It is Christianity, my heart, to be sincere, unfeigned, honest, and uprighthearted before God; and to live and serve God. Suppose there were not one man or woman, in all the world dwelling beside you, to eye you. Any little grace that ye have, see that it be sound and true. You may put a difference betwixt you and reprobates, if you have these marks.

1. If ye prize Christ and his truth so as you will sell all and buy him, and suffer for it.

2. If the love of Christ keeps you back from sinning more than the law or fear of hell does.

3. If you be humble, and deny your own will, wit, credit, ease, honor, the world, and the vanity and glory of it.

4. Your profession must not be barren, and void of good works.

5. You must in all things aim at God's honor; you must eat, sleep, buy, sell, sit, stand, speak, pray, read, and hear the word with a heart purpose that God may be honored.

6. You must show yourself an enemy to sin, and reprove the works of darkness, such as drunkenness, swearing, and lying, albeit the company should hate you for so doing.

7. Keep in mind the truth of God, that ye have heard me teach, and have nothing to do with the corruptions, and new guises entered into the house of God.

8. Make conscience of your calling, in covenants, in buying and selling.

9. Acquaint yourself with daily praying; commit all your ways and actions to God by prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving; and count not much for being mocked, for Christ Jesus was mocked before you. Persuade yourself that this is the way of peace and comfort, I now suffer for. I dare go to death, and into eternity with it, though men may possibly seek another way.

Remember me in your prayers, and the state of this oppressed church. Grace be with you. Your soul's well wisher,

Aberdeen, 1637.

S. RUTHERFORD.

As the depravation of human nature is intrinsically the same in all ages, and as men in and of themselves were neither better nor worse, during the Mosaic economy, than they have been ever since, and are at this day, it follows that, the disorder being the self-same, the remedy likewise must be the same, and of course that there are not two ways of salvation, one for the believing Jews and another for the believing Gentiles, but that our Lord's declaration ever did, and ever must stand good, "I am the way," &c.—*Toplady*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. KEYT.

My dear and well-beloved in the Lord,—My mind was occupied this morning upon various subjects, and among others I was considering that five long and weary months had elapsed since I had the pleasure to spend a few hours in the company of my beloved friends at Park Terrace. During that period I have been brought low by reason of affliction and sorrow, arising from various sources; among which, some arose from the hidings of the dear Lord's countenance, and this you know, puts a blank upon all sublunary enjoyments, "For in the light of the king's countenance there is life," and no where besides, for "He is our life, and the length of our days," and when this favor is suspended, we are like an owl of the desert, or a solitary sparrow alone upon the house-top. Another part of our infelicity arises from the subtle devices of the enemy of our souls, who is always most active when we are enveloped in darkness, and cannot see our signs or any tokens for good. At such seasons he generally draws our minds away to some earthly, carnal object, in order that we may try to gather some imaginary satisfaction from it; and if he succeeds in this point, he knows that we shall wander into still more darkness, and, like lost sheep upon these barren mountains, entirely lose sight of our only true resting-place. But if this device does not succeed, he will then raise a cloud of doubts and fears in our minds respecting our interest in the favor of God, will endeavor to persuade us that we have no part or lot in the matter, and, therefore, that all our strugglings are useless, for we are now shut up, and shall never come forth again, nor any more see the Lord in the land of the living, nor have any more fellowship with those who are privileged with the enjoyment of his blessed presence. These are some of Satan's devices, to vex and plague us when darkness is set in our paths, and the whole mass of our innate depravity, especially unbelief, is sure to help forward our calamity. But, after all these manifold perplexities, we are not suffered to be overcome, for the watchful eye of the Lord is over us for good; and not one weapon that has been formed against us has ever yet prospered; the poor bruised reeds are not quite broken, nor is the smoking flax entirely quenched. We are revived again, the secret place of the Most High is yet our sure dwelling, and we still abide under the shadow of the Almighty. There are times when we are enabled to repel the adversary in the renewed exercise of faith: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me, &c."

In this crooked, in-and-out path, my sister, I keep struggling on; and though I have many castings down, yet have I some sweet liftings up; and humble hope, you know, is attended with salvation. For several days I have been rather cast down in mind, on account of my long trial with this heavy cough, for which the continued wet and cold weather has been unfavorable; but yesterday morning was pleasant and cheerful, and I was sensible of it both in my frame and spirit; for while sitting at breakfast a portion of

scripture came into my mind with much sweetness and refreshing. It was this: "For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." (Ps. c. 5.) And while contemplating the Lord's goodness, mercy, truth, and faithfulness, my mind and affections were drawn out and expanded, until, like Elijah's cloud on the top of Mount Carmel, (1 Kings xviii.) it covered the whole heavens. The goodness of God unto all his creatures, how extensively it is shown, and how it is celebrated throughout the Scriptures! But when faith gets a glimpse of the goodness of God in Christ Jesus, how excellent, how precious it shines in the eyes of the poor sinner! The apostle describes it as "the riches of his goodness," as that "goodness of God" which "leads to repentance." And in another place he describes it as the breaking forth of his kindness and love toward us: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." So that all this goodness, mercy, and truth by which we are saved flows freely from the fountain of God's everlasting love and kindness, treasured up in him who is our covenant Head; and this precious ever-flowing fulness can never be exhausted to all eternity, for with him is the fountain of life, and he has himself declared, "Because I live, ye shall live also." "When he who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." Thus, notwithstanding all our changes, doubts, and fears, we shall never be utterly cast down. "The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;" and "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Our warfare will continue as long as this mortal life lasts. Then the jubilee trumpet will sound an everlasting release from all sin, temptation, and sorrow, and the poor weary pilgrim enter into peace, rest, and joy. In the meantime, we must keep on begging for an increase of faith, to bring in an increase of promised strength; and thus, like Abraham, after we have patiently endured, we shall obtain the promise. "And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." (1 John ii. 25.)

I hope this poor fragment will find each of my beloved friends progressing both in bodily and spiritual health. As to myself, I still continue rather feeble; but if it please the Lord to grant me a little reviving, and the weather become a little drier and warmer, it is in my heart to pay you another visit ere long. If it be otherwise appointed, the will of the Lord be done.

Your unworthy, yet truly affectionate Fellow-Pilgrim,

April 20th, 1836.

J. KEYT.

God, as I may say, is forced to break men's hearts before he can make them willing to cry to him, or be willing that he should have any concerns with them; the rest shut their eyes, stop their ears, withdraw their hearts, or say unto God, Begone. (Job xxi.)—*Bunyan.*

INQUIRY.

My dear Sir,—May I ask for your opinion, through the "Standard," on Table-moving, Mesmerism, and Electro-Biology?

I need not say that, as a scientific man, I am certain, quite certain, that the agency is neither electricity nor magnetism. Faraday's explanation has solved many cases, but not, to my mind all. Here a Baptist minister, deacons, and candidates for baptism, have been performing. I confess I dare not. I really fear there is something wrong. I am not superstitious; quite the contrary. But this is not science; what is it?

The thing is becoming so general, and so strikes at the miracles that witnessed to the deity of Jesus Christ, that I think a word of caution is necessary. "And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men." (Acts xix. 18, 19.) Yours in Him,

S. S.

ANSWER.

Into the scientific portion of the above inquiry we shall not enter, nor venture any opinion how much of the mysterious agencies referred to is due to natural, though hitherto unexplained, causes, and how much to nervous or mental influence. The time may come when much which now appears utterly inexplicable from natural causes, may be as simple and as intelligible as the electric telegraph. But science in our pages is wholly out of place. Our business is with the church of God; and as many fearful evils are incidentally connected with some of the subjects above referred to, and these seem making some progress in the professing church, we believe that a word of warning is at this time eminently needful. It is this feeling, and not any desire or intention to introduce such subjects into our pages, which has induced us to notice the inquiry here addressed to us.

Evil, for the most part, has very gradual beginnings, and it will be found so in this instance. Let us see how the matter works. As we have never witnessed, and willingly never would witness any of these exhibitions, we speak only from what we have read and heard. The point to which we shall chiefly confine ourselves is *Table-turning*, as that is most likely to be the first link in the chain of evil. It has been discovered, we believe, that if a party of persons sit round a table, and put their hands upon the rim in a complete circle, the fingers and thumbs being all in contact, after a certain time the table, without any other impulse, will turn round, apparently of itself. Whether this be owing, as Professor Faraday explains it, to the accumulated impulse of pressure, or to electric agency, is not known. But as a novel and curious experiment, this *Table-turning* is much practised, we understand, in worldly evening parties. It affords excitement and amusement, and brings young people of both sexes into close relationship and contact. Now see how it creeps into professing families. The young people whose

hearts are in the world, of professing or gracious parents, having heard so much of this wonderful Table-turning, want to make the experiment, some long winter evening, as a piece of innocent amusement. "Surely," they say, "there can be no harm in putting our hands on a table." The old people, fond of their children, and seeing no harm in so simple a thing, look on. "Come, papa," says a fond and privileged daughter, "we want another hand just to make the circle complete." How easy to comply! how seemingly harmless! Now, if the matter began and ended here we do not know that we could say much against it. Such amusements are best forborne; but young people of a certain age cannot be tied up as little children. But Table-turning does not end here. It has been made a link to draw on things which are enough to chill the blood and make the hair move on the head; for these seemingly innocent table-turnings have become associated with "spirit rappings," one of the most fearful depths of Satan ever brought to light. Would our spiritual readers think it possible, that in numerous parties there is now being carried on a communication with departed spirits, by means of rapping on a table? How this is done, or professed to be done, let us not further say. Concerning evil it is best to be ignorant. It is the opinion of many, that the whole is fraud and collusion; but making every allowance for this, we have heard and read of answers given to questions through this medium which can only be attributed to Satanic agency.

This infidel age may laugh at wizards and witches, and deny all intercourse with Satan; but the unerring word of God has so plainly spoken of witchcraft in the Old Testament, and of a diabolical possession in the New, that no believer can deny the fact of Satanic agency and influence. The same infidel spirit which throws discredit on the history of the Witch of Endor, explains away the miracles of the Old Testament; and the same German rationalism which makes possession by an evil spirit to be merely lunacy, resolves Christ's miraculous cures into mere natural influences and operations. A child of God should set his face against, and stand utterly apart from, all venturing on Satan's ground. Mesmerism, Electro-biology, Table-turning, &c., are all fraught with the utmost peril were they even free from all suspicion of Satanic influence. There is something in these mysterious phenomena, bordering as they do on the supernatural, which has a most prejudicial effect on the mind; nor can they be witnessed without exciting the nervous system—that part of our human constitution to which Satan seems to have peculiar access, and on which he mainly works.

But apart from these considerations, well worth the reflection of every Christian parent, there is something in the whole matter exceedingly repulsive to the spiritual mind. How jealous was God of old, in the case of his peculiar people, of any approach to magic or witchcraft. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was his stern command. Besides, were these matters altogether free from suspicion, we may well ask, What has a spiritual mind to do with such exciting subjects? What a door may they not open to the infidelity

which is ever ready to rush in and fill the heart ! What a foothold for Satan to work on the carnal mind ! Taking, then, into consideration all the circumstances we have mentioned, and there are many others which time and space prevent us from noticing, our deliberate opinion is that godly parents should not suffer any such practices in their houses, as Mesmerising and Table-turning ; and that members of churches, as well as all who desire to fear God in our congregations, especially in large towns, should be warned against participating in such doings. Let the young people be particularly restrained from making any attempts of this nature, and those of them who profess godliness be strongly cautioned against attending lectures on Electro-biology, or venturing upon any such dangerous ground as Mesmerising, Table-turning, &c. Madness, we understand, has fearfully increased of late through these awful practices, and many participants in them are now in asylums.

At this season of the year, when even in godly families, the children being home from school, there is sometimes a little license allowed, we have thought it right to lift up a warning voice, and have been induced more particularly to do so, from learning that the practices alluded to are making fearful progress in many professing churches, and that even ministers and deacons, as our correspondent intimates, have taken a part in them. If we are bidden to avoid even the appearance of evil, how much more from taking the first actual steps into it ?

I bless, honor, and extol the God of my forefathers in the faith of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, for making me fruitful in my old age, which shows that my God is upright; for there are still sons born to Naomi in Bethlehem. Our place is much crowded, without the help of schools, organs, bagpipes, or singing men and singing women. The silver trumpet sounded by a free-born citizen of Zion, the harp of God, and the heart in tune by grace, make the best melody in the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. My soul blesses him for having kept me from superstition, human inventions, voluntary humility, will-worship, and all gaudy show in the flesh; which is setting the ark on a new cart, and drawing it by beasts.—*Huntington.*

The new creature cannot be the product of natural power, because everything is received and improved according to the nature of that which receives it. Plants, and other creatures, turn all their nourishment into their own species and property. A vine and a thistle, both planted in one soil, have the same sun, dew, air, and other influences common to both, yet each one converts the whole of that it receives into its own substance and kind. You may plant and prune, dig and dung an evil tree, bestow what pains you will upon it, it does all but enable the more pregnant productions of evil fruit; just so does the natural man, even "turn the grace of God into lasciviousness." (Jude, ver. 4.) As to the pure all things are pure, so to the impure all things are defiled. (Tit. i. 15.)—*E. Coles.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. SUSANNAH KILHAM.

An Outline of the Life, Experience, and Death of the late Mrs. Susannah Kilham, of Leicester, by her surviving Partner in Life.

Mrs. K. was born at Hales Hall, a farm-house, in the parish of Loddon, Norfolk. Her father occupied that farm above 30 years, and was, during that period, the churchwarden of the parish. He had a large family, who were all brought up morally, and were regular in their attendance at the parish church, which was two miles distant from the house. Mrs. K. had early a contemplative mind, and, dwelling in the country, meditated much on the works of creation and providence, read her Bible much, as she had been taught by her parents, and walked very circumspectly, but in her own righteousness. She was zealously attached to the Church, as was her father, and a thought of dissenting from it never crossed her mind.

It pleased God to work graciously on her mind in the following manner. Her mother dying, she became housekeeper to her father; and the domestic arrangements of the household, with the care and partially the education of the younger members of the family, devolved on her. One day a hawker called at the house with china, earthenware, &c. He had, amongst other things, a tea service which took her fancy; she inquired the price, then went to her father, and requested him to purchase it. He came to the door with her and looked at it, but thought the price too high; so he told her he would only give a certain sum for it, which he named, and went away again. She still felt desirous to purchase it, but the man refused to take the price her father had named. He made an abatement from his first demand, but required a few shillings more than her father had said he would give. She resolved to buy it, and to pay the difference herself. She went to her father again, and told him the man had agreed to take the price he had named. He gave her the money, and she added the few shillings required from her own money. She took the tea service, and began to arrange it in the china closet, and felt much pleased with it; but as she was busy arranging it on the shelves of the closet, a conviction seized her mind that she had told a falsehood, that she had deceived her father, a thing she remembered never to have done before; for from childhood she had always shown a strict, scrupulous regard to truth. In any doubtful case, her companions or her parents would always take her word with unhesitating confidence, she being never known to have recourse to falsehood to excuse herself from any blame; nor could any entreaties, or persuasions of her companions or sisters, prevail on her to disguise the truth at any time, when they had jointly been guilty of any conduct for which they might fear correction. But now she had been guilty of falsehood and deception, and that to her father, who was a kind parent, one to whom she was ever an affectionate and dutiful child. She tried hard to excuse herself to her own conscience, but in vain; the conviction was

fastened on her mind in a way that she could not escape from it. She was led to see that this evil action was the fruit of an evil nature; that her heart was deceitful, and desperately wicked; that she had sinned against God, had broken his law, and was subject to the curse. This conviction went to bed with her, and rose up with her, for it disturbed and prevented her sleep; her peace of mind was gone, and she could not recall it. The next day, when she had an opportunity, she confessed to her father, with tears, what she had done, and implored his forgiveness. This he readily gave her, and strove all he could to comfort her, but in vain.

She read her Bible, but it condemned her; she wept and prayed to the Lord in secret, but no comfort visited her. She sat alone, and was desolate; all her former righteousness became dross in her estimation, and all withered and dried up, as she was led into the spiritualities of the law and its requirements. She tried hard to work out a righteousness to quiet her conscience, and to restore her peace of her mind, but in vain; nothing could heal her wounded spirit. The state of her mind soon affected her health. Her father would sometimes take her out with him when he went on business; but her trouble of mind went with her. At last, in her feelings she lay down in despair, and hardened herself in sorrow. There seemed no hope, and she had no one to speak to who understood her case. During this period she was once persuaded to go to the theatre, and once to a ball,—sad comforts to a wounded spirit, after she had been thus trying to banish all thoughts of her condition and state, that she might have a little comfort, if possible, in this world, for she had given up all hopes of salvation in the next! But the Lord set his hand the second time to the work, and she was led into such deep discoveries of her lost estate, her ruined condition, and depraved nature, that all natural things seemed in mourning. She walked about the fields and woods when she had any leisure from domestic employment, or retired to her chamber to sit alone and read the word of God, to see if any word could be found to support her sinking soul. She was now effectually divorced from the world, its pleasures, amusements, and vanities; eternity and eternal things engrossed her attention. But, although she passed this first stage of her journey comparatively alone, yet the dear Lord did not leave her hopeless and destitute, for “he will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.” She learned by degrees, here a little and there a little, as the Lord was pleased to teach her during several years, but was never suffered to turn back to the world. The thought that she had done so in the two instances named above, (in going to the ball and the theatre,) wounded her deeply; but as despair preyed so upon her spirits, her father pressed her very much to have medical advice, but she declined it. However, the medical man called, as if incidentally in passing to see her father, and as had been pre-arranged, saw her, and talked to her, &c. But he added grief to her sorrow. He told her father that she must, by some means, have her attention diverted from the one idea constantly occupying her thoughts; for if her mind continued to

dwell on it with the present intensity of feeling, insanity would certainly result. This was his decided opinion.

Now, I would briefly touch on the Lord's dealing with her in instructing her in this solitary way. She could hear nothing at church, and she would not have thought of attending a dissenting place of worship at that time. But she constantly read the word of God, and as she was able, was instant in prayer, although often she could not utter a word. When she could find a word to express her wants, in reading the Scriptures, or any other way, she uttered it on her knees, in her room before the Lord, and he despised not "the sighing of the prisoner." He gave her some light into his word; sometimes one passage, sometimes another would suggest a thought, raise a momentary hope, or afford a distant, indistinct view of the blessed Jesus, his work and love, and what he had done and effected for sinners; and she was led to see *there was a way* in which a holy God *could save sinners*. This was to her a great discovery; although how it was she could not have told any one, had she been asked; much less had she any knowledge of interest in it. She believed the righteous were saved; but when she lost all her own righteousness, and became a sinner in her own estimation, this hope perished, and she died to it. Then the Lord taught her by his word, that sinners were saved; this, before, she had no idea of. He further discovered to her, by little and little, the manner of this salvation, that it was by the righteousness of another, even of Jesus Christ. She saw there was a state of justification and salvation, though she knew not how to obtain it; but this her mind was directed to; this she desired, although her mind was bowed down beneath guilt and terror, condemnation, and temptation; for Satan harassed her sorely. She thought when she was first convinced, God had departed from her; that he had taken his holy Spirit from her; that an evil spirit from God troubled her; that she was given up to hardness of heart; that she would not come unto Christ that she might have life, and therefore, had rejected him, and there remained no more sacrifice for sin; that she had committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, and therefore could not be forgiven; with a multitude of suggestions, exceptions, and discouragements raised in the mind. When any little hope arose in the heart, or any little encouragement was derived from the word of God, Satan was ready with an exception to it.

In another way the Lord wrought for her. An elderly man worked on the farm as a day laborer, and his wife at the house as washer-woman. This man was a member of a Baptist church, I believe Mr. Job Hupton's. He heard of her by his wife; and once, having an opportunity, spoke to her on spiritual things. She found he understood her case. He had sinned with a high hand before the Lord called him. He related some of the Lord's dealings with his own soul. By his means another member of Mr. Hupton's heard of her state, (a lady living in Loddon, or one of the adjoining villages,) and sent her a very pressing invitation to visit her; she was very unwilling to go, but the invitation being repeated, she went. This

lady was an invalid, and was obliged to be carried. When removed from the house to her little pony vehicle for a ride, she had a long conversation with her. She had been one of the gayest of the gay, before the Lord met with her and laid her on a bed of affliction. She spoke very encouragingly to her, and on parting, said to her: "I believe we shall sit down together in the kingdom of heaven." She also read Bunyan's "Pilgrim;" and I think at this time, his "Grace Abounding." I am not quite certain as to the time she read the latter, but both were useful to her. The Lord set a hope before her in the gospel, and she began to run, as Bunyan says, to "flee from the wrath to come."

After a time, a new minister came to the parish church. He preached the doctrine of grace; visited his parishioners from house to house, and therefore often conversed with her; but he did not remain very long. Afterwards, in the providence of God, her father left the farm. She was removed to Lowestoft; and in a neighboring village lived a clergyman, whom, perhaps, the term "Evangelical," in its modern acceptation, will describe. She frequently walked two miles to hear him; for his discourses were different to anything she could hear in the churches round; and what of gospel he preached was useful to her. The clergyman of Lowestoft dying, this gentleman was presented to the living, and came and resided there; and in a short time, Mrs. K. became very intimate with him and his family. But her experience went beyond his preaching by this time, for the Lord had brought her on by his own teaching, by the word and the helps I have named above, to a more comfortable hope in her soul, and had given her clearer views of the methods of God's grace in saving sinners.

One Sunday she had been to a village to hear him; or one of his curates, and was returning across the fields in meditation, when the dear Lord mercifully shone into her heart; opened up to her the way of salvation; revealed the Lord Jesus to her soul, full of grace and truth; showed to her the covenant of grace, and her own interest in it, so that she saw clearly she was saved in Christ before she fell in Adam. Her understanding being enlightened, she saw the distinct personality of the sacred Trinity; their personal acts of grace in the salvation of sinners; the work of the Lord Jesus Christ; his offices, and the relations he stands in to his people. She said also, she saw clearly the eternal safety of one of her brothers, who was then under deep conviction and trouble of mind. She knew not how long she was in the fields, or in reaching home; her mind was above the earth. She retired to her room, and poured out her soul to God in praise and prayer. She read the word of God, and the blessed Spirit confirmed it by the word, leading her through the different parts of it; showing her its agreement with the path she had been led in. She had often before read that passage: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with lovingkindness have I drawn thee;" and had prayed to the Lord that she might understand that in her own experience. Now the Lord brought that passage to her mind, and showed her that it was fulfilled in her experience; that, be-

cause he had loved her with an everlasting love, therefore, he had drawn her with lovingkindness. Many parts of Isaiah she was led into, and the word was sweet to her taste; she lived on it, and ate it, and it was the joy and rejoicing of her heart. One other passage I will name, which was applied to her soul with a peculiar power: "And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord." (Hos. ii. 19, 20.) Through every part of this scripture she was led; not a passing glance, but it was opened up to her in its several parts and bearings, and with relation to her own interest in it. Communion with God in prayer, praise, reading, and meditation was now her constant delight and employment in all her spare time. She used to be up at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning to read her Bible and call on the Lord, and the Lord would meet with her, and bless her, and commune with her, and open his loving heart to her, and lift upon her the light of his countenance, and put gladness into her soul.

At this time, a new curate came to assist the clergyman before spoken of. He was a decided man, and preached salvation by grace fully, fearlessly, sweetly, and experimentally; too much so for the many. Mrs. K. profited by his ministry. He had also his views very much in favor of believers' baptism, and against the baptism of infants. He would also converse on all these topics freely, and was not averse to Dissenters, or any who truly feared God. Mrs. K.'s prejudices against Dissenters were thus rubbed off, and her mind was led into the subject of baptism. There was at a cottage a little distance from the town, in another parish, a week day-service, one week by the minister of the Established Church, and the alternate week by a Baptist minister; then she sometimes went to the Baptist chapel in Lowestoft, nearly opposite her dwelling. Her mind was thus instructed and led on. The curate left, and she felt destitute of the preached word. She joined the Baptist church, and was favored in the ordinance, but lost the favor and friendship of the vicar. He tried hard to prevent it by argument, &c., but God gave her decision of mind to follow Christ wherever she saw her way plain by his word. With her was baptized an old lady 83 years of age. On coming to the edge of the baptistry, nearly blind, she exclaimed aloud, "Be astonished, O my soul, that God should have brought me here!" The old lady had withstood her convictions on this point for some years. The chapel was very crowded, yet Mrs. K.'s mind was very happy, calm, and tranquil; but she found not peace in the church. The minister who baptized her left. Some in the church invited erroneous men, worldly-minded, political men; this prevented her having much communion with the members, except a few who were differently minded. She now often attended at Beccles, and sat down with the church there, and heard Mr. W—, the minister, with much satisfaction. She opened her house for preaching; and when supplies could be obtained, if they were refused the chapel, they preached in her house; but, frequently supplies preached in the

chapel. They had no stated minister. Amongst others, Mr. G— supplied, and preached two nights successively from, "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." She was very ill in health, but attended each evening, and these two discourses were much blessed to her; she had received the spirit of adoption, and was walking in liberty, and was much established and confirmed by these two sermons, and often referred to them with pleasure. She continued to walk close with God, and had much peace and joy in believing.

One day, being alone in her room, and very happy in her soul, having been reading and meditating on the word, something said to her, "Though now you are so happy in the Lord, you may have 20 years of darkness after this." She said to herself, "O is it possible?" it was gently suggested, "Yes, it is." She trembled at the thought. At another time it was gently suggested to her mind: "Remember, it is through much *affliction* you must enter the kingdom;" she found the passage, that "Through much *tribulation* you must enter the kingdom," and thought over it much, as to what it might portend; but her peace and joy continued. She read Owen on "Communion with God," and this was blessed to her soul. For several years she walked thus in the comforts of the gospel. She had many troubles, and much opposition outwardly, but she waited on the Lord continually, in private and in public, whenever opportunity offered, and her mountain stood strong by the Lord's favor. At length, darkness came over her mind; she could not find nearness of access in prayer; she could not taste the sweetness of the promises; her heart became hard; Satan set in with his temptations, and harassed her sorely; she wrestled hard in supplication, and begged of the Lord to return, and to show her wherefore he contended with her. In his own time he was merciful to her, and visited her with the light of his countenance. As she could not pour out her soul as she wished in prayer, she had been much distressed, for in all her troubles she sought unto the Lord in prayer. These words encouraged her much, "He that searcheth the heart, knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, for he maketh intercession for the saints, according to the will of God." The Lord hereby kept her waiting for deliverance, and then restored her confidence, and she again rejoiced in the Lord as her portion, and her exceeding great reward. For a time she walked comfortably again. Before long, however, the enemy of souls assaulted her with sore temptations. Her confidence was weakened; darkness came over her mind; and at last she was in a dreadful state of bondage, and then of despair. Her hope seemed perished from the Lord, except now and then, when some passage of the word of God would be applied to her mind, which kept her from fainting. This continued for above a year. She attended all means of grace as often as she could; but no preaching reached her case, to give her comfort. She read the Bible, but found little but condemnation, especially in those passages which speak of falling away, and finding no place of repentance, though sought carefully with tears. She thought Christ could not save her, because his work and commission to save did not extend

to one in her state and condition; that she was one of those whom it was impossible to renew again unto repentance, &c.; all her letters breathed a hopeless, helpless, despairing state of mind. But she had some short intervals of hope, and sometimes was enabled to plead with the Lord, but could not regain her former standing. Although again raised to hope in the Lord's mercy, and delivered from that depth of despairing feeling under which she had labored, she was led into Christ's temptations, and his sufferings, and substitution, and his being made a curse for sinners; and saw some of the glories, and something of the preciousness of Christ, but could not realise her interest in him, nor find the comfort she had formerly enjoyed. But she had a hope in him, and in God's mercy through him, and sometimes would find a sweetness and fulness in some parts of the word relating to Christ. But these things did not abide in her in sensible enjoyment; and then evil questionings arose in her mind, and she was often much perplexed, discouraged, and confused, and broken in judgment concerning her state and standing, and much harassed at times by the enemy of souls.

She removed about this time to Leicester, where she continued until her death. But although favored with gospel preaching, and spiritual companions and conversation, (and often ministers lodged with us who came to supply, and she had much conversation with them, and was frequently helped, refreshed, and encouraged,) she could not regain an abiding peace, and joy, and assurance as formerly, and sometimes would say, she was like the Jews in Babylon, "she wept when she remembered Zion." Amongst other helps, I remember she heard Mr. Gadsby once at York Street, with comfort from these words: "The Lord Jesus Christ, our hope." Once she heard Mr. De F—, at Ebenezer Chapel, unusually well; and once was very much comforted in hearing Mr. I— at Trinity Chapel, and always felt much attached to him from that time. From this general description of her experience, during 16 years at Leicester, I will now proceed to the latter part of her life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

It is the character of all men in the state of depraved nature and apostasy from God, that every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, is only evil continually. (Gen. vi. 5.) All persons in that condition are not swearers, blasphemers, drunkards, adulterers, idolaters, or the like; these are the vices of peculiar persons, the effect of particular constitutions and temptations. But thus it is with them, all and every one of them, all the imaginations of the thoughts of their hearts are evil, and that continually; some, as to the matter of them; some as to their end; all, as to their principle; for out of the evil treasure of the heart, can proceed nothing but what is evil. The man that understands the evil of his own heart, how vile it is, is the only useful, fruitful, solidly believing, and obedient person. Others are fit only to delude themselves, to disquiet families, churches, and all relations whatever,—*Oreen.*

POETRY.

Have ye counted the cost,
 Have ye counted the cost,
 Ye warriors of the cross?
 Are ye fix'd in heart for your Master's sake,
 To suffer all worldly loss?
 Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly wise,
 As ye pass by pleasure's bower,
 To watch with your Lord on the mountain top,
 Through the dreary midnight hour?
 Can ye sorrow with him?
 Can ye sorrow with him?
 All selfish sorrow forgot:
 When the heart grows chill, and the eye is dim,
 And the rescue cometh not?
 Can ye bow the head when the heart is rent,
 And all earthly aid forego,
 Resign'd to receive from a Father's hand
 That cup of bitterest woe?
 Can ye drink of the cup,
 Can ye drink of the cup,
 That your Lord and Master drank,
 When his holy soul was so sore amaz'd,
 And his flesh from suffering shrank?
 Can ye feel the sting of a traitor's kiss,
 Nor yet from your purpose move,
 But suffer with Christ, and in anguish grieve
 For the grieving Holy Dove?
 Are ye able to share
 Are ye able to share
 In the baptism of your Lord?
 Are ye strong in His strength with Him to bear,
 And to prove His faithful word?
 Can ye prove the word that shall prove you first,
 As silver in furnace tried?
 The earthen vessel may fail, but the word
 Is seven times purified.
 Do ye answer "we can,"
 Do ye answer "we can,"
 Through his love's constraining power?
 But do ye remember that flesh is weak
 And shrinks in the trying hour?
 Yet yield to His hand who around you now
 The cords of a man would cast,
 The bands of His love who was given for you
 To the altar binding fast!
 Can ye cleave to the Lord,
 Can ye cleave to the Lord,
 When the many turn aside?
 Can ye witness in truth the living word,
 And nought upon earth beside?
 And can ye endure with the virgin band
 The lowly and pure in heart,
 Who, whithersoever the Lamb may lead,
 From his footsteps ne'er depart?

Ye shall drink of the cup !
 Ye shall drink of the cup !
 And in his baptism share !
 Ye shall not fail if ye tread in his steps
 His blood-stained cross to bear ;
 But count ye the cost, O count ye the cost,
 That ye be not unprepar'd,
 And know ye the strength that alone can stand
 In the conflict ye have dar'd !
 In the power of His might,
 In the power of His might,
 Who was made through weakness strong,
 Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight,
 And sing His victory song !
 But count ye the cost, O count ye the cost,
 The forsaking all ye have !
 Then take up your cross and follow your Lord,
 Not thinking your life to save.
 By the blood of the Lamb,
 By the blood of the Lamb,
 By the faithful witness word,
 Not loving your lives to the death for Him,
 Ye shall triumph with your Lord !
 So count ye the cost, yea, count ye the cost,
 Ye warriors of the cross,
 But in royal faith, and in royal love,
 Count all selfish gain for loss !
 O, the banner of love,
 O, the banner of love,
 Will cost you a pang to hold ;
 But 'twill float in triumph the field above,
 Though your heart's-blood stain its fold.
 Ye may count the cost, ye may count the cost,
 Of all Egyptia's treasure,
 But the riches of Christ ye cannot count,
 His love you cannot measure !

[We know not who is the author of the above beautiful lines ; but they were put the other day into our hands, and we were so much struck with them that we felt an immediate desire to insert them in our pages.—Ed.]

ERRATUM.—We stated in our last Number, (page 390,) that “the *profits*” of the republication of President Edwards’s tract on “Spiritual Pride” were to go to the aid of the “Aged Pilgrims’ Friend Society.” We should have said “*proceeds*,” as the editor of the work publishes it entirely at his own expense, and gives to the Society all that is received from the sale.

If your religion does not interfere with buying, it will not interfere with selling ; if it does not interfere with you in public, it will not interfere with you in private ; if it does not interfere with everything, it will soon interfere with nothing. Your great river Thames is only a little stream about 40 miles higher up.—W. T.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

NO. 218. FEBRUARY, 1854. VOL. XX.

WHERE IS THE LORD GOD OF ELIJAH?

When I was under the law, (that is, the last two years of the time that I was under it,) I was very much tried all ways. I was much out of work. I had bad health, although I never complained much of it. I kept my troubles to myself; for I had prayed that I might be patient under suffering and trouble, like Job; and I felt that prayer was put into my heart by the Holy Ghost, because I became patient. Cholera, influenza, and other diseases, were prevalent in the land, so that my life hung in doubt, in my own feelings, and I had many disappointments all ways, and was much troubled in circumstances, working, when I had it to do, in great misery, on account of a languid feeling which came upon me after an attack of influenza, which did not wholly leave me for two years. The fear of death and the day of judgment damped my energies, and caused me at times to be at my wit's end, although it kept me from taking thought for the morrow; for my thoughts were, "Shall I live till to-morrow? Shall I live to see another sun rise?"

During this time, I used to read about Elijah, of his being fed by the ravens and also by the widow, and this used to comfort me a little. I was also fond of reading of David's hair-breadth escapes. All this used to comfort me concerning temporals; and when trials and troubles became very distressing, I used to pray to the Lord to deliver me, which, after great wrestlings with him, he did. Sometimes, while in bed, I have felt as if a raging fever were about to attack me, and as if the blood would rush boiling hot over my brain and kill me, and I should be in hell before the morning. Then I used to pray with all my heart and soul to the Lord to let me live another day; and as I found that the Lord Jesus said, "Whatever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive," I endeavored to pray with faith, and then all my fears would vanish. I did not know at that time that my prayer and faith were the work of God. My prayers were often answered in this way, and sometimes when I prayed for work I used to get it. But I used to think that God only let me have a little respite now and then, and answered my prayers, because I was to be tormented for ever.

Our Lord's parable of the unjust judge (Luke xviii.) encouraged me still to pray. I can truly say that the Lord has taught me, for I never was taught by man. But during all this time, I liked the

prophet Elijah above all; I liked David, but I was more partial to Elijah. I used to pray that if I were one of the elect of God, it would please him to let me know it, (for although I had never heard of anybody having an assurance of their election, I prayed that I might know whether I was or not,) to set my mind at rest, and if not, that I might have peace in this life; but if chosen, that the Lord would make me as one of his hired servants, I supposing at that time that hired servants meant sent ministers. I also prayed that the Lord would make me like his prophet Elijah, that I might prophesy, as he did; and, if the Lord's will, be a wanderer, and die in a ditch at last, unpitied and uncared for, if he would pardon all my sins. I prayed earnestly that, if chosen, I might devote my whole life and soul to the Lord, and be like his prophets of old, and as much ill-treated and hunted as they were. Satan has often troubled me upon this point, by trying to make me believe that such is really coming upon me, and bringing to my remembrance my own words. But I also prayed that I might have strength to bear all that might come upon me.

When I received full assurance of my election, I began to expect that I should be troubled by outward circumstances; but God was then, as he has ever been, better to me than all my fears. Circumstances were much more favorable to me than they had been before.

About two years ago I used to read this 2nd chapter of 2 Kings, and pray also for a double portion of the Spirit; and I used to feel a sweet melting within, and great grief at the idea of Elijah being taken from the earth, and to say with Elisha, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." And when I came to the 14th verse, I have said from my heart, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" I used to feel, as it were, a brokenness of heart, and there would come a sweet feeling of love to God within, and I felt that the Lord was with me in answer to my prayer. I find that the Lord sometimes causes me to pray for that which he is about to bring to pass. And yet lately I have thought at times that so great a God as our God never can condescend to take notice of our prayers, and that we must be laboring under a delusion. But nevertheless I have believed, during all this, that I am one of the elect, and that he has a chosen people.

My experience agrees with the doctrines of grace throughout, and yet sometimes I am fearful lest I should be dishonoring God by holding the doctrine of election; fearful lest I should make a mistake, although the word of God to me appears to be full of it. I have felt a great barrenness lately, so that I am almost ready to cry out, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" But after such a barrenness there is generally a plentiful pouring out of the Spirit. When the Lord hides his face, who can behold him? I feel more and more my utter inability to pray or do anything of myself. I can see more and more that if the Lord had not chosen me, and sought me out, I should never have sought him, neither should I have ever said, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"—Grace be with you.

E. W. W.

A VOICE FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Dearly beloved Brother in union and sweet fellowship of the gospel of Jesus Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

Your experimental and savory epistle came to hand in due time, fully manifesting the exercises of every poor pilgrim on the way to the heavenly Canaan, under the tuition of God the Holy Ghost, whose office-work, in the ancient covenant, is thus to lead and instruct the whole elect family, and none else, home to glory, where they shall behold the Father upon the throne, and Jesus, the God-Man, at the right hand of the Majesty as Intercessor, till the last vessel of mercy is brought forth with shouts of "Grace, grace unto it." Then shall the vision which John saw, (Rev. vii. 9,) come to pass, "A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." And this blessedness every heir of glory shall see and enjoy at the appointed time. May you and I be found amongst that happy throng.

I have been in a low place for some time, not knowing how or where my standing is, surrounded with clouds and thick darkness, fearing I never experienced or knew aught of the matter of soul-work, and that all was delusion, and, finally, should despair, and sink to rise no more. But blessed be the dear Lord, who knows and has appointed the bounds of Satan, and determined his glory shall be manifested in the deliverance of the poor tempest-tossed soul, saying, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," last Lord's Day, in our Bethel, through the weak instrument, but highly-honored servant and dearly beloved brother, the Lord spoke with power to my soul, though covered with darkness and unbelief. I felt then light, life, love, and joy, and a small hope that I had some interest in the dear Jesus. I could rejoice in a full, free, and finished salvation, and although the Lord had given me the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, (not temporal, but spiritual,) yet in rich mercy he brought me to see my Teacher, and that he should no more be removed into a corner, but that I should hear a word behind me, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." But alas! how often am I found turning aside both ways, till darkness beclouds all my hopes and I have to mourn over my helplessness and misery, till the dear Lord gives a look and another touch; then I can bless and praise his dear name, for such distinguishing mercy, whilst tears of contrition run down my eyes for such ingratitude and base backslidings. What a poor, hell-deserving wretch I feel, when in my right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus; no stability, no strength, but turning aside into forbidden paths, and unbelief maintaining a strong hold, till the dear Conqueror knocks off the shackles, opens the prison doors, and sets the soul at liberty. This is the thorny path I have to walk in on my pil-

grimace through this wilderness and sin-disordered world. How amazing the mercy that we poor few, sinful worms, unworthy the least mercy or regard, and who are everywhere spoken against, should be thus signalised and highly honored by the great Jehovah, the Three-One God, set apart from the proud, the rich, and the great, in worldly honors of this large city and the surrounding cities, and placed as a light in thick darkness, to show forth the praises of him who has called us out of nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the glorious gospel, which we never could know but by regeneration and a new birth unto righteousness! How does my soul wonder, and adore such unmerited mercy; it makes all within me bless and praise his holy name, while I sink into nothing, a sinful and depraved, poor, hell-deserving wretch; before such stupendous mercy and unparalleled condescension of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

My dear brother and companion in tribulation, you know how to rejoice and mourn with me in the ins and outs of our thorny path, as you are travelling on the way. Two Lord's Days ago, when our beloved brother, with much power and unction from the presence of the Master, displayed in sublime language the precious fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, you were enabled by the same power to take down your harp from the willows, and tune the strings to the Lord's song, though in a strange land; and your soul melted down before his presence, feeling the efficacy of that most precious blood that cleanseth from all sin and stains of the deepest dye. Surely I can join you and say, "it was a time of love to us," and I trust to all present.

I am much bowed down through the week with temptations, trials, and difficulties; but when the time arrives, on the first day of the week, to meet in our Bethel, the Lord speaks to the servants within to stay at the foot of the mount, while I go up to worship the Lord and to inquire in his holy temple; and I have found indeed that it was the "house of God and the very gate of heaven" to my soul. But when the parting time comes to return to my sad place, the trial is severe to my feelings, but must be borne. This is not our rest, it is polluted; and in these low grounds, where all is cursed for man's sin, we must receive a finished education in the furnace placed in Zion, so to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings to fit us for the mansions of unsullied glory, clothed with a robe wrought out by the God-Man Jesus for his Bride, without spot or wrinkle, that will stand the test of Omniscience, whose scrutinising eye will see and pronounce, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." (Sol. Song iv. 7.) What amazing mercy to have a small hope of such delivering mercy for poor rebellious worms, who can look back and trace their high-handed rebellion against the Majesty of heaven and earth, who could have cut them off in their sins and in their blood, consigning them to eternal misery, even Tophet, ordained of old, and justice be fully magnified in their destruction! Dear Lord, help us with David, thy servant of old, feelingly to cry out from the inmost soul, "Thou hast brought us up out of

a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and placed our feet upon a rock, and established our goings, and put a new song in our mouths, even praise unto our God." (Ps. xl. 2, 3.) O my dear brother, another opportunity is nigh on the morrow to assemble in the place where prayer is made, and where I trust you and I have felt the droppings of the sanctuary, and a spirit of prayer and worship from the presence of God the Holy Ghost.

May the dear Lord, if consistent with his purposes, come up with his servant, and give him a message, and attend with great power the ministration of his word; and may he with us be blessed with life, liberty, and unction; that we may sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and rejoice with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and forget our poverty. We are heirs to a vast estate, if the elect vessels of mercy. May we be enabled to read our title clear to the blessed mansions prepared by Jesus our Elder Brother, who alone wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness for the justification of his bride; to whom, with the Father and Holy Ghost, one Triune Jehovah, be all the glory now and ever, amen and amen.

With the hope of seeing you, with all our small number, if the Lord will, and praying that every covenant blessing may attend you to the end of your warfare in this vale of tears, may you be led and guided till you are called to see the King in his beauty, and dwell for ever in his presence, to go no more out for ever, is the prayer and desire of

Your unworthy Sister and companion in tribulation,

Philadelphia, Jan. 10th, 1852.

A TRIED ONE.

If your religion bring you no cross, it will bring you no crown. If it cost nothing, it will be worth nothing.—*W. T.*

The Jews had this opinion, that they should be justified by the law. Therefore, when they heard that the gospel was preached concerning Christ, who came into the world to save not the righteous, but sinners, and that they should go before them into the kingdom of God, (Matt. xxii. 31.) they were wonderfully offended, complaining that they had borne the heavy yoke of the law so many years with great labor and toil, and that they were miserably vexed and oppressed with the tyranny of the law, without any profit; and again, that the Gentiles, who were idolaters, obtained grace without any labor or travel. So do our Papists murmur at this day, saying, What has it profited us that we have lived in a cloister 20, 30, or 40 years; that we have vowed chastity, poverty, obedience; that we have said so many psalters, and so many canonical hours, and so many masses; that we have so punished our bodies with fasting, prayers, chastisements, &c.; if a husband, a wife, a prince, a governor, a master, a scholar, if a hireling or a drudge bearing sacks, if a wench sweeping the house shall not only be made equal with us, but also be accepted as better and more worthy before God than we?—*Luther.*

IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION.

Dear Friend,—I had fully intended to drop you a line sooner, but have been waiting for the south wind to blow, that I might have some good news to send you. But I am obliged to set to and write without it; a poor dark, ignorant, stupid, unbelieving wretch as ever lived upon earth; no more power to think, move, or speak in spiritual things than a beast.

Sure I am I know what David meant when he said, "I was as a beast before thee," or, "like an owl of the desert." Surely never one of the Lord's family is so stupid, foolish, barren, empty, and so ungrateful for mercies received as I am. O that the "south wind" would blow, that the spices might "flow out!" It is not my home to be here, but my misery. But sometimes I am so dead and barren that I cannot even be miserable under it. Last night I had to go to chapel to preach in this very frame of mind. I wanted to confess it before God, but I could not do so with my soul. I did it with my lips, but my heart was like a flint, unmoved. Surely, I thought, I never can preach. But the good Lord opened my mouth, and gave me a word to speak, which was a word in season to a few that were there; but no bringing completely out in my own case. And what is religion to me, if I have no life felt in my heart, no communion with him, no intercourse between God and my soul? It is nothing to me. Indeed, my dear friend, I am more and more convinced of the real necessity of the work of the Holy Ghost; for I find, by downright feeling experience, that prayer, faith, hope, love, joy, humility, patience, thankfulness, yes, and every good thing, is the sovereign, free favor of God, and communicated to my soul by the Holy Ghost as freely as ever the work of regeneration is. And when the blessed unction of the Holy Ghost is withheld, I can no more bring one good thing into exercise than I can put out the blaze of the sun by lifting up my hand, or empty the sea with a bucket. I am at a point that no one can call Christ Lord, in a saving way, but by the Holy Ghost. O how blessed is the "still small voice" of the dear Comforter, when he takes of the things which are Christ's and shows them unto us! How delightful is it then to view him as the Lord our righteousness and strength, in whom is all our boast, joy, salvation, and glory!

There are neither crooks, crosses, nor miseries in Jesus; all is right and straight in him. You have, my dear friend, at times found him to be your friend, that "sticketh closer than a brother;" and he that has delivered does deliver, yes, and will yet deliver. But you are something like me, you want more joy, and less sorrow; longer days, and shorter nights; more life, and not so much death; more faith, and less unbelief; to be more with our Lord, sitting at his blessed feet, and hearing his gracious words, and not so much grovelling in this miserable earth. But O my friend, recollect it is the absolute declaration of our adorable God and Saviour, that "in the world ye shall have tribulation;" and how could we be proved to be one of the family, if we knew nothing of it?

I dare say you think sometimes that you could do very well without some of the tribulations you have, or if they were in another place you could bear them better. But not so; our troubles are all in their right places, and come at the right time, and by the right way, and answer the right end. We often mistake the real thing; it is our mind that is in the wrong place; for, instead of having our eyes looking right on and our eyelids straight before us, viewing the wisdom, goodness, kindness, love, mercy, and faithfulness of our God, we are looking either to the right hand or to the left, poring over second causes, and wondering how that will turn out, and this be managed; until I sometimes get as miserable and as full of rebellion against God as if I were a devil let loose. And yet when I have done all, I have neither made one hair white or black; and I have been brought to see that the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord. I have ever found that when he has appeared it has all been right, and not one thing out of its place. And yet, my dear friend, when fresh troubles come, notwithstanding all that I have proved, I am just the same fool as ever, when left to myself. O that God may keep me nearer to himself, waiting, watching, crying, believing, hoping, and receiving all blessing needful for me both for time and eternity!

I hope, my friend, the Lord will help you to pray for me, for I am as poor and needy a worm as ever crawled upon earth. I am surprised, at times, at the goodness of the Lord towards one so vile and so unworthy of his mercies; and to think he should ever employ me in his vineyard as his mouth, is more astonishing still. But bless his precious name, it is his sovereign will that it should be so; for they are hid from "the wise and prudent" and revealed unto "babes;" for so it seemed good in his sight. And so it does in mine at times, and I can bless him for it. I hope, my dear friend, the Lord will keep you and Mr. — sensible of your dependence upon him, and much at his blessed feet, for there is safety nowhere else but in him. I have you much at times in my breathings to God, and my prayer to him is, that you may not be carried away too much with the world, for it is a flattering thing, pleasing to flesh and blood; and if the children of God are at any time carried away with its pleasing streams, they are sure to carry them to some whirlpool or other, where they will be brought to their senses. The Lord ever keep you safe from all snares, both from within and from without.

That the Lord may bless you and Mr. — with mercy, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, is the hearty prayer of, Yours in love,

Trowbridge, May 14th, 1823.

J. W.

God has written a law and a gospel; the law to humble us, and the gospel to comfort us; the law to cast us down, and the gospel to raise us up; the law to convince us of our misery, and the gospel to convince us of his mercy; the law to discover sin, and the gospel to discover grace and Christ.—*John Mason.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE EDWARD GOLDSMITH, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT RAMSGATE.

My dear Friend,—Your valuable letter, with its contents, came safe to hand, and gave me, I must assure you, unspeakable pleasure, both from its salutary advice and the unmerited and unexpected favor which it conveyed. Indeed, my dear Sir, I feel peculiar felicity in finding that I have in Mr. H. a friend who, while he stands high in the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel can feel most tenderly for the glory and honor of God. Let the profane and the professing world charge this with Antinomianism if they please. For my part I shall, and I trust you will, while we feel ourselves condemned by the moral law, and alive to God by the law of love in our hearts, say with David, "Let them curse."

I very much approve my friend's sentiments that praise is acceptable to God and well-pleasing in his sight, for it is written, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." But shall I tell my dear friend that I always feel myself willing or able to offer this sacrifice? No, alas! I am constrained to confess my shameful backwardness to this, and that I feel a far greater readiness to repine, when I am in want of, than to praise when I receive, supplies from the blessed hand of my covenant God. But still I must say, that every reflection on the love of my heavenly Father to me,—the great things he has done for me, the blessed work he has wrought in me, the secure path in which he has led me, the innumerable mercies he has bestowed on me, the good which to others he has done by me, and the heavenly inheritance which he has secured to me,—I say, every reflection on these things excites thankfulness and wonder.

You wish to know how the cause of God goes on among us. I am happy to say that our covenant God does not leave us without some tokens of his favor amidst the furious enmity of Satan, and those whom he has blinded at Ramsgate. I trust the word of life is felt and enjoyed by a few. Our numbers do not decrease, notwithstanding, as you know, we are close to the seat of the Beast. And at Walmer, I bless the Lord that I have good reason to conclude considerable good is done. Many there hear the word gladly, and I am persuaded with joy in the Holy Ghost.

I could complain aloud to you of my darkness and weakness in the Lord's work, but seeing that my feeble labors are blest to the souls of poor sinners, my mouth is stopped.

As I know that my heavenly Father will not suffer your great generosity and kindness to his unworthy servant to pass unrewarded, I am warranted to say that "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Mrs. Goldsmith joins in respects to you, Mrs. H., and all at L—— who love the truth, with, Yours in the gospel,

Ramsgate, Jan. 28th, 1810.

EDWARD GOLDSMITH.

O Lamb of God, slain for me, thy blood is balm, thy presence is bliss, thy smile is heaven!—*Toplady*.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MRS. BOORNE TO MR. ABBOTT.

My dear Sir,—Mr. W. received your letter, the reading of which gave us great pleasure. We indeed were truly sorry to hear of your affliction, but on the other hand we rejoiced to hear how the Lord had appeared for you. It quite did us good, and kindled a fresh fire of love towards you. Mrs. W. told me she felt quite a knitting towards you; and indeed I can say it brought many sweet things to my remembrance that I had enjoyed both in hearing of you and when in private. I quite longed to hear from you, and have very often talked of sending, but did not like to take the liberty. I wrote a letter two years ago with an intention of sending it, but could not summon up courage to do so; but as you have made such kind inquiries after me, I think it my duty to write you a few particulars how I have gone on since you saw me.

I did not know that Mr. C. ever made any inquiries about me, or I should have been very glad to have sent a message by him, as also to have heard from you. The following is a copy of what I wrote two years ago:—

Dear Sir,—I have for some time felt a desire to write to you, but did not like to take the liberty; but I feel you so much on my mind that I cannot refrain any longer, as I fear you must think me very ungrateful, as you were the means of bringing peace and consolation to my soul, at a time when I felt in such need. I cannot help feeling a great respect for you; and I can assure you it has not been for want of a will, but a fear of presuming to what I ought not, that has prevented me. And now I have attempted, I know not what to say, for I feel very cold and lifeless. I often fear I am not really a possessor of the best things, or I should not feel as I do, with scarcely any desire, and prayer sometimes a burden. I often think of that text, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" It seems almost impossible that the blessed Spirit can dwell in me, when I feel everything contrary to it. I have many fears of myself coming short of having that divine blessing.

I was brought up in a profession, which often makes me jealous of myself, for fear I have only got a notion of religion, without being thoroughly emptied and convinced of my state. When quite young, I felt afraid of reading any of Mr. Huntington's books, unless it were those that seemed to search me, for fear I should borrow a religion, and my convictions go off the wrong way. When I have got any comfort from hearing the word, I have felt afraid of taking it to myself, for fear of presumption, and deceiving myself; for to be a professor, and not a possessor, I had and still have a great dread of. It makes me continually beg of the Lord to search me and not permit me to be deceived. I am afraid of coming short at last; and when I think if I have not known anything savingly, and am not one of the Lord's dear people, O how could I bear to hear him say, "Depart from me, I never knew you!" The

thought of being separated from the dear Redeemer tears my heart; to be for ever banished from his presence whose love I esteem as my chiefest good, whose absence makes me mourn! I beg of him to reveal himself to me otherwise than he does to the world.

I often endeavor to look back to see if there ever was a time that I could call the Lord mine, and not feel any condemnation, and how I came by that confidence, whether I have taken comfort from anything that has not been applied by the blessed Spirit, or have worked myself into a persuasion. Yet there are two instances in particular that I cannot help thinking were tokens that my worthless name is written in heaven, and that I am one whom the dear Redeemer came to save. One is, about three months before I heard you preach that sermon which I think will never be forgotten by me. I was sitting alone one Sunday evening, feeling very low respecting my state. I took Romaine's "Life of Faith" to read, to see if I could get anything to suit my case. I read for a while, till I came to the part where he refers the reader to Heb. xi. I took the Bible, and read part of the chapter, but my mind was so concerned and distressed, that I left off reading and went to petition at a throne of grace, and beg of the Lord to give me some token for good, for I thought if I only could know that I was in the right way I should be satisfied; for I knew if the work were begun the Lord would carry it on; and if the blessed Spirit had really convinced me of my state, and put the cry in my heart after the Saviour, that in his own time he would appear as my Redeemer. But I was afraid I had not come in at the door, and therefore begged if I had not, that he would condescend to lead me in a right path; but if I had, that I might have some little hope and assurance that I should see better days. After I had endeavored to pour out my soul to the Lord, I went to finish the chapter I had begun, and turned to the place where I had left off, not knowing what were the next words I was going to read; but they were these, "They that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." The support and comfort I felt from these words I cannot describe. They appeared to be exactly suited to what I had been praying for. Though I could not call him my Lord and my God, yet I felt persuaded I should be enabled so to do in his own good time. After the enjoyment was gone, (for it only lasted a few days,) I felt the loss of something I never felt before.

The other token was shown me on the 21st of October, which you know about. But for some months past, I have felt so cold and dead, that I am very low and jealous for fear, after all, that it is only a delusion. I long, and pant, and cry for a visit from him whom my soul loveth, but cannot get any nearness of access to him whose presence alone can make trials light.

I have been brought again into the trial of losing another of

my dear children, a fine and interesting boy, about four years old. I feel it a hard struggle for nature to part with those we dearly love; and especially having so many doubts and fears respecting my eternal state, adds greatly to the trial. I felt the loss of my dear girl greatly, but it was light compared to this; for the mind of my dear partner, as well as my own, was prepared to meet the stroke, and the affliction was sanctified, as I found, the Sunday after her death, that which I had been longing after for years, while hearing you. But in the death of our boy our minds were very different, as we entertained hopes until the last that he would be restored. What added greatly to the trial was, I thought I had felt access at a throne of grace for him; and when he died, I thought I might be deceived altogether. We had in the midst of it many mercies to be thankful for, and reason to hope our child is safely landed from every storm, for his chief delight was the best things. He told us he was going to die, and frequently wished us to read and sing while he was ill. On the Sunday evening before he was taken ill, after we had read, he asked us to sing, and he himself gave out a hymn, one of Mr. Hart's,

"When Noah, with his favored few," &c.

For some time before his death, Mr. Hart's Hymn-book and the Bible were his choice companions; and while ill, though his sufferings were great; yet a little time before he died, his father asked him if he was happy. He said, "Yes, thank you, father;" and repeated that hymn,

"The moon and stars shall lose their light;"

and other things, for which we desire to feel thankful. It is nine weeks since he died.

I should much like to hear you. I often think of the times I enjoyed in hearing you. I remember one time in particular, when at the chapel, in one of your discourses you were very searching. I felt a great cleaving to your ministry, as I liked to hear a minister that went to the root. Then I could examine myself, and judge whether I had felt any of the things I heard described; for I believe every one who is in earnest wishes to come to the light.

Oct., 1830.

Thus much I wrote two years ago; but I can speak it to the praise and glory of the dear Lord who heard and answered my prayer, that I have felt very different since I wrote. I continued in that low, rebellious state for some months. I could see it was rebellion, and felt afraid of a heavier stroke, but could not ease myself of the burden. It was with me from morn till night, and I could not say I felt submission to the Lord's will, though I desired it, until about six months after his death. I was up stairs in my bed-room one Saturday night, sitting, and thinking what a state I was in, and fearing I was nothing but a hypocrite, and I thought my conscience told me so; when a thought came into my mind of asking myself if I dare say that I never had felt anything, and if I could

say, in truth, the Lord had not done anything for me. I answered, "No, I could not say so." If I did I should be giving the lie to my conscience. While I was reasoning thus, I felt such a meekness come over my spirit, and my mind and affections were so drawn out to the Saviour, that I could call him mine; and then I could bless him for the trial, and feel submission to his will. Then the burden was taken off, and has never returned with that weight since.

For some months after that, I was up and down in my mind. I was taken ill in October and continued very poorly for five months, with a complaint in my head and palpitiation of heart. My medical attendant said it was occasioned by weakness and agitation of blood. It used to take me all in a moment, as if I were going to die. But O I cannot sufficiently thank and praise him who bestows all mercies for his unspeakable favor toward me during that affliction; for my mind, for the most part, was kept in peace and stayed on the only sure foundation.

I should esteem it a great favor if you could conveniently write to me.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Nov. 1st, 1832.

ANN BOORNE.

The sins of eminent believers prove the depth of human depravity, such as those of Noah, Lot, David, Hezekiah, and others. They were not men of an ordinary size, but higher than their brethren, by their shoulders, and upwards, in profession; yea, in real holiness. And surely that must needs be of a mighty efficacy, that could hurry into such abominable sins as they fell into such giants in the ways of God. An ordinary engine could never have turned them out of the course of their obedience. It was a poison that no athletic constitution of spiritual health, no antidote could withstand. And these very men fell not into these great sins at the beginning of their profession, when they had had but little experience of the goodness of God, of the sweetness and pleasantness of obedience, of the power and craft of sin, of its impulsions, citations, and surprisals; but after a long course of walking with God, and acquaintance with all these things, together with innumerable motives unto watchfulness. Noah, according to the lives of men in those days of the world, had walked uprightly with God some hundreds of years before he was so surprised as he was. Righteous Lot seems to have been towards the end of his days ere he defiled himself with the abominations recorded. David, in a short life, had as much experience of grace and sin, and as much close spiritual communion with God, as ever had any of the sons of men, before he was cast to the ground by this law of sin. So was it with Hezekiah, in his degree, which was none of the meanest. Now, to set upon such persons, so well acquainted with its power and deceit, so armed and provided against it, that had been conquerors over it for so many years, and to prevail against them, argues a power and efficacy too mighty for anything but the Spirit of the Almighty to withstand.—*Owen*.

LATE ATTENDANCE AT PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Sir,—I was glad to see your hint, with Hardy's excellent lines, respecting late attendance on public worship, and sincerely desire it may prove of some use to many who seem quite regardless of that evil and sin against God as well as grief to others. It is far worse, I find, in London than in the country, and in no case that I have seen so general as at Z—— Chapel, where I have often felt pained for the minister, on going into the pulpit, with *not a fifth* of the congregation present. May they and all of us more value the word of life, more hunger and thirst, then this will not be, on Lord's Days especially.

I send you a letter exactly on the subject, if you think it worth while to make use of it; if not, you may be pleased to see it, as it was written by the person known as "Philomela," in Mr. Huntington's works, to a friend. I do not think you have ever had any of her letters in the "Gospel Standard." It would be a mercy if we felt such a tenderness of conscience and grief on an occasional error, and it would not then be so frequent and so little regarded. Such hearers must, through God's grace, tend to uphold a faithful minister's hands; those whose conduct it reproves must weaken and distress his mind; and I am sure ministers have trials enough, without their friends increasing them by such wilful carelessness. Of course there are unavoidable exceptions.

Yours truly,

July 8th, 1853.

R. R.

My dearly beloved Sister in the Lord,—I feel constrained to give you a few lines on our conduct last night, as we were together previous to our going to chapel. I do not know your feelings when you found how late we were there, but I shall tell you some of the exercises of my mind. When I saw Mr. Jenkins get up and take his text, I felt shame and confusion of face; and that devil who had made me sit easy at your shop and diverted my thoughts from the time of attendance on the sanctuary-service, then turned accuser, set my fault before me in a very aggravated manner, and quite unfitted me for giving attention to the word preached. My conduct was such as I should be very forward to censure others for, therefore I thought these words applicable to me, "Wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." David's language, also, in Ps. xlviii., came with much keenness to my feelings; he says, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." David was at that time kept from the enjoyment of those privileges which his soul longed after; and I believe in that frame of mind, he would not have forgotten the time of attendance.

This led me to look within, to search out the cause; and I found that Satan had given me a dose of his opium, which had stupified me, though it had not cast me into a deep sleep. The next thing he set me at (for I assure you he did not leave me when at chapel,

but stuck close to me all the time) was to make resolutions that I would not be caught so any more; and I began to think there would be no danger, as I felt so severely on account of it. But here Satan was not permitted to hold me, for I knew that my strength was perfect weakness, and as sure as I made a resolution, so sure I should break it. However, I was enabled to breathe out one petition to the Lord that he would give me wisdom in future, that I might not be ignorant of Satan's devices. However, Satan had a meal at my expense. I know that it is not for our attendance on the means that we shall ever get a morsel for our souls; but it is only in the use of them that we are to expect the blessing; for God has said, "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." We do not know by which part God will communicate a blessing to our souls, but we are sure of this, that when we are absent, we are out of the way of receiving it. Jacob said, "I being in the way, the Lord led me."

I can say, and that with truth, that I have been blest under every part of the sanctuary service, and have found it a good season indeed, when the Lord has indulged me with a spirit of supplication with his servant, enabling him to take the very breathings of my soul to him and express them, as if he had known all that was at that time passing within. But last night we were absent when the Lord's servant was engaged with him in prayer, therefore it is not at all likely that our wants were presented at a throne of grace. But I would wish only to speak for myself, for I do assure you that I came away from the house of God with an empty cruse and a barren heart, and under the cutting accusations of conscience, crying to God, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit." I must forbear.

May the Lord at all times give us all that wisdom that shall be profitable to direct us in every step of our way to his kingdom. So prays
Your Sister in the Lord,

Nov. 16th, 1787.

M. H.

This broken and contrite heart is thus excellent only to God. "O God," says he, "thou wilt not despise it;" by which is implied, that the world has not this esteem or respect for such a heart, or for one that is of a broken and a contrite spirit. No, no; a man or woman that is blessed with a broken heart is so far off from getting, by that, esteem with the world, that they are but burdens, and trouble houses wherever they are or go. Such people carry with them molestation and disquietment. They are in carnal families, as David was to the king of Gath, troublers of the house. (1 Sam. xxi.) Their sighs, their tears, their day and night groans, their cries, and prayers, and solitary carriages put all the carnal family out of order. Hence you have them browbeaten by some, condemned by others; yea, and their company fled from and deserted by others. But mark the text: "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise," but rather accept; for not to despise, is with God to esteem and set a high price upon.—*Bunyan*.

OBITUARY.

MRS. SUSANNAH KILHAM.

An Outline of the Life, Experience, and Death of the late Mrs. Susannah Kilham, of Leicester, by her surviving Partner in Life.

(Concluded from page 36.)

About, perhaps, two years since or rather more, she read very carefully and profitably Dr. Goodwin's "Child of Light walking in Darkness," and found many things there unfolded to her satisfaction, and was somewhat encouraged and revived in her soul by it. Afterwards she complained, at times, of barrenness, hardness, carnality, want of communion, &c. Amongst the other supplies who came to Ebenezer Chapel, where we generally attended, was Mr. S., from Hitchin. His preaching appeared, from the first time she heard him, to come home with power to her soul. She never omitted an opportunity, and went with an expectation, as she said, and was seldom disappointed. We had much conversation on spiritual things; and during the month he was here, she appeared to have quite a revival, so that I have said to her, "Why, you will sing as in the days of your youth, as in the days when you came forth out of the land of Egypt." She said, "O I hope I am not deceived! I beg of the Lord not to let me be deceived, or take comfort on wrong grounds. I would not come out of my dark state, though I have been long in it, but by the Lord's way. I would have the Lord bring me out, but it must be his work to revive my soul as it is revived. Sometimes I have sat as insensible as the seat I was upon; but now I always hear with attention and understanding, and, generally, with interest, encouragement, and comfort. And I would not deny the Lord's mercy and goodness to me; that would be a great sin. In my former happy days, I used to think that unbelief, and distrust of God's goodness and faithfulness, were the greatest sins I could commit."

After Mr. S. left, Mr. C. succeeded as a supply for a month, or, I think, five Sabbaths. Her mind now again became very dark; strong temptations assailed her soul; and although she struggled and wrestled hard against them by prayer and supplication, as she was able, trying to groan out her wants at the throne of grace, she could not effectually resist them. Her soul was bowed down to the dust; hope appeared to be fled, and despair, with a strong hand, seized her soul. Her rest was much broken; and for the month before her week's final illness, which terminated in death, a description of one day will convey a tolerably correct idea of the state of her mind during this period. I shall, therefore, only notice some of her exercises and expressions in a general way.

On retiring to rest, she was usually favored to obtain sleep the early part of the night, and woke in the morning at 2 o'clock, or half-past 2, seldom later, though, possibly, it might once or twice be 3 o'clock. As soon as she was thoroughly awake, her mind would be in the greatest distress; she would sit up in bed and bemoan her sad and desolate condition, saying there was no hope for

her. Satan with his temptations prevailed against her. "O," she would say, "to think I should believe the enemy of souls before God! But I have no power against him. I am led captive by him at his will. O I had thought I should be a witness for God! but, now, I shall be found an enemy, and there is nothing remains for me, but 'a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' O the fiend is continually with me, and I am, as it were, shut up with him, and I cannot escape!" Sometimes she would wring her hands in agony, and say, "What must I do? what shall I do? O if the Lord would have mercy on me! But I cannot get to the throne of grace to tell him my case. When I try, Satan meets me and stands in my way, as an armed man, and as a man with a drawn sword." I had used to sit up with her, going over different parts of the word of God which seemed applicable to her case; as when the Psalmist said, he was "free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom God remembers no more," and when he said, "I am cut off from thy hand," &c.; and endeavored to show her how God delivered them from what appeared at the time a hopeless case; that these things were written for our learning that through patience and comfort of the Scriptures we might have hope; how Paul said he was pressed out of measure above strength, so that he despaired of life, &c.; how the prophet said, "When I cry and shout, thou shuttest out my prayer; thou coverest thy throne with a cloud, so that my prayer cannot pass through." Thus we used to spend the time until daylight.

But she sunk lower and lower, so that with difficulty she attended to her domestic affairs. This was continually the case. Every morning, and in the day time, although her attention was necessarily somewhat engaged in her employment, yet her mind was continually in an agitated, despairing state. At meal times I stayed with her as long as I could, endeavoring to find some word in the Bible which might, if the Lord pleased, shed a ray of light on her dark path, and administer a gleam of comfort to her distracted and terrified mind. In the morning she would wake up again at the usual time, weep, and bemoan her condition; try and groan before the Lord; sometimes wring her hands in an agony of despair; and if at last she lay down for a few minutes, the bed shook under her with the violence of her feelings. She would say, "You must never have any hope of me. I asked the Lord not to suffer me to be deceived; to make it plain to me if the work on my soul was of him. He knows I did not wish to be deceived, or to deceive others; and he has answered me, but not for my salvation, but for my destruction; not to establish me, but to pluck me up."

At another time she would say, "I am not the person I was; all the former faculties of my soul are destroyed. I look out of the window at the blue sky, at the green herbs and flowers, and the insects, which I had used to meditate on from my youth, and I say, 'Surely there is a God who made all these things;' but the enemy says, 'No, there is no God; I made all; I rule all; I am master. I do as I like with all; I do as I like with you; and I will make you

do as I will,' and I am shut up with him, and there is no hope of escape. He says, 'If there is a God, I do not care for him, neither do you; you are become as one of us, and you will do so and so, as we shall do, won't you?' And then he tries to fill my mind with horrid, malicious thoughts against Christ, and says, 'I would not come to Christ, I have no will to come to Christ.' O he makes me do as he will. I can see him leer at me, and he taunts me, and I am left in his power." I would say, "Not altogether in his power; remember, God once said of Job, 'He is in thine hand, but save his life;' and I believe the same command is given in your case, and that all the devils in hell shall never touch your life, that is hid with Christ in God, and cannot be destroyed; for Christ himself says, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' I believe the most merciful and compassionate Jesus will not suffer you to perish, but will be faithful to his word, and his word shall never fail." "O," she would say, "he is to them that believe; to his own people; but this is nothing to me." I would then endeavor to show her how it must be the Lord who had called her at first, without any means from her family and kindred, as he did Abram; how she went out after him, as Abram did; how the Lord had taught and brought her to the present time, and that of old the church had the cup of trembling in her hand, for the Lord said he would take it out; and that she was not yet beyond the Bible description of those who had been saved, although she was in such a fearful state. "O," she would say, "I have been deceived! I thought he had called me and quickened me; but I have been all along deceived." I said, "What power, then, was it? Was it nature that wrought these effects?" "O," she replied, "there was a power, a mighty power, wrought on my mind, a power above nature, I know; but what power I cannot tell." When I said, "He will take the cup of trembling out of thine hand, &c.," she replied, "He said that to me two and twenty years ago; 'I will take the cup of trembling out of thine hand, even the dregs of the cup of my fury;' but I have had it twice put into my hand since then, and each time it is more bitter and dreadful." I said, "Was the latter part of the verse added, 'Thou shalt drink no more of it?'" She said, "No; but I took it all. I thought it meant all." I said, "Then God's word, spoken to you, has not failed yet."

Sometimes as we sat conversing in a morning before daylight, I would bring before her the temptations of Christ; how "he was tempted in all points like as we are, but without sin," and it was that he might succor those who are tempted, and that he would succor her; for, as Hart said,

"Though we neither see or feel,
His hand supports us still;"

and that whatever dreadful, horrid temptations Satan assaulted the soul with, that temptation simply was not sin; for Christ was "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." "Yes," she would say, "But they prevail against me, and I have no will to come to Christ. I cannot find him." I said, "Yes, you have a will, and your trouble is because you cannot get to him. If he would speak,

you would know his voice. He would make the storm a calm. His voice on high is mightier than many waters." "Yes," she would say, "I should know his voice were I to hear it, but I never, never shall; he will never speak to me." I said to her, "Do you remember the short piece I read to you from one of the periodicals?" She said, "What was it?" I replied, "It was this: Ralph Erskine, who in his day had no equal in describing Christian experience, was so remarkably desolated that he fell into despair. Ministers and friends from all parts came to see him, and to talk with him, but none could comfort him; yet God restored him, and he said then the soul in such a state can hear no voice but that of Christ. But I know you could hear his voice, and that you have heard it." She said, "I thought so; I thought I had heard it; but I have been deceived. I shall never hear it, never!"

The last Wednesday Mr. C. preached, (not the last night,) I said, at dinner time, "You will go to chapel to-night?" She said, "No, I do not think I can go any more. I do not think I can sit to hear any more." I said, "Well, I will come home to tea in time that you can get ready to go, and we will see then." I came home at the usual time, and we sat down to tea, and began to converse as usual, when she said, "I think I shall go to chapel to-night." I said, "That is right; I hoped you would go when the time came." She said, "I will tell you why. I have had a scripture brought to my mind which lifted me out of a sad place two and twenty years ago." I said, "What is it?" She replied, "It is this, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;' and if he is my refuge, I will go, come what may. I believe now if I were in the pit, in the very belly of hell, if his everlasting arms were beneath me, he would bring me up and carry me to heaven." I said, "Yes, so he would, and so I believe he will yet." She said, "If he is my refuge, I will go." I said, "That is right; who knows what the Lord may say to you?" We had some further conversation, in which she said this scripture had banished a temptation she was assaulted with when it came, and it had raised her mind to hope again. She went to chapel, but received nothing. I saw this by her countenance; so I said, "I am afraid you have not gathered much." She said, "No; nothing. I understand well what he has been preaching. I know the confidence in which he stands. I have known the times when, as I thought, I could have walked with him, but not now; it is beyond me."

In the morning she awoke early, as usual, but was not quite so despairing, although she had no comfort; but on Sunday she went to chapel again twice. On Monday evening, when he preached the last time, as we were going, a scripture came to my mind which I thought applicable to her state. I said to her, "I have had a scripture on my mind all the way we have been coming, which I think describes your state." She said, "What is it?" I said, "It is this: 'Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and they draw near to the gates of death.'" I made a few remarks upon it which I thought applicable to her case. She said, "It is rather singular; that text

has been on my mind all the way we have been coming." We were now at the chapel door, and went in. She came home very gloomy, saying, "I do not think I can go any more." She slept the first part of the night, but awoke early, and sat up in bed, restless, and in an agony of feeling. I awoke and sat up, and said, "You have awoke earlier than usual." She said, "I thought [I would not awaken you this morning, but I could not help it. You want rest, I know." I said, "Yes, but so do you." She replied, "There is no more rest or peace for me for ever. O, for ever! for ever! When I first awoke, I knew not where I was, or what state I was in. I could scarcely recollect myself; but the enemy has come in like a flood, and swept away every shadow of hope that remained. I am already, as it were, in the pit. I have done with time; it is all eternity with me. Now this is the beginning of an eternal state." If I attempted to speak a word of hope or encouragement, she said, "Pray do not talk; it makes me worse. All the promises of the gospel are against me, and increase my misery. I have committed the sin for which there is no forgiveness." I said, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin." "Yes," she said, "But not from that. O, I am left! I shall surely do some dreadful wickedness. O the misery of my poor mind! And this is the beginning of an eternal state," she said, with a doleful, cutting accent, wrung her hands in despair, reeled to and fro like one distracted, and groaned as if her heart would break. At last tears came to her relief, and somewhat eased her burdened spirit.

We sat some time in silence; my heart went up in supplication and entreaties to the Lord that he would remember his word, and not suffer her to be tempted above that she was able to bear; that he would most mercifully succor her, and not permit her to be swallowed up, as it were, by the power and malice of the enemy. In this state of despair she continued, and I do not know that she ever read the Bible after this. I would try sometimes to talk with her, and read a portion that I thought suitable to her case, but she could hear nothing; it appeared to increase her trouble. "O that I could die! O that the house would fall, and crush me to death! O that you would kill me, and not let me live to increase my condemnation!" were her exclamations. I would say to her, "Job speaks of seeking for death as for hid treasures, and being glad to find the grave." "So would I," she would say. I said, "Job once said, 'O that he would let loose his hand against me, and cut me off.'" "Yes," she said, "I say so. O that he would! Do not think I have given up hope willingly; that I am not willing to be saved; willing to hope, to believe. O I have not given up without a trial. I have begged, and entreated, and groaned before the Lord, that he would look on me and have pity on me. But he regards me not." At another time she said to me, "To think that there are but few appointed to commit this great sin, and that I should be one. O that I had never known anything of these things; that I had been like the rest of the world! I should have lived my appointed time and then been cut off, and gone down into the pit with

a common condemnation. But now, amongst the worst, in the deepest and most fearful place of the pit, must be my portion. O if the Lord would only grant that I might be condemned with the common condemnation of all men, how thankful would I be to him! But it cannot be."

One day when I came home, she said, "A passage of Scripture has crossed my mind, but it would not remain with me." I asked "What was it?" She said, "I cannot tell you; it has gone; and I cannot remember it." I said, "Had it an encouraging or a discouraging aspect?" She said, "It was encouraging; but it has gone; it would not remain." The next day she said, when I came home, "That passage has visited me again to-day, but it is gone; it would not abide with me; and I cannot remember it. It passed before me, and looked encouragingly as it passed; but it has gone." Except on these two occasions, she expressed no hope from the Tuesday morning until the Sunday morning, when she was seized with the disorder, or rather it was more fully developed, which terminated in her death.

On the Sunday morning she arose early, and went to take her bath as usual. She then came back into the bed-room, exclaiming, in a frantic, loud voice, "O he will make me do it! he will make me do it! he will make me do it! Now I must do it!" I was at the foot of the bed, dressing, and I said, "Do what?" She then, with a distressing exclamation, and frantic, horrified, countenance, sprang into the room, informing me what the temptation was that was so powerful on her mind. I saw at once that she had lost all self-control. I caught her hands as she sprang into the room, and would have bathed her head with water, but the attempt was vain. The temptation was so powerful on her mind that she was distracted, and continued to exclaim, "I must do it; he will make me do it." And her look I shall never forget. It is not necessary to describe this temptation; it was not self-destruction. I at length quieted her a little, but her exclamations were incessant that she must do it. I awoke our only child, and half dressing him, sent him down stairs to finish, whilst I held her on the bed and entreated her, if possible, to be calm, and suffer me to speak a word or two. But all she could say was, "It is no use, it must be done! O to think I must do it! It must be done in a few minutes too." I said, "Well, then, wait a few minutes, and I will come in again; only a few minutes." She was then rather quieted, and I ran down, taking our little boy with me and the key out of the room door, and called up the woman who washed for us, who lived near. She got up, and came and stayed with her until I procured more assistance. I then sent for a medical man. Her mind was in a fearful state all day; but once in the day she asked for me, and I went, and she shook hands with me and kissed me, and also her child. But we could not remain with her; the sight of us agitated her so much.

In this state she continued until the next Lord's Day, and the paroxysms, at intervals, were dreadful; and then, quite exhausted, she lay down in despair. In the intervals she could talk rationally,

but the temptation, and her despair of mind, continued. We called in a physician but he gave no hope. On Monday her sister Emma came, and her niece from Stamford. She knew them, and told them hers was an eternal state. "O the misery of my poor mind!" was her frequent doleful exclamation.

It is not requisite to describe all the distressing scenes and circumstances of her last week on earth; but two or three matters only I will relate. On Tuesday I went into her room. Her eyes were closed, and she was engaged in prayer. "O Lord, do speak! do give command, dear Lord! No voice but thine. It must be a power above nature. O Lord, do speak!" I heard her say, in broken accents, as I sat by her bed side; for she spoke with difficulty and interruption, as her throat was sore from having had Croton oil administered. I felt thankful she was again favored with a spirit of supplication, believing that, as the dear Lord gave her a heart to pray, he had an ear to hear, and that he regarded her in mercy.

The day following, Wednesday, I came home at noon to meet the medical attendant. He sat down with me a few minutes before going up stairs, when one of the nurses came down to ask him to go up, as Mrs. K. had begun to talk again. I opened the door for him; and as soon as we were in the staircase hall, I heard her voice loud, clear, and distinct. The first sound which fell on my ears was, "My dear heavenly Father." We went up stairs, and when we entered the room, there she lay, one eye partially closed, from a watery discharge which had affected it for a few days, the other open, her countenance radiant with joy and delight. I thought of Stephen's face shining as an angel. "O," she said, "My dear heavenly Father, my blessed heavenly Father is come! He is come, and he is with me. I could not have thought it, but he is come! He is come! You all told me so, but I could not believe it. O I could not believe it. I thought it too great to be true. But my dear Father, my heavenly Father, is come! I have been lying at hell's dark door all this while, and there was a great gulf fixed that I could not pass. But my dear heavenly Father has come and carried me right over it to heaven. O my ever sweet and precious Husband, I thought he had forgotten me. I thought he had forgotten his spouse, his bride; but he says he has not forgotten me, and that he never will forget me. O my dear and precious Lord, how he looks and smiles on me, with his eyes of love." The doctor said, "You must not talk so much; you will quite exhaust yourself. You exert yourself too much, and get confused." "O," she said, "I have been confused, I know. I have been in such trouble. I was confused, but I am not now." Her sister standing by the bed side, she asked, "Who is that standing by my bed side?" I replied, "It is Emma; your sister Emma." She said, "What Emma, who was with me when I brought my first sweet babe into the world?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Is that you, Emma?" Her sister said, "Yes." She said, "O Emma, do you remember when we laid my dear babe in the cold ground, how I mourned for him, and how we used to go and look at his grave until I could scarcely distinguish it? And then I thought I should see him no more. But

I have seen him; he is with my dear Lord." The doctor said, "You will go to him, but he will not return to you." She replied, "Yes, that is true; but I have seen him with my dear Lord." He then said, "Let me entreat you not to talk, but be still and take some refreshment, will you?" She said, "Yes, I will." He said, "Then I will loosen your hands, that you may have some refreshment, shall I?" She said, "You may if you like. I do not mind whether you do or not, now my blessed Father is with me. I know my dear Father will not hurt me." He said, "What will you have?" She replied, "What you choose." He said, "Some wine and cake?" She said, "Very well; bring it me." He said, "You must have your hair all cut off." She said, "Very well; I will do anything you wish me, now my dear Father is with me." Her sister said, "You do not mind having your hair cut off, do you?" She said, "O no. Don't you remember, Emma, what good it did me to have it cut off when I had that inflammation of the brain two and twenty years ago?" She took some wine and sponge cake, and the doctor requested she should be kept as quiet as possible. In the afternoon they cut off her hair. Her sister said, "We will leave her a band or two." She replied, "I shall never want bands any more; you can give them to Bessy, (her niece.) But I suppose she would not give the snap of her finger for my old grey hairs. But I shall not want them." She obtained rest afterwards and appeared comfortable, but had several violent paroxysms after this, and the temptation again assailed her, and that powerfully.

On the Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning, she spake to the nurse who sat with her, and asked for something to moisten her mouth. She gave her some orange, which she sucked, and the nurse took the pulp from her mouth, for she was too weak to swallow it. She then asked her to lay her on her side. The nurse did so, and said, "Do you know me?" She said, "Yes." The nurse said, "I am here to wait on you." She replied, "Yes; I know you are." The nurse said to her, "Do you lie comfortably?" "Yes," she answered, "That will do." After a little time she said, "I have had a great conflict, but I have gained the victory, and I shall wear the crown. I shall enter into my Father's house with the crown on my head." She lay quiet for some time, and then said, "Now, dear Lord, come and take me home from all my sin, and sorrow, and suffering." These were the last words she was heard to speak.

I went into the room in the morning. She breathed with apparent difficulty, but her features were quite natural. I believe her mind was in peace. She appeared very weak, but as if she might be sleeping, and took no notice of anything I said. After breakfast I was called up again, and on entering the room I saw at once her end was near. I had no further hope of her life, although I had when I first saw her in the morning. I felt her wrist, but could not detect any pulsation. I laid my hand on her heart, but could not discern any motion. Her countenance was calm, serene, and unruffled. She was quite warm, but no perspiration on her countenance. As I anxiously looked at her, I saw her eyebrow fall and

close; and I believe that was the moment when her spirit left the body and entered on her eternal Sabbath, to be for ever with the Lord. I was very desolate. I went down stairs and sat down. I had hoped and entreated the Lord that we might rejoice together in hope of the glory of God before she departed, but this was not realised. This scripture was softly and gently suggested to my mind, "But now we see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor, that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man;" and it instructed me thus: "You would have wished to see a triumphant departure, and to have rejoiced. You like to see the triumphs of the saints. Look to Jesus, the Lord of the saints. He tasted in the full extent of it. But see him now, crowned with glory and honor; as he is, so are they. Rejoice, therefore, in what he is, for all saints partake of his triumphs and his exaltation." And I believe she does; and that then, absent from the body, she was present with the Lord. She died at about 20 minutes past 9, on Sunday morning, the 13th of March.

The physician called a few minutes after her death, and went up and felt her wrist, laid his ear to her heart, and drew back her eyelid. "Ah!" he said, "It is all past." She lay as one asleep; no distortion of features, her face warm, and pliable to the touch as that of an infant.

She was buried in the cemetery on the following Friday, where her dust awaits the general resurrection. "Peace be to her memory and my soul, till we meet in a brighter and a better world."

Beware of the world; it has slain its thousands, and tens of thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? The world. What ruined Judas? The world. What ruined Simon Magus? The world. What ruined Demas? The world. And, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26.)—*John Mason.*

I well know the person that said, the agonies of a sinner, in the first pangs of his repentance, were not to be mentioned on the same day with those of the backslider in heart, when he comes to be filled with his own way. (Prov. xiv. 14.) Indeed it is enough to wound one's heart to think how yours will be wounded; how all your comforts, all your evidences, all your hopes will be clouded; what thick darkness will spread itself on every side, so that neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, will appear in your heaven. Your spiritual consolations will be gone; and your temporal enjoyments will also be rendered tasteless and insipid. And if afflictions be sent, as they probably may, in order to reclaim you, a consciousness of guilt will sharpen and envenom the dart. Then will the enemy of your soul, with all his heart and power, rise up against you, encouraged by your fall, and, laboring to trample you down in utter, hopeless ruin, he will persuade you that you are already undone beyond recovery. Thus will he endeavor by terrors to keep you from that sure remedy which yet remains.—*Doddridge.*

REVIEW.

Letters of Samuel Rutherford, Late Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews. Glasgow: William Collins, 1834.

We are often much perplexed what books to review. This does not arise from any deficiency of works sent to us for the purpose; for well-nigh every month brings with it books and pamphlets for the exercise of our critical pen; but the difficulty is in their not possessing sufficient value or interest to furnish matter for profitable review. A few words may more fully explain our meaning and set our views upon this point in a clearer light.

Something from the pen of the Editor is generally expected in periodical publications. Without some such original matter it is exceedingly difficult to keep up the tone and character of the work, and we may add, even its circulation. It is, therefore, from no desire to appear in print that we write Reviews, for we would gladly never put pen to paper again; but we do so almost as a matter of necessity. It is true that we might adopt another form of editorial communication, and write pieces on scriptural and experimental subjects, and a thought of attempting this has sometimes crossed our mind; but having for so long a period taken our present mode of laying our views and feelings before our readers, we feel a difficulty in departing from it. But it can hardly have escaped their observation, that our Reviews are not so much of books as of things, and that our chief object in reviewing a work is not so much to blame or praise an author as to bring forward a subject that may be interesting, instructive, or profitable. Could we find modern works really edifying, and written, according to the best of our judgment, under heavenly teaching, we should feel a pleasure in recommending them to our readers; but such is the present dearth of spiritual and experimental writings that, as we are unwilling unnecessarily to wound the feelings of authors, and there is little profit in pointing out defects for the mere sake of fault-finding, we deem it best to pass over in silence much that comes before our eye. This, therefore, much diminishes our range of review, and will explain why we are driven back upon works of former days, and upon writers such as Bunyan, Edwards, &c., whose praise is in all the churches, from the sheer want of edifying and profitable writers of the present day.

But the review of a book can hardly be made interesting or instructive, and we seem, in this department of our periodical, rarely able to rise much higher than these two features, unless the *subject* be of some weight and importance as well as profitable generally to the church of God. And as subjects really edifying are necessarily limited, and many of them well-nigh worn threadbare by frequent discussion, we are almost as much pent up on this side as we are on the preceding. Will our uneducated readers bear with us if we mention another circumstance which much cramps our reviewing pen? It so happened, in the providence of God, that before eternal realities were laid with weight and power on our heart and conscience, we received what is called a good education; and being

from early childhood a great reader of all kinds of books, and having had the run of excellent libraries at home, at school, and at college, managed somehow or other to pick up a certain amount of information, though somewhat loose and scattered, on a variety of subjects. Now this, to a certain extent, disqualifies us from dealing with uneducated minds, as well as cramps our pen. Ideas, words, allusions, expressions, historical facts, quotations from authors, and a variety of similar things, almost as familiar to our own mind as the air we breathe or the bread we eat, and which would flow from our pen almost as freely as the ink which writes them, are now to us, as it were, a forbidden language, because to most of our numerous readers they would be nearly as unintelligible as one of Irving's "unknown tongues." It is true that education and a wide course of reading do to a certain extent give a writer a greater command of language, and so put into his hand more numerous and varied tools to work with, for words are but saws and chisels, to turn mental planks into chairs and tables, and therefore the more tools in the basket the neater and nicer should be the work. But rosewood tables are not suitable to cottages; and therefore many tools in our basket are as unsuitable to use in turning out a Review to be read by our uneducated friends as a fine veneering saw to make a deal table with. Besides which, though vital religion is a personal, experimental matter, and as such requires no other knowledge than that which the Blessed Spirit imparts, yet there are things connected with religion which take a wider scope. More than 1800 years have passed by since Jesus died and the apostles preached Christ and him crucified, and side by side with the streamlet of the church has run the deep, broad, and rapid river of the world. Now, the two streams have so mutually and so powerfully influenced each other, that it is difficult to trace the course of the one without some knowledge of the course of the other. To drop our figure, many deeply interesting facts connected with the church of God cannot be understood without some acquaintance with history. Many, to us interesting, subjects connected with the kingdom of Christ, presuppose a certain amount of historical information. How can we, for instance, speak of what Popery was in the dark ages, unless we have some knowledge of the historical circumstances of that period? And yet the present spirit and character of Popery can no more be understood without some knowledge of the Middle Ages than the present British constitution can be properly known without some acquaintance with the past history of England. So how could we write a Review of D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland," a most interesting work, unless we assumed in our readers a knowledge of the reigns of Charles V. and Philip I.? In the same way the Reformation in England, the struggles of our Puritan fathers, and the settlement of our present religious liberties, cannot be properly understood without some acquaintance with the history of our own country. These and similar subjects, we know, are not edifying and profitable to the soul in the same way as more direct spiritual and experimental topics are; and yet there might be found

in them much that is truly interesting and instructive to Christian readers who desire to see the finger of God in providence and grace beyond the immediate circle of their own sorrows and joys, hopes and fears, trials and deliverances. But we are precluded from handling many of these subjects by feeling that they require a certain amount of previous information which the great proportion of the Lord's family do not possess. We do not mention this circumstance as any disparagement of our uneducated friends, for a grain of grace is as far beyond any amount of earthly knowledge as heaven is before hell, but merely to explain some of our own difficulties in carrying on the Reviewing part of our periodical.

We have embraced the opportunity of the opening year thus to lay before our readers some of the perplexities of our editorial path, and to crave their kind forbearance if our Reviews sometimes dissatisfy them, as we can honestly assure them we are often much dissatisfied with them ourselves.

This month we seem to have been more than usually at a loss what subject to review; but whilst thus perplexed, we took up, as it is called accidentally, Rutherford's letters, and the thought almost immediately struck us: "Here is a subject for a review. How little is the life and death of that great and good man known. And yet in both there is much that is truly edifying and profitable. His letters indeed are well known; the life and power, zeal, feeling, and warmth that are in them, carry with them their own evidence, and have secured for them an undying remembrance; but of the man who wrote them few possess any clear definite knowledge."

This defect we shall now, therefore, attempt to supply, so far as our materials, which are very scanty, may serve.

The exact date of Rutherford's birth is, we believe, not recorded, but it was probably about 1600, or a few years later. He was well born, and liberally educated, and in due time went to the University of Edinburgh, where he so distinguished himself, that when very young, he was made Professor of Philosophy. When he was called by grace is not known, but it must have been in early youth, for in a letter written to Lady Kenmure, dated 1636, he thus speaks: "That honor that I have prayed for these 16 years with submission to my Lord's will, my kind Lord has now bestowed upon me, even to suffer for the Lord Jesus, and for the freedom of that kingdom which his Father hath given him." Assuming, therefore, that he was born about 1600, the date of the above letter would show he was called by grace before he was 20 years of age. In the year 1628 he left the University for the ministerial charge at Anwoth, in the ancient district of Galloway, and present county of Kirkcudbright.

Several of his letters to Lady Kenmure are dated soon after he retired to Anwoth, and they are evidently written by one who had been some years in the strait and narrow way. We may well believe that university pursuits and studies became very irksome to

him as the life and love of God were deepened in his soul. To drill boys into the dry maxims of ancient philosophy, and spend precious, invaluable time, not in preaching Christ and his gospel but in hammering Plato and Aristotle into a class of yawning pupils, was employment little suitable to a heart like his, burning with love to the Saviour. He fled, therefore, from the din and clang of the university hammer, from the narrow, pent-up streets and close wynds and courts of "auld Reekie" to quiet, peaceable Anwoth, a village about a mile or two from the sea, which flows up the romantic coast of Wigton Bay. To Anwoth he gave the strength of his youth, laying down on the altar of sacrifice health, recreation, worldly cares and employments, prospects in life, and counting all things dung and dross for the love of Christ and the good of his people. His labors there were such as we can scarce understand, and such as only a most vigorous constitution could endure. He rose usually about 3 o'clock in the morning, and spent the whole of the day till bedtime in prayer, reading, writing, visiting his flock, catechising the young, and other employments of the ministry. In Scotland there were at that time many of the nobility and gentry who favored the cause of godliness. Among them was Viscount Kenmure, who presented him to the living of Anwoth, and whose country seat seems to have been there or in its vicinity. Lady Kenmure appears to have been a choice Christian, and a firm and faithful friend to her pastor, Rutherford. He had been scarcely two years at Anwoth before a heavy stroke fell upon him in the loss of his beloved wife, after 13 months' lingering illness. This blow he most deeply felt, for he speaks of it some years afterwards as "a wound not yet fully healed and cured;" and during this affliction he received much sympathy and comfort from Lady Kenmure. This kindness, however, he was able too soon to repay in kind, for in 1634, Lord Kenmure died, leaving her a desolate widow, previously bereaved of many children, and herself suffering with ill health. Rutherford appears to have had a hope of Lord Kenmure, for, writing to his wife about a year before his death, he thus speaks:

"Madam,—It is a part of the truth of your profession to drop words in the ears of your husband continually of death, judgment, eternity, hell, heaven. He must reckon with God. Forgetting of accounts payeth not debts; nay the interest of a forgotten bond runneth up with God to interest upon interest. I know he looketh homeward, and loveth the truth; but I pity him with my soul, because of his many temptations. Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares, above a load, when they are wholly set upon this world."

To the afflicted widow he thus writes:

"My very noble and worthy Lady,—So oft as I call to mind the comforts that I myself, a poor friendless stranger, received from you here, in a strange part of the country, when my Lord took from me the delight of mine eyes, (which wound is not yet fully healed and cured,) I trust your Lord shall remember that, and give you comfort now at such a time as this, wherein your dearest Lord hath made you a widow, that you may be 'a free woman for Christ;' and seeing among all the crosses spoken of in our Lord's word, this giveth you a particular right to make God your Husband, (which was not so yours while your husband was alive,) read God's mercy out of this visitation. And albeit I must out of some experience say, the mourning for the husband

of your youth be, by God's own mouth, the heaviest worldly sorrow; and though this be the heaviest burden that ever lay upon you, yet you know, if she shall wait upon him who hideth his face for a little, that it lieth upon God's truth to be a husband to the widow. Therefore, I entreat you, Madam, in the bowels of Christ Jesus, and by the comforts of his Spirit, and your appearance before him, let God, and men, and angels now see what is in you. The Lord hath pierced the vessel; it will be known whether wine or water be in it."

Rutherford had not been above two years at Anwoth when persecution broke out against him. To understand the quarter whence this persecution arose, we must understand a little of the state of Scotland at that period.

It was what we may almost call a transition state as far as regarded the Kirk of Scotland, of which Rutherford was a minister. The reformation, under John Knox, had penetrated the length and breadth of the land. Popery had been put down and driven out with a high hand; and the great mass of the people had eagerly embraced the doctrines and principles of the Reformers. In Scotland the reformation, as is well known, was much more full, complete, and thoroughgoing, than in England. The views and principles held by John Knox and his associate ministers, were Calvinistic in doctrine and Presbyterian in discipline; and these views were eagerly embraced by the great mass of the Scottish people. But the Court, first under Mary Queen of Scots, a bigoted Papist, and afterwards under her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, a pedantic, unprincipled Arminian, and under his son, Charles I., was most violently opposed to the Scotch Reformation, both on the ground of doctrine and discipline. In these violent courses the Court was supported by a few of the higher nobility, and by all the bishops, who at that time possessed great political power in Scotland. To strengthen their hands, James I., some years after he had mounted the English throne, set up in Scotland a High Court of Commission, in imitation of a similar court in England. This was an arbitrary court of justice, which decided without judge or jury, passed sentences from which there was no appeal, and was as capable as willing to inflict the severest punishments on offenders. In the year 1630, Rutherford published a work in Latin, the title of which was "*Exercitationes de Gratiâ*," that is, "*Dissertations upon Grace*," in which, of course, he held firmly and boldly, with all the strength and vigor of his pen, the doctrine of sovereign, distinguishing, superabounding grace. This book appears to have made much noise, and sadly to have galled and annoyed the Arminian bishops. The High Commission Court, therefore, summoned him before them in June, 1630; but the Lord disappointed, for that time, their malicious views, by sending a severe tempest, which prevented the Archbishop of St. Andrews attending the Court; and one of the lay judges, a Mr. Colvill, speaking a word in his favor, the persecution was for a time dropped. The Lord thus "stayed his rough wind in the day of his east wind," for about that very time his first wife died of a sore sickness of 13 months, and he himself was so ill of a fever for 13 weeks, that he could not preach on the Lord's Day without great difficulty. For four years he was now permitted to labor at

his beloved Anwoth. How incessant, unwearied, and self-denying those labors were we have already seen; and, judging from the number of his correspondents, it would appear that the Lord much blessed his ministry in that place. There is something singularly interesting and touching in his intercourse with Lady Kenmure. The ministers of the Scotch Kirk, even in the present day, are much more widely separated from the landed aristocracy than the English clergy; and two centuries ago the different classes of society were far wider apart than they are now. But grace, which ennobles the mind wherever it comes, (for the royal family of heaven alone possess true nobility,) raised up Rutherford as it humbled Lady Kenmure; and the daughter of the Earl of Argyle and sister of Lord Lorn, the most powerful man in Scotland, sat at the feet of a poor Presbyterian minister with all the humility of Jane Brown or Marion M'Naught, his poorer hearers and friends. But an end was arriving to his beloved labors. The Bishop of Galloway could not bear so zealous and faithful a minister in his diocese, and therefore took effectual measures to remove him from Anwoth. The memoir before us gives the following account of these harsh proceedings:

"In April, 1634, he was again threatened with another prosecution, at the instance of the Bishop of Galloway, before the High Commission Court. Accordingly, he was again summoned before the High Commission Court for his Nonconformity, his preaching against the five articles of Perth,* and the fore-mentioned book, 'Exercitationes Apologeticæ pro Divinâ Gratiâ;' which book, they alleged, reflected upon the Church of Scotland. But the truth was, says a late historian, the argument of that book cut the sinews of Arminianism, and galled the Episcopal clergy to the very quick; and therefore Bishop Sydeserf could endure him no longer. When he came before the Commission Court, he altogether declined them as a lawful judicatory, and would not give the chancellor (being a clergyman) and the bishops their titles, by lording of them. Yet some had the courage to befriend him, particularly Lord Lorn, afterwards the famous Marquis of Argyle,† who did as much for him as was in his power to do; but the Bishop of Galloway threatening, that if he got not his will of him he would write to the king, it was carried against him; and upon the 27th of July, 1636, he was discharged from exercising any part of his ministry within the kingdom of Scotland, under pain of rebellion; and ordered within six months, to confine himself within the city of Aberdeen, during the king's pleasure; which sentence he obeyed, and forthwith went to the place of his confinement."

It would appear, from a comparison of dates, that for more than two years the sword of the law was suspended over his head, for it was in April, 1634, that he was first summoned before the High Commission Court, but sentence was not pronounced against him

* "The Five Articles of Perth" were the five following Articles, which were thrust upon the Kirk of Scotland by James I. and ratified at Perth by the Scottish Parliament: 1. Kneeling at the sacrament; 2. Private communion; 3. Private baptism; 4. Confirmation of children by the bishop; and 5. The observance of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and Whitsuntide as holidays. The publication of these Articles roused an intense feeling of horror among the Presbyterians in Scotland; and the day on which they were finally ratified by Parliament, August 4th, 1621, one of the darkest and stormiest ever known in Scotland, was long spoken of as "the black Saturday."

† He was Lady Kenmure's brother.

till July, 1636. The cause, humanly speaking, of this long delay was probably the influence of Lady Kenmure, through her brother. The Earl of Argyle, her father, had conformed to the Church of Rome, and, in consequence, all the estates and power of the family devolved on his heir, Lord Lorn, who was in favor of the Kirk against the Court, and was a man of such boldness and decision of character, and possessed such power, from the largeness of his estates and the number of his vassals, that the king himself trembled at the sound of his voice. In a letter to Lady Kenmure, dated "Anwoth, Dec. 5th, 1634," Rutherford says, "Know it hath pleased the Lord to let me see, to all appearance, my labors here in God's house at an end; and I must now learn to suffer, in the which I am a dull scholar. I make no question of your ladyship's love and care to do what you can for my help, and am persuaded that in my adversities your ladyship wishes me well." But in this, as in every other matter, we must look higher than second causes. We may well believe that to be thus in suspense for two years whether any one day might not terminate his labors at Anwoth, must have been a continual spur to one who, like Rutherford, felt his heart and soul bound up in the work of the ministry. How earnestly would he pray, how powerfully would he preach, how unweariedly would he warn, how assiduously would he visit, how tenderly would he encourage the doubting and the fearing, how boldly would he testify against errors in doctrine and evils in life, when he felt uncertain whether each Sabbath might not be his last. Every sermon would be as if a farewell discourse, and every visit a final leave-taking.

The work for which he was brought before the High Court of Commission had, it appears, by a singular providence fallen into the hands of King Charles I., who probably transmitted it to the High Court of Commission, with directions to punish the author. Some misapprehension has arisen in the mind of many of Rutherford's readers, from expressions casually dropped in his letters from Aberdeen. He felt so acutely his suspension from the ministry, and his exile to Aberdeen, that he sometimes speaks of it as if he were actually shut up in prison. This was not the case, for his sentence was not to be shut up in the walls of a gaol, literally, but to confine himself to the city of his banishment. The comparative leniency of this sentence was probably due to the influence of Lord Lorn, for some other ministers, for similar offences, had been banished and imprisoned. How deeply and acutely he felt his suspension from the beloved work of the ministry, his letters from Aberdeen abundantly testify. They are, perhaps, the richest and deepest in the whole collection. To be laid aside from the work of the ministry was to him a peculiar cross, the weight and edge of which were almost wholly inward. In his letters he opens to us his very heart on this point. This bitter draught was made up of various ingredients. First, it seemed to his tender and bleeding conscience as if the Lord had thereby a controversy with him. "Surely," he says in one place, "my guiltiness hath been remem-

bered before him, and he was seeking to take down my sails and to let my vessel lie on the coast, like an old broken ship that is no more for the sea." These deep and poignant feelings made him, however, examine his ministry to the very foundation, to see what in it had provoked the Lord to lay him aside; and though his conscience could not but bear record that he had labored zealously and faithfully in the vineyard, yet its very tenderness made him feel the more deeply his deficiencies and infirmities. "All would be well," he writes to an intimate friend, "were I free of old challenges for guiltiness and for neglect in my calling, and for speaking too little for my well-beloved's crown, honor, and kingdom. If my Lord now quarrel with me also, I die—I cannot endure it; but I look for peace from him." "My fainting," he says, "cometh before I eat, and my faith hath bowed under this almost insupportable weight. O that it break now! I dare not say that the Lord hath put out my candle and broken the stakes of my tabernacle; but I have tasted bitterness, and eaten gall and wormwood since that day my Master laid bonds upon me to speak no more." This part of the trial lay more heavy on him at the first. "At my first entry," he says, "into this trial, (being cast down and troubled with jealousies of his love whose name and testimony I now bear in my bonds,) I feared that I was but a dry tree cast out of the vineyard." "At first," he writes to another friend, "the remembrance of the many fair feast days with my Lord Jesus in public, which are now changed into silent Sabbaths, raised a great tempest in my soul; and the devil entered in and tempted me to quarrel with Christ, and to lay the blame on him as a hard Master." But this bitter ingredient in his cup was quickly removed. "I thank God," he says to his friend Earlstown the younger, "the cloud has passed away. I am ashamed now of my unjust doubts of Christ my Lord. Verily, he is God, and I am dust and ashes. When he hid his face from me, I thought it was in wrath; but I have seen the other side of his cross now."

Another bitter ingredient in his cup was, that he was laid aside from his beloved work,—the work of the ministry, preaching the gospel to poor perishing sinners. "That day," he says, "that my mouth was closed, the bloom fell off my branches, and my joy did cast the flower." "I am a short-sighted creature," he writes in the same letter, "and my candle casteth not light afar off; he knoweth all that is done unto me; how that when I had but one joy and no more, and one green flower that I esteemed to be my garland, he came in one hour, and dried up my flower at the root, and took away mine only crown and garland."

A third edge to this painful cross was his love to his people at Anwoth, and his fears and jealousies about their spiritual welfare. Writing to Lady Kenmure, he says, "I am for the present thinking the sparrows and swallows that build their nests at Anwoth, blessed birds. The Lord hath made all my congregation desolate. Alas! I am oft at this, 'Show me wherefore thou contendest with me.'" In a letter to a brother minister, he thus speaks of his jealousy over his little flock from which he had been severed by the hand of ty-

ranny: "Dear brother, I cannot tell what has become of my labors among my people, or if all that the Lord built by me be cast down, and none stand by Christ, whose love I once preached as clearly and plainly as I could, though far below its excellency and worth. If I see my hopes die in the bud, ere they have bloomed a little, and come to no fruit, I die with grief." It cut him to the heart to think that any of whom he hoped well should turn back to the world and disappoint all his expectations.

But our limits warn us to conclude for the present. If spared, we hope, with the Lord's help and blessing, to proceed with the subject in our following number.

POETRY.

GOD'S FAITHFULNESS.

My hope is in th' Almighty God,
The Lord of hosts, whom angels bless,
Who, though he use his chast'ning rod,
Will ne'er remove his faithfulness.

His saints he chose his pow'r to prove;
And though for sin they feel distress,
He never, never will remove
His everlasting faithfulness.

What if they're filled with sore dismay,
And bondage does their souls oppress?
He'll never, never take away
His everlasting faithfulness.

Satan will harass and condemn,
And often justly, they confess,

Matfield Green.

But God will never take from them
His everlasting faithfulness.

Though oft they run from him astray,
And feel what words cannot express,
The Lord will never take away
His everlasting faithfulness.

And when he comes in pow'r and love,
And does their num'rous woes redress,
They gladly sing, and sweetly prove
His everlasting faithfulness.

Dear Lord, my hope is all in thee;
Be pleased my waiting soul to bless,
And let me trust, and feel, and see
Thy everlasting faithfulness.

R. S.

Would it not be very absurd, if I were to stand in a churchyard, and say to the dead bodies there interred, Why will ye die? Nor, in my idea, would it be less so, were I to ask a spiritually dead sinner, Why wilt thou die? Alas! he is dead already; and to put such a question to one in such a state, would be in reality to ask a man, who is already fallen in Adam, as every man is, Why wilt thou fall in Adam? Let Arminians rant in this manner, if they think fit. They shall, for me, have all the ranting, unenvied and unrivalled, to themselves.—*Toplady*.

The budding of Aaron's rod was not the cause of God's choosing him to the priesthood, (Numb. xvii. 5, 8,) nor the falling of the lot upon Saul, and afterwards upon Matthias, the reason why God designed them, the one to the kingdom, and the other to the apostleship; they were both appointed before, and those events were but the effects of their fore-appointment, and evidences of it. (1 Sam. ix. 16, with chap. x. 21; Acts i. 24, 26.) So the giving of the Spirit is that which follows election; "because sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts." (Gal. iv. 6.) Although the manifestations of our adoption, and our actual enjoyment of its privileges, are in time, yet the thing itself we were predestinated to is from everlasting. (Eph. i. 4, 5, 9, 11.)—*E. Coles*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 219. MARCH, 1854. VOL. XX.

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON, BY MR. HUNTINGTON,
PREACHED FEB. 27TH, 1799, BEING THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A
GENERAL FAST.

[In presenting our readers with an unpublished* sermon, as we have reason to believe, of Mr. Huntington, we deem it right to give some account of the source whence we obtained it, that there may be no doubt or suspicion of its perfect genuineness.

The late Mr. Christopher Goulding was for many years well known to the congregation at Providence Chapel as a member, we believe, of Mr. Huntington's church, and a great admirer of that eminent servant of the Lord. The experience of Mr. Goulding is contained in Vol. II., Letter XXV., of "Living Testimonies," under the signature "G. C.," (his initials reversed.) He was a man of considerable abilities, possessing a clear, vigorous understanding, and a remarkable memory, which he had well stored by assiduous study of the Scriptures. Like Rusk and most of Mr. Huntington's hearers and admirers, he drank very deeply into the views of the Doctor in all points, and, judging from what we have seen of his writings, fell much into the same style of expression. On spiritual subjects he had great command of his pen, which he appears to have made much use of; and, being a man of most singular order and arrangement of mind, took copies of many, if not most, of his letters, transcribing them with almost mercantile neatness and accuracy, into volumes, of which he has left a goodly number behind him. These manuscripts he left by will to a friend, who has kindly placed them at our disposal. It is, therefore, our desire and intention, if the Lord will, to insert from time to time such letters or extracts from them as may seem in our judgment instructive and edifying to the church of God.

Though a good and gracious man, and an experimental, gifted scribe in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, we do not consider him, forming our judgment from his writings, equal

* When we speak of this as an unpublished sermon of Mr. Huntington's, we by no means intend to intimate that the views therein unfolded were never published by him. On the contrary, most of the prophetic views unfolded in the sermon now given may be found in one preached by him, Oct. 22, 1798, from Rev. iii. 5, published under the title, "Discoveries and Cautions from the Walls of Zion."

to Rusk either in depth of experience, knowledge of his own heart, acquaintance with the path of trial and temptation, or even in the use of the word of God in confirming and establishing every point of truth as laid down, step by step, by his pen. In speaking thus we do not wish to detract from Mr. Goulding, for in these points, and especially in the last, we consider Rusk unrivalled in modern days, and "every man has his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that." Both were men of little or no education, for though Mr. Goulding was at a boarding school for a few years, he was taken away and apprenticed at so early a period, 12 years of age, that he could have derived little benefit from it; but this was more than made up by strong natural abilities, sanctified and enlarged by grace and close study and application. We should have preferred to commence the series by inserting a letter of Mr. Goulding to his father, giving some account of his call by grace; but, considering the aspect of the times, it has struck us that the sermon of Mr. Huntington will be especially interesting, as bearing upon events now transacting. How far Mr. Huntington's views of unfulfilled prophecy were correct, remains to be proved; but we have felt a desire to lay before our readers his sermon on this subject at this important juncture. The letter we give is addressed to a friend of Mr. Goulding, a Mr. Grave, then residing in Yorkshire.

Very many of the letters in our hands were written to this correspondent, and amongst them that which we now lay before our readers. The first part of the letter, though good, is not particularly important, and we therefore omit it, to come more immediately to the sermon of Mr. Huntington, which he sends to his friend. We can but admire the amazing strength of memory whereby he was able to retain so much of the sermon.

That it is accurately reported is plain from internal evidence; and, to our mind, it is all the better for having come fresh and warm from the preacher's lips, without any subsequent enlargement, revision, or correction.—[ED.]

TO MR. GRAVE, SKIPTON IN CRAVEN, YORKSHIRE.

April 1st, 1799.

Dearly Beloved,—* * * * But I have something particularly in view this time. You know that Wednesday, Feb. 27th, was the day appointed for the General Fast. On that day morning I went to hear Mr. Huntington preach, for he only speaks once on those days; and blessed be God for evermore for his message. The Lord was pleased to apply it with such power to my heart, and so to sanctify my memory to retain it, that when I came home I sat down, and I believe in my soul, wrote the substance of it, if not nearly word for word. And as I find it is not likely to be published, I mean, by the help of God, to set it before you as well as I am able.

I write it in the person of Mr. Huntington; and, therefore, you will begin and go on as if it was he that is speaking.

The text was Ezekiel xxi. 26, 27 :

"Thus saith the Lord God, Remove the diadem and take off the crown; this shall not be the same; exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him."

The prophet is here speaking of a wicked prince of the house of Israel. This was not Zedekiah, whom the King of Babylon took, put out his eyes, and carried captive to Babylon. No; but Jehoiakim, King of Judah, who broke his covenant that he had made with Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, by rebelling and hiring forces to fight against him, being determined to pay tribute no longer. But God declared that he would bring his wickedness upon his own head. This was the wretch who burnt Jeremiah's roll in the fire; and, therefore, God told his prophet to go and say unto him, "Thus saith the Lord of Jehoiakim, King of Judah, He shall have none to sit upon the throne of David, and his dead body shall be cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost;" yea, in another place, it is declared of him that "he should be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem." The reason of this was because he had broken his covenant, despised the oath, and submitted not his neck to the yoke of the King of Babylon, according to the mind and will of God, which was that all should submit and become subject to him. All who obeyed the word of the Lord by the prophet had their lives for a prey; but all who rebelled and rejected the counsel of God were destroyed, as he declared they should be, and that by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence.

I. Now, what I am at from my text, is *first* to treat of this diadem and crown: "For thus saith the Lord God, Remove the diadem and take off the crown."

II. Of its removals and overturnings, and to show where it is to come to at last: "I will," says God, "give it him whose right it is."

III. Of this low one who is to be exalted: "Exalt him that is low."

IV. Of this high one who is to be abased: "Abase him that is high." And

V. Treat of Christ's coming, and of his kingdom: "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him."

I. "Remove," says God, "the diadem, and take off the crown; this shall not be the same." I have no need to tell you what a diadem is. It is worn by the heir apparent, by him who is to succeed to the throne. When the present king dies, then the prince lays aside the diadem, and takes the crown, begins to reign as king; and so the diadem is removed to, and worn by him that comes next in succession: Thus we see that the diadem and crown are caps of state, and belong to royal families.

Now, to this wicked king, who burnt the prophet's roll and

rebelled against the King of Babylon, God declared that his naked carcase should be cast out to the heat by day, and to the frost by night, and that both the crown and diadem should be removed from him and his seed, and should no longer be continued with them. "Remove the diadem and take off the crown."

Well, and where did they go, then? To the King of Babylon, for the kingdom was given into his hands, and not the King of Judah's diadem and crown only, for I think we read of 11 or 12 more whom God declared should serve that king, and hence he is called "a King of kings." His kingdom is beautifully represented by a tree, thus: "I saw, and behold, a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great. The tree grew and was strong, and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof unto the end of all the earth. The leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and on it was meat for all. The beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof, and all flesh was fed of it. I saw in the visions of my head upon my bed, and behold, a watcher and a holy one came down from heaven. He cried aloud, and said thus, Hew down the tree, and cut off its branches; shake off his leaves and scatter his fruits; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from his branches," &c. This shadowed forth the King of Babylon, the extent of his kingdom, and the greatness of his power, for, says Daniel, in his interpretation, "It is thou, O king, that art grown, and become strong; for thy greatness is grown, and reaches unto heaven, and thy dominion to the end of the earth." Now, if we only have in our eye the providence of God toward that man in all this, that his kingdom was a type of that universal kingdom which Christ will set up when he is universally known, then there is a great beauty and glory in it. Of this it certainly was a lively type, as we have it set forth by the same similitude of a tree, by the prophet Ezekiel, where, speaking of the royal family of David, of whom Christ was to come according to the flesh, he says: "Thus saith the Lord God, I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it. I will crop off from the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon a high mountain and eminent. In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it; and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar; and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches of it they shall dwell. And all the trees of the field shall know that I, the Lord, have brought down the high tree, (the King of Babylon,) have exalted the low tree, (him that was meek and lowly, and made himself of no reputation,) have dried up the green tree, (the Jewish church, by leaving their house desolate,) and caused the dry tree (the Gentile church) to flourish (by pouring out my Spirit upon them.) I, the Lord, have spoken, and have done it." Now, in this we have set forth the universal spread of the gospel, and the wonderful increase of Christ's kingdom, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ. Then it is that the Holy One will come down

upon his people's souls, as showers upon the mown grass, and as the rain that waters the earth. In those days the righteous shall flourish, and abundance of peace as long as the earth endureth.

Well, but by and by the Babylonian tree was cut down and the diadem and crown removed also. Again, this large empire and the three succeeding ones we have set forth by a great image whose head was of gold, the arms and breasts of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, the feet and toes part of iron and part of clay. This leads us down to the kingdom of Christ, for at the end of it, when it is in the feet or ten toes, part of iron and part of clay, we have an account of a stone cut out without hands, smiting the image upon its feet, breaking it all to pieces, and of its becoming a great mountain and filling the face of the whole earth. In Nebuchadnezzar's time the diadem and crown were with him, but then it was not to continue, for, says God, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him." The first overturn was by the Medes and Persians, who are meant by the arms and breasts of silver in the image. In the reign of Belshazzar, the Medes and Persians, under Cyrus and Darius, took the kingdom by turning the channel of the river from the city; and so drying it up, the troops entered Babylon by the end of the river, and it being the time of a great feast, the gates that went down to the river were left open, so that the troops landed upon the quays, surrounded the palace, put the king and the nobles to death, and so became possessed of and established themselves in the kingdom. Then the diadem and crown were removed to them! And how exactly was this fulfilled according to the predictions that went before, "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron. And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." (Isa. xlv. 1—3.) So also the Lord declares, Isa. xlv. 27, "I will say to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up thy rivers." Thus ended the Babylonish kingdom which was the head of gold upon the image; and, this being done away, the diadem, and crown were removed from it into the possession of the silver breasts and arms, the Medes and Persians, for Darius dying, Cyrus his nephew possessed the kingdom and wore the crown.

But then it must again be overturned, "for this shall not be the same." The Median and Persian kingdom is represented to us by Daniel as a ram, having two horns, thus, "Then I lifted up mine eyes and saw, and, behold, there stood before the river a ram which had two horns; and the two horns were high; but one was higher than the other, (this was the kingdom under Cyrus,) and the higher came up last. I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; so that no beasts might stand before him, neither was

there any that could deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and became great. And as I was considering; behold, an he goat came from the west on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground; and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes. And he came to the ram that had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran into him in the fury of his power. And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram and brake his two horns; and there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground and stamped upon him; and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand. Therefore the he goat waxed very great; and when he was strong, the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven." (Dan. viii. 3—8.) Now this goat was Alexander the Great, son of Philip, King of Macedon, who overthrew Darius in several pitched battles, and took from him his kingdom; but when he was in the height of this power the horn broke, he died, and his kingdom was divided among his four generals, represented here by four notable horns. Then the diadem and crown were with them, and had a second overturn. There are many remarkable things spoken of one of these horns, Antiochus, who was a lively type of the Pope of Rome. It was he, who being exceedingly exasperated against the Jews, profaned the Sanctuary and the Temple, and caused the daily sacrifice to cease, and that for three years and a half, as the Pope will by and by. But as one came to his end, and there was none to help him, so shall the other, for into hell shall the Pope go, and all that are found of the number of his name.

Well, the diadem and crown remained in the Grecian kingdom until the Romans subdued it. For this great empire at last we have rolling round to the Romans. This was another remove of the diadem and crown, or another overturn, which is the last before he come whose right it is; for the words, "this shall not be the same," are applicable to every one till it gets to Christ; for to him the right belongs, and with him it will continue, for his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, as it is written, Dan. vii. 27.

The fourth overturn brings and establishes it in Christ's hands. The Babylonian being overturned into the hands of the Medes and Persians, is one overturn; from them into the hands of the Grecians is the *second* overturn; from them into the hands of the Romans is the *third* overturn; and from them into Christ's hand is the fourth overturn; and then there is to be no more overturning. "For thus saith the Lord God, Remove the diadem and take off the crown; this shall not be the same," till it come to Christ, and then it shall be for ever established in his hands, for this shall be the same; this is the same, he to whom it is given; and when this is the case, then shall be fulfilled what is spoken of the stone, Dan. ii. 34, 35. And I know, and am sure, that it is the stone upon the toes now. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron, and part of miry clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken. This is now the case; Sardinia and Naples are broken; and in eight or nine

months, perhaps, Spain and Portugal may also be broken, for the hour of temptation shall come upon all the ten kingdoms of the Beast, to try them that dwell upon the earth. "And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men, but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay;" and so it is now. This shadows forth family compacts, and forming alliances by intermarrying one with another; but, pray, do they cleave together? No more than iron and clay does; for, pray, what agreement is there between the house of Spain and France? Just as much as there is between my heart and a Jacobin, and no more. And in the days of these kings it is that Christ's is set up. "For thus saith the Lord God, Remove the diadem and take off the crown; this shall not be the same; exalt him that is low; abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him."

But, it is said, "exalt him that is low." I will insist upon it, it is none other than my own dear Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, for such I shall ever call him. But, then, you will say, Can he be said to be low? is he not over all, God blessed for evermore? Yes, he is; but, notwithstanding, he is low.

As God, he is not low, for he is the Most High; there is none above him. By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, thrones, principalities, us, all things were made by him, and for him; and without him was not anything made that was made. He is the Omnipotent Jehovah, and in the fullest extent and meaning of the word, I will insist upon it, God over all, and for ever blessed, possessed of every attribute and perfection of Deity by right of nature, for he is one in essence with the Father and the Holy Spirit. And therefore, as touching his Godhead, and respecting him as the eternal King of Glory, he is not "low."

Again. As King of nations, he is not "low;" for he makes war and he makes peace: "In righteousness doth he judge and make war." There is not a revolution or change in any empire but is of him. He "bringeth low, and he lifteth up; he putteth down one, and setteth up another." There is not a king that reigns or a magistrate that rules, but what is set up by him, and put into their offices. "By me," says Christ, under the name of Wisdom, (Prov. viii. 15, 16,) "kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth." He has "on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords;" and if we look abroad in the earth, this is clearly to be read by the judgments which he executes. And therefore, as King of nations, he is not "low," for "he doth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" In this sense, therefore, he cannot be said to be "low."

Again. As God of providence, he is not "low," for "he worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will." He created all things at first, and he upholds them all by the might of his

power; he preserves all in life, supplies all their wants; "he openeth his bountiful hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing; he giveth them their meat in due season, for the eyes of all wait upon him." And, as I said before, all the revolutions and changes in kingdoms and empires are by him; he is above all, and all are subject to him; and therefore, as God of providence he cannot be said to be "low."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BEST RIVALRY.

Dearly beloved Friend,—We used to be rivals in many things, and in our contentions, words rose high between us. Now the spears have been turned into pruning-hooks, and the trumpet has been hung in the hall. With the full determination that we shall study war no more, childish toys have been laid aside, and youthful bickerings have been displaced by sterner realities, realities which shall be lasting as eternity itself. O that now we may love much, and that that love may be evinced by our praying for each other, that the Lord may bless us with the light of his countenance, and make us in all things truly to be conformed to himself! Grace works wonders; and truly the calling of us to see the error of our ways was a wonder, yea, an eternal one, never to be forgotten.

A look at the rock from whence we have been hewn, and a moment's thought at the pit from whence we have been dug, has a wonderful effect in humbling and lightening the soul. Once I would not laugh. A laugh, I thought, deserved hell. And truly one is in no humor for it, when wrath lies heavy on the conscience, and the roaring of the lion is heard without. You once thought, as I myself did, that when people were converted, they became arch-angels; and often have you thought that a smile would never again be seen on your face.

O that we might praise the Lord for his goodness! For what you and I have suffered for a single hour would crush a universe, and would have crushed us, were it not for the everlasting arms underneath. Luther, one night, was at prayer, when the devil made a sad noise on the stairs to frighten him. He stopped and said, "Rumble on; you are better there than in my conscience." That was a strong faith, and such as overcame. How often have we had to say, "I was brought low, and he helped me." Surely, when he has done so much for us, he will not leave us; the love he bears is a lasting love. His purposes ripen fast, and he performs his work till it is a perfect work; all his ways are mercy and truth. His works are holy works; for as Flavel says, "It is easier to separate light from a sunbeam, than holiness from the works of God. And is it not a blessed truth that pure sunbeams are not tainted by the noisome vapors of the dunghill, on which they shine?" Truly, it is of his mercy that we are not consumed. Many trials are on the way, but all things shall work together for good. "Ah!" says my heart, "but

that is only to those who love God." Well, I have nothing to say but I would fain love him; and sure I am that I would do it if I could, so that, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that is good, I find not." Love is more in desire than anything else, and he "satisfies the desire of those that fear him." "He bringeth the blind by a way that they knew not," and, if I could believe it, I am here addressed; for, first, I am blind; and, secondly, I am led in a way I know not. Sometimes I think I know the way, and that I am quite familiar with the old beaten track; and thus I get proud. When lo! I have entered a new way that I did not know; and being entered, I must go on in it. Thus, day by day, some new way must be trodden, and the old ones get a new face. I must look, aye, and walk on them.

Israel had to go into Babylon and be delivered there; so with every soul. Prosperity makes us forget the Lord; and in the wilderness we shall learn most. In Hos. xiii. 5, 6, he says, "I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought." But when they came into Canaan, "According to their pasture, so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me." "He ever liveth to make intercession;" and when we cannot speak, his blood may speak. Flavel says, "To this sense that scripture speaks, 'Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?' The duties of Christians go up many times as pillars or clouds of smoke from them; more smoke than fire; prayers smoked and sullied with their offensive corruptions. But remember, Christ perfumes them with myrrh, &c. He, by his intercession, gives them a sweet perfume."

And now I must come to your last letter, which to me was truly strengthening in many things, if not in all. You described my state. Do your fingers ever take the cramp in writing to me? Mine are, often so cramped that I cannot write a word; and worst of all, my soul is so cramped that I have nothing to write. Many thanks for the experience of Mr. James Barry. Thanks also for the "Gospel Standard;" you cannot send a greater treat. I will tell you what tries me in reading the experience of any one; I can go heartily in with the dark side, but when they come to the outgate, I am dumb. Once indeed, after I was awakened, say eight or nine weeks, I had for a day or two great joy; and that I date, if it is right, as the day of espousal. Often I have looked at it since; but after it went away I was a great deal worse than I had been before. Then, I thought I could convert the world; but since, I find that I cannot convert a single vain thought. Many a time have the words tried me, "The kingdom of heaven is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." These things may be in the germ, though not expanded. I have nothing to attract heaven but everything to repel; and yet his love is free; it needs no price; it seeks no reward. The cry is, Give sin, and get salvation. Flavel well says, "O what I owe to the file, the hammer, and the furnace of the Lord Jesus, who hath now let me see how good the wheat of Christ is that goes

through his mill and his oven, to be made bread for his own table! Grace tried is better than grace, and more than grace; it is glory in its infancy. Who knows the value of grace without a trial? And how soon would faith freeze without a cross! Christ bears all; he bears us and our burden too, or else we should quickly sink and faint under it." He follows us in all our windings and turnings, and into many a sad hole he has to go for us. All our provocations have not put him away. Our iniquities, though innumerable as the sand on the sea-shore, are not too many for him to pardon. He may for a moment hide his face, but in lovingkindness he visits. Thanks be to God for Jesus Christ.

My dear friend, it is an awful thing to sleep on the brink of hell; to be in the midst of flames, and not know it; to be under the curse, and not to care! Surely we need to think of all that he has done in awakening us to see it. We have not only heard a report of it, but we have felt it; and though to our own apprehensions we have thought it would open quick and swallow us, yet we are still here. And he will not send us to it; for who ever heard of a seeking, groaning, crying, soul that was lost? "Hope deferred" may make "the heart sick;" but hope in God shall yet obtain the thing hoped for. Myriads are blinded by a false hope. And how have they this, but because the possession of it never gave them an hour's trouble? Nor do they care to ask if it is false. If any one has a real hope, a thousand others will flit away and make room for it. How many have flitted from you, and how many from me! Part from what we have we cannot; we may question it, aye, and conclude it is false; yet we cannot part with it. Surely, it is divine, for it has outridden many a storm; and though it has quivered in the flood, yet it exists, and will exist, till it has been parted with for the full fruition of eternal bliss. If it were human it could be described, but being divine it cannot. Ask the world where is their hope; in a moment they will tell; they have no difficulty in telling. Ask Christians; they have to bethink themselves, and often cannot say. Could they find it in themselves, they would soon tell; but being in Christ, they cannot rend or pluck it thence. Hope, like sin, has a thousand deaths and a thousand lives; in storms it lives, but in calm it is oft hard to reach; to grace it owes its origin, its existence, its end: "Good hope through grace."

Farewell, dear friend, at present. May the Lord give you more life, light, trials, &c. You must take all; and may he guide you to the better land beyond, where it may be possible you shall meet

Your affectionate Friend,

H—, Sept. 9th, 1851.

D. M.

Our enjoyments are greater than our afflictions, and our afflictions less than our sins.—*John Mason.*

The grace of God is the golden thread which runs through the whole web of salvation, which gives firmness to the texture, and sanctifies every part of the work.—*Collyer.* Digitized by Google

A WORD OF COUNSEL AND WARNING.

Messrs. Editors,—I have long felt a desire to write to you to tell you how matters have gone with me the last ten years, but felt fearful my motive should not be pure; and even now something says it is pride, or a bad spirit towards certain parties. But after much examination and prayer, I believe I can say, with a good conscience, my desire is the good of the Lord's dear weaklings.

Your introductory remarks to the obituary of Mrs. T. Walsh, viz., that children of gracious parents, often commended by them to the throne of mercy, accustomed to hear the gospel preached, kept from outward evil, subjects, perhaps, of early convictions, and impressed with the necessity of a divine work on the soul, seem nearer to the kingdom of heaven, though not really so, than those who have never heard of spiritual religion, except as a thing to be ridiculed and despised, seem to have opened a way for me to address you. I think there is too much importance attached to the above things. I fear, from what has come under my immediate notice, that many think they are on their way to heaven who know nothing except those things; and to insist on a work of regeneration, with its effects, such as the fear and love of God, separation from professor and profane, hatred to sinful thoughts, words, and actions, divine manifestations, as also the hidings of God's blessed countenance, a path of much tribulation, cross providences, a deceitful heart, a frowning world, false brethren, and a thousand other things; I say, if you insist on these things, you are put down as having a very bad, unchristian spirit.

In the July number of the "Gospel Standard," 1843, the Editors were pleased to publish a brief account of the Lord's mercy to my soul. I wish to continue my progress from that time, to show the dangers to which young believers are exposed through false prophets and doctrinal professors. May they take warning from my example. I have had broken bones. I desire to thank and bless my gracious God for chastisements, while I see those great lights (as I then thought) are left unrebuked.

In 1841 the dear Lord was pleased to withdraw his sweet face, and left an aching void which nothing in this vain world can fill, at which time he was pleased to drop these words into my heart, "Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts;" (Isa. xxviii. 9;) not that I understood their meaning at that time. Just after that I fell in with a little band of professors who talked about election, God's decrees, &c. I had then no doubt but they were God-fearing people, for "the simple believeth every word." I have sat for hours to hear them talk about those doctrines; they were all so new to me. But I had not been with them many months before they began to cast stumbling-blocks in my way. The first was this. The minister, and deacons, and some of the members went into a public-house on the Sabbath Day. My conscience being very tender, I did not go in and I was shocked at

them. When they found I did not go in, they came out and laughed at me, said I was in bondage, and that I must be brought off that legal spirit. My wicked heart took the bait, but I did not see the hook. I thought they, having such great knowledge, and being in the way so many years, must know better than me. I thought as the minister was there, I certainly might venture, so I went after them, as the ox to the slaughter and the fool to the correction of the stocks. Sin being of a hardening nature, I found I could soon go into a public-house on the Sabbath, which we frequently did twice a day. I feel sure all the Lord's children would go to hell after being called by grace, did not the Lord hedge up their way.

I continued in this wretched backsliding state about 18 months, as nearly as I can tell, but was kept from outward base acts, except going to the public-house and there talking about religion, into which snare I was still led by the minister and deacons. I never went for the sake of drink, for I believe I can defy the world to prove they ever saw me the worse for drink since 1839, (not but that I am charged with that crime,) but, thanks to preserving grace, it is false.

But now the set time came for the dear sin-pardoning God to take me in hand, and show me my awful condition. I went with sore bones for many months. I would say unto you, young believer, pray that your conscience be kept tender, and do not lay your hand too suddenly on any man. Beware of Mr. Fairspeech, in his light robe, as Bunyan calls him.

This party cast in my way another stumbling-block; they called reverence for the Sabbath Day a legal spirit. Another was this, the minister said in his sermon as follows: "Talk of the Lord's people not sinning, they must sin, as Jesus Christ died to atone for all their sins past, present, and to come. So if they did not sin, Jesus had shed his blood in vain." He also made light of family prayer in the same sermon. I believe he never has family prayer in his own house. O what a heavy heart I went home with! "Must sin!" thought I, "why I would rather die than sin!" Indeed, my bones were then sore. One thing I must also mention as a caution to young Christians, not to neglect private prayer. All the while I was in this backsliding state, a throne of grace was neglected. Indeed I feel sure sin separates from God. I walked in great darkness and distress of soul for about two years and a half. I believe I know the truth of Mr. Erskine's words,

"He'll drag thy soul through little hells;
Thy husband saves by fire."

Yes, the dear Lord teaches to profit, but it is by "terrible things in righteousness." My soul has staggered like a drunken man. After this long, dark trial, the Lord in his great mercy was pleased to deliver my soul by these words, while weeding a parsnip bed, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not." It was indeed a word in season. But as my object in writing is to guard young

Christians against heady professors, and not to write my experience, I must return.

I now began to find that the longer I walked with this minister and deacons, the farther I got away from them in feeling. If at any time I made any allusion to a circumspect walk, that was at once denounced as a free-will spirit. I now resolved to sit no longer under this wretched man's preaching, as by his outward walk I concluded him to be a wolf in a sheep's skin. The deacons beforementioned had left the church; but at this time the minister was held in high esteem by the church, many of whom I believe to be gracious souls. They thought me very blamable. I must also add, that at this time he was held in high esteem by several gospel churches, and even thought to be a very useful minister. In about 18 months his conduct made him manifest to the church, and they at once removed him. He is now fast fading away; and my firm conviction is, he never received commission from the Lord to preach. I think for eight or nine Sabbaths at a time he has not preached. I have heard persons with whom I have been in church fellowship, say that we must sin outwardly to know we are sinners, as also it is the old man that sins; for, say they, the old man always did sin, and always will, and so there is no guilt. They will even say, "With my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin;" and so live loosely. May the Lord preserve the souls of his dear family from so awful an error.

I must add, that a sermon called "The Heir of Heaven Walking in Darkness," &c., was made very useful to me in my desertion. It was a word in season. I took it into the North Riding of Yorkshire, and read it to some of the Ranters and Wesleyans. O how they abused the sermon, the author, and me! One man, a farmer, was most violent. He had had preaching in his house 20 years. Shortly after my visit he hung himself.

In 1839 the dear Lord told me to "count the cost." In 1843 these words came with power, when I was in a fretful mood, "Who-soever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." I bless his dear name, he makes "his people willing" to do or be anything "in the day of his power."

I would mention another circumstance or two connected with this subject. I wish, in an especial manner, to guard young believers against meddling with God's decrees without a divine authority, as I committed this presumptuous act. Having heard the minister and deacons say, that "had David died in the act of adultery, he would have gone to heaven," my wicked heart caught this immediately. I went forth and said the same things. O what a daring, presumptuous wretch is man when left! I feel sure I fell into very bad hands. Since that time the Lord has brought me to the court of conscience for an idle word; so that I feel sure "for every idle word shall men give an account."

Another thing used to perplex me, to hear the minister railing against the Lord's sent servants. He has also prejudiced my mind against them, and to some of them I have confessed my fault. He

was a poor man, brought up to country labor; yet he was very idle, and always gossiping from house to house. I could not, for a very long time, make him out. I have heard one of the deacons say, that "God was bound to find him victuals, if he worked or not." Is not this presumption? The minister and deacons were most strenuous advocates for believers' baptism, and would not admit any gospel minister into their pulpit, except he had walked in that ordinance. They were also very strong in the doctrines of grace; but I now believe men may be all that, and at the same time strangers to the sweet grace of the doctrine. Since the church has dismissed the minister he has denounced them to be a set of hypocrites. These things seem laid on me to write.

I cannot help mentioning one thing which is most puzzling to a young believer, viz., to hear a man preach who is destitute of grace, and yet sound in the letter of truth. O how it has distressed my soul to hear, outside the chapel, nominal professors say, "What a blessed sermon! what sweet truths! what food for the soul!" yet not a single crumb for poor me. And if you venture to say to these professors, you fear there is something lacking in the ministry, they will cut your nose off by saying, "The man preaches the truth, and what more can you require?"

That the dear Lord will give his poor simple, silly children understanding in all things, is the prayer of a poor dark, silly, fallen creature.

I am, yours,

June 17th, 1853.

J. T.

How many there are in this great city who make a profession of religion, but how few of those there are who are *sincere* in their profession; and then again of those how few know anything of the *power* of religion; and even of those who profess to know something of the *power* for themselves, how very few walk worthy of their profession. Newton describes it as an apple tree. How full of blossom! But the buds keep falling off, until comparatively few become apples; and then many of the apples fall off, so that not many are at last gathered in; and even many of these are found rotten at the core.—*W. T.*

Natural reason, although it be never so blind, is compelled to confess that it is one thing to promise, and another thing to require; one thing to give, and another thing to take. The law requires and exacts of us our works; the promise of the seed offers unto us the spiritual and everlasting benefits of God, and that freely, for Christ's sake. Therefore we obtain the inheritance or blessing through the promise, and not through the law. For the promise says: "In thy seed shall all nations of the earth be blessed." Therefore, he that has the law, has not enough because he has not yet the blessing, without the which he is compelled to abide under the curse. The law therefore cannot justify, because the blessing is not joined unto it. Moreover, if the inheritance were of the law, then should God be found a liar, & the promise should be in vain.—*Luther.*

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. Your kind letter is safely received. Accept of our sincere thanks for the favor. A favor we may well esteem it, after so long, very long a silence. It has pressed heavily on my mind many times that my friend had forgotten his old acquaintance, his afflicted, despised, but not forsaken brethren at Bedworth. But as his affectionate epistle now before me proves to the contrary, and as my friend has invited me to send him a reply, as the Lord enables me, I will therefore endeavor so to do; and if a divine unction attend the writing and reading of the same, my friend shall know, in answer to his request, how it fares with his friend, and shall bless the dear covenant God of Israel for his past and present mercies enjoyed, and for what is in reserve for us above; as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Respecting myself, since we oftener had intercourse together, I have been the subject of many ups and downs, many declensions and quickenings, much misery and joy, many doubts and fears, many tremblings, much hardness of heart, many meltings of soul, many wanderings and reclaimings; much backwardness, coldness, and indifference in private and public prayers; much holy boldness and heavenly freedom, comfort, nearness of access, communion with God, and brokenness; many weepings, relentings, sighings, groanings, joys, and griefs at a throne of grace; many mourning times in bonds, fetters, and chains of iron, bound and shut up, and not able to come forth, struggling for liberty with bitter anguish and wailings, repentings of soul, strugglings with unbelief, sins, guilt, and manifold infirmities, with many sorrows and many triumphant seasons; rejoicing in the liberty of the sons of God; enjoying freedom to plead with him, prevail with him, praise him, and receive from the fulness that is in Christ all that I feel I need; liberty to love him, serve him, obey him; liberty to cry, "Abba, Father;" liberty to desire him that he would permit me to live and die at his dear feet, beneath the droppings of his love and blood, and grace to glorify his dear name in hope of living and reigning with him in his glory above, and sin no more, to see his glory, and praise him for ever. Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake up in his likeness, and not before; then shall all my wants be sweetly supplied from him, dear Christ of God, the Fountain-head, the Spring and Source of life, love, bliss, and blessedness divine; my joy, my hope, my heaven, my all! My losses will be then all made up ten thousand fold, in the enjoyment of his presence and love, and all my crosses be exchanged for the crown which he shall give me at that glorious appointed day; now drawing near, an immortal weight of glory, designed for me, the chiefest of sinners, the vilest sinner out of hell, for me, for me, before time began! O what a miracle of grace am I! How can I refrain from weeping? My dear friend, come and weep with me.

"With such a hope as this
I'd give my life away,
And wait, and weep beneath the bliss,
The coronation day."

These are some of the outlines of what the Lord has been for years, and is still bringing me through, to the praise of his glory. My dear friend, to be a Christian is not so easy a thing to attain to as many may and do think. Yet how blessed it is to be a Christian, an Israelite indeed; for there is such a sweetness flowing from the love of Christ enjoyed, mingling with all his pains and sorrows, that no pen can describe or tongue can tell. Hence were the ancient martyrs of blessed memory borne up with triumph amidst the flames, and sang the high praises of God in the fire. And what can equal this, to support and comfort the soul amidst the troubles and sorrows of the way, in these latter days? It may well be said, "A stranger intermeddled not with their joy," the joys of the Lord's saints. They do not know them, nor do they know the sorrows they endure. It is true that worldlings see them gloomy and often cast down, but being ignorant of the secret, they say religion is a gloomy thing, and turn their scoffing heads away from such "hypocritical cants," as they call them, with disgust, and join their companions, to take their fill of sin. And empty professors are worse, for they, having the "form of godliness," and a little light in their heads, but no saving knowledge in their hearts, and "denying the power thereof," are able to trouble the true circumcision more than the openly profane, by heaping upon them their slanders, lies, and sneers, which are very hard for flesh and blood to bear, and throwing at them also their secret darts, (not a few,) and therewith try secretly and openly too to cheat, defraud, and injure them on every hand, while they seem to appear friendly and smile in their face as though they were. O the vile hypocrisy of the human heart! But to be able to say feelingly and rejoicingly, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may win Christ and be found in him," how blessed! We must be in the enjoyment of his love indeed to do so; or sure am I we cannot, but shall fret, murmur, repine, and rebel, and think we are dealt hardly with. To add to our misery, probably Providence seems to frown on us on every side, our designs are frustrated, our hopes are blasted, our expectations are cut off, our sins abound, guilt beclouds our evidences and shuts us up, our way is hedged up, our prayer is hid from the Lord, and cannot prevail, our business is declining, our friends are failing, our property is melting away, our temporal needs are increasing; and, to close the tale of woe, sighs and groans wear away our time by day, and mingle with or prevent our repose by night.

Do these things constitute part of the trial of faith? And must faith be tried in this way, as though by fire? Who then, I ask, would be a Christian, a possessor of such a faith as this, a true and living faith, the faith of God's elect, was there not something most blessed behind the curtain to be felt, known, and enjoyed, and better things

still in prospect, which outweigh every trouble and affliction, and the fears of death itself? I presume my friend will answer, "None." Then we need not wonder at the course the worldling chooses to pursue, and the judgment he forms of the matter. To such, all things are spoken in parables, but to God's dear saints he speaks plainly. He makes them learn his will, and know themselves in the school of affliction and the path of tribulation; hearing their groanings as though he heard them not, and answering their cries, as it were, in the secret place of thunder, by seeming contraries; opening up to them the hidden iniquities and deceit of their own hearts; breaking up the fountain of the great deep within; making them sick of themselves, of sin, and the world, and to abhor and hate themselves, until they are a very pest in their own eyes, and groan with anguish of heart because of the abominations done within, because of the strugglings they feel; sin lusting to envy, bringing them into captivity unto the law of sin and death, suffering the enemy to draw them aside, and the world and their hearts to deceive them, allure them, and often overcome them, and chastening them with stroke after stroke for their departures from him, till they are weary of life, learn the folly of trusting to their own hearts, or to an arm of flesh, are sick of their own ways, sick of their idols, esteem all things here but vanity and vexation of spirit, turn with great desire to the stronghold, repair to Jesus, and ask him to let them die at his feet rather than thus to live and thus to sin and grieve him any more. Then the Lord's design is answered; they receive a little respite, feel a cessation of arms; atoning blood removes guilt once more from the conscience; they sing of mercy and judgment, say, with felt contrition and joy, "What have I any more to do with idols?" they apprehend Christ by faith, know that he has fulfilled the law for them in their law-room and stead, not in judgment only, but by what they feel; they know his righteousness imputed to them; the sentence of justification they feel within; peace, the effect thereof, sealed with blood, makes their hearts dance for joy; they rest in Christ, draw from his fulness, cease from their hard bondage, from their legal strivings, from worldly cares, and unbecoming anxieties; they look forward with pleasure, wait in hope, and expect with joy; they weep and tremble, and sing with triumph in prospect of being with Christ for ever and sin no more. In a word, they fly to take hold of, embrace, and enjoy a precious Christ, the sum and substance of the gospel, of all the promises, the sum total of their best desires, and they bless the triune covenant God of Israel for his unspeakable gift.

Now I must conclude. Pardon me, my dear friend, for detaining you so long; for when I began, I could not tell how or where to close, until I had disclosed a summary of my feelings to you; that, as you kindly inquired, you might know how it fared with me. I write not from theory, but from feeling, in many tears; therefore I leave you to guess how it fares with me; as it is written, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him."

And as it respects how our little cause is going on, what shall I

say? for the thought rather tends to cast a gloom over my spirits: But my song, and boast, and joy are in the God of my salvation; and my soul's desires are going out to him as unto the hills from whence cometh our help, for help and salvation; for he alone, I knew, can alter the scene when it pleases him.

But what is the matter? say you. Enough to make my heart bleed and mourn before the Lord. We are now reduced to a very few indeed; but the fewness of our number does not so much grieve me, as I know where the truth is preached. Many will not attend. But it is this that grieves me,—I am convinced the Lord has had somewhat against us for a length of time, because we collectively, as a church, had left our first love. His dear, fatherly, chastening hand has therefore been sitting us, again and again, so that now he has left us like a beacon on a hill. But what grieves me still more, is, the few that are left appear to me to have so little power with God in prevailing prayer; and to the still fewer who have, at times, our dear sovereign, gracious Lord seems as if he only returned them answers into their own bosoms. We are at peace among ourselves; that is a mercy; but for myself I cannot feel satisfied with a mere holding together. I want to see the Lord's arm made bare; I want to trace more unction, more heavenly dew descending upon us, more union and communion felt, more earnest wrestlings of soul, and more traving of spirit; then would my fainting heart have cause to hope the time of the fulfilment of the promise was drawing nigh. But this comforts and holds me up, the dear Lord so blesses me often at his feet, that my heart; and soul, and tongue can unite to praise him, notwithstanding every discouragement, and sing in hope still of seeing better days to come. The God of Israel grant me my request.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, July 19th, 1842.

G. T. C.

No part of salvation is left at sixes and sevens; but the whole is a plan which does honor to Infinite Wisdom; a plan conceived and hid (Eph. iii. 9) in the allwise mind of God from eternal ages, but afterwards externally made known in the written word, or gospel of grace; and savingly unfolded in the souls of men when the blessed Spirit begins to turn us from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God:—*Toplady*.

I bless God I am, and desire more and more to be one with every one that is one with Christ. I would fain have as large and as sweet a heart towards saints as Christ has. For a wolf to worry a lamb is usual; but for a lamb to worry a lamb is unnatural. For Christ's lilies to be among thorns is ordinary; but for these lilies to become thorns, to tear and fetch of one another, is monstrous and strange. Ah, Christian! can Turks and Pagans agree? Can bears and lions, can wolves and tigers agree? Yea, can a legion of devils agree in one body, and shall not saints, whom one heaven must hold at last, agree? This is not the spirit of many who profess to have the spirit of Christ. Alas! it is not

OBITUARY.

MEMORIAL OF MRS. WARD,

BY ONE UNITED WITH HER IN CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

In January, 1853, Mrs. Ward, a member of the church assembling in Trinity Chapel, Leicester, was removed from this weary land to her happy home in heaven.

For considerably more than half a century she had been a humble follower of the Lamb of God; and in the illness that preceded her departure, the love of Jesus to her soul was most conspicuously manifested. There was no wrath in her sickness, although it pleased God to subject her to much pain and debility of body. Of this she was perfectly conscious, and was enabled to bow submissively to the will of him who "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men," and whose dealings with his people, whether pleasing or painful to the flesh, are ever the expression and result of his fatherly affection and consummate wisdom. Her end was indeed peace. Her fears and misgivings were entirely removed; and so full was her assurance of interest in Jesus, so close and continued her fellowship with him, that all who heard her expressions of love and joy in the Lord, could but acknowledge that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Of her bodily sufferings she was far from complaining. We do not know that a single murmur escaped her lips; and if at any time she manifested a degree of impatience, it was only impatience to be dissolved and to be with Jesus, freed from the indwelling of sin, and from everything that could impede the outpouring of that love and praise with which her soul was richly filled. She seemed to chide the moments that kept her from the presence of the Lord; and the repeated discoveries of his beauty and glory, the powerful witness borne by the Holy Spirit with her spirit that she was a child of God, and the enlarged views of the person and finished work of Christ with which she was favored, only served to increase the intensity of her desire to depart. Her joy was no mere animal excitement. It was not the effect of stimulants nor the consequence of disease, nor was she a young believer under the first discoveries of divine grace, rejoicing in the happiness of her betrothal. She was rather a "tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified;" a branch in the true vine, which the heavenly Husbandman had long been purging, that it might bring forth fruit in old age to show that God is upright. She had by two years passed the age ordinarily allotted to man, and yet her spiritual eye was not waxed dim nor her spiritual force abated, for God worked in her mightily, and made his strength perfect in her weakness. During the last eight or ten years of her pilgrimage, she was more experimentally led into the distinguishing truths of the gospel of God's grace than at any former period; and, instead of being, as are many old professors, like a time-piece which stopped some 20 years ago, but which still maintains a showy appearance under its

glass shade on the mantelpiece and never ticks but when shaken her heart had the steady life-beat of the Spirit, and those who had ears to hear recognised and confessed it. True it was, indeed, that the dust of the desert would often clog the wheels, and that she felt to need the daily renewings of the Holy Ghost, the holy oil of the sanctuary, and the regulating hand of the divine Artificer whose she was; but, whatever her sense of weakness, deficiency, and spiritual disarrangement, the Lord graciously preserved her from standing still, and rusting out; and made her a faithful witness of man's misery and helplessness, and of God's free and superabounding grace and power. To the very last the one fact was in her experience connected with the other, and the hands of the living time-piece moved on in the direction marked out by the Spirit of truth, the glorifier of Jesus.

It was encouraging to those who loved her to mark how, in reflecting on her past experience, she was confirmed in the work of God in her soul. She could trace that work in her first convictions of sin, in the bringing her, weary and heavy laden, to Jesus for rest; in the blessing her with conscious pardon; and in the many proofs of his lovingkindness bestowed upon her. She had known not a few trials in providence and in grace, and had learned the faithfulness of God in supporting her under them, and in delivering her out of them; and when in the near approach of death, she estimated the sufferings of this life with the glory that was to be revealed in her, like Paul she reckoned that the former are not worthy to be compared with the latter.

The promises of God were much blessed to her. Three in particular were applied in a remarkable manner to her soul. As she lay much exhausted through weakness and impeded respiration, she thought she saw a little book held up before her, upon which was written, "Fear not, for I am with thee." These words sank into her heart; when the book disappeared, and another came before her, in which she saw, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." This also receded, and a third was presented to her view with the words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." This threefold testimony filled her with joy and peace in believing, and she felt it to be a special token for good and a mark of distinguishing favor.

A few hours before her death, when her friends thought she would speak to them no more, she suddenly recovered strength, and broke out in fervent prayer to God for the minister and people with whom she had been associated in church fellowship, beseeching him to pour down his blessing upon them; after which she remained silent, and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

To laud the creature is not pleasing to God, and it is far from us to attempt to do so. Yet to the glory of divine grace, we may be allowed to notice very briefly certain fruits of the Spirit and marks of heavenly teaching which she so openly and unequivocally bore.

1. Her deep sense of her *sinfulness* and *unworthiness*.—She had not only confession of sin upon her lips, but her *confessions* were

the wellings up of a feeling heart, a heart which God's hand had touched, and made soft and contrite. She was such a sinner as Hark rightly calls "a sacred thing." "The Holy Ghost had made her so" by quickening and inhabiting her soul, and giving her that godly sorrow which "worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." She knew that she had "destroyed" herself, and she lay humbled under the mighty hand of God, at the feet of an all-sufficient Saviour, in whom alone she could hope.

2. Her child-like *dependence* upon the *blood* and *righteousness* of the Redeemer, and her humble but firm *confidence* of acceptance in him.—There are many who speak of the finished work of Christ and of their acceptance in him alone whose language seems rather "great swelling words of vanity" than the utterance of a heart under the moulding hand and teaching of the Comforter. The more loudly and firmly they declare their assurance of salvation and strong faith in Christ, the more effectually do they repel us, and scatter, as it were, the hoarfrost upon our hearts. There is presumption visible in their every look and every word, and we feel that they glory in appearance only, and not in heart. But when Mrs. Ward was encouraged to speak of her interest in Jesus, and of the preciousness she felt to be in his blood and merits, there was an unction with her words, and a truthfulness and sweetness in her manner that carried conviction to the heart, and forbade any doubt that her persuasion was of God.

3. Her *love* to the *people of God*.—This was not sectarian love, or attachment arising from party spirit, or mere earthly connection of any kind. She loved the brethren because she believed she saw in them something of the image of him who loved her and gave himself for her. How many can bear witness to her expressive kindness, and the warmth of feeling with which she welcomed those whom she esteemed "saints and faithful in Christ Jesus!" How many has she not sympathised with in distress! To how many has she not shown herself prompt to assist to the utmost of her ability, with word and deed! In spirit and in conduct she was not "of the world;" and we know no one whose love to the brethren could be more justly expressed in the words of Ruth to Naomi, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

4. Her *reverence* of God and *tenderness* of conscience.—These fruits and marks of grace none could mistake. We never heard her speak of God and of his dealings with her soul in that light and flippant manner which characterises so many professors of religion. She would, we believe, rather have been silent from day to day than have conversed of God and godliness without feeling something of the solemnity of the subject, and that she stood before the God of Israel, who "searches the hearts and tries the reins." And then, in so many ways the tenderness of her conscience and the fear of God

were elicited, that those who knew her best cannot fail, when they think of her, to associate those things with all their remembrance of her conduct.

5. Her *humility and gentleness of spirit*.—She did not assume a character to be sustained only at certain times, and before certain persons. She did not put on a mere mask of lowliness of mind and gentleness of spirit. We all felt that she was undoubtedly one who knew herself to be but dust and ashes before God, and was unworthy of the least of his mercies. We did not feel that hers was the humility of pride, that she abased herself that she might hear others exalt her; but we did feel that she was less than the least of all called to be saints and the very chief of sinners in her own view, esteeming others as better than herself, and desirous of appearing to be nothing, that Christ might be all and in all. She was perhaps, naturally gentle and amiable; but she was thus spiritually also. She had learned of God to be pitiful and courteous. Kindness and conscientiousness were signally marked in her. She loved not to wound another's feelings by coarse, unkind, or ill-judged remarks. She was no retailer of slander, or one ready to take up a reproach against her neighbor. She would rather conceal a brother's failings than wantonly and maliciously expose them to the gaze of others; and if she was at any time constrained by the love of Christ, the fear of God, and zeal for his glory to reprove, we were assured that she did this "considering herself, lest she also should be tempted." Where she could not be a peace-maker, she would not be a peace-breaker, but endeavored as much as in her lay to live peaceably with all men.

But we will not further extend our observations on her character. To do so may, by some, be thought out of place. It would at least be unnecessary. The details of her experience we cannot recollect with sufficient clearness to give them that connected form which we could desire. We must therefore leave this to others whose memory is more tenacious than ours. The members of the church and congregation, with many others, manifested the esteem in which they held her, by their numerous attendance at her funeral. Her memory will long be cherished by us; and we trust that our end may be as blessed and peaceful as hers. She is now with the beloved of her soul, where sin and sorrow are unknown; and when Jesus will appear, and all his saints with him, she will surely be found among the glorified family who have slept in Jesus, whom God will bring with him.

"The dead are like the stars by day,
Removed from mortal eye,
Yet not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory in the sky."

The following letters will, perhaps, give, in her own simple language, the best portraiture of her experience during the closing years of her pilgrimage. They were chiefly addressed to a son of hers by her first marriage, who has favored us with copies of them:

"My dear Children,—* * * Upon the whole, I have been better lately, but suffer very much with my head; yet surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days; my cup runneth over. I cannot describe to you the goodness

and love of God to my soul. O my dears, here is everything a poor sinner needs, and in every way suited to our case: O for more love! I long to feel as angels do. Jesus is very precious to my soul. David says, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and he will give thee the desires of thy heart.' My desire is, that all my dear children, not one left out, may find mercy of the Lord in that day. May the Lord bless you, prosper you, direct you in all your movements in life, and appear for you, is the sincere and earnest prayer of

Your ever affectionate

"Desborough, March 1st, 1837."

"MOTHER."

"My dear Children,—* * * Through the mercy of God we are all well, and your dear child is fast improving and very happy. What a mercy to record our health; but there is a needs-be, for bonds and afflictions await us; yet 'how can we sink with such a prop as our eternal God!' O my dears, here is solid standing; here I am, lost to speak of its worth. Let us come to this Rock, and with all our sorrows, and burdens, and fears, look at the cross of the dear Redeemer. Here I trust I have found relief. He fixes the bounds of our habitations, and the very hairs of our head are all numbered; and though the mercy be deferred, yet may we wait for it. I know it will come. I have found by happy experience that 'no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' 'Trust in him, ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us.' Through the mercy of my dear Redeemer, I have enjoyed much of his presence, and I trust I can say at times, 'My Lord, and my God.' O what a reality there is in religion, when we can take hold of Christ and find his presence a light to our path. If we can but enjoy communion with God, it will make our trials easy, and burden light. How soon this life will end, and then all tears will be wiped away, and we shall enjoy that weight of glory. I cannot express what I feel of it now at times, when his presence is about my path. I have had some comfort in reading Solomon's Song, a part I seldom used to read; but O when he is held in the galleries, and seen through the lattices, and the hole of the door, here I cannot express what I feel in love to my dear Lord! My soul would fly to take hold of him. May we enjoy more of these life-giving realities, which support us in life and in death.

"Desborough, Jan. 15th, 1840."

"My dear Children,—* * * I hope you are comfortable in your home. I know you must have trials and tribulations in all situations. This is the way to our Father's house. Cheer up, my dear children. When we contemplate this weight of glory, and the hope of being for ever with the ever-blessed God, this will cheer us in all the rugged paths of life. O what a life-giving, soul-cheering thing is enjoyment of God. Here I am lost in astonishment, that such a poor worm of the dust should be permitted to have a humble hope of being for ever with the Lord. O what a privilege have all the saints! We are kept as the apple of his eye, and the very hairs of our head are all numbered; and all things that appear against us are for us. 'Who can harm us if we are followers of that which is good?'

"Desborough, June 11th, 1840."

"Through the kindness of God I continue in my usual health, surrounded with many favors. I am glad to find that you view the chastening hand of God as a blessing sent in love to your souls. It is a great comfort to me, as I cannot see you, to hear you express your satisfaction of the truth of God's word, and that it has such a life-giving power, and draws out holy affections, when meditated on, that prove it divine. Here I am at a loss to express myself respecting this glorious gospel. What a solace to the mind to enjoy it, and call its promises ours: 'This God is our God,' this glorious God. O how I love to contemplate his greatness. He fills the earth with his glory. And that he should permit such poor sinful creatures to worship him! We find, as you say, by our daily experience, the truth of it, and that there is life in it, and that it is everything a poor sinner needs, adapted in every way to our case. O what a blessed gospel it is to show us this! finished by the suffering of the dear Redeemer. What a privilege it is to live in communion with God, and to feel such a union that we can be happy only when we can

feel our souls going up after him. It is like being in prison, when we cannot enjoy his presence and see him in his beauty. How I love to take hold of him; or touching but the hem of his garment, I feel relieved. No dry services will do for an immortal soul; it must be Jesus and his finished salvation alone. I often wish I could see you; but though absent in body, we are often present in spirit, I trust, before the Lord. I want to be delivered from all anxious thoughts and desires, seeing that God knows all that we want; and if we do not have the blessing just in the way we want, may he say, 'My grace shall be sufficient for you.' May the Holy Ghost the Comforter be ever with you all, and may we have that blessed Spirit witnessing with our spirit that we are his.

"Belgrave Lodge, Sept. 2nd, 1842."

* * * * "I often long to be with you, to tell you of the goodness of the blessed God to such a worm as I. Sometimes one promise supports me and then another, so that I am enabled to cast anchor on Christ; and O this anchorage is a sure refuge! We may fly to it and be safe. If it were not for the stability of the gospel, how could I be supported in going down the steep of life, and finding flesh and heart fail? Jesus says, 'If I go away I will come again and receive you unto myself.' This coming again is life to my soul; coming again and supporting us through the hour of death, and landing us safe in glory." I look upon everything as if I must soon leave it. We are going to make a garden in the front of our house, but I look at it as if perhaps, as soon as the trees begin to prosper, they will be for others. Everything is fleeting, and I hope I value everything of a fading nature less. I want durable riches; a confidence and sweet satisfaction that, having passed from death unto life, I shall never come under condemnation, and that Christ is in me the hope of glory. This sweet fellowship with the blessed Jesus carries us above the storms of life. May you be strong in the Lord, and enjoy that blessed manifestation of his love to your souls, which brings sincere love to Jesus Christ. May old things be passed away, and all things become new; and that we may have more of the blessed Spirit to show us the things of God, for they are spiritually discerned. This is what gives life to prayer in my soul; and what is prayer without a holy enjoyment and fellowship with the Father, and the Son, and Holy Spirit, and to say with Thomas, 'My Lord and my God?'

"Belgrave Lodge, Nov. 12th, 1842."

* * * * "I am longing to know how you are getting on in the cause of God. I have been rather complaining of late, for want of more manifestations of his love and union of soul to him. This is what I long for, and cannot have enough of it. I am still wanting to enjoy more of his presence. There is nothing like a daily intercourse with Jesus; to live with him, and walk with him, and talk to him. O what a friend is he to consult in all things! We can never have enough of him here; he is so good, so great, and so loving. How I love to contemplate his glories and his beauties! O may we never get cold and indifferent to such an almighty Friend. May we have our hold of him, and never rest when we lose our hold. Nothing I fear so much as the hiding of his face. Nothing will do but a sense of his pardon and love, and to say with Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.' There is nothing here that can satisfy an immortal mind. How empty earth appears. God is my record, how greatly I long after you all! Nothing, my dears, will do but coming out of the world and having sweet intercourse with Jesus. This is life to the soul; speaking to him, and by faith feeling a sweet satisfaction in waiting on him in prayer and in praise. Do not leave off calling upon him in your closet, until you find him precious to your souls; for he has promised his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. May the blessed Spirit bless you, and lead you into the truth as it is in Jesus. So prays your ever affectionate

"Belgrave Lodge, Nov. 25th, 1845."

"MOTHER."

"P. S. I have been lately reading Luther on the Galatians. I wish you would read it."

* * * * "If we are right in serving God, all other things will be added. What a promise. May we rely on it! O for a more expansive view of his

greatness and glory! I am so dissatisfied with my poor contracted mind, that I feel a longing of soul to see more of his love, and to adore him. These fetters of mortality confine the soul; but if it could break forth, what light, love, and glory, would it behold! What is all this world to this? Let us, my dears, be more and more anxious to have more of this living principle. O it is a reality! It draws the soul to 'enjoy communion with the dear Redeemer, and makes it say feelingly, 'My Lord, and my God.' May you, my dears, enjoy religion in all its fulness; it is a heaven below. O do not be satisfied unless you can feel Christ precious in all his illustrious characters. What a feast, to have the dear Lord to talk and walk with, and to tell him all our wants! My dear children, go oftener to him,

'For his power and grace are such,
None can ever ask too much.'

He has promised that he will withhold no good thing 'from them that walk uprightly.' Let us give God no rest until he has made it manifest to us that we are his, and then, heirs of God, we are joint-heirs with Christ. If the Lord has blessed me, a poor worm, and given me one grace more than another, it is *love to God*. He is so great, that words fail in attempting to describe his glories. David, in his last prayer, says, 'He filleth the whole world with his glory.' May the Lord bless you, my dear children, with union and communion with his blessed self. Plead his promises, for not one can fail; and the more union we feel with him, the more will our souls be drawn heavenwards, to have that weight of glory revealed to us.

"Belgrave Lodge, March 11th, 1846."

* * * * "How is my dear son going on? I hope the Lord is prospering him, and watering him with the dew from above. How dependent we are on our heavenly Father! How needful is it to pray without ceasing, and to set the Lord always before us, and then we shall be directed in all our steps. There is a sweet satisfaction in going to the Lord to be directed in all temporal affairs; how much more in spiritual affairs? I feel this weather affects me very much, and makes my cough very bad. I am now in my 67th year, not far from threescore years and ten. How anxious I am to have a clear prospect of the everlasting arms being underneath me! But this is my comfort, Jesus says, 'If I go away, I will come again and receive you to myself.' O precious promise! What support there is in the gospel of the ever-blessed God! It is a reality indeed; it has a life-giving power, and carries us through the storms of life with very many supports and promises. What a mercy that the dear Saviour should come from heaven to die for such a poor weak and worthless worm. O praise him and adore him for such love and mercy! And may it be so extensive as to reach every branch of my dear other selves and families; may not one be left out. God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Never mind this stormy life, if we can but have communion with the dear Redeemer; how light we go along then, and all is right, whether things are rough or smooth;

'We cannot sink with such a prop.'

I want more of this blessed Spirit witnessing in my soul. I cannot have enough; the more we have, the more we want. We shall never be satisfied until we come to that fulness in Jesus. My dear children, wait only upon God; from him cometh all my expectation. He is all and in all, and we will crown him Lord of all. For ever blessed be his name! He fills the earth with his glory.

"Give my kind love to your friends and accept the same for yourselves. And may the blessed Jesus dwell richly in all our hearts, the hope of glory.

"From your ever anxious, praying, sincere, and loving

"Belgrave Lodge, Oct. 27th, 1846."

"MOTHER."

Afflictions are of God's sending, but of sin's deserving.—*John Mason.*

REVIEW.

Letters of Samuel Rutherford, Late Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews. Glasgow: William Collins, 1834.*

(Continued from page 70.)

The ways of God and his dealings with his people in providence and in grace, are usually in the outset shrouded in mystery, and yet in the end shine resplendently forth as stamped with the most perfect wisdom, mercy, and grace. When Luther, on his return from the Diet of Worms, was seized by armed men in masks, and carried off to the lonely castle of Wartburg, it seemed as if his life and work were both about to be suddenly extinguished. The consternation of his friends was almost unparalleled. "A cry of grief," says D'Aubigné, "resounded through Germany. Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies." But in that quiet retreat, hidden alike from friend and foe, he had time and opportunity to translate the Scriptures into his native language, and thus deal Rome a far heavier blow, and advance the cause of God a thousand times more than if he had been permitted again without molestation to occupy his pulpit at Wittenberg.

When Bunyan was haled to prison, and his labors in the gospel were thus suddenly and violently brought to a close, this heavy stroke would doubtless appear, both to himself and his attached people, an utter extinguishment of his light and usefulness. But should we have had his "Grace Abounding," or his "Pilgrim's Progress," if it had not been for his gloomy cell in Bedford gaol? Has not the church of God the greatest reason to bless the wisdom of the Most High in permitting ungodly men to triumph for a season? For though they might stop his tongue which could but reach hundreds, they set loose a pen which has been blessed to thousands. When Rutherford was torn from his beloved Anwoth, and ordered to confine himself to Aberdeen; when his tongue was thus forcibly silenced, and he forbidden to speak in the name of his dearest Lord, what a gloom it cast over his soul, what a dark cloud gathered over his fondest hopes. He had, he says, "but one joy," that of preaching the gospel, and that gone, all seemed gone.

But where would have been the richest portion of his letters, but for his imprisonment? His ministry at Anwoth, however powerful in itself or at the time abundantly blessed, was restricted to a small village and to a scanty district; and, however it might be subsequently enlarged by his visiting other places, was necessarily confined to that day and generation. So fully, also, was he there occupied, as we have already seen, with the labors of the ministry, that the use of his pen in private correspondence must have been greatly

* Though we have put this edition at the head of our Article, it is one which we can by no means recommend, as it is sadly diluted with milk and water English versions of Rutherford's expressive Scotticisms. For general readers we should recommend an edition published by the "Religious Tract Society," price 2s., which preserves many of Rutherford's striking expressions, and, where at all difficult to an English reader, explains them at the bottom of the page.

limited. But at Aberdeen not only had he abundant leisure to write to his numerous friends, but his very trials there and deliverances, his exercises and blessings, furnished his heart with matter suitable and edifying to the people of God in all generations; and his pen was thus made the pen of a ready writer, not only for the narrow circle of a few Scottish friends, but for numbers then unborn. The light placed on this candlestick could not be hid. Its rays have shone far and wide beyond the Scottish border; and for the last 200 years have these powerful letters been as goads to stir up living souls to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Nay, even as regards that very flock which then lay so near to his heart—his church and congregation at Anwoth—we may well believe that the life and power with which his letters to them were impregnated, and to which his forced absence doubtless instrumentally much contributed, might, and probably were, more blessed to them than his preached discourses. The love and affection felt towards him, enhanced by his persecutions and exile for their sake, would make his letters eagerly read by those to whom they were addressed; from their real worth and intrinsic excellence they would be passed from hand to hand and religiously preserved, as their being at this day extant abundantly shows; their heavenly warmth might kindle a flame in many a cold heart, and their force and energy stir up many a sluggish bosom, which had remained dull and unmoved under the sound of his voice; and thus his letters might be more blessed even at Anwoth than his sermons, and his absence be more valuable than his presence. All this we can now clearly see and can admire in it the wisdom of God; but the cloud which we view gilded with the rays of the Sun of righteousness, hung dark and lowering before the eyes of Rutherford amid the highland mists of Aberdeen.

There was evidently a reason for selecting that northern city for the place of his banishment, besides its distance, not less than 250 miles, from Anwoth. Aberdeen was at that period the citadel and head-quarters of the High Church party, who were then making every effort to force upon the Scottish Kirk the Anglican Prayer-book, with government by bishops, &c., and to assimilate it in all its rites and ceremonies, as much as possible, to the English Establishment. A mighty struggle was then going on in the south of Scotland, chiefly at Edinburgh, to which we shall presently advert, and of which we may be sure Rutherford would be no indifferent spectator. It was probably to remove from the south so able and energetic a minister that Aberdeen was selected as the place of his banishment. "The indwellers of this town," writes Rutherford, "are dry and cold, and it is counted no wisdom here to countenance a confined and silenced minister." In those days there was little communication between distant places, and there appears to have been some additional hindrance placed in the way in the case of Rutherford. Writing to Lady Kenmure, he says, "Since my coming here, (Aberdeen,) I received not a line from Galloway, except what my brother Earlstoun and his son did write. I cannot get my papers transported." But the learned divines at Aberdeen had small reason to congratulate

themselves on his being removed from his pulpit in the south, and prevented joining in the struggle then going on for the liberties, indeed for the very existence of the Scottish Kirk; for Rutherford, who could argue with doctors as well as preach to peasants, so belabored them with weapons from the Scriptures in proof that the Puritan ministers were servants of God, that his enemies were silenced, if not convinced. At Aberdeen he remained a year and a half; but an event was at hand which will be remembered in Scotland as long as a Scottish foot treads the heather on the Grampians, or a Scottish ear listens to the babbling waters of the rushing Tay.

On March 1st, 1638, a storm broke forth which not only convulsed Scotland to the very centre, but shook the broad foundations of the English throne, and in its issue mightily concurred to bring the head of the King of England to the block. This was the proclamation, by the heads of the Presbyterian party, of the "Solemn League and Covenant," whereby they bound themselves, at the risk of their property and life, to uphold the principles on which the Kirk was founded.

A few details of this great religious movement may, perhaps, not be out of place. Charles the First, with all that blind folly and obstinate bigotry which has made the race of the Stuarts as much hated and despised in the British isles as that of the Bourbons on the continent, in spite of all warnings from those who knew the temper of the nation, would persevere in attempting to force the Prayer-book on the Scottish people. Sunday, July 23rd, 1637, was the day appointed for the introduction of the new service-book into the churches of Edinburgh; and a great concourse of people, besides the Lords of the Privy Council, and all the grandees in Church and State, assembled in the High Church of St. Giles. Amongst the audience there sat in the aisle an old woman, named Jeannie Geddes, who viewed with equal amazement and horror the Dean of Edinburgh, in his surplice, bowing and gesticulating, and reading prayers out of a book, until, just as he announced the collect for the day, old Jeannie, who could stifle her wrath no longer, with an exclamation which we shall not repeat, shouted out, in broad Scotch, "Thou fause thief! Dost thou say the mass at my lug (ear)?" and immediately, suiting the action to the word, took up the little stool on which she sat and hurled it at the dean's head. In an instant all was uproar; the women of the congregation rushed to the desk, and the dean, to avoid being torn to pieces, pulled off his surplice and fled. Thus terminated, at least for a time, the attempt to force the Prayer-book on the sturdy Scots. This unseemly riot was soon followed up by the event before alluded to, the formation of the Solemn League and Covenant, one of the most remarkable events of Scottish history.*

* We are not fond of recommending any not strictly religious books; but should any of our readers desire a fuller acquaintance with the struggles and sufferings of the Scottish Covenanters, from 1605 to 1688, they will find a very interesting account in Vol. XII., No. 109 of "Chambers's Miscellany." The Number may, perhaps, be obtained separately for 2d. or 1½d.

It was, then, on March 1st, 1638, that a vast multitude of persons, with many nobles at their head, assembled themselves in the Grayfriars Church, Edinburgh, and there signed the National Covenant, some with pens dipped in their own blood. No language can adequately describe the zeal, the enthusiasm, the tears of joy with which this Solemn League and Covenant was signed by hundreds of thousands, through the whole length and breadth of the land. The abhorrence of the Scottish people against Popery and Prelacy burst forth in a flame which spread over Scotland as a sheet of fire. One place of note alone, Aberdeen, the spot of Rutherford's confinement, refused to sign the Covenant. But the flame, if it did not melt the cold hearts of the men of Aberdeen, burnt off the bands which held fast the prisoner of the Lord, and Rutherford was allowed to return to his beloved Anwoth. Alarmed at the aspect of public affairs in Scotland, the King agreed to abolish the High Commission Court, by the sentence of which Rutherford had been banished; and with the fall of this engine of tyranny its sentences tacitly if not actually expired. He ventured, therefore, to return to his own people, where he laid himself out, if possible, more earnestly and laboriously than before, in the work of the ministry. The times were peculiar. There was great zeal and excitement, especially in the south and west of Scotland; and if many, like Jeannie Geddes, savored more of the flesh than of the Spirit, and thought that deans and surplices were best put down by three-legged stools, there were others, doubtless, differently minded, who sought the Lord's face by prayer and supplication.

At this critical juncture, then; Rutherford returned to Anwoth, and stood up once more in his own pulpit. From all quarters, far and near, people flocked to hear him preach. Though we have none of his sermons preserved, yet we may well gather from his letters what they most probably were. The force and originality of his ideas, the pithy homeliness of his expressions—a point in which the Lowland Scotch far exceeds the more tame and polished English, and in which he peculiarly excelled—the solemn views of eternity which weighed with such pressure on his own soul, the earnestness which fired his eye, animated every feature of his face, and broke forth from his tongue, and above all, the flame of holy love which burned in his heart towards the blessed Jesus,—all this, which we see in his letters, we may well conceive was stamped upon his ministry in the pulpit. He had not been to Aberdeen for nought. How feelingly and experimentally could he now speak of the consolations with which the Lord had bedewed his soul, of the hard thoughts which he had once entertained of him, and how they had been all dispersed by his sweet presence, of the promises applied, of the views he had had of the boundless fulness of Jesus! How he would extol him as “the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely!” We may picture to ourselves how he would be heard. Look at those upturned faces, those streaming eyes, that hushed attention, that drinking in every word of the preacher as it fell from his lips. How his “honored and dear brother” Earlston

the younger, and the old laird of Cardoness, with his wife and son, and good old John Bell, his ruling elder, and youthful Ninian Mure, and his attached friend Robert Gordon, and poor Lady Kenmure, in her widow's weeds, and many other gracious hearers, his joy and crown—whose names are written in heaven, but of whom time has preserved no note—would hail the re-appearance of their beloved pastor. Without trespassing too far into the regions of imagination, we may picture to ourselves the affectionate greetings on both sides when pastor and people were thus once more brought together, and the warm burst of feeling which thrilled in their bosoms, restrained only by godly jealousy lest nature should usurp the place of grace, and exalt the man rather than his Master. "Ah! but this is only a picture of your own imagination," some cold-hearted reader may exclaim. Granted; but a picture, probably, not far from the reality, and one that may at any rate serve to transport our thoughts to those good old times when there was in religion a reality and vitality, and amongst the people of God a union with each other, and an earnestness and devotedness to their common Lord, of which, in these cold, heartless days, we seem to know but little.

But he who fixes the bounds of our habitations had determined another place of abode for his servant Rutherford than his beloved Anwoth. In November, 1638, the Covenanters held a General Assembly of the Church at Glasgow, which was attended beyond all precedent, not only by its members, lay and clerical, but by all the nobility and gentry of any family or interest in Scotland, and a vast concourse of the people. Disregarding the protest of the bishops and the threats of the King's commissioner, the Marquis of Hamilton, who in his Majesty's name dissolved the Assembly, they declared all the acts establishing Episcopacy in Scotland null and void, abjured and abolished Prelacy, condemned the Liturgy and the Book of Common Prayer, restored Presbyterianism in its former purity, and pronounced sentence of excommunication against eight of the fourteen Scottish bishops for actual crimes. Before this august assembly Rutherford appeared, and related to it all the proceedings of his banishment to Aberdeen. We need hardly say how this account was received by it, for we may be sure that the deepest sympathy with the sufferer and the highest indignation against his oppressors would pervade every man in that assembly. But as a mark of their esteem for his character, the Assembly appointed him Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, and colleague in the ministry with Robert Blair, with whom he had been previously acquainted, and to whom he seems to have been much attached. With this appointment, as recognising in it the voice of God, Rutherford at once complied. St. Andrews had been the seat of the deposed archbishop, Rutherford's former enemy and persecutor, and, to use the words of the Memoir before us, "by that means the seat of all superstition, error, and profaneness;" for such throughout Scotland was the universal detestation of bishops, that scarce any could be found to accept the office but men of doubtful character. It was

therefore the object of the General Assembly to transfer to that University a man not only of Rutherford's great abilities to fill the chair of divinity for the instruction of the students, but a man of God, full of zeal, and warmth, and love, to occupy the pulpit.

A learned ministry was viewed with much favor by the Puritans, especially in Scotland, and in their case, perhaps, with some reason, not only because they were so much engaged in controversy with Popery, but from the very character of the Scottish people, who, naturally keen-witted and disposed to argument, and extremely well educated in the village schools, were at that time, at least, great students of the Scripture. Learning and godliness were in those days combined as never seen before or since. Some of the most godly men of whom there is any record then taught at the Universities. Luther at Wittenberg, Calvin at Geneva, a few years later Dr. Owen and Goodwin at Oxford, gave lectures in divinity, and devoted all their time and abilities to the service of the sanctuary. We cannot, therefore, wonder that the General Assembly at Glasgow chose Rutherford as the standard-bearer at St. Andrews. Though this step necessarily broke asunder his tie to Anwoth, yet we find, in his letters from St. Andrews, no mourning over it, no soul yearning towards the scenes of his early ministry, as is expressed in his letters from Aberdeen. The reason of this it is not difficult to discover. What Rutherford panted after was, to be employed in the service of his Lord and Master, and whether that was the exercise of his ministry at quiet Anwoth, or occupying a more public situation at St. Andrews, he was content. The effects of his labors there were soon seen. In the scanty Memoir before us it is thus recorded,

"And here God did again so second this eminent and faithful servant, that by his indefatigable pains, both in teaching in the schools and preaching in the congregation, St. Andrews, the seat of the archbishop, and by that means the nursery of all superstition, error, and profaneness, soon became a Lebanon, out of which were taken cedars for building the house of the Lord, almost throughout the whole land; many of whom he guided to heaven before himself, who received spiritual life by his ministry, and many others walked in that light after him."

Here then for the present we leave this blessed and highly favored man of God. We have yet in store his death-bed, of which we have a pretty full account; and we should be doing injustice to him, as well as to our readers, were we not to give them the benefit of that striking and edifying scene.

When God speaks peace, it guides and keeps the soul, that it turn not again to folly. (Ps. lxxxv. 8.) When we speak it ourselves, the heart is not taken off the evil; nay, it is the readiest course in the world to bring a soul into a trade of backsliding. If upon your plastering yourself, you find yourself rather animated to the battle again than utterly weaned from it, it is too palpable that you have been at work with your own soul, but Jesus Christ and his Spirit were not there.—*Owen*.

POETRY.

OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

How little and how light
Are all my sufferings here;
With my Redeemer's cross in sight,
They cannot claim a tear.
My griefs are swallow'd up
When I by faith can see
The deeper sorrows of the cup
The Saviour drank for me.
And when I thus can feel
What my vile sins have done,
My heart grows soft, no more like steel,
But wax before the sun.
Self-pity then gives place
To meltings from above,
Godmanchester.

While I with weeping wonder trace
Emmanuel's bleeding love.
In favor'd times like these,
My head anointed fresh,
Trials themselves the spirit please,
Though painful to the flesh.
But when the Lord departs,
And unbelief grows strong,
No present good true peace imparts,
I sorrow all day long.
'Tis only while I see
The soul-transporting sight
Of Jesus and his love to me,
That any cross is light.

W. B.

A SURE PROMISE.

What is 'tis within my heart
That hope and fear inspires?
When shall I find the promis'd rest
My soul so much desires?
The vanities of time and sense
Have lost their pow'r to please;
They cannot take away my pains,
Or give my conscience ease.
When to my earthly friends I turn,
And look for comfort there,
I find they cannot cheer my heart,
Or drive away my care.
The rest for which my spirit mourns
The world can ne'er bestow;

This heav'n-born peace, this holy joy,
Worldlings can never know.
When shall I feel the blessed love
For which I sigh and pine,
Shedding its influences abroad
In this hard heart of mine?
O canst thou bear to disappoint
The longings thou hast given?
Or wilt thou suffer me to die,
Unless assur'd of heaven?
O no! the Lord of life has made
His promise firm and sure;
The work his Spirit once begins
Shall to the end endure.

These verses were written by a young lady who in the providence of God, through ill health, some years ago came to B—. She had been brought up amongst the general professors (who for the greater part have a desperate enmity against the doctrines of grace,) but, through the solicitation of a friend, came to hear me, and then she was convinced that her religion was nothing worth; and though she incurred the displeasure of her friends, she abode by the truth, and I have every reason to believe that she died in the Lord. The last time I saw her, when too ill to get out to hear, I mentioned the text I had preached from the day before, 1 Kings xviii. 44. She said, "That is exactly my case. I dare not say that I cannot see this small cloud." I replied, "An abundance of rain is behind." She took an affectionate farewell of me, believing she should never see me again, telling me how the word had been blessed from my mouth. Just before her death, she requested her mother to send me, after her death, Romaine's works, as a token of affection.—I. G.

Show me a man's books and companions, and I will tell you what sort of a man he is.—W. T.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XL 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 220.

APRIL, 1854.

VOL. XX.

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON, BY MR. HUNTINGTON,
PREACHED FEB. 27TH, 1799, BEING THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A
GENERAL FAST.

(Concluded from page 78.)

By his being "low," then, I understand his derivative kingdom, which was given to him by his Father, and respects him as God-man Mediator, for this kingdom he received as a gift; all the subjects of it were given to him from everlasting, and he appointed King of this his mediatorial kingdom. If we consider him in this respect as King of grace, King of Zion, as a spiritual Prince, reigning in the hearts of people, he may truly be said to be "low," for he has always had the fewest subjects to reign over; but the time will come when he will have the largest kingdom that ever was. Then he that is now low will be exalted. There have always been some little resemblances or shadows of it held forth; for, as I said before, the Babylonian empire was a type of it. When he came in the flesh he had only twelve disciples at the beginning of his ministry; and at his death, only one hundred and twenty; but after the day of Pentecost, this kingdom enlarged itself greatly, for the apostles going forth into the Gentile world, there were multitudes added to the church of such as should be saved. Under Peter's two sermons we read of several thousands being converted; and the apostles and disciples of the Lord being scattered abroad by persecution, the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God so increased, that in a very little time it reached as far as the East Indies. Thus was Christ's kingdom enlarged, and it shadowed forth that wonderful enlargement which is to take place when the spiritual reign of Christ commences. After this enlargement it got again into a very narrow compass, and remained so till the time of Constantine the Great, who was a lively type of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is the "man-child" of which the church travailed; and when she had brought him forth, he was caught up to God and his throne, converted to Christ, blessed with heavenly-mindedness in his soul, with life and peace in his conscience.* He is said to rule all

* There is no real ground to believe that Constantine was a partaker of grace. Milner, who usually has charity enough and to spare for doubtful characters, thus speaks of him: "Whether he really loved the gospel and felt its influence on his own heart, is a doubtful question." "Constantine was disposed to give his sanction to any creed (*i. e.*, Arian or Trinitarian) to

nations with a rod of iron, which he certainly did, for he went forth conquering and to conquer. He subdued the idolatrous Pagan nations, destroyed their temples, abolished their idols, encouraged Christianity, and wherever he went, his mother, Helena, followed after, building places of worship. In this emperor's reign, the word of God seemed mightily to grow and prevail, for both the Eastern and Western empires were subdued by him, and Christianity established among them, so that the kingdom of Christ again blazed out a little under his reign. But after his death, Arianism, which is of the devil, broke out in such a manner that all that seemed to be carried off by the flood; after which God in just judgment suffered the Turks to enter into the East and overrun great part of the empire, and with them in came the cursed creed of Mahomet, with all its "deceivableness of unrighteousness." Into the Western Empire he suffered the Goths, Huns, and Vandals to break forth and subdue it, who spread devastation and destruction wheresoever they went; and this paved the way for the Pope, the devil's own son, the "man of sin and son of perdition;" for soon after the iron legs, the strength of the empire under the emperors, were done away, and the kingdom was divided into ten kingdoms, the ten toes of the great image. Among these it was that "the little horn," the Pope, sprang up; for these kings are said to receive power as kings one hour, or at the same time with the Beast. And when this was done, these Popish errors or doctrines of devils so spread that Christ's kingdom appeared to be almost rooted up. But by and by, under Wickliffe, we have it glimmering out again. Then, under Luther, at the Reformation, we have it more plain, since which time it has been on the decline; but all these little revivals seem to point out and shadow forth that glorious time before us, when Christ shall have dominion from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth.

Christ, therefore, may now truly be said to be "low," and he must be lower yet; for I verily believe that the Prince of Wales has more subjects than he has in all the world. Aye, say you, you were always

which the majority (of the Council of Nice) should agree." "He seems in doctrine to have followed the semi-Arianism of Eusebius, or perhaps more properly may be said not to have understood the gospel in any light; and the latter part of his life it is allowed, on all hands, was very faulty." "Faulty" enough, one would think, when, in a paroxysm of anger, he caused his son to be put to death, had his wife thrown into a furnace, and, from suspicious jealousy, ordered the public execution of his nephew. Neander, by far the best of all our church historians, is more decided still, and declares that "Constantine must have been conscious that he was striving not so much for the cause of God as for the gratification of his own ambition and love of power; and that such acts of perfidy, mean revenge, or despotic jealousy as occurred in his political course did not well befit an instrument and servant of God such as he claimed to be considered, but were instances of lamentable self-deception." His mother, Helena, was a superstitious old woman, who pretended to have found the true cross at Jerusalem, and the chief inventress of those "Holy Places" there which have for centuries set the Greek and Latin churches by the ears, and made Christianity to the Mahometans a ridicule and a stumblingblock.

It may seem ungracious in us to find fault with Huntington; but we could not conscientiously pass by such a mistake as he has made here.

a poor narrow bigot. Yea, and I say again, that I do verily believe that the Principality of Wales contains more subjects than our dear Redeemer has in all the world. And yet I believe at this time there are more of the darlings of his soul in this island than in all the world besides, and here he has but a very few. His kingdom is, then, truly low, very low, though it must be lower yet; for if we take away all the Arians, all the Sabellians, all the Atheists, all the Deists, all the Formalists, all the Papists, and all the Arminians, pray, what will there be left? But very few indeed, so few that a little child may write them. If we look abroad in different nations, there is no appearance of any revival; all appear to be lying in the hands of the devil. Many talk of much gospel in America, but I do not believe one word of the circular letters that are going about amongst us, no, not a word of what they say; for I have had letters from almost all parts of it, from poor sensible simmers and hungry souls, and they all complain and tell me that they may go up and down seeking water, but there is none. They may go from place to place, and city to city, but not hear one gospel sermon; not even one profession of the gospel in the power of it upon their hearts; nor one comfort of the Holy Spirit communicated to their souls. And there are now two or three persons in this chapel, who left the country and came here to sit under such a poor ministry as mine, that they might have their souls fed with spiritual food. I say there are now two or three of them in this chapel; so true it is that the kingdom of Christ is very "low." And the generality of preachers and professors in this metropolis, what are they? Nothing but the children of the devil. Aye, say you, you talk like a madman. Yes, but I know what I say, and will insist upon it; for if you go to almost any minister in this place, or to any in the nation, or to the generality of professors, and ask them to give you an account of the power of God upon the heart, and a description of the kingdom of God set up there; ask them what the power that it stands in is; how it stands in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and ask them what this peace is, and what joy in the Holy Ghost is; and they can give you no account at all about it, no, none at all. Christ, as a spiritual Prince, as the Prince of Peace is, then, now very "low."

There were many precious ministers among us; but I declare they appear to be all gone, to be all taken away, and to be succeeded by a parcel of tools, trumped up and sent out by the devil and hypocrites, novices, young, raw, inexperienced men, who are puffed up with the pride of Satan, and will fall into the same condemnation with him at last. These have only a name to live, while they are dead; such as never had the experience of one truth essential to salvation, or one impression of the gospel in the power of it upon their hearts. This may truly be called the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall. Thus Christ is "low," and he must be lower still, when the outer court is gained over and the Witnesses slain.

By "the outer court," I do not so much mean the Established Church and Arminians, (though they are a part of it,) as the bastard Calvinists among the Dissenters, who have got a few sound notions

of the truth in their heads, but who have no power or experience of the grace of God in their hearts. These, I think, are principally meant by the outer court, because they in profession are the nighest to the Lord's temple. These bastard Calvinists are the outer court, who are to be given up to the power of the Man of Sin. Now, in the Establishment there are some that do profess and exercise a little morality; many of them are hospitable and charitable, and sometimes we see one building an almshouse here, another a hospital there, &c. &c. Many of them are forward at these things, and are very good to the poor; but among Dissenters there are the worst of usurers and oppressors, who have learned sufficient in their heads to know that salvation is not of works, and therefore we seldom have them going out after or exercised in this way. No, no; they are Dissenters, and salvation is not of works; so indeed they are Dissenters, and that of the worst kind, for they dissent from all that is good. And, as I said before, among these vermin there are some of the worst of usurers and oppressors out of hell, destitute of every principle of charity and liberality. These are the worst enemies that Christ has, and the greatest enemies to the power of godliness. These, therefore, I principally understand to mean "the outer court," which the angel was commanded not to measure; and all these shall be gained over by the Man of Sin, for all shall worship him whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life. "Measure it not," is the order, "for it is given to the Gentiles." But who are the Gentiles? The Romans; for Christ is said to be delivered into the hands of the Gentiles, and it was they that crucified him; and we know that he was crucified and put to death by the Romans.

The first step towards Popery is Arminianism, and the bastard Calvinists are all going over into union with these. Then, when these materials are all assembled and united together into one body, the next step will be into Popery; and when this comes to pass, then the Witnesses will be slain; then Christ will be at the lowest as King of Zion.

By slaying the Witnesses, I do not understand so much their being seized and put to death literally, (though perhaps some may fall this way,) as that they will not be permitted to preach, nor God's saints that may then be permitted to hear. Places of worship will be all shut up, so that I believe, during all that time of three years and a half, there will not be one gospel sermon preached or heard. And what makes it appear that this will not be a literal slaying is, that their bodies are not to be put into graves all that time. Then the power of the holy people shall be scattered, and their privileges taken away. This is still before us, and then the Lord's kingdom will be at the lowest.

"Exalt him that is low." Solomon says, "In the multitude of people is the king's honor; but in want of people is the destruction of the prince." (Prov. xiv. 28.) Christ as prince is now low. He has but a few subjects to reign over, but it is said he shall be "exalted;" and if a multitude of people is the king's honor, how he will be exalted and honored when all the kingdoms of this world shall become

his! Then will the diadem and crown be no more in the hands of other people. It shall be Christ's for ever, and the kingdom shall not be for other people; for the greatest kingdom that ever was shall be given to the saints of the Most High. Then shall nations beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; then nation shall no more rise up against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Then the subjects of Christ's kingdom shall be abundant; then shall he that is now low be exalted, be extolled, and be very high.

"Exalt him that is low, and *abase him that is high.*" This means the Pope, the heir of hell. He is high, but he shall be abased; he is not yet at his highest, but as soon as he has gained over the outer court, and the Witnesses are slain, then for three years and a half the great Whore, the Romish Church, shall say, "I sit a queen; I shall see widowhood no more, neither the loss of children." Then they of that communion shall send gifts one to another, rejoice over the Witnesses, and make merry, because they tormented them by openly protesting against their doctrines of devils. But, alas! her end is then near. The triumph of this hypocrite will then be but short; for when she is upon this pinnacle of her glory, then her everlasting destruction is at the very door. "Therefore," says God, "her plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burnt up with fire, for strong is the Lord God that judgeth her." (Rev. xviii.) And if we look at the situation of Rome and the country about it, it appears to be situated upon liquid fire, for the bowels of the earth all about her are stuffed with nothing else but fire, and she is surrounded almost by burning mountains; so that it is but for the Lord to crack the crust of the earth, and she is at home at once, in a moment. And it appears as if the city was to be burnt with fire, for thus we read, "The merchants that were made rich by her, shall stand afar off, for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing, and saying, Alas, alas! that great city!"

But the City, in its mystical sense, which consists of all the Beast, the whole body of the Papists, this is to be destroyed in another way. When the ten kings sprang up, you know they agreed and gave their power to the Beast, supported the interest of that cursed bunter, the great Whore; but when the mystery of iniquity is full, and the words of God are finished, and the number of her days, 1260, draws near to an end, then these said kings shall be converted and be used as instruments to destroy that whore which they once supported; for so we have it, "And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire. For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will." (Rev. xvii. 16, 17.) And as the Lord has so long continued his gospel in this island, I believe he will continue it; and I have not a single doubt but a king of England will have a hand in destroying that strumpet of the devil, and be one of the ten.* Then he that is "high" shall be "abased."

Now at the end of the three years and a half, the Spirit of life from God entered into the Witnesses, and they stood upon their feet;

and they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them, "Come up hither," that is, into heavenly-mindedness, into the comfort and joy of the Holy Ghost, and they begin to bear witness for God again. Then an angel is represented flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, people, and tongue. And this is the way the Beast will be destroyed; for this cloud of witnesses going forth to preach, then the ten kings' hearts are turned; they are savingly converted to God; Christ takes possession of their hearts; and as this gospel of the kingdom will so rapidly spread, so the kingdom of the Beast, which is full of darkness, will be discovered, and give way. The devil and his works will be thrown down and lost out of sinners' hearts. And such light, life, love, power will be put forth and communicated, that a nation is said to be born at once, and the earth to bring forth in one day. This will destroy the Beast, and demolish his kingdom, and break the power of the devil; and so we have it, after the angel has gone forth with the everlasting gospel to preach, then another follows after with this cry, "Babylon is fallen! is fallen!" And Christ declares that he will destroy her this way, by the apostle Paul, "The Lord shall consume him with the Spirit of his mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of his coming, even Him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders."

When Christ pours out his Spirit upon the people, then the devil will be cast out of their hearts; and when he arises as the Sun of Righteousness upon their souls, with healing in his wings, then the light of life will be communicated to them, they shall be translated out of the devil's kingdom, and so become subjects of Christ's own. This is conversion. And in this way he that is "high" shall be "abased." "But," say you, "what becomes of the Turk all this while?" O, never fear! the devil will have his own, sure enough. "The way of the kings of the East shall be prepared;" by which may be meant the Tartars, the Chinese, the Emperor of Russia, &c. They have a saying among them, that it will be done by a people of flaxen hair, and we know the Muscovites answer this description; and so he shall be brought down. And when the Turkish let and the Papist stumblingblock are both taken out of the way and removed, then the last "overturn" will take place, and He will come and take possession "whose right it is." And it shall be "no more in the hands of other people, but it shall be given him." Then they that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him, and his enemies shall lick the dust. He shall clothe them with shame, but upon himself shall his crown flourish. In that day, when the Witnesses rise, the Lord God shall blow the trumpet, and shall go with the whirlwinds of the south. Then the stone shall demolish the Image; it shall totally do it away, and it shall fill the whole earth. For thus saith the Lord God, "Remove the diadem, and take off the crown; this shall not be the same. Exalt him that is low; abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him." Now this kingdom to come is spiritual; it alters not the order of things in nature. Some

have been dreaming of a universal empire, of a universal republic; but this will never be. When this kingdom comes, there will be kings and kingdoms, as now. We are at a point in this, because these kings shall be nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers to the church. There will not be a throne but what it will be filled by a person that has Christ in his heart. And when Christ comes, he will not come in a visible way to the bodily eyes, for this kingdom "cometh not with observation;" it is not anything to be seen. Behold it is "within" his people. It stands in power, and is set up by the inward working of the Holy Spirit in believing hearts. And this is everlasting; for grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life. But when will Christ come? Blessed be God, we are not altogether at a loss to know this. No; I believe in my soul he will come and begin this work before some now living taste of death. I mean within the age of men, viz., threescore years and ten. When he does come it will be in a private way. None will know anything about it but God and themselves, until the work is finished. He will dwell in them by his grace and Spirit, and reign in them by faith, by love, by joy, and peace. And I know some in this chapel now that he has come to in the same way. They have come under the word with some friend or other merely out of curiosity, and such power has been communicated that they could not get away from it. And after he has led them three or four months into their closets in private, then he has more openly manifested himself to them, and out they have come; and nobody knew anything of it but God and their own consciences. Within these two or three years I have known some that have come this way who never spoke to me, neither did I know anything of them till the work was done. This is Christ's coming to his people; and in this way he establishes his kingdom, or erects the empire of grace in the heart, and makes the conscience a principality of peace for himself, the Prince of Peace, to sway his sceptre in. And the time is coming when he will universally reign in his people's hearts. This kingdom is promised and given to him; for "the earth shall be filled with the saving knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea."

Then he that is "low" shall be "exalted," and he that is "high" shall be "abased." Then he shall possess the kingdom promised "whose right it is;" it shall be given him, and it shall never more be overturned, for the end of this reign will bring on the 1000 years' reign; this will lead to the General Judgment, and that will issue in endless glory. When the 1000 years are expired, which will consist in Christ's personal reign with his people, then this will commence. Then Christ will lay by his regal sceptre; his mediatorial kingdom will be gathered together; all the subjects of it shall by Christ be delivered up to the Father, and "they shall again pass under the rod of him that letteth them." This being done, then he shall reign one with the Father and the Holy Spirit, as King of glory to all eternity.

But will the Lord Jesus Christ wear a crown when he comes to establish his kingdom upon earth? Yes, as sure as you are born

But, will there be diamonds in it? Yes, that there will. And his crown is none other than such wretches as we poor saved sinners; for so we have it, "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." "And the Lord their God shall save them in that day as the flock of his sheep, for they shall be as the stones of a crown lifted up, as an ensign upon his land." For how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty. "Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids." Thus he will have a crown, as other sovereigns have. Now when this time of trouble before us comes on, this should be our comfort, that Michael, the Prince of Peace, shall stand up, and shall display his power in the behalf of his sheep, and every one shall be delivered that shall be found written in his book. All the others shall be gained over by the Man of Sin. And this will make manifest who are the sheep and who are the goats, who have the root of the matter in their hearts and who not. And at this time, no doubt, large privileges and honors will be held out to bring professors to recant and turn their backs upon Christ; and none but the elect shall stand the test and come through this fiery trial. These God will purify, as silver is purified, and try them as gold is tried. He will thoroughly purge away all their dross, and take away all their tin; and they shall come forth as gold from the furnace seven times purified; and the people that do know their God, they shall be strong and do exploits; for at that time Michael, the great Prince, that standeth for his people, shall show himself, and every one of his redeemed shall most surely be delivered. This, then, ought to comfort us when the Whore comes to her last pitch of glory.

The Papists boast of the antiquity of their religion, and by and by they may boast of their numbers; for all the hypocrites in Zion, and all the outer court, shall be given them. But as God liveth, my religion is the same as Adam's the first; and I know mine is true; it is real and it is genuine; and began long before ever theirs was predicted. Adam believed in a promised Messiah to come, and so do we; his sins were purged away by the blood of Christ, and so are ours; he was justified by faith in Christ's righteousness, set forth by the coats of skins, and so are we. These are the things that I am preaching unto you now.

Now the main thing with us is to see that we have got this kingdom within us, which consists in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; to see that Christ's righteousness is upon us; that our sins are pardoned; that there is peace between God and conscience; that we are partakers of the joy of the Holy Ghost. And if these things are in us, we surely are subjects of Christ's kingdom. But if not, then let us follow after righteousness, peace, and joy. These things are promised freely to poor sensible sinners; they are all free-grace gifts; they are all treasured up in Christ, and are to be received no otherwise than in answer to prayer, "for all these things," says God, "I will be inquired of by the house of Israel, that I may do these things for them." And we shall reap, if we faint not. None that have this kingdom within them shall ever perish, but they

that have not must unavoidably. And that we may be found of this blessed number, God Almighty grant it, if his blessed will, for Christ's sake, and bless the hints dropped. I add no more.

[Though we have given the above as unquestionably a genuine report of Mr. Huntington's sermon, and as possessing, in connection with passing events, a peculiar interest, yet we would by no means be understood as thereby expressing our agreement with his prophetic views, which, though laid down with much decision and positiveness, we consider very far from clear or consistent. Of the conversion and restoration of the Jews he says nothing, though the Old Testament prophecies are full of it, and it is laid down in the clearest manner in Romans xi. 23—32; he gives Christ a spiritual reign, previous to and distinct from the millennium, which he calls his personal reign. He makes the ten kings who destroy the Whore to be Christians, a king of England among them, whereas we believe them to be only temporal and carnal executioners of God's judgments; and winds up the whole within 70 years from 1799, to accomplish it. So that the whole of this work, including the full restoration of Popery in this kingdom, the slaying of the Witnesses, and their three-and-a-half years' silence, the destruction of the Western and Eastern apostacies, at Rome and Constantinople, must all be accomplished within about 14 years from the present time. We have not at present much evidence that the ten kings will be called by grace, for the greater part are bigotted Catholics, and we should like to know how their Catholic subjects would tolerate Protestant and Christian monarchs; and, though we would not drop a word of disrespect towards our Queen, there is at present not much evidence of her possessing the distinguishing grace of God. The Lord, we know, can do a great work in a short time, and therefore we dare not say that Mr. Huntington's views will not be literally fulfilled; but we cannot but confess they strike us as exceedingly improbable, and by no means agreeing with the present train of circumstances and their foreshadowings as now before our eyes.]

It may seem great presumption in us thus freely to criticise the views of Mr. Huntington; but, in the first place, we live nearer the end than he did, and therefore have a closer view of passing events; and, secondly, we draw a distinction between his views of prophecy and his views in experience. In the latter, he had the special teaching of God, but in the former, he seems to have borrowed much from man, especially from Dr. Gill, their views of prophecy being almost identical. One more remark we can hardly forbear. The destruction of the Turk by the Russian, which he seems to view as a desirable event, would be the greatest calamity which could befall Europe, and would bring in a tyranny, civil and religious, such as the world has never seen. A year or two ago, men were trembling at the Pope, a poor old withered priest, without a soldier or a ship. Let the Emperor of Russia get possession of Constantinople, they would have more reason to tremble at the Czar.—Ed.]

The devil's war is better than the devil's peace. Carnal hypocrisy is a dumb and silent thing, but it is terrible to be carried to hell without any noise of feet. The wheels of Satan's chariot are oiled with carnal rest, and they go without rattling and noise. The devil carries few to hell with shouting and crying. Suspect dumb holiness. When the dog is kept out of doors he howls to be in again. The covenant of Satan to Eve, ("You shall not surely die,") stands with all men by nature, till Jesus Christ breaks peace between us and Satan.—*Rutherford*.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND AFFLICTED BY ILLNESS, BY THE LATE J. M'KENZIE.

My dear Friend in the Lord of life,—A few weeks ago, Mr. M., informed me that you were very unwell, and expressed some fears for the issue of your illness.

My friend, our lives at most are like a person walking into a house at one door, and immediately out at the other. Human life is indeed a vapor, as the passing away of the morning cloud, as a tale told, or a dream of the night. Before we well begin to consider we have a being, our days are ended. We flourish, and in a few days or years we wither and are in the dust. The life of the flesh, which descends to us from the first Adam, is indeed transitory and fading. But, O my friend, to have an interest in the blood and life of the second Adam, the Lord of life and glory, is to live indeed! The first Adam was the federal head of the human race, under the covenant of works; the second Adam was the grace-covenant head of his elect family, under the covenant of promise. Through the fall of the first, life was lost, and death and the curse followed in its stead; through the second, in his blood and righteousness, life and immortality are brought to light.

First. *Spiritual life*, which is communicated to the soul of elect sinners in the day of grace, by the quickening power of the Holy Spirit. And where this life is given, there is given to feel the inbeing, the guilt, the loathsomeness, and the power of sin, which feeling will cause the soul to feel condemnation, fear, bondage, and distress of mind. And in such a one the mouth will be stopped, hope of heaven by works will give up the ghost, sinking helplessness in self will be felt, and prayers and sighs for manifested mercy will go up to God with many fears of not being heard.

Second. The *life*, or continued power and exercises of this life, will be *kept alive* by the Lord of life. Throughout our pilgrimage here below, there are a thousand things to deaden and benumb this life in the soul. The snares of Satan, the cares and anxieties of business and the family, the spirit of the world, the carnal mind within, and other things, all tend to wither and damp the life of God in the heart; but the Lord of life appears again and again, and revives the drooping heart and deadened spirit. He enlightens us, quickens us, softens, melts, blesses, encourages, and reproves, just as he sees we need; but he does all in lovingkindness and tender mercy. If he bless and soften our hearts, it is in love; if he chasten, it is in love; if he shine, it is in love; if he hide his face, it is in love. All his ways to his people are chalked out in lovingkindness. "The Lord loveth the righteous."

Third. Through him is *life eternal* and immortality beyond the grave. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. iii. 3.) The life of the believer is, therefore, secure in God, out of the reach of devils, men, sin, death, and the curses of a broken law; and therefore, because Christ lives, the tried and tempted believer shall live also; not because of his goodness or bad-

ness, but because Christ lives. What a sweet mystery is this! And, my dear friend, whether your sickness be for life or death, may the Lord favor you and me with the experimental enjoyment that Christ the Lord of life is our Life and our All in All.

I am, yours sincerely in the truth,

Prescot Street, Liverpool, Dec. 14th, 1848.

J. M'KENZIE.

[In eight months from the date of this letter, (August 12th, 1849,) the lamented writer passed into the eternal enjoyment of the life of love of which he here speaks.—ED.]

HIS LOVINGKINDNESS, O HOW GREAT!

Dear and much-esteemed Friend and Brother in affliction,—I dare say you have been expecting a note from me before now; but I have been confined to my bed ever since I saw you till last Sunday, about noon, and I am still very weak; but, blessed be God, I am gaining strength every day. I hope, through mercy, to be able to get about soon. I should have been glad to make one in your little assembly next Sunday, if it had been the will of God; but he is not confined to means, although, for my own part, I have often enjoyed the means beyond anything else. I sometimes, like David, can say, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God." "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

But I am not always the subject of these feelings, nor have I been on this bed of affliction; but I have had some blessed feelings, and I have had a great many very bad ones. I have been left to fret, and murmur, and repine at the dispensation of a good, kind, and gracious God, who has been very kind and tender to such a poor worthless, ruined, guilty, undone rebel as I have been all my lifetime. O when I think of the very many awful departures from him, ever since I have known something of his tender love and care for me; how many mercies I have received, and what poor returns I have made; and even now to look at the tender compassion and kindness he has shown me since I have been on this bed of affliction; the many friends he has raised up for me; it is wonderful that he takes notice of such rebels as we are!

It is something remarkable, that when I was laid down I had this portion of his word resting on my mind; and I felt quite sure I should not want for the common necessities of this life, "In his hands are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his also." I believed I was a little corner of his earth, and so was in his hand; and the hills I took to be the high and lofty of this world, where all the gold and silver were, and denoted their strength, and that was all his; and as he had said "the gold and silver" were his, and "the cattle upon a thousand hills," therefore I knew he could, and I believed he would, supply me from that

source. He has up to this time, in a most wonderful way, and I hope he will to the end, for which I desire to be very thankful; and I can say that "mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life," although I am often so shortsighted that I murmur and say everything is against me, and nobody has such a path as I. But

"When I can say, 'My God is mine,'
When I can feel his glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

But these seasons are short, yet they are very sweet while they last, and make the soul long for their return. But it is needful for us to have winter seasons as well as summer; we should not so much prize the light if we never were in the dark. So it all works together for our real good, only we do not see it so always.

But I must bid you and your beloved spouse farewell, wishing you both much of the Lord's presence.

W. R.

The minds of men by nature are universally and equally barren, with respect to works of righteousness and holiness, meet for and acceptable to God; they are all, as the earth, under the curse. Men differ as to intellectual abilities and natural inclinations; but as to a principle of living unto God, our nature is equally corrupt in all.
—*Owen*.

Fanaticism interprets according to its own vagaries, and not according to God's word; fanaticism leaves the word, and rises into its own wild spirit; fanaticism interprets God's providences as miracles for self, and says, "God is working miracles for me. I am the favored one of God. I have a special mission from God, and all my enemies are God's enemies." Then it proceeds to say, "I belong to the true church of God, and all that do not go with me are heathens and heretics."—*D'Aubigné* (preface to the "Protector.")

O my soul, look forward a little with seriousness and attention, and learn wisdom by the "consideration of thy latter end." (Deut. xxxii. 29.) Another of thy mortal days is now numbered and finished; and as I have put off my clothes, and laid myself upon my bed for the repose of the night, so will the day of life quickly come to its period, so must the body itself be put off, and laid to its repose in a bed of dust. There let it rest; for it will be no more regarded by me than the clothes which I have now laid aside. I have another far more important concern to attend. Think, O my soul! when death comes, thou art to enter upon an eternal world, and to be fixed either in heaven or in hell. All the schemes and cares, the hopes and fears, the pleasures and sorrows of life will come to their period, and the world of spirits will open upon thee. And O how soon may it open! Perhaps before the returning sun bring on the light of another day. To-morrow's sun may not enlighten mine eyes, but only shine round a senseless corpse, which may lie in the place of this animated body.—*Doddridge*.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."

"Ah," says one, "I cannot fight, because I do not know that I have faith." "I cannot fight," says another, "unless faith is in exercise, and that is out of my control." "I do not understand it," says a third, "for faith is a passive grace; it can only accept what is applied; under other circumstances it is as if it had no being." But, says the Holy Ghost by Paul, "Fight the good fight of faith."

Now this is applicable to all Christians, and it becomes each living soul to ascertain if he be fulfilling the holy injunction, for "every word of God is good, and the just shall live thereby." Negatively, this injunction does not mean that every one is to do battle for the peculiar dogmas which he may have embraced, and waste his life in unprofitable controversies. Rome may carry fire and sword through the land, and delude herself that she is warring a good warfare; but such a course only goes to establish a system devised by man; it is a battle for a creed. Mahomet did this, and planted his standard in many lands; and history furnishes the names of many a leader who has persuaded hosts to receive his mark. Were this the solution of the text, then the end would sanctify the worst of means, and the disputations, the controversialist, and the zealous bigot, would be better Christians. But these war against the faith, and not with it, and are the enemies alike of Christ and of their own souls.

To say a few words of what the text means positively, I should say, the fight commences with the earliest dawn of spiritual life, and is very efficacious in tears before God. Light has entered; nakedness is seen; the judgment is dreaded; tremblings seize; fears thicken; concealment is sought, as well from man as God; loneliness reigns; hope is unknown; hell is anticipated. But the leaven works, faith is fighting, the soul bemoans itself, sighs awake, tears burn; and these are faith's first prayers, her earliest conflicts. Already she is an overcomer, for she has opened the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth; a little help has descended, strength is imparted, hope glimmers, earnestness presses, speech succeeds, and "Lord, help me!" is the ardent cry. This is the knocking which Jesus loves to hear; it pleases him well; his bowels yearn, and he speaks a precious promise; faith receives it, the heart treasures it, and the renewed soul is nourished. But ignorance sorely besets the Christian in the opening of his days. He is apt to think his mountain stands strong, and that his peace will flow as a river. He thinks his lively frame will be permanent, that the strength received will endure. He is full of zeal; big with expectation of doing great things; and expects to leave many pilgrims behind, and many foes on the field. Ah! silly bird; the fowler is spreading a net for you. Now he is caught, sinks very low, feels despair working, anger rising, with feelings of hate, and inclination to blasphemy. He trembles, is afraid to speak, and cannot pray, for he is ignorant of the cause, and concludes that God is against him. He looks about timidly, and fancies that his guilt is transparent, and that Christians set him down for a hypocrite. He is much

with his own thoughts ; has much to do with the inward world ; he feels he would avoid himself if he could ; the hedge or the barn is his covert. Soon he bemoans himself : "What shall I do? Whither shall I flee? What am I? Where am I? Where am I going? What will become of me?" Faith is alive; faith is struggling. "Give it up," says Satan. A groan is the only answer. "You began too late," says he, "and there is something in you different from the rest of sinners. There is no hope." "O," groans the soul, "would I had never been born!" But faith is fighting. Satan cannot quench it, for it stands in the power of God. The eye is inclined to the Scriptures; the steps turn into the ways of Zion; a drawing is felt; a melting succeeds; tears flow; hope brightens; and the earnest soul puts up an ardent cry, "Lord, undertake for me. If a sinner like me can be saved, O Lord, save me!" And here faith is soon triumphant, for the Lord can restrain no longer, and oftentimes manifests himself in sweet views, or rebukes the adversary and sends peace.

Now follows a time of building up; a little more experience is gained; duties are fulfilled; Christian society is sought; usefulness desired; but soon ease invites, and the poor soul dreams it is gospel peace, not perceiving the new snare. Soon he allows greater freedom in general society; and at last finds he cannot reprove what he in himself allows. He begins to stop and think, but has no strength to oppose to the new element. He excuses his defections and thinks he shall soon forget them; but he promises in his own strength, and they are to his temptation like the gossamer to the breeze; they all fail. And now some master sin, that he scarcely knew he was the subject of, begins to exert an unusual power. The enemy is busy, but keeps out of sight. "In vain is the snare laid in the sight of any bird;" but here the poor soul is blinded. The bait is tempting, the flesh is greedy, the moment propitious. Ah! where art thou now? Where is thy past power, and love, and meekness, and fear? Who shall describe the saint in Satan's net? Harrowed with a thousand torments, he attempts no language, and is only heard in groans. In this extremity he will learn a little of the diabolism within him, the close alliance of his flesh with the devil. He will see that the flesh has no sympathy with the new man within, but would rejoice in its destruction, and labors for its overthrow. He will see that the enemy is within; and finding no power against him, he will conclude that he shall certainly fall away and come to nought. In his temptation he felt his lust was on fire, and his inclinations all taken captive, without being able to oppose any resistance, for he could not look at the Bible, and dare not pray. And now he expects to go headlong into sin and perish; and from this point many a professor is seen to come back no more. Like the dog, they return to their vomit; and like the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire. But in the saint, faith is alive, though under a load. The Lord has had his eye on Satan all the time; and when the poor soul has had the experience of these things burnt in him, (for he learns all his lessons in the fire,) the Lord says, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" Now the

poor Christian thinks he is armed against future conflicts. But, alas! in every new trial he finds he is as weak as ever; though an older Christian, he is none the stronger, and his language is, "The Lord has certainly forsaken me; he has given me over to a reprobate mind. I shall fill up the measure of my iniquity, and go down quick into hell. O what shall I do?" But faith comes to the rescue; peeps out after Jesus; and the poor soul in an agony cries, "I must be saved! I cannot take 'No' for an answer. 'Save my soul from the lion, my darling from the power of the dog.' Let my soul be precious in thy sight. O Lord! O Lord, save me!"

Thus will faith, in the true believer, continue the battle. The final victory may be a long way off, and much land remain to be possessed; but experience is the result of every conflict, and the soul begins to feel it is only strong in the Lord; that salvation is of the Lord alone, according to his will. His plea is for mercy. The very sound has a thousand charms. Sovereign mercy, rich and free. He knows, as respects the flesh, he shall be as hateful a sinner at the moment of death, as when light first discovered to him his ruin; but he looks to be an overcomer through grace, and to cry, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. IV.

The letter of my Daughter in the faith and my very valuable Friend and Companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Christ is just brought to my hands; and to convince her that I am ready to comply with any request she makes that shall be in my power, I will scribble on.

I am sorry to find my dear sister has been so ill; but this illness is not unto death, but to the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified in her, whether in death or in life. And he is glorified in this letter. You acknowledge that he is faithful, and that neither faith nor patience has failed in the trial. This is the gold that endures the fire, and will be better of it; for it is more precious than the gold that perishes; and though it be tried by fire, it will be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ. And he has appeared to be sitting himself at the furnace, and has not suffered the flame to kindle upon you. Thus is his word fulfilled, and your eyes have seen it, and all your soul believes it; and this has been found to his praise, honor, and glory. She that is offering praise now glorifies him, and this is ordering our speech aright. My sister seeth now the salvation of God.

You shall not die yet, but live, and declare again the wonderful works of God; speak of the glorious honor of his majesty and of his wondrous works; of the might of his terrible acts; declare his greatness, yea, abundantly utter the memory of his great goodness, and sing of his righteousness; make mention of the glory of his kingdom and talk of his power; make known to the sons of men

his mighty acts of supporting, comforting, refreshing, easing, and delivering, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom, which is to have no end.

The present afflictions, my sister, are nothing else but the bitter herbs which are to be eaten with the Lamb. The blood of the pass-over Lamb screens from the avenging sword, and wards off the stroke of divine justice; but still the Lamb must be eaten with the bitter herbs: "For peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Here is the sweet and the bitter succeeding each other. There must be a ballast for the vessel of mercy, that prosperity may not upset it. Love is the sail, hope the anchor, both in the storm and in the calm, and the daily cross is the ballast; and so he will go safely into the desired haven, that he may be at rest. Remember, it was not long after Israel sang for deliverance and victory, before they were led to the waters of Marah, and when they came there they could not drink, because the waters were bitter. This is the trial of affliction, pain, sickness, and crosses; these are not pleasing to flesh and blood, but the tree of life is put into them, and this sweetens the whole. He is present if the waters are high, and has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." He will never leave you, my sister, nor forsake you, nor will he let you be alone under any burden, conflict, or trial.

God Almighty himself be with you, support and strengthen you, and make your bed easy with his presence. Farewell.

Yours affectionately,

J. JENKINS.

The Providence of God has two sides; one black and sad, another white and joyful. Adam's first sin was the devil and hell digging a hole through the comely and beautiful frame of the creation of God; and that is the dark side of Providence; but the flower of Jesse springing up, to take away sin and to paint out to men and angels the glory of a heaven and a new world of free grace, that is a light side of Providence. Christ scourged; Christ in a case that he cannot command a cup of water; Christ dying, shamed, forsaken, is black; but Christ in that same work redeeming the captives of hell, opening to sinners forfeited paradise, that is fair and white. Joseph, weeping in the prison for no fault, is foul and sad; but Joseph brought out to reign as half a king, to keep alive the church of God in great famine, is joyful and glorious. The apostles whipped, imprisoned, killed all the day long, are sad and heavy; but sewed with this, that God caused them always to triumph, and show the savor of the knowledge of Christ; and Paul triumphing in his iron chains and exalting Christ in the gospel, through the court of bloody Nero, make up a fair and comely contexture of divine Providence.—*Rutherford.*

TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE.

My dear Friend,—While I was reading the word of life this morning, you were brought feelingly into my mind, and a desire flowed into my heart to write you a line; and as this desire still continues with me, I will try and do so. I do not wish to write for writing sake, but I want to feel divine light and life within, and to enjoy the goodness and mercy of the Lord flowing into my heart, to weigh down the sorrow, grief, and anguish which I feel working there. I have had some strange feelings and workings within me this morning, and have felt much cast down and oppressed with troubles of many kinds; troubles with and from self; troubles from professors; troubles in the church; and many fears and cares about how this thing will work, and the other thing will end; with some family cares and fears. But there is something else, which sticks closer than all these, which is the daily plague of my heart, and the temptations of Satan, under which my soul groans, being burdened; and at times these two latter things so weigh down my spirit, and follow so closely at my soul's heels, that I greatly fear they will get the mastery over me; for there are such things broken up within from day to day as make my soul start aside like a broken bow.

But this morning my soul was comforted, refreshed, relieved, and eased from its burden, and the word of truth was sweet, savory, and powerful, and I felt a sweet nearness to the Lord, and could plead with him as my Helper and Deliverer, under which my heart was humbled and meekened down at his dear feet, with a humble hope in God's mercy and with precious faith in the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and such a sweet confidence in the eternal faithfulness of an unchangeable God, who said, in the chapter which I read, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." And what a sweet subject the everlasting love and mercy of the Lord is to a poor, naked, needy, helpless, hungry, and thirsty soul, connected with his eternal faithfulness and unchangeableness! And what should you and I do were not salvation all of grace, from first to last? For I am sure of this, that if there were anything left for me to do to procure my salvation, (even a good thought to think or a desire to produce,) I must sink into despair and die. But my heart does rejoice to feel that it is God's choice which has chosen me, and quickened me, and delivered me, which supports me, upholds me, and comforts my sorrowful soul from time to time. Bless his dear and precious name, my soul desires to crown him Lord of all, for calling me by his grace, for teaching me by his Spirit, for holding me by his hand, for washing me in his blood; for clothing me in his righteousness, for sanctifying my filthy soul in his holiness, for keeping my feet in slippery places, and for holding me on in the straight and narrow path, where at times there seems to be no path at all.

Then, my dear friend, it is not only free grace at the first in stopping our souls from going down to hell, but it is the power of it in turning our souls to God, and bringing us to true and solemn reflection.

tion and repentance, and in all its free actings in touching our consciences when our minds are wandering through the earth, like the fool's eye, and catching at every forbidden object, and would lay hold of it and suck it in and swallow it down as a sweet morsel. Then for the free actings of divine grace to touch our hearts, open our eyes, unstop our ears, and show us where we are and what we are, and make us hate, loathe, and abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes;—this, my friend, is a change in the feelings, and carnal objects lose their hold; the world and its charms sink into their own place; the deeds of the body are mortified; the poor child is stopped from walking after the flesh, and his soul is in full stretch after the Spirit; so that there is some spiritual-mindedness felt. For “to be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace;” life in the soul; life in the word; life in the service of God, whether in the house, or in the closet, or in the church; and sweet peace connected with it; peace in the heart; peace in heaven; peace on earth; peace in the house, peace in the church, and peace wheresoever the soul and body is,—whether at home or abroad, whether in the pulpit or out.

This, my dear Sir, I felt on the Lord's Day morning I was with you at O——; and the subject of one heart and one way was truly sweet to my soul, and I felt as happy as a poor wretched sinner could feel in this body of sin and death. I truly felt that there were those among the congregation who understood the difference between the hard heart and soft heart; between the heart of stone and heart of flesh; between the evil heart of unbelief, which departs from the living God, and the new heart, which worships God in the Spirit, rejoices in Christ Jesus, and has no confidence in the flesh. What can be like such feelings as these? Why it is a little heaven below, to feel sin subdued, unbelief kept down, doubts and fears removed, the devil kept off of one, and all the powers of the soul on search after Jesus, and to have in possession that “Godliness with contentment” which is “great gain.” This is a great work for grace to do, to bring an earthly-minded wretch into such a spot and position to walk with the Lord; “for as ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him;” and the Lord hath said, “I will dwell in them, and walk in them;” so that that soul cannot walk in the ways of the Lord but when he is led, for “It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” “A good man's steps are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way; though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.”

My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. —, and to all the friends by name, and kind remembrance to all your family, with many thanks for all your kindness to me and mine.

Yours affectionately,

T. G.

Woburn, June 11th, 1850.

Providences are sometimes dark texts, that want an expositor.—
Am Mason.

INQUIRY.

1. In the case of "flying reports" of misconduct against an individual member of the church, but where there is no positive proof, nor the least tittle of evidence to be had within the church, is the church to admit evidence from without, supposing such evidence to be of the highest respectability?

2. Should the individual charged be in a backsliding state, would it not be safer for the church in the above case, to leave the matter with God and that individual's conscience (who solemnly denies the charge) than have the *denunciation* upon our heads, "Better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these my little ones?"

3. Is the passage of the apostles not applicable in this case: "Brother goeth to law with brother, *and that before the unbelievers?*"

A WAYFARING MAN.

ANSWER.

We consider the subject of inquiry thus submitted to our consideration one of both a difficult and delicate nature, and therefore feel obliged to answer it very cautiously. It is one of those questions of which much may be said on both sides, and there may be circumstances in the case, unknown to us, which might turn the balance either way. It must therefore be understood that our answer rests on general grounds, as distinct from the peculiar features of the individual case.

Two parties are here to be considered; first, the individual member; secondly, the church.

1. We will examine the case first as regards the private individual. Now, as the Lord himself declares that "all manner of evil" shall be said against his people, we may expect what are termed "flying reports" to their prejudice. And it would seem not only opposed to the principle of Christian love, which "hopeth all things," and "thinketh no evil," to give credence to these reports, when the person accused solemnly denies their truth, and there is not a tittle of evidence against him within the church, but also to those natural feelings of justice and equity which the Roman law so well embodied, "It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die, before that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him." On these general grounds, we should say, in the words of the second question—which we may observe, in passing, is too much of what is called a leading one—that unless these reports have become very general, and derive credibility from attending circumstances, it would be safer to leave the matter with God and the individual's own conscience, than admit evidence against him which cannot come before the church; for how can the church, in this particular instance, bring before it the persons who are spreading the reports?

2. But there is also the church to be considered, and the cause of God and truth; and these must be always deemed of greater import-

ance than any one individual member. The minds of the friends might be grieved were the matter left wholly uninvestigated and the reproach cast on the cause of God not wiped away. But the main difficulty still remains. How is evidence to be obtained? for how can the persons, at any rate in this particular case, come before the church to substantiate the charges; and is it right to condemn or visit with church censures a brother without evidence, and that face to face? Our readers will see at a glance what a difficult question it is; and how much depends on the nature of the reports, their general credibility, the character of the persons who have originated them, the degree to which the reputation of the church is affected by them, and a variety of attendant circumstances, which may determine the features of the case.

But is there no middle way? We think there is. Assuming, as we are bound to do, from his own solemn declarations, and the absence of direct evidence, that the accused person is innocent, he, of course, will not object to an investigation, as it may be a means of dispersing the cloud which hangs over him; and there seem to be those in the church who would not be satisfied without it. Now, why should not the church appoint two members, men of prudence and judgment, to wait privately on the persons who are supposed to be the authors of these reports, and see whether there is any foundation in them. If, as we hope, they are unfounded, let them report it so to the church, and this will or should settle the matter at once. But if there should appear some ground of truth in the reports, further inquiry should be made. To exclude all evidence from without the church seems to us an untenable position altogether, and if maintained would lead, in numberless cases, to the commission of evil with impunity. Assume the following case. A member of a church has fallen into intoxication, and that perhaps more than once. But none of his fellow-members have ever seen him drunk, for he may live in a part of the town or in a village where no other member resides. Now is this man to be let off, just because no evidence can be obtained against him from within the church? Clearly not. In this case, who does not see that we must admit the evidence of persons out of the church, from possessing no other means of proof? As the second and third inquiries depend on the first, and assume a somewhat one-sided view of the whole question, we think it best to consider them as already answered by our reply. Besides which, the passages quoted appear to us to have little or nothing to do with the point; the first referring to putting a stumbling-block in the way of weak believers, and the second to going into a Court of Law against a brother, where the judge is an unbeliever. But in this case it is only the witnesses who are unbelievers, the judge or jury being a Christian church, and the cause in hand not being an action at law, but a legitimate matter of church inquiry.

Human affairs are exposed to a thousand incidents which human prudence can neither prevent nor provide against.—*E. Coles.*

OBITUARY.

MATILDA BAKER, OF GODMANCHESTER.

Matilda Baker was born at Godmanchester, A.D. 1836. Her parents are members of the church at that place. Before she was born, her mother had a most remarkable impression on her mind that she would be a vessel of mercy. From her infancy she was accustomed to hear the truth, but did not appear to be in any way influenced by what she heard, until in the mysterious providence of God she was deprived, about three years ago, of the opportunity of attending. This seemed to make her very uneasy, although she said nothing particular on the subject till the funeral sermon preached for an old friend gave her an opportunity of attending that evening. On her return home from chapel, she said with great warmth of feeling, and eyes full of tears, "That is the place, that is the preaching, and they are the people, say what you may;" and then she added, "and if I had a thousand pounds I would give it if you would go back." Soon after, the Lord opened the way for her return, and she embraced every opportunity of attending, never being willing to keep away. We had, however, no idea that at this time a secret work was going on in her soul, for, being very reserved, she said nothing.

About twelve months ago, she was attacked with a cough and general debility; and when the medical man saw her, he feared she was threatened with consumption. This information she received with much emotion, and seemed greatly agitated. She kept her room for many weeks at this time, and used, as she afterwards told us, to have hard thoughts of God, as if she was hardly dealt with, and envied other young persons who enjoyed good health. As the spring advanced, she was so far restored as to be able to get out a little. She was again anxious to attend the preaching of the word, and her distress was great if from the weather she was prevented from going. In June, her health again declined, and fearful apprehensions were entertained. Her distress then became very great, and to her father she said, "Dear father, father, I must die, and how can I bear to hear the sound, 'Depart?'" at the same time saying that she had kept the exercises of her mind to herself till she could no longer conceal them, and that she had tried to quiet herself by the thought that if God had elected her she should be saved; and, if not, it was no use to try; all she could do would be in vain. But, she said, "I cannot rest here; for the thought comes, if God does not save me, how can I bear to hear the word, 'Depart?' I cannot die as I am. I must have something real to rest upon." She wrote a letter to her sister, which her mother saw unknown to her, in which she spoke of the distress of her soul. She used this expression in it, "It is a terrible, terrible thing to die."

One day the word struck her, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee;" and she searched the Bible to find it; but it did not give her rest. She was still in bitterness of soul. About ten weeks before her death, she said to her dear mother, "I shall never get down stairs again; and what a thought, to die with

sin unpardoned. I cannot think the Lord will save such a sinful creature. I dare not hope for it; it is too much to expect." Then she again cried out, "I cannot die so; how can I bear to hear the sound, 'Depart?'" Her mother tried to point out the freeness of God's grace; but she wanted more than human power could bestow, even a testimony from the Lord. This best of blessings she received that afternoon by that word coming with power to her soul, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Then all her misery was gone; she felt her sins were pardoned, and she exclaimed,

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me."

She seemed as if in a new world,—all was peace and joy. She was often saying, "It seems too much to think he should think of me, such a poor insignificant creature as I am. O it is wonderful indeed!" These were often her words. She longed for the night to come, that she might be quite uninterrupted. I think I never saw a more sudden and remarkable change, from distress, misery, and bondage, to liberty, light, and joy. This happy state continued, with only one dark cloud, till the end of her life, a period of ten weeks.

It was about a week after her deliverance that the enemy was suffered to distress her. Her anguish was great. She feared she had been deluded,—that all her enjoyments arose from nature. She said, "What a solemn thing to die, and be deceived; if, after all, my feelings of joy should be but fancy!" She wept bitterly; her mother says with sobs and tears. She was advised to endeavor to plead with the Lord that he would again shine upon the work of his own hands; and I believe she was enabled to do so. This darkness of soul lasted about three hours, when her dear Lord and Saviour put the enemy to flight. A sweet calm and peace followed; and the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," were very precious to her. The same evening that word, "For I have loved thee with an everlasting love," were brought with much power to her mind, and she rejoiced with joy unspeakable. From that time, about nine weeks, she was enabled to put her trust in the Lord, and was blessed with uninterrupted peace. No more dark clouds ever again ruffled her countenance, which appeared most tranquil and happy, even in the midst of great suffering. She was favored with many portions of the word of God; sometimes, as she said, it was a "*part of a portion*" that came.

Her affection for her parents and brothers and sisters appeared greater than ever, and she was particularly anxious about the souls of her brothers and sisters. She often spoke with gratitude of heart that she had been accustomed to hear the gospel, and said it was a great encouragement for parents to bring their children under the sound of truth. Indeed, she seemed to have the wisdom of an aged believer, many of her remarks were so weighty and powerful. She repeated that word, "Lord, I believe thou hast prepared," and

used also to repeat, "*unworthy though I be.*" To the last she would have no one to sit up with her at night, and used to say she liked to be alone, when all was still. She wished a dear friend to cut off her hair, that her young friends might each have a lock; and made a disposal of all her little concerns. To her eldest brother she gave a Bible, and was held up in bed while her hand was guided as she wrote his name in it. She named the spot where she should like to be buried in the chapel yard, but afterwards said it was of no consequence. She said many times that, at the last moment, if the Lord gave her strength sufficient, and reason, and if she then felt assured of her interest in Christ, she would signify it by holding up her hand, if not able to speak.

The day before her death, she said, "O mother, what a blessed exchange it will be for me! I have no fear of dying whatever." She used to say, "I would not change places with any creature. I used to think if I were but Mr. —, or poor old —; but now I would not change with anybody."

On the morning of her death she inquired what time it was, and being told it was 20 minutes to 10, she seemed disappointed, and said, "I thought it was to 1," and added, "Mother, I am going soon," and smiled sweetly. When it struck 10 she counted the striking, as she did 11 and 12, smiled remarkably at the time, and told the nurse she should soon be gone. Her lips moved, and she appeared to be enjoying communion with the Lord. A little before 1 o'clock she appeared to be departing, and the nurse said she thought she would not speak again; but she once more looked up, and fixing her eyes on both her dear parents, she exclaimed, "Glory, glory!" stretching out both her hands; and she continued, saying, "Glory, glory, glory!" till her voice could no longer be heard. And without a struggle or a groan her happy spirit departed, in the 18th year of her age.

Godmanchester.

W. B.

James did not wish the church to have a *little* trouble and then to be got out of it; but so much as would make patience have her perfect work.—*W. T.*

Thus says the Lord, "Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye built me, or where is the place of my rest? For all these things hath mine hands made, and all these things have been, saith the Lord; but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." (Isa. lxvi. 1, 2.) Mark, God says he has made all these things, but he doth not say that he will look to them, that is, take complacency and delight in them; no, there is that wanting in all that he has made that can take up and delight his heart. But now, let a broken-hearted sinner come before him, yea, he ranges the world throughout to find such a one, and having found him, to this man says he, will I look. I say again, that such a man to him is of more value than is either heaven or earth.—*Bunyan.*

REVIEW.

Letters of Samuel Rutherford, Late Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews. Glasgow: William Collins, 1834.

(Concluded from page 101.)

We left the highly-favored man of God, whose life we are reviewing, settled at St. Andrews, and there occupying the distinct yet united offices of professor of divinity and minister of the gospel. Here, with one memorable exception to which we shall presently advert, he remained to his death, a period of about 21 years. As he was one who much watched the hand of the Lord, and could not live without the enjoyment of his presence and the manifestations of his love, we may be well satisfied by the length of his residence there, that he believed he was where God would have him to be, and was spending his strength in his service and for his honor. And of this he must be allowed to have been a better judge than we can possibly be, both because, at the best, we must be most imperfectly acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of the period in which he lived, and because we cannot look into his bosom to see the springs of divine leading which actuated his movements in this matter. It argues, in our judgment, a great narrowness of mind, as well as extreme ignorance of the diversified dealings of God in providence and grace, to chalk out a certain rigid line for his saints and servants to walk in—a line, that is, more narrow and precise than the Scriptures warrant—and then condemn or cut them off because their every step does not move in exact accordance with it. Clever top-sawyers must we be to cut up the saints of God and their services into narrow planks by our chalk line, and determine the exact scantling of the boards for the use of the tabernacle. Let them hold the saw, and let us be the timber, and they might saw us up at a sharper rate, and prove us after all to be of less serviceable stuff. To prepare students for the ministry is, we candidly acknowledge, an employment that would not fall in with our own views and feelings of the spiritual service of the sanctuary; but are we therefore warranted to condemn so eminent a servant of God as Rutherford for being engaged in this work, when we most fully believe he undertook and performed the office with a single eye to the glory of God and was blessed by him in its execution?

His letters from St. Andrews have not been so numerously preserved as those from Aberdeen, nor do they seem to breathe so sweet a savor of personal experience. Two circumstances may account for this. First, he was not in the same furnace, and therefore had not the same warmth of heavenly feeling. His afflictions did not so much abound, and therefore he had not the same abundance of consolations. And, secondly, he was more fully occupied, and therefore did not possess the same amount of leisure. That he devoted body and soul to the work which lay before him, and labored most incessantly and unweariedly in his new sphere of action, we may readily believe from his amazing energy of spirit, as well as from that singleness of eye to the glory of God which so peculiarly distinguished him. In our last number we gave an extract from the scanty me-

moir before us to show his unwearied industry, and we now add another of a similar nature:

"Such was his unwearied assiduity and diligence, that he seemed to pray constantly, to catechise constantly, and to visit the sick, exhorting from house to house; to teach as much in the schools, and spend as much time with the students and young men in fitting them for the ministry, as if he had been sequestered from all the world besides, and yet withal to write as much as if he had been constantly shut up in his study."

Scattered hints of his assiduous labors appear in his letters, as for instance in the following, addressed to a friend, and dated, St. Andrews, 1640, which thus abruptly closes:

"I am called from writing by my great employments in this town; and have said nothing. But what can I say of Him? Let us go and see."

Mark those last words. He is writing to a friend about Christ. A summons calls him away, most probably to address the University students. Shall he now lay Christ aside, and hammer over a Greek declension, like an Eton school-master, or nicely discuss to a yawning class the precise date and value of the Alexandrian manuscript, like a German professor? No; he leaves his study, where he had just been thus putting his heart on paper:

"What am I to answer you? Alas! my books are all bare, and show me little of God. I would fain go beyond books into his house of love, to himself. Dear brother, neither you nor I are parties worthy of his love or knowledge. Ah! how hath sin bemisted and blinded us, that we cannot see him. But for my poor self, I am pained and like to burst, because he will not take down the wall, and fetch his uncreated beauty, and bring his matchless white and ruddy face out of heaven, that I may have heaven meeting me ere I go to it, in such a wonderful sight."

Now, can we for a moment think, that a man who could feel and write thus, his soul, as it were, on the very borders of heaven, would go into his lecture-room as a merchant into his counting-house or a tradesman into his shop, to handle the consciences of the students as if they were samples of cotton or pounds of tea? Could we follow him at St. Andrews as we followed him in imagination at Anwoth, we should see him warning, reproofing, instructing, encouraging the students with the same holy zeal and tender affection as there animated him. The divinity students, we must bear in mind, were only admitted into the class as they gave some evidences of a work of grace, which we may well believe were scanned and scrutinised by a jealous and discerning eye; and they, therefore, as widely differed from the academic youths who in our day, weary of the counter, are learning to spout in a pulpit, as Rutherford differs from a modern divinity professor. Modern dissenting academies* have been such seed-beds of hypocrisy and enmity against the truth, that they have cast a suspicion on all such systems of education; but

* We were struck with the following testimony by a clergyman which we met with the other day: "Of late, Dissenters seem to have come down just to our own folly, of supposing that man can make a minister. Hence their colleges and schools, in which much literary poison, more injurious far, because more congenial to the taste, than the classical abominations of our own schools, is copiously imbibed; and vice, though more specious, is as surely practised."—*Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, by J. Kingsmill, Chaplain of Pentonville Prison.*

we can no more compare Bradford or Cheshunt with St. Andrews in the days of Rutherford or Halyburton, than we can compare Christ Church, Oxford, now, with its proud aristocratic students, with the same college when Dr. Owen was its dean, in the days of Oliver Cromwell. Times are changed; and unless we can transport ourselves back to that remarkable era, which we can only do, and then most imperfectly, by a minute acquaintance with the circumstances of the period, we are most imperfect judges of the motives of such a servant of the Lord as Rutherford in so earnestly devoting himself to the students at St. Andrews.

We have been constrained to offer these remarks, to vindicate, on the one hand, this highly-favored man of God, and on the other, to guard ourselves from being considered advocates of a training for the ministry.

But a more important post than even that at St. Andrews was soon assigned to Rutherford, which removed him for more than three years from that quiet seaport to the English metropolis, and hurried him into the vortex of public life. On July 1st, 1643, there met in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster, an assembly which, for godliness and learning combined, has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled. This is generally called "The Westminster Assembly of Divines;" and the object of this meeting, numbering 121 ministers, chosen from the different counties, besides 30 lay assessors, was to examine the state of religion, to remove everything contrary to the word of God, and bring the doctrine and discipline of the church into conformity with the Scriptures. As the authority of the king was at this time nearly gone, this Assembly was called by the authority of the Parliament; and as the Scotch and English Puritans were now closely drawn together, seven Commissioners from Scotland were appointed to attend it, in the name and by the authority of the Scottish Kirk. Of these Scotch ministers the most distinguished were Alexander Henderson and Samuel Rutherford. The very circumstance that the leaders of the Scottish Kirk selected Rutherford for this important post plainly shows their high estimation of his character and abilities. Many of his letters are dated from London, and breathe the same spirit of separation from the world, though then in the midst of it, as characterised him at St. Andrews or Aberdeen. He continued in London for more than three years, attending the Assembly and writing various works, chiefly controversial. The brief memoir before us thus sums up the part which he took in the Assembly:

"He was also one of the Scots Commissioners, appointed Anno 1643, to the Westminster Assembly, and was very much beloved there for his unparalleled faithfulness and zeal in going about his Master's business. It was during this time that he published 'Lex Rex,' and several other learned pieces against the Erastians, Independents, and other sectaries that began to prevail and increase at that time, and none ever had the courage to take up the gauntlet of defiance thrown down by this champion." *

* It is reported that when King Charles saw "Lex Rex," he said it would scarcely ever get an answer; nor did it ever get any, except what the Parlia-

For godliness of heart, lip, and life, the Puritans deserve the esteem and love of every true Christian. But they—or to speak more correctly, the Presbyterian portion of them—professed and practised one principle, which with them was a fundamental one, and which we believe to have been a serious mistake, and to have been the main cause of their downfall. Taking the Old Testament as their guide more than the New, and accommodating to modern times and to a different dispensation the principles of the Levitical covenant, they sought to impose the same yoke on the nation generally which was put upon ancient Israel. Such godly kings as Hezekiah and Josiah, and such rulers as Ezra and Nehemiah they viewed as patterns for Christian governors. Now, this serious mistake, as we view it, leavened the principles and practice of the Westminster Assembly, and the carrying of them out involved not only tyranny, but the worst of all tyrannies, a clerical despotism. Thus the Assembly drew up a “Solemn League and Covenant,” containing six articles, which they sought to impose on all ranks and orders, regenerate or unregenerate. With all their sound and clear views of election and sovereign grace, they did not seem to see that men cannot be made religious by Act of Parliament; and in attempting to force restraints on the carnal mind which it would not and could not bear, they gradually proceeded to acts of tyranny and oppression which so exasperated the ungodly part of the nation, that at Cromwell’s death they welcomed back with shouts of exultation a profligate king. The Scotch ministers,* and we must add Rutherford among them, were more deeply imbued with these ideas than the English; and the main cause was John Knox’s original position, that the Scottish Kirk was the church of Christ, identifying, as the result proved, a national establishment with the Lamb’s wife, and thus throwing together into one confused heap wheat and chaff, and penning in the same fold sheep and goats.

That churches are not national establishments, but distinct assemblies of the manifested elect, gathered out of the world, ruled from within, and not from without, enjoying ordinances peculiar to themselves, was a truth much hidden from the eyes of men so clear-sighted in the things of God as Rutherford and Knox. The consequence was a confusion in their ministry, which will account for much of that free-will strain of invitation and exhortation which characterises their writing, and a confusion in their ministerial practice, which eventually sharpened against them the sword of persecution and well-nigh drowned the Kirk in her own blood.

But we are not disposed to dwell on the faults and blemishes of

ment in 1661, gave it, when they caused it to be burned at the cross of Edinburgh, by the hands of the hangman.

* When Charles II. was in Scotland, on one fast day, they made him listen to six sermons, each following the other without intermission, and probably each not less than an hour long; and before they would crown him, made him swear observance to the Solemn League and Covenant, which he did three times, with this, as Neal justly calls it, “tremendous oath:” “By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I will observe and keep all that is contained therein.”

men so eminent in vital and practical godliness. We therefore leave the Westminster Assembly, which, with all its faults, will ever remain an unrivalled monument of sanctified learning and godly zeal;* an assembly of ministers which, were we to search England from end to side, we could no more gather together now than we could collect a House of Commons equal to the Long Parliament.†

It is much more easy to censure them where they were wrong than imitate them where they were right. If in our day we have more light, we certainly have much less life; and were they able to look forward and review us as we can look backward and review them, they would read us a lecture on our coldness and lukewarmness which might be more profitable than palatable.

We journey, then, back with Rutherford to St. Andrews, which he reached in the autumn of 1647. Here he remained until his death. We are not writing a history of the times, or we might mention many afflicting circumstances connected with the Kirk of Scotland during those 14 years which must have deeply grieved and distressed his soul, more especially as he sided with that party which Oliver Cromwell broke to pieces at the battle of Dunbar. In the year 1651 he had an opportunity to escape from these afflicting scenes, by receiving from the magistrates of Utrecht, a town in Holland, an invitation to occupy the divinity chair in its celebrated University. But he could not persuade himself to leave his

* We cannot well forbear appending in a note the conclusion of the Solemn League and Covenant, drawn up by the Westminster Assembly:

"And because these kingdoms are guilty of many sins and provocations against God, and his Son Jesus Christ, as is too manifest by our present distresses and dangers, the fruits thereof, we profess and declare before God and the world, our unfeigned desire to be humbled for our own sins, and for the sins of these kingdoms; especially that we have not, as we ought, valued the inestimable benefit of the gospel; that we have not labored for the purity and power thereof; and that we have not endeavored to receive Christ in our hearts, nor to walk worthy of him in our lives, which are the cause of other sins and transgressions so much abounding amongst us; and our true and unfeigned purpose, desire, and endeavor for ourselves, and all others under our charge, both in public and private, in all our duties we owe to God and man, to amend our lives, and each one to go before another in the example of a real reformation, that the Lord may turn away his wrath and heavy indignation, and establish these churches and kingdoms in truth and peace. And this covenant we make in the presence of Almighty God, the Searcher of all hearts, with a true intention to perform the same, as we shall answer at that great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed; most humbly beseeching the Lord to strengthen us by his Holy Spirit for this end, and to bless our desires and proceedings with such success, as may be a deliverance and safety to his people, and encouragement to the Christian churches groaning under, or in danger of the yoke of antichristian tyranny, to join with the same or like attestation and covenant, to the glory of God, the enlargement of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and the peace and tranquillity of Christian kingdoms and commonwealths."

What can be more sound than many expressions in this extract? But what an absurdity, if not profanation of holy things, to force such declarations indiscriminately on all persons, and actually urge the king to exclude from court all who would not subscribe it.

† The fullest and best account we have seen of the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly is in "Neal's History of the Puritans," Vol. II.

native land. The same reasons, doubtless, weighed with him which he urges on a friend who was about to leave Scotland:

"Let me entreat you to be far from the thoughts of leaving this land; I see it and find it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in his anger; but though I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in Scotland beside angry Jesus Christ, knowing he mindeth no evil to us, than in any Eden or garden on the earth."

During the next 10 years, Rutherford was no indifferent spectator of the state of affairs in Scotland—a state most afflicting to his mind, as intimating the Lord's displeasure against the pride and ambition of his fellow-ministers, who, as Cromwell bluntly told them, "pretending to a glorious Reformation, laid the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power."

On May 29th, 1660, Charles II. entered London amidst the acclamations of the populace; and in less than a year from that date, Rutherford entered into the enjoyment of his eternal inheritance. But he lived long enough to see the dark cloud that was gathering over his beloved Kirk and country; and the first flashes, as he lay on his death-bed, played round his pillow. His book, entitled "*Lex Rex*," (literally, "*Law King*," probably meaning that the Law of Jesus was the supreme Sovereign,) was publicly burned at the cross of Edinburgh, and at the gates of the new College of St. Andrews. This was a sufficient intimation of the treatment in store for him; and soon after an indictment was laid against him before the Parliament for the crime of high treason. "The dark places of the earth," says the Psalmist, "are full of the habitations of cruelty." None are so cruel as those who call darkness light. Such were Rutherford's persecutors; for when everybody knew that he was dying, they summoned him to appear before them at Edinburgh.* "But," to use the words of the memoir, "he had a higher tribunal to appear before, where his Judge was his friend, and was dead before that time came, being taken away from the evil to come."

The following account of his death-bed is given in the memoir before us:

"Some days before his death, he said, 'I shall shine, I shall see him as he is; I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him; and I shall have my large share; my eyes shall see my Redeemer, these very eyes of mine, and no other for me. This may seem a strong word, but it is no fancy or delusion; it is true, it is true; let my Lord's name be exalted; and if he will, let my name be ground to pieces, that he may be all in all. If he should slay me, ten thousand times ten thousand times, I'll trust.' He often repeated, 'Thy

* "It is commonly said, that when the summons came, he spoke out of his bed and said, 'Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior Judge and judicatory, and I beleave to answer my first summons; and ere your day come, I will be where few kings and great folks come.' When they returned and told he was dying, the Parliament put to a vote, Whether or not to let him die in the college? It was carried, 'Put him out,' only a few dissenting. My Lord Burleigh said, 'Ye have voted that honest man out of the college, but ye cannot vote him out of heaven.' Some said, 'He would never win (get) there; hell was too good for him.' Burleigh said, 'I wish I were as sure of heaven as he is; I would think myself happy to get a grip of his sleeve to haul me in.'"

words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.' Exhorting one to be diligent in seeking God, he said, 'It is no easy thing to be a Christian; but for me, I have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out both his arms to embrace me.' At another time, to some friends about him, he said, 'At the beginning of my sufferings, I had mine own fears, like another sinful man, lest I should faint, and not be carried creditably through; and I laid this before the Lord; and as sure as he ever spake to me in his word, as sure his Spirit witnessed to my heart he had accepted my suffering; he said to me, 'Fear not; the issue shall not be simply matter of praise.' I said to the Lord, if he should slay me five thousand times five thousand times, I would trust in him; and I spake it with much trembling, fearing I should not make my attempt good. But as really as ever he spake to me by his Spirit, he witnessed to my heart that his grace should be sufficient.'

"The last Tuesday night before his death, being much weighed down with the state of the public, he had that expression, 'Terror hath taken hold on me, because of his dispensations.' And after adverting to his own condition, he said, 'I disclaim all that ever he made me will and do, and look on it as defiled and imperfect, as coming from me; and I take me to Christ for sanctification as well as justification;' and repeating these words, 'He is made of God to me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;' he added, 'I close with it, let him be so; he is my All in all this.'

"On March the 17th, three gentlewomen coming to see him, after exhorting them to read the word, and be frequent in prayer, and much in communion with God, he said, 'My honorable Master and lovely Lord, my great and royal King, hath not a match in heaven or in earth; I have my own guiltiness, like another sinful man, but he hath pardoned, loved, and washed me, and given me 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I repent not that ever I owned his cause.'

"The next morning, as he recovered out of fainting, in which they who looked on expected his dissolution, he said, 'I feel, I feel, I believe, in joy, and rejoice; I feed on manna.'

"As Mr. Rutherford took a little wine in a spoon, to refresh himself, being very weak, Mr. Blair said to him, 'You feed on dainties in heaven, and think nothing of our cordials on earth;' he answered, 'They are all but dross, yet they are Christ's creatures, and out of obedience to his command, I take them;' adding, 'Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer; I know he shall stand the last day upon the earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet him in the air, and I shall be ever with him; and what would you have more? there is an end;' and stretching out his hand, he again replied, 'There is an end.' A little after, he said, 'I have been a wretched, sinful man, but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did; Christ is mine, and I am his;' and spake much of the white stone, and the new name. Mr. Blair, who loved to hear Christ commended with all his heart, said to him again, 'What think you now of Christ?' to which he replied, 'I shall live and adore him; glory, glory, to my Creator, and to my Redeemer for ever; glory shines in Emmanuel's land.'

"In the afternoon of that day, he said, 'O that all my brethren in the public may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness.' And he said, 'This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the vail, and I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning;' which exactly fell out according as he had told that night. Though he was very weak, he had often this expression, 'O for arms to embrace him! O for a well-tuned harp!'

"Afterwards, when some spoke to Mr. Rutherford of his former painfulness and faithfulness in the work of God, he said, 'I disclaim all that; the part I would be at is redemption and forgiveness through his blood; 'Thou shalt show me the path of life; in thy sight is fulness of joy.' There is nothing now between me and the resurrection, but 'To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise.' Mr. Blair saying, 'Shall I praise the Lord for all the mercies he has done for you, and is to do?' He answered, 'O for a well-tuned harp!'

To his child he said, 'I have again left you upon the Lord; it may be you will tell this to others, that the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage. I bless the Lord that gave me counsel.'

We fear that after this glorious display of the power of God, any remarks of ours may weaken the impression that so blessed a scene is calculated to make. And yet we can hardly forbear dropping a few words on what may truly be called his living remains, his dead remains having long past into dust and waiting the awakening summons of the resurrection morn. By his living remains, we mean his Letters, most of his other works being now buried in oblivion. The leading features of these Letters may be considered worth briefly pointing out:

1. *The amazing warmth and energy* which seem to flash through them as an electric flame, must strike every gracious reader. His heart and soul were all on fire, and his pen was as if the electric conductor to transmit the sparks to paper and thence to the heart of his correspondent. It was not with him as sometimes with us, "What shall I say next?" or, "What have I to write about?" but, "How shall I soonest pour my soul into the soul of my friend?"

2. *The views and feelings which he had of time and eternity* are expressed in them with amazing force. What weight and energy, for instance, are there in the following lines:

"O thrice-blinded souls, whose hearts are charmed and bewitched with dreams, shadows, night vanities, and night fancies, of a miserable life of sin! Poor fools! who are beguiled with painted things, and this world's fair weather, and smooth promises, and rotten hopes. May not the devil laugh, to see us give away our souls for the corrupt and counterfeit pleasures of sin? O for a sight of eternity's glory, and a little tasting of the Lamb's marriage supper! How far are we bereft of wit, to chase, and hunt, and run, till our souls be out of breath, after a condemned happiness of our own making! O that we were out of ourselves, and dead to this world, and this world dead and crucified to us!"

3. *His love to the Lord Jesus*, and the breathings and longings of his soul after his manifested presence, shine forth very conspicuously in his Letters. He had such transporting views of his Person, blood, righteousness, grace, and glory, that to those who never had any powerful manifestation of the Lord Jesus, some of his expressions may seem strained. Thus he wishes that the ocean were a sea of ink, and the expanded sky a scroll on which he could write the praises of Jesus. These may seem exaggerated expressions; but if millions of saints will find eternity too short to see his beauty, behold his glory, and sing his praise, why should a redeemed sinner on earth be grudged anticipating a foretaste of heaven? What is a sea of ink to eternity, or the blue firmament to the realms of endless day?

4. *The godly, practical, and yet thoroughly experimental admonitions* that dropped from his pen, stamp Rutherford's Letters with singular power and force. They carry a sharp edge, and yet are so blended with tenderness and affection that the wound and the balm come together. He is like one who sees a friend lying asleep on the edge of a precipice. He roughly awakens him, and yet at the

same moment catches him in his arms, and bears him away from the danger with the affectionate chiding, "Dear friend, how could you go to sleep on the top of the cliff?"

5. *The pith and originality of expression* in these Letters are a marked feature in them, and have embalmed them from decay. No writer will survive his own generation whose thoughts and expressions are not stamped with that force and originality which mark them as peculiarly his own. It is a man's own mint which stamps his coins and gives them currency. Here Rutherford peculiarly shines; and by engrafting on his own stock of original thoughts the forcible though homely Scotticisms to which we have before alluded, he has, without intending it, become one of the most forcible and original writers that has ever edified the church of God.

Here, then, we pause; not because our subject is exhausted, but because we desire to trespass neither on our prescribed limits nor on the patience of our readers. But we feel we shall not have written in vain if we have drawn the attention of our readers to a book the words of which may, with God's blessing, be "as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one Shepherd."

POETRY.

PRAYER FOR RESIGNATION.

CLAY in the Potter's hands,	In everlasting love
O may thy servant be!	May I securely rest;
What in thy purpose stands,	And sweet anointings prove,
Perform, dear Lord, in me.	To heal my bleeding breast;
By love constrain'd, by peace possess'd,	And when affliction's surges lave,
May I in thee, my Portion, rest.	Sing how the mighty God can save.
Led in a way unknown,	My all is in thy hands;
O may I trust thy care;	I'd not dictate to thee;
And, at thy mercy-throne,	What in thy purpose stands,
Call unto thee in prayer;	Give, do, and be to me.
And in thy blest pavilion hide,	By love constrain'd, by peace possess'd,
When nature sinks in trouble's tide.	May I in thee, my Portion, rest.
Matfield Green.	R. S.

The elect constitute and form one grand house of mercy; a house erected to display and to perpetuate the riches of the Father's free grace, of the Son's atoning merit, and of the Holy Ghost's efficacious agency. This house, contrary to the fate of all sublunary buildings, will never fall down, nor ever be taken down. As nothing can be added (Eccles. iii. 14) to it, so nothing can be diminished from it. Fire cannot injure it; storms cannot overthrow it; age cannot impair it. It stands on a rock, (Matt. vii. 25, and xvi. 18,) and is immovable as the rock on which it stands; the threefold rock of God's inviolable decree, of Christ's finished redemption, and of the Spirit's never-failing faithfulness.—*Toplady.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xl. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

No. 221.

MAY, 1854.

VOL. XX.

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY MR. KERSHAW, ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 22ND,
1853, IN ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET, WHITECHAPEL.

“Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.”—Acts x. 47, 48.

Our text stands in inseparable connection with that memorable event of the Gentiles being called by the grace of God to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. The Holy Ghost had moved prophets to predict this hundred of years before the event took place; particularly the prophet Isaiah, whose language we will read, as we shall see in the connection of our text, the exact fulfilment of it. In Isaiah, chap. xliii. 19, the prophet speaks as follows, it being the voice of the Lord by him: “Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.” The wilderness here sets forth the Gentiles, and the desert the heathen, in their fallen state. “The beast of the field shall honor me, the dragons and the owls; because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen. This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.”

When the Lord's time came for the middle wall of partition evidently to be broken down between the Jew and the Gentile, he put his fear into the heart of Cornelius, who was by nation and by nature a Gentile. This man is particularly spoken of in connection with our text. “There was a certain man in Cæsarea called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house.” The grace and the Spirit of God had evidently taken possession of his very heart and soul, and he “prayed to God alway,” that he might be led and directed by him. “He saw in a vision, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius. And when he looked on him he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.” Ah! my friends, real, heart-felt prayer never failed to be regarded by heaven. “He will regard the prayer of the destitute.” Real, heart-felt prayer never failed to bring answers from heaven. The Lord heard the cry of Cornelius, and answered

his prayer, and directed him to send men to Joppa, and inquire at such a man's house for Simon Peter, and to bring him into his house to blow the silver trumpet of the everlasting gospel to Gentile sinners. The men then set off; and meanwhile, God, who works "in all things according to the counsel of his own will," was preparing Peter to receive these messengers. He had been out about his master's business; he returned to his lodgings, and ascended to the top of the house, (the roofs of the houses being flat,) where he often resorted for prayer and meditation. "And he became very hungry, and would have eaten; but while they made ready, he fell into a trance." Then he saw descending from heaven a vessel "as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners," and in it were all manner of four-footed beasts of the field, fowls of the air, and creeping things; and a voice was heard by him saying, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat." "Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." This sheet was let down from heaven three times, and taken up again. What is to be understood by that, my friends? This sheet is a type of the covenant of divine grace that is "ordered in all things and sure." All the election of grace, Jew and Gentile, we have here represented as being in the covenant safe and secure. And be it observed, they all came down from heaven in the sheet; not a single creature got out. O no! God's elect can never get out of his heart; never get out of the finished salvation of Jesus Christ; never perish. And there is another memorable thing, and that is, that none were put in. Universal charity can never put a soul into the covenant of grace, can never bind up one in the bundle of life who has not been bound there by the threefold cord of a triune Jehovah.

I once made these very remarks in the town of Halifax, in Yorkshire, about 20 years ago. There was a lady present, and she said, "I verily believed it to be true; but I thought I had no mark and no evidence of being one of these creatures in the covenant;" and she went home greatly bowed down in her soul. She then had three restless nights and days. Her husband wanted to know what was the matter, and she could not tell him. The servants also wondered what was the matter with their mistress, going about as she was with tears trickling down her cheeks, and sighing and groaning in her very soul. She went to bed the third night with this important subject on her mind, and she said, "I reasoned in the following manner: 'What am I? A poor, sinful, guilty, vile creature? What have I done ever to merit God's mercy and favor? Nothing at all; and if he were to mark my iniquity, and send me to hell, he would be just right.' I then felt a breaking in my spirit, a humiliating feeling of my own unworthiness; tears trickled down my cheeks, and I cried, 'Dear Lord, I am the clay, and thou art the potter; I deserve nothing but damnation; and if thou shouldst save my soul, if I am in this sheet, it is all of thy rich, sovereign grace.'" She afterwards sent for me, and she said, "The love of God was shed abroad in my soul; I had the testimony from the Lord that I was indeed in this sheet, and I rejoiced and triumphed in the God

of my salvation, till nature overcame me, and I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, it was with the consciousness that I was in the sheet, in the covenant." Glory was in her soul, and glory upon her countenance. Her husband and her family wondered at what had taken place, for she went about her family affairs singing the song of free, everlasting grace.

Now, while Peter was thinking of this vision, and wondering what it could mean, the Lord said, "Get thee down; there are certain persons waiting for thee at the door." He then went down, and inquired whence the persons came, and what was their errand. They rehearsed the circumstances to him, and he went with them, doubting not that God's hand was in it. When he arrived at the house, Cornelius came out, received him with a glad heart, and fell down, and would have adored him; but, says Peter, "No, no; I am a sinful man, having like passions with yourself; worship not me, but my Master." He then went into the house, and inquired wherefore he was sent. There is one remark here that we may notice by the way. When he went into the house, the family and friends were all ready waiting to receive him and to hear what God would say unto them. How well it looks on the Lord's Day morning to see people gathered together, like Cornelius and his household, to hear the word of the Lord. When Cornelius had stated all the circumstances of the case, Peter said, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Peter had up to this period believed that God respected the Jew in preference to the Gentile. Now he saw that this was done away with. He did not mean to say that fearing God and working righteousness were the grounds of our acceptance. O no! We are accepted in the beloved; our fearing God and working righteousness are fruits and effects of that enjoyed in the soul. Then Peter proceeds to blow the jubilee trumpet of a free-grace salvation among the Gentiles, preaches the glory of Christ, his solemn death for the sins of his people, and his resurrection from the dead. He exalts the sin-atoning Lamb; and the word that went forth from his lips was carried by the power of the Holy Ghost into the very heart of Cornelius, and of his household, and his friends; the word had free course and was glorified. Peter and the brethren saw that the word was received with joy and gladness, probably from the tears that ran down their cheeks, and the glow of animation that was perceivable on their countenances. Peter saw that there was the dew of heaven, the savour of life, and the power of divine truth felt in the souls of the people; and seeing this he exclaims, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord."

These are the circumstances connected with the important words of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have here two important things:

- I. *The characters who have a right to the ordinance of baptism.*
- II. *The command that is given:* "And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord."

* *I Who are they that have a right to the ordinance, that are commanded to be baptized?* If we refer to John's baptism, none were admitted to that ordinance (save the Lord of life and glory) but such as were penitent; for when the seed of Abraham came and desired to be baptized by John, and gave no evidence of repentance, he said, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come! Bring forth fruits meet for repentance." None have a right, then, to the ordinance of baptism but those who know what it is to have a godly sorrow for sin. These Gentile sinners had repentance granted unto them, for it is said concerning them that the apostles "Glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Are we penitent, friends? Do we know what godly sorrow for sin is? that repentance that needs not to be repented of? If we do, the grace of God is in our heart; the privileges of God's house are our own. But if we are strangers to this, the command of God does not come upon us.

But again, with regard to those who have a right to this ordinance, look at the commission given by our Lord to his disciples, before his ascension to glory, and we shall there find who are the characters unto whom the Lord directed his disciples to administer baptism. The evangelist Matthew renders the commission as follows: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." This is a solemn and great truth. O what a help have I found this truth to be to my soul, that my Lord and Master has all power in heaven and in earth! "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." So then, my friends, they that have a right to the ordinance of baptism, and are commanded to be baptized, are such as are taught of God. God's ministers are appointed to teach poor sinners as God guides and directs; and as the Lord honors their teaching, and makes poor sinners wise unto salvation by faith in the dear Redeemer, they are to be baptized in the name of the Saviour. Advocates for infant sprinkling reverse the Master's order; they say, "Baptize them in their infancy, and teach them afterwards." Ah! my friends, this is not the true state of the case. None have a scriptural right to the ordinance but such as are taught of God. "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." It is the soul that has fled for refuge to the dear Redeemer, that has been cleansed by the blood that flowed from Emmanuel's wounded side, that has the privileges of the ordinances of God's house. The evangelist Mark renders the commission in the following memorable language: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Why is the gospel to be preached in all the world and to every creature? Because God's elect are scattered abroad amongst the various nations of the earth; and the Lord has ordained the ingathering of his elect by the min-

istration of his word. Paul preached to as many as were ordained to eternal life, and they believed; for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." No unbelievers have a right to the ordinance; the command does not go to them; it commands them that believe to be baptized, and to show their love and attachment to him by bowing to his sceptre. We shall find that the apostles of Christ thoroughly understood their Master's commission, and acted upon it. As, for instance, on the day of Pentecost, when Peter stood up and preached to the people, the word dropped from Peter's mouth, and was carried by the Holy Ghost into the very heart and conscience of poor guilty sinners. Hence it is said that they were pricked to the heart; conviction was wrought by the Spirit of God, and they cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" Peter says, "Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out; when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." As Peter preached, in that memorable sermon, Jesus Christ and him crucified, and the resurrection from the dead, the power of God attended the word not only to convince, but to conquer and to edify; for it is said, "As many as gladly received the word were baptized." Mark it; they received the word of free, finished salvation with joy and gladness. Christ was present to their souls; the love of Christ was shed abroad in their hearts, and they were baptized, and the same day were added to the church. We see then, my friends, who are commanded to be baptized. Philip preached the gospel to the Samaritans: "And when they believed, Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." And we read to-night of the Ethiopian eunuch; "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" "If thou believest," says Peter, "with all thy heart, thou mayest." And the eunuch said, "I do believe." I believe in the name of Jesus Christ; I feel that I love him, and I like to honor him and show forth his praise, 'See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?' And we find that on a confession of his faith he was "baptized in the name of the Lord." O my friends, it is a great mercy to come under that character!

We read that there were households baptized; and of the gaoler it is said, "He believed in God with all his house;" but there is no account of there being infants in any of the households that were baptized in the apostolic age. Our friends, however, who vindicate infant sprinkling, say they suppose there were infants in those households. Friends, I never had yet, and I hope I never shall have an article in my creed, a doctrine in my theory, that is based on supposition. We must have a "Thus saith the Lord" for our faith, and the example of Christ and his apostles for our practice, or our faith is not sound, and our practice is not according to godliness. Two men were disputing upon the ordinance of baptism; one of them contended that the children of believing parents had a right to the ordinance in preference to others, and the other con-

tended that all children should be baptized alike. A third person, who listened attentively to the arguments on both sides, said at length, "It appears to me that you miss one very important principle in the debate." "What is that?" they said. "Why, the sign of the cross upon the forehead," alluding to the practice of the Church of England. Both disputants said, and with some warmth, "Where do you find the sign of the cross mentioned in Scripture?" "Well," said he, "You show me the chapter and verse where you find infant sprinkling, and in the very next to that you will find the sign of the cross." The two men looked at one another with surprise, for they could neither find chapter nor verse for sprinkling infants, and the man came off victorious. "To the law and to the testimony; and if they speak not according to this; it is because there is no light in them." But it may be said, "Have there not been good and gracious men advocates for infant baptism?" I believe there have, and there are some to this day. But we are to follow great and good men only so far as they follow Christ and his apostles. When we see a great man, be he Churchman or Dissenter, going contrary to the Scriptures, let us never follow him a yard; let us follow the Master, and act according to his practice and the practice of primitive Christians. "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

My dear Friend,—I have received your kind note with pleasure, as I do like to know how you are getting on in the best things; for by knowing the dark side, we are made better judges of the bright side, when light is given. I like to hear of people's troubles, for it often helps me on my way. You know I have been in a poor place for a long time. I tried to pray with all my might, and could not; then I thought I was cut off, and could not pray at all; so shut up that I could not see how God could be just in saving one like me, for my religion was all natural. And you know how Satan and the heart can make up religion. At times how little short do we feel of our religion being natural! And do we not feel all sin and iniquity before God? We have received light from God, and yet dishonor him in word, thought, and deed; and how exceeding sinful we are, and yet how he covers over our mountains of sin!

There was one word in the hymn, last Sunday week, that expressed my desire, and that was, "O Lord, remember me." It made me feel my sadness. On Monday I took that book of Huntington's, seeing my sad state, and all in a moment my hope sprang up and anchored in Christ. I never felt such a sensible springing up of hope as I did just then. It made all right in a moment. It made my heart leap for joy. I called him my God and Father in truth; I praised him, honored him, and crowned him Lord of all. The more I praised him, the higher he got in my estimation, and the lower I sank in

myself, to think he had not forgotten me. It laid me low, it made me weep at that dear Jesus's feet, to see all my mountain of sin removed. I thought I should not sink quite so low again; but you know how simple I am, and I do act the fool's part so much if only left to myself for one moment, that it even makes God's grace a snare. I think unbelief is rooted in me, for I told Mr. Y. that I had had a sip. He asked me what words attended it? I answered, "None." It then struck me all at once, "It is not all right now." I thought if I had a word or two, that would have made it more sure that it came from God; but I sank in a moment. I had only strength to say that there would be no heaven for them that knew not God and his Spirit. But it seemed as though I could not keep it or let it go. The hope did not quite leave me; the spring rose a little when Mr. C. visited me; for I do love to see them that love God.

I went to S—— on Sunday, and while going, pondering on the mysteries of godliness, these words struck my mind with power, "But ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby ye cry, Abba, Father." And I did cry, "Abba, Father," in truth; and the "Spirit of adoption" seemed to clothe my soul, and then led me into all the train of the Spirit's work and Trinity, such as I knew not before; and all the names of the work of the Spirit came as correctly one after another as though I knew them all by heart; as the Spirit of adoption, of intercession, of supplication, of humility, of meekness, and many more such as the Spirit works. In short, it seemed open daylight to my soul's feelings. In the afternoon I searched the Bible to find the words, and I found them in Rom. viii. 15; and indeed all the Bible seemed full of the Spirit's work. Yes, the Spirit of the living God, honors crown his precious name, bore witness to his own work. Do not dishonor him like me, for he is the best of friends.

Accept of the kindest Christian affection from

Yours in the best of bonds.

March 10th, 1853.

A. C.

The devil sometimes shapes, and our wise Lord sews; Babylon kills, God makes alive; sin, hell, and death, are made a chariot to carry on the Lord's excellent work.—*Rutherford*.

Inclinations or readiness to attend to extenuations of sin, or the reliefs that are rendered against sin, when committed, manifest the affections to be entangled with it. "Is it not a little one?" or, "There is mercy provided;" or, "It shall be in due time relinquished and given over;" is its language in a deceived heart. When the soul is willing to be tempted, to be courted by sin, to hearken to its dalliances and solicitations, it has lost of its conjugal affections unto Christ, and is entangled. This is looking on the wine when it is red in the cup. When the deceit of sin has prevailed thus far on any person, then he is enticed or entangled; the will is not yet come to the actual conception of this or that sin by its consent, but the whole soul is in a near inclination thereunto.—*Owen*.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Dearly beloved Brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother, and second Person in the glorious Trinity,—You have laid me under obligations for your very suitable epistle, which I duly received; it came with refreshing influence to my soul, still warm with the unctuous dew of the blessed repast that the Lord in such fulness gave unto us in our Bethel last Lord's Day. Surely it was one of the days of the Son of man, wherein he gave us poor, helpless, vile, and hell-deserving wretches another taste of the wine of the kingdom, exhilarating our spirits, encouraging us on our pilgrimage to the blest inheritance, the heavenly Canaan, making us by faith strong to combat with our powerful enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil. I felt as though, with such a conqueror as the dear Captain of our salvation, the mighty Lord of heaven and earth, who trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none to help, and who says by the prophet Isaiah, "Therefore my own arm brought salvation unto me, and my fury, it upheld me;" (Isa. lxiii.) I repeat, that my feelings were such, that if called by such a victorious Conqueror to go forth to battle, clothed with the whole armor of God, the victory must be mine, and all the glory ascribed to the mighty King Jesus, who is worthy of all praise and adoration from the whole elect family in heaven and on earth. Well may we cry out and say, "Wonder, O heaven, and be astonished O earth, at the stupendous work of love and mercy which the God-Man Jesus hath accomplished!" And for whom? The vilest of rebels. Rebels against the majesty of heaven; such as you and I, through rich grace, feel ourselves to be; and who, but for electing love and mercy, must have suffered the vengeance of eternal justice, which millions of the fallen race of Adam have been fore-ordained unto. How does my soul desire to bless and praise the dear Lord of life and glory, for such mercy manifested to a poor reptile, a worm of the earth, once a poor bond-slave to sin and Satan, hard task-masters in Egypt, from whose cruel bondage I could not have been delivered but by the mighty God of Jacob! Blessed, for ever blessed be the name of Jesus, our strong Deliverer, who hath won the victory. May this poor stammering tongue be permitted to join the everlasting song of "Worthy is the Lamb, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own most precious blood!"

The dear Lord, according to his promise, was in our midst last Lord's Day. I felt humbled and melted down before his presence, with a blessed hope that my soul was interested in the great mystery of redeeming love. How pleasant is the path, when thus indulged with sips of love, and kisses from the heavenly Bridegroom, and we can, from a feeling sense, say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his. He feedeth among the lilies!" (Sol. Song ii. 16.) These are rich dainties that we are not often favored with. I have to travel much in a thorny maze; trials and temptations, with the buffetings of Satan, form the most part of my way. But it is by these things we learn and receive our education in the school of Christ; to bring

glory to our adorable Redeemer, and a meetness for the mansions above, where we shall have all tears wiped away from our eyes, and sorrow and sighing be no more felt in that blessed abode.

O let us pause for a moment, and reflect what our calling is,—from a state of nature into the kingdom of grace; from darkness into marvellous light; from children of wrath to heirs of glory; yes, of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. My soul stands amazed at the wisdom, love, and condescension of the great Jehovah, in thus calling you and me from such a depth of sin and rebellion to the blessed hope of the gospel. “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise his holy name,” for such distinguishing grace and mercy! And you can join me in heart and soul, in ascribing all the glory to the Triune Jehovah. It is only known and experienced by the tempest-tossed soul, when Jesus says, “Peace, be still.” Then a sweet calm succeeds, and the poor soul cries out with David, “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?” These are some of the sorrows and joys of every child of grace, while passing through this waste howling wilderness. And we know and have felt that here we have no continuing city, but seek one whose builder and maker is the living God. For such mercies our souls at times crumble down before the dear Lord. In his own time he gives us such sips that we are constrained to cry, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth’s sake.” It is our mercy that all our times are in the hands of our covenant-keeping God, and all appointed before Adam’s dust was formed, for the government and profit of the elect family whilst sojourning in these low grounds of sin and death. And although we are often found murmuring and complaining of the troubles of the way, yet the Lord in mercy knows the precise moment when to make bare his arm in our deliverance; so that we are constrained to say, “Thou hast done all things well, and led us by a right way, making crooked things straight and rough places plain;” and thus ascribing all the glory to his dear name, which is most justly due.

I fear to tire your patience; and, as time admonishes me, I will conclude by wishing that every grace and covenant-blessing may attend you through all the journey of this pilgrimage state, till safely landed beyond the Jordan of death, to see the King in his beauty, and dwell in his presence for ever and ever.

That this may be our privilege and exceeding joy, is the prayer of

Your unworthy Sister in gospel bonds,

Philadelphia, Jan. 22nd, 1852.

As the fly that plays about the candle often burns its wings at last, so the Christian that parleys with temptation is in danger of having the wings of his soul so shortened by the fiery darts of the devil, that he will not be able to rise again towards heaven until God shall give him renewed affections.—*John Mason.*

**"LORD, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT
DEPART IN PEACE."**

My dear Friend,—As we know not what a day may bring forth, so we know not how to write. You will understand by what I said on the 9th instant, how bad I had been, and that I could not answer your letter. I have been just looking it over, and as I am mending apace, and thinking the fresh air may be useful, I will assent to the time, under divine Providence, if the Lord will.

When I received your last, I did not expect ever to see — again; but the Lord "bringeth low and lifteth up." Blessed be his name, he never errs, but makes our afflictions prove our greatest consolations. I have been in general very happy, and comfortable in my mind, not much caring which way it should go, whether life or death. Christ is precious, living or dying. I have often said,

"Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?"

My dear friend, what a blessing is holy psalmody, with the heart full of love to God. O what are all things else! Give me Christ, if it be only with a crust. My dear God, I love him better than life. O that I could now adore him like the heavenly host above! O that he would manifest himself more and more to me, and be with me in the dark valley, whenever it shall be, that I may say with David, "I will fear no evil!" There is something in death very solemn to nature; but, O what is it to faith in the Lamb? Just dropping asleep, and saying, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," seeing his salvation.

I felt very sorry for you when relating your troubles. I know they are heavy, even for the body, and much more so when the mind is burdened also. It is an ensnaring world, "How false, and yet how fair!" How ensnaring is glittering gold; how decoying to the mind, how adapted to our nature! What fair promises and what fruitless gain the love of it! How many has it "pierced through with many sorrows!" And well it may, seeing it is "the root of all evil." I am not without my share of feelings here. It is said, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." For God has set one against the other, that man may find nothing after him. I well know them both; they are both good in their place. But adversity has often been the best. There are but few who believe it. But for a proof of this, I say to the tried Christian, "When Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked, and forsook the Lord."

But I must conclude. My love to all friends at all places, while I remain, dear friend, ever yours in indissoluble bonds in Christ,

Desford, May 19th, 1852.

E. M.

This is the proper and true use of the law, by lightning, by tempest, and by the sound of the trumpet, as in Mount Sinai, to terrify, and by thundering to beat down and rend in pieces that beast which is called the opinion of righteousness.—*Luther.*

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

To my dear Brethren and Sisters meeting for divine worship of the one true God in —— Chapel, their poor servant sendeth greeting, by which they will learn that the Lord, in his kindness and mercy, brought me home to the bosom of my family and friends in safety and peace, for which great goodness may the Lord grant a sweet response of love and gratitude to himself in our bosoms, to prove that we are not left entirely destitute of the actings of life in our own souls' experience, but that we are under the care and control of him who holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

I trust, through the tender mercy of God, the "day-spring from on high" hath visited your souls, as the chosen of the Father, the redeemed of the Son, and the quickened and called of the Holy Ghost; in whose light you have discovered your own malady and the Lord's remedy; your awful sins, and the Lord's sacred salvation; your own needs, and the Lord's supplies; and not only have you given yourselves to the Lord, but to each other, by the will of God, and so meet together in your little Providence as a component part of the one church of our covenant God and Father, in our dear Lord Jesus, whose name is sweet, whose person is lovely, whose blood is precious, whose righteousness is spotless, and whose great and gracious person and work is the sacred ground of all your hopes, the foundation God has laid in Zion, the sacred base of mercy's building.

The Lord the Holy Ghost bless you, individually and collectively, with his holy bedewings, his rich unctions, that you may know truly, inwardly, and experimentally, that there is such a divine Person, whose care and watchfulness after his dear elect are continuous and unceasing. May it please his Divine Majesty to make and keep you "watching unto prayer," in prayer, and after prayer; so that each of you may be very jealous over and after himself, and individually concerned to maintain the sweet unity still existing among you as a church, which I do assure you, beloved, is very rarely to be found, even among the churches professing to hold the same truth. Do let me beg you, each of you, be careful, watchful, prayerful, and endeavor to act as though the prosperity of the whole depended on yourselves. Some Antinomian spirit may say, "O this is legal." But to such I would say, "God grant that such legality were more in exercise in our churches; then there would, I am sure, be more personal examination and gospel convictions, and less of a Diotrephesian spirit in our churches, to whom it may truthfully be said, 'What do ye more than others?'"

"But, beloved, I am persuaded better things of you," as you at present stand, even things that accompany an enjoyed and manifested salvation, and among whom I have been privileged to preach, with fear and trembling, though with love and liberty, the holy gospel, and which the Holy Ghost has been pleased to acknowledge and bless, as some of you can personally testify and have done so. In addition to which, I have received from Bath, since my last return,

a long and sweet letter from an "unknown but well known" person, (unknown, all but by name, but well known in the gospel of the Lord of life and glory,) testifying most solemnly, yet beautifully, of the Lord's goodness in bringing home peace and pardon, grace and truth, to his precious soul, through the instrumentality of your poor brother, who really loves you in the gospel, and who does, amidst all his heaviness of mind, feel encouraged, believing that his labor "has not been in vain in the Lord." In consequence of which, together with your pressing invitation, I purpose, by the Lord's gracious permission, visiting you again, though independently of my present engagement, I have received three invitations to preach to different churches since I left you and returned home, only one of which I could accept at present. The time I propose to come again is the two last Sabbaths in April and the first in May. Should such time meet your approbation, please to drop me a line to that effect; in which interval to the present, may "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." To whom the Lord replies, "And they shall put my name upon the children of Israel, and I will bless thee."

You will please to present my kind regards to all the friends, not forgetting brother D. and his dear wife, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for her care and kindness after the welfare of my poor body while there. May the Lord reward them who remember the cup of cold water given to one of his poor disciples in the name of a disciple, and whom he himself has said shall not lose his reward.

With love to your dear wife, believe me, my dear brother, to remain yours in that holy gospel we through much mercy both love and revere,

Lower Swell, Stow-in-the-Wold, Jan. 19th, 1853.

R. R.

[We have been requested by the friends to whom it was sent to insert the above letter.—Ed.]

"GREAT IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD."

"My thoughts are not as your thoughts," says Jehovah; and how plainly is this discovered in his opinion of individuals, compared with the world's idea of them. These are those who are great in men's esteem; they are worshipped by the multitude; even to know them is a privilege. But these are mostly far out of God's sight; he looks not on them with delight. "The proud he beholdeth afar off." Where, then, are his great ones? Where those to whom he reveals himself in all the riches of his grace, and says, "Since thou wast precious in my sight?" O these are oftentimes hidden ones, of whom the world knows nothing. These jewels, which shall one day adorn the crown of the King of kings, are obscured by the rough exterior which surrounds them. The humble cot, the cabin, or the garret, hides them from view; but O how lovely in the sight of the Lord they are! How, as polished stones, they sparkle brilliantly

before him, as they thankfully receive each morsel from his hands and send up to his throne the tribute of praise! It may be that none know them; in the crowded haunts of life they are unnoticed and alone. Yet they have company the world knows nothing of. Their kind, tender, and compassionate God and Father looks down upon them struggling with poverty, or pining with sickness. And Jesus, O he forgets not these his precious ones, so great in his sight, but watches over them with ineffable delight, love, and pity, listens to their sighs, wipes away the falling tear, sets before them his sufferings and death, and gives them thoughts of heaven, of mansions with his Father, till they forget their poverty and remember their misery no more.

But, thank God, it is not only those who are poor in this world who are great in his sight. Some wise, some rich, some noble are called; and happy they if their wisdom, and riches, and greatness do not hinder their advance in spiritual things. Happy they if, in the glare of false light, they can see things in the true light. This at least may be said,—God often makes up in spiritual comfort to the poor, what they want in earthly comfort; and who will say they are the losers? But every one of his family is great in his sight. If, then, we are thought so much of by Jehovah, how happy should we be! Is not the child happy who is the delight of his parents? the bride who is the joy of her husband? And shall not they be happy who are great in the sight of the Lord? Nothing can harm them; nothing be wanting to them. This love of his, which makes them so great, is like an impregnable wall, cast up round them for their defence; for if they are precious to him, he must will their safety; and as he who delights in them is Omnipotence, he certainly will shield them from harm. He will let nothing be wanting to them that is for their real benefit. A look of faith, a sigh of spiritual desire, will penetrate his throne; and not one petition of his inditing in their soul shall ever be overlooked. Here in this 1st chapter of Luke is an instance. Zacharias seems almost to have forgotten that he had ever prayed for a child. He seems quite astonished that a promise of a son should now be made him; or if he remembered his prayer, he must have given it up as lost, from the unbelieving way in which he meets the promise. Yet, says the angel, “Thy prayer is heard; thy wife shall bear thee a son; he shall be great in the sight of the Lord.”

How should these great ones live above the world! How ill it becomes them to cleave to the dust! How blessed when their affections are set on things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, that when he who is their life shall appear they shall appear with him in glory!

April 27th, 1852.

We cry to God to humble us, and then such crosses and troubles come upon us, that instead of a crop of gratitude there is a crop of rebellion and peevishness.—*W. T.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. KEYT.

Esteemed and highly-valued Friend,—Ten days have elapsed since my visit to your hospitable habitation, and yet such has been the languid and feeble state of my frail and tottering tabernacle, that I have been incapable of writing a few lines to my fellow sufferer in the rough path of affliction, a path which human nature would sooner shun than choose, “though faith approves it well,” as may be seen in the experience of Moses, recorded by Paul, who by faith chose “rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.” (Heb. xi. 26, 27.) And we are fully satisfied that we have experienced a measure of the same precious grace of faith in our own souls, have felt the effects of it times without number, and have found sweet fellowship with those who are gone before us, and are now entered into their eternal rest; “though now for the present season, if need be, we are in heaviness through manifold temptations” and trials within and without. But the trial of our faith is by no means intended to destroy it, but rather to strengthen and confirm it; for by these fiery trials the intrinsic value of true faith is manifested, and the issue of them is eventually found “unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” This was exemplified in the trial of Abraham’s faith, when he was called to offer up his darling son Isaac. This was a most severe and sharp trial to Abraham, that darling of heaven, who was afterwards repeatedly called “the friend of God.” (See 2 Chron. xx. 7; Isa. xli. 8; James ii. 23.) Yet we find that this fiery trial terminated in a glorious manifestation to Abraham of the Person, work, and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, who was to be God’s salvation to the ends of the earth. And this blessed Redeemer was to spring from Abraham’s loins. Hence Christ tells the unbelieving Jews, “Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad.”

This, truly, was Abraham’s vision of faith. But did this eminent saint, this “friend of God,” pass the days of his pilgrimage in the uninterrupted exercise of this faith, and in the enjoyment of the vision he had on the mount? No; by no means. He had to endure many and sore conflicts after he was called out of Ur of the Chaldees, which may be seen in his life, in which there are many traces of unbelief, (that sin which easily besets us all,) many hard combats with Satan, the body of sin and death, and this present evil world. These combined enemies would soon overcome us, had not the Lord graciously provided us with a complete suit of armor, (Eph. vi. 11;) and given us both strength and skill to use it. “Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench *all* the fiery darts of the wicked.” This shield is nothing more or less than the Lord Jesus Christ, who once completely conquered for us through his death, and by the almighty power of his Spirit, still maintains and carries on the warfare; and though at times we are sadly foiled

and ready to conclude that we shall be utterly destroyed, yet this is our infirmity, for when encompassed about with many fears, and sinking, as we think, to rise no more, then is the Lord near to them that fear him, to them that hope in his mercy. How frequently does the good, the tender Shepherd of Israel draw near to us, when sad and solitary, as to the two disciples going to Emmaus, and by (at first) imperceptible inquiries draw out the causes of our sorrow and sadness, and then convey to our troubled souls the healing balm of something concerning himself, and by these choice, sweet communications kindle a sacred fire in our hearts as he did in theirs; for though this vision may tarry long according to our feelings, yet in the end it shall speak and not tarry beyond the appointed time. The sum of all is included in this concise though comprehensive sentence, "But the just shall live by faith."

The Lord brought Abraham forth abroad, and said, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness." Thus, faith is an implicit, unreserved confidence in the truth and verity of the Almighty's word; and this faith is the free gift of God, and mingles itself with every word he by the Holy Spirit speaks unto or upon our hearts. But this vision of faith is not experienced without interruption, nor enjoyed without opposition; if it were, where would be the trial of it? Many years elapsed before Isaac was born, and in that period many acts of unbelief were found in this man of God. In fact, there is recorded nothing blameable in Abraham but unbelief; nothing in Moses, the meekest man, but rebellion; nothing against Job, but self-righteousness; and nothing was so sharply reproved in Christ's disciples as their unbelief and hardness of heart. Yet they all were the chosen and beloved of God, he having fixed his love upon them, as it is written, "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end," notwithstanding all slips and falls, weaknesses and infirmities; so that we may well admire and adore him in the language of the prophet Micah: "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea. Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, and the mercy to Abraham, which thou hast sworn unto our fathers from the days of old." (Micah vii. 18-20.)

But I am unable to go on with this profitable subject; therefore I must conclude with my best desires and prayers for your present and everlasting welfare.

It is my purpose, if enabled to see Mrs. E. on Lord's Day morning, to convey this poor scrap by her hand; if not, I will send it by the post. My kind regards wait on Mr. D., my aged fellow-traveller.

With every token of my unfeigned love, I remain, affectionately yours,

August 27th, 1831.

J. KEYT.

OBITUARY.

FANNY BATLEY.

To report with propriety the Lord's work on a human heart requires more than mortal powers or natural qualifications; and one attempting the work fears lest anything merely natural be called spiritual, or anything spiritual be called natural. It will readily be granted by the godly, that a line of distinction is not easily drawn at all times; but when anything appears proving itself to be the Lord's work, it will be as readily granted that "flesh and blood hath not revealed it."

The subject of the following memoir was the daughter of a widow, a member of the church of Christ at Manchester. Her father also was a member, and died in the faith.

Fanny was a Sunday scholar, and in her seventeenth year. She was always delicate, in her manners quiet and retiring, generally beloved by her companions, and, it is only just to add, was not the girl that ever said to her mother, "No, I won't." But with all this, no one ever thought that Fanny was a child of grace, though a child of many prayers.

It pleased God to lay his hand on her in affliction last year. After being confined to bed a few days, she said to her mother, "O mother, if I were to die now, what would become of my poor soul?" Her mother replied, "O my dear, if the Lord take you away, it will be in wisdom. All his works are done in righteousness and truth, and he cannot do but what is righteous." After a considerable pause, she replied, "Yes, mother, I know that; but my poor soul! O what will become of my poor soul? O mother, I am such a sinner; what will become of me if I die? O that the Lord would give me repentance! I am a lost sinner! O that I could repent!" The mother, being overcome, retired for a time; but Fanny could not retire from a knowledge of sin, revealed by God the Holy Ghost. The holy law of God was manifested to her in its blazing vengeance against sin and against the sinner; and she found herself condemned already. The work deepened, and trouble of soul followed. Great darkness caused her to grope for something to lay hold upon; but no help could she find.

Her mother having returned, Fanny resumed the subject. "O, mother," she said, "O mother, if I die now! If I die now, I must perish for ever. My heart is as hard as a stone. I cannot repent! O that I could repent! Mother," she continued, "God's people are a happy people,—God's chosen, God's elect. O that little flock! They are safe in Christ; they cannot be destroyed; the Lord gives them repentance." "Yes, my dear," her mother replied; "and I hope the Lord will give you repentance also." "No, mother," she said, "not me. I am such a sinner. O mother, I wish I was like you, or like Mr. —, or like Mrs. —. O you do not know what a sinner I am. Will the Lord give me repentance? O Lord, soften my hard heart."

To all who visited her she declared openly that she was a great

sinner before God, and stated, without any reserve, that God would be just in damning her soul.

This went on for weeks, day after day, and night after night.

When I first visited her, she was very ill indeed; and then her mother told me a little of what she had said; and I heard her speak the same things, but did not feel so much concerned at the time; for those who visit many sick beds, and often see what is called death-bed repentance, are taught to think slowly, and judge sparingly; so that at first I was not much moved.

On a second visit, I found her much worse. On entering the apartment, I heard her exclaim, "O for living water!" This was accompanied with a peculiar power to my heart, well known to the soul that looks for and seeks the power of God in the word. A portion of a sermon preached in the neighborhood had been repeated to her, in which the woman of Samaria and Christ's living water had been noticed; and she was thirsting for living water, and seeking that she might find. I asked her if the living water Christ had to give would do her soul good. "I want Christ himself," she replied; "but I am such a sinner; and, what is still worse, I cannot repent!" I said, "Do you feel that you are condemned before God for your sins, and that God is just?" "O yes, yes," she replied; "God is just in my condemnation. I am a lost sinner. O that God would make my heart soft, and that I could repent! Whatever must I do? If death come now, I shall be damned, damned!" Here she was exhausted, and sank for a time into a kind of dozing sleep. I sat in solemn silence for a few minutes, watching the effects of the soul's anxiety, manifest on almost every part of the body. This scene was soon broken up by her starting out of the slumber in terror. I prevented her, and said, "Fanny, if the Lord has given you such a knowledge of sin, and such a sense of your own guilt, he will surely give you repentance also, and bring your soul out of prison. You know Christ is to give deliverance to the captives, and open the prison doors, and say to such as sit in darkness, Show yourselves; and I do trust the Lord Jesus Christ will soon bring your soul out of prison, bless you with a sense of his mercy and love, and lead you into sweet gospel liberty; and I hope to hear you singing praises to his almighty name, though you are very low at present." She gazed with astonishment, and for a few seconds remained silent, fixing her eye upon me, as if her whole soul had laid hold upon something really valuable; and then, with a peculiar firmness, she said, "O Mr. T., do you think God will?" I answered, "Yes; where God begins a good work he will not give it up, but carry it on to the end." She replied, "this cannot be a good work. I am such a sinner, so vile. O for living water!" Looking earnestly at her dear anxious mother, who stood by, she cried out, "O mother, mother! O my poor soul! my guilty soul! O mother, pray for me, pray for me!" Let the reader judge of a mother's feelings and of mine. These were indeed solemn moments to us, moments that threw me back to the time when the arrows of God's wrath drank up my spirit, when I first hungered and thirsted after righteousness. My soul went out in

real prayer to God that Jesus might be revealed in her soul the hope of glory. To look upon her was painful. Despair seemed to sit on that once pleasing countenance, and anguish in every expression. The fearful justice of God smote her into silence. Her mouth was indeed stopped before God. I now felt such a soul-union to her that nothing could dissolve, and experienced great sweetness in those words, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one," (John xvii. 23,) and a pleading with the Lord that the prey might be taken from the mighty, that the lawful captive might be delivered.

At one time she was insensible, and often so afflicted that she could not converse. I saw her once more in her trouble, the last Monday night before she died; and a soul-distressing scene it was to every beholder. It was evident she lay on the very brink of eternity. Her poor body was reduced to a skeleton, and the state of her mind was fearful, fearful indeed. She would lay for a time silent as death, and then suddenly cry out, "O Lord, O Lord! mercy, mercy! O my poor soul!" She had always been pleased when reading, and prayer had been attended to in her presence. But this visit, the scene was too heavy for vocal, audible prayer; but God read our hearts then. When about to leave her, I said to her that God would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, adding that I felt a firm trusting that ere long the Lord would appear. The night passed over, and a sad solemn night it was,—all terror, law, wrath, condemnation, and guilt, and, indeed, a fearful looking for of fiery indignation to consume the guilty soul. O what an awful God the God of Jacob is! "A fire goeth before him. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilions round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the sky." He thundered in the heavens. "The thunder of his power who can understand?" "But," says David, "he sent from above; he took me and drew me out of many waters."

So did the Lord deal with the dear afflicted soul who is the subject of this narrative. The time was at hand when mercy was to be revealed, pardon granted, atoning blood experienced, and eternal love felt. About 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, she lay still and speechless, one anxious friend alone watching by the bed side. She moved and said, "My Redeemer liveth!" and, attempting to turn herself, repeated, "My Redeemer liveth! O praise him; praise the name of the Lord Jesus! He hath delivered my soul from death,—redeemed my soul from destruction! O send for Mr. —, and for Mrs. —, and tell them what the Lord has done. He is the God of salvation; and he is *my* God." Her mother's footsteps were soon directed towards the changed scene, feasting her astonished eyes on her redeemed child. Fanny said, "O mother, why do you weep? My soul is redeemed from hell; my sins are blotted out by the blood of Christ! Sing, mother, and let us extol his name together." The mother replied, "O my dear, I am weeping for joy." "Yes, mother; that's right; yes, for joy." Here she clasped her hands together, and repeated in an ecstasy,—

“Christ is mine, and I am his;
Centre, source, and sum of bliss;
Earth and hell in vain combine
Me and Jesus to disjoin.

“Thou my fortress art and tower;
Having thee I want no more.
Strong in thy full strength I stand;
None can pluck me from thy hand.”

I visited her about 2 o'clock; and O what a change! She hailed my approach with a smile of supernatural welcome; and O how bright those eyes, how cheerful that countenance, which only a few hours before were dim and gloomy. Here I saw the soul that had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, now carrying a sheaf of glory, and waving an offering of praise to our redeeming God. “O!” she exclaimed, “the Lord liveth! My Jesus has come. You said he would; but, O, I could not believe you; but I do believe *Him*. He is *here*! O, Christ is my Saviour! O mother,” she said, “I am only seventeen, and redeemed by blood. Ah, mother, many hundreds, yes, thousands, must suffer more than I, and be damned after all. O, God is my salvation.”

Having seen this, I left her and returned in the evening. In my absence she said many glorious things. She sang repeatedly,—

“Yes; I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.”

All who saw her were astonished. I called about 9 in the evening, and found her still standing firm on Christ, the Rock of ages. Clasp- ing her hands firmly together, she exclaimed, “O precious Christ! Come, Lord Jesus, come and take me.” I said, “Fanny, he will come at the right time; his time is best.” “Yes,” she said, “his time is best; but, bless him, I want him to come; I want to fly to his arms. O he has redeemed me.” She beckoned me to her; put her hand to my face, and said, “O I do love the Lord’s people, because they are Christ’s, bought with his blood. O preach Jesus to them, and pray for them! They are safe; and I am safe; none can pluck me from him; neither sin, nor death, nor hell. O this great salvation!” She said, “If I were to live, I would become a member of the church; but, O no, the church above, the church above, I am going to join.” I said, “Would you not wish to live a little longer here on earth?” “O no,” she replied; “what is earth to me? What are pearls, gems, diadems, crowns, worlds? Nothing but Christ for me. Though I am deaf, and cannot hear, (her disease caused deaf- ness,) I can see as well as any of you, and I can see Jesus, my Sa- viour, by faith. O the tempter!” she said, “he is trying me again; but what can his power do when Jesus is here? Let him come and try his strength; if he come when death comes, Christ is my strength.” Here she sang out these words:

“I’ll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures."

And I sung the piece with her to the end, and found it good. After this, she said to me, "I hope you will bury me; and when you do, tell the Lord's people to look to the Lord, to seek instruction from him, and he will give them all things they need; and tell the Sunday scholars to read the Bible, and do as they are told. But," she added, "poor things, what can they do? They can do nothing; they are ignorant, and they do not know it. O the Lord's mercies to me! What shall I do my Saviour to praise? O that death might come and draw his grey hand over my brow, and dim these eyes. I can smile at death, and say, Victory over him." I now took my final farewell of her, and in sweet confidence left her, fully satisfied that the Lord was her Shepherd. She said to her mother, "To-morrow my body will be dead, and laid on this bed, and you looking at it, and others looking at it; and my soul will be in glory, basking in his arms."

The friend in attendance during the night, wished to move her a little for ease, when she said, "Do you think it will prolong my life?" He replied, "No." She said, "If you think it will, do not move me." Then she said, "Lord, thou hast granted me one great favor; and, Lord, now I want another; and that, is, that thou, O Lord, wilt take me to thyself this night."

The medical gentleman in attendance called after the Lord, the great Physician, had been. She looked at him, and said, "O Sir, I am past your skill. Christ is my Saviour. *He is my Physician*;" and she so opened her mind to him, that he was obliged to turn his face to the wall, as many others had done.

The night passed over in praying, and praising, and holding communion with the Lord Jesus. She said to her mother, "O mother, these feeble knees, and these poor aching arms, and this poor chest of mine, and this head,—now mind, mother, they shall be like him on the morning of the glorious resurrection." Being much distressed with a pain in the side, she said, "If this pain come suddenly, so that I cannot speak when death comes, I will fix my arms like this, (showing the position,) and I shall move my hands, that you may know that the Lord is in my soul." During the night, she sang parts of several hymns, and all the 483rd. She sang till her voice could scarcely be heard. It brings to my mind those wondrous words, "And again they sang, Hallelujah!" She did, indeed, begin the song of the redeemed on earth. The joys of her soul were such at times, that with uplifted hands and stretched out arms, she almost rose from the bed in holy ecstasy.

"No human aid could work this change,
Or give despairing guilt this peace;
'Tis God's own work, to nature strange,
And proves itself the work of grace."

She sung with astonishing pleasure,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

And the whole of hymn 474 was sung by her again and again with sweet delight.

Towards morning, Wednesday, the 17th of January, she became more quiet. The body sank; strength failed; and at 7 o'clock she breathed her last, without a struggle, or even a sigh.

Thus died Fanny Batley, a plant of God's right hand planting.

"The bud just opened on this gloomy west,
And saw this dreary desert as it past."

Manchester.

A. B. T.

The best way to administer to the soul an antidote against sin, is to represent it to the mind in its true nature and tendency. The hiding of these was the way whereby sin first entered into the world. Thereby did Satan draw our first parents into their transgression; hiding from them the nature and end of their sin, he ensnared and seduced them. In the same way and method does he still proceed. This caused our apostle to rend off the coverings and vain pretences which the Hebrews were ready to put upon their sin of re-liniquishing the gospel; he presents it naked to them, as a fatal defection and apostacy from the living God; and therein gives them also to understand its end.—*Owen*.

It may be matter of great and sad doubt with you whether you do indeed belong to God; and all the work of his blessed Spirit may be so veiled and shaded in the soul that the peculiar characters by which the hand of that sacred agent might be distinguished, shall be in a great measure lost; and you may be ready to imagine you have only deluded yourself in all the former hopes you have entertained. In consequence of this, those ordinances in which you now rejoice, may grow very uncomfortable to you, even when you do indeed desire communion with God in them. You may hear the most delightful evangelical truths opened; you may hear the privileges of God's children most affectionately represented, and not be aware that you have any part or lot in the matter; and from that very coldness and insensibility may be drawing a further argument, that you have nothing to do with them. And then your heart may "meditate terror;" (Isa. xxxiii. 18;) and under the distress that overwhelms you, your dearest enjoyments may be reflected upon as adding to the weight of it, and making it more sensible, while you consider that you had once such a taste for these things and have now lost it all. So that, perhaps, it may seem to you that they who never felt anything at all of religious impressions are happier than you, or, at least, are less miserable. You may, perhaps, in these melancholy hours even doubt whether you have ever prayed at all, and whether all that you called your enjoyment of God were not some false delight, excited by the great enemy of souls, to make you apprehend that your state was good, that so you might continue his more secure prey.—*Doddridge*.

REVIEW.

An Exposition of the Old and New Testaments. By John Gill, D.D.
In six vols., royal 8vo. London: Collingridge. Price £3 18s.

We have so fully on a former occasion* given our views upon Commentaries in general, and upon Dr. Gill's Commentary in particular, that we need not here repeat them. But as the Editor of the present edition has, in the face of most arduous and numerous difficulties, been favored with health, strength, and perseverance to surmount them all, and to bring his laborious undertaking to a successful termination, a few words from us by way of supplement to the remarks which then dropped from our pen may perhaps not be deemed out of place.

For a sound, consistent, scriptural exposition of the word of God, no commentary, we believe, in any language can be compared with Dr. Gill's. There may be commentaries on individual books of Scripture, such as Vitringa on Isaiah, Venema on the Psalms, Alting on Jeremiah, Caryl on Job, Lampe on John, Luther on the Galatians, Owen on the Hebrews, Mede on the Revelation, which may surpass Dr. Gill's in depth of research and fulness of exposition; and the great work from which Poole compiled his Synopsis may be more suitable to scholars and divines, as bringing together into one focus all the learning of those eminent men who in the 16th century devoted days and nights to the study and interpretation of the word of God. But for English readers there is no commentary equal to Dr. Gill's. His alone of all we have seen is based upon consistent, harmonious views of divine truth, without turning aside to the right hand or the left. It is said of the late Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, that his plan of preaching was, if he had what is called an Arminian text, to preach from it Arminianism, and if he took a Calvinistic text, to preach from it Calvinism. Not so Dr. Gill. He knew nothing about Arminian texts, or Arminian interpretations. He believed that the Scripture, as an inspired revelation from God, must be harmonious and consistent with itself, and that no two passages could so contradict each other as the doctrines of free will contradict the doctrines of grace. The exhortation of the apostle is, "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith." (Rom. xii. 6.) This apostolic rule was closely followed by Dr. Gill. "The proportion," or as the word literally means, "analogy of faith," was his rule and guide in interpreting the Scripture; and, therefore, as all his explanations were modelled according to the beautiful proportions of divine truth as received by faith, so every view disproportionate to the same harmonious plan was rejected by him as God-dishonoring, inconsistent, and contradictory. It is this sound, consistent, harmonious interpretation of divine truth which has stamped a peculiar weight and value on Dr. Gill's Commentary, such as no other exposition of the whole Scripture possesses.

* See the "Gospel Standard" for February and March, 1852, p.p. 65 and 96.

But besides this indispensable qualification, it has other excellent qualities. 1. An interpreter of the word of God should have a deep and well-grounded *knowledge of the languages* in which the Scriptures were originally written. This Dr. Gill undoubtedly possessed. His knowledge of Hebrew, in particular, was deep and accurate, and his acquaintance with the Rabbinical writers, that is, the Jewish expositors of the Old Testament, was nearly unparalleled. Indeed, he has almost overlaid his Commentary too much with his vast and almost cumbrous Rabbinical learning, and seems to have given it more place and attached to it more value than it really deserves.

2. Another striking and admirable feature of this Commentary is, *the condensation of thought and expression* throughout. Dr. Gill possessed a rare and valuable gift,—that of *packing*. He will sometimes give four or five explanations of a difficult passage; but his words are so few and well-chosen, and the meaning so condensed, that he will pack in three or four lines what most writers would swell to half a page, and then not be half so full, clear, or determinate. His Commentary has thus become full of ideas and germs of thought, which, by the by, has made it such a storehouse for parsonic thieves; for the Doctor has in half a dozen lines furnished many a sermon with all the ideas it ever had worth a straw, and has given the two or three grains of gold which, under the pulpit hammer, have been beaten out to last an hour.

3. Another striking feature, in our judgment, of this admirable Commentary is the *sound sense and great fairness of interpretation* which pervade it. Dr. Gill possessed that priceless gift, a sound, sober mind. His judgment in divine things was not only clear and decisive, but eminently characterised by solidity and sobriety. This preserved him from all wild, enthusiastic flights of imagination, as well as from that strong temptation of experimental writers and preachers,—fanciful interpretation. He never runs a figure out of breath, nor hunts a type to death; nor does he find deep mysteries in “nine and twenty knives,” or Satan bestriding the old man of sin in Balaam and his ass.

4. The *fitness* of the Commentary is another noticeable feature in Dr. Gill's Exposition. Most commentators skip over all the difficult passages. They bring you very nicely and comfortably over all the smooth ground; but just as you come to the marsh and the bog, where a few stepping stones and a friendly hand to help you over them would be acceptable, where is your companion? Gone. Lost himself, perhaps, in the bog; at any rate, not at hand to render any help. And where are the stepping stones he promised to put down? There is hardly one to be seen; or, if there be an attempt at any, they are too small, few, or wide apart to be of the least service. To one who has any insight into the word of truth, how empty, meagre, and unsatisfactory are nearly all commentaries. The really difficult passages are skipped over, or by confused attempts at explanation made more difficult than before. Their views of doctrine are confused or contradictory. The sweet vein of experience in the word

is never touched upon, or brought to light; and even the letter of truth is garbled and mangled, or watered and diluted, till it is made to mean just nothing at all, or the very opposite of the sacred writer's meaning. As dry as a chip, and as hard, stale, and tasteless as a forgotten crust in a corner, these miserable and abortive attempts at opening up the sacred word of God, instead of feeding you with honey out of the rock, will drain away every drop of life and feeling out of your soul, and leave you as barren and empty as if you had been attending a Ranters' camp meeting, or hearing the trial sermon of a Cheshunt student, as fresh from his theological tutor's hand as his new gown. With all their learning, and with all their labor, they are as destitute of dew as the mountains of Gilboa; of life, as the Dead Sea; of unction and savor, as the shoes of the Gibeonites; and of power and profit, as the rocks of Sinai.

5. There is at times a *savor and sweetness* in the Commentary of Dr. Gill which forms a striking contrast to these heaps of dead leaves. And this gives the crowning value to his exposition of the Scriptures.

The edition before us does Mr. Doudney much credit. It is a monument of energy and industry overcoming almost insuperable obstacles.* It would be absurd to compare its execution, as some have done, to a work brought out with all the beauty of a London house. Neither in paper, type, ink, or general finish, can it compete with the exquisite productions of the London press. But then there would have been London price,—probably double the cost of Mr. Doudney's edition. Great pains have evidently been taken with the proof sheets to ensure accuracy, and with corresponding success. To say we have detected no mistakes would be untrue; but they are chiefly such as Hebrew and Greek letters of almost similar form interchanged, which, especially in composers' type, are most liable to deceive any but a well-practised eye, or a Latin word misspelt,—matters of no consequence to the great bulk of readers. The English part is remarkably accurate, and more free from errata than many more expensive works and of greater finish and execution. Mr. Doudney had, we know, skilful London compositors and pressmen; but much of the work was done by Irish boys† whose

* Without knowing Ireland, it is impossible to enter into these difficulties. The poverty of the country, the lazy, shiftless, procrastinating, do-nothing character of the people, the bitter opposition of the priests, the hatred of England and Englishmen pervading the peasantry, the power and influence of Ribandism, striking terror and dismay into every cabin, and assassinating the victims of its secret decrees without pity or help, are things unknown in England, but frightful realities across the Channel. The word of God is the special abhorrence of the priesthood; and therefore it required great courage in Mr. Doudney to begin, carry on, and finish a commentary upon it in the face of opposition enough to dismay any but those who make God their strength.

† The quickness and dexterity of the Irish boys are very great, and far surpass that of England's clodhopping ploughboys. At the time of the great trigonometrical survey of Ireland, the officers were able to get the triangles calculated, a task requiring great knowledge of figures and perfect accuracy of calculation, in the Irish schools, at the cost of a halfpenny a triangle. The

fingers were more used to pick up potatoes than types, and carry turf than a form. It is most pleasing to think that whilst these boys were instrumentally aiding in the good work, they were learning a remunerative occupation, and passing from the miserable condition of the downtrodden Irish peasant into that of a skilled workman, able to carry his accomplishment, learnt in the Industrial School at Bonmahon, into a London establishment, or to the ends of the earth in gold-bearing Australia.

Upon these grounds, then, spiritual and temporal, we congratulate Mr. Doudney on the completion of the work; and, knowing the amazing amount of labor, anxiety, and expense it must have cost him, sincerely wish not only that he may see the blessing of God resting on the work of his hands, but be delivered also from any pecuniary loss attending so great an undertaking.

Apocalyptic Sketches. By Dr. Cumming. First Series. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 9s.

Signs of the Times. The Moslem and his End; the Christian and his Hope. By Dr. Cumming. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 1s. 6d.

The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Price 6d.

That we are on the eve of an eventful crisis in the history of the world, if not already entered upon it, and that there looms in the distant horizon a dark cloud which threatens to burst upon and perhaps deluge the whole of civilised Europe, appears to be an almost universal impression. A peace of 39 years' duration, which many fondly hoped would be handed down as a heritage to our children's children, has almost abruptly come to a close, and we, as a nation, are now standing face to face with grim-visaged war, that fearful fruit of the fall, that insatiable monster of destruction, at whose gory shrine millions have been immolated, and who, before the autumn leaves fall, will probably have drunk large draughts of the life-blood of our gallant countrymen. Politics are not admissible into our pages, and we shall therefore not dwell upon this feature of the subject; but it is next to impossible to remain insensible to those passing events which now stir well-nigh every heart, and which sound in our ears as the first roll of thunder in the distant cloud, the first large drops of the impending storm.

It has almost passed into a proverb that coming events cast their shadows before them; and changes of great magnitude have rarely occurred in the church or in the world without premonitory symptoms so plain and evident that he who runs may read them. If we may so speak without irreverence, God does nothing in a hurry. His plans and purposes are indeed all laid down in his own eternal

sums were, of course, properly set and stated, but their working out required great labor and many rows of figures, the slightest error in any one of which would not only vitiate the single sum, but might affect the whole result to such a degree as to render the rest of the work worthless, and the expense, amounting to hundreds of thousands, utterly wasted.

mind with infinite wisdom; but they are for the most part slowly and gradually evolved in a series of events which, however seemingly disjointed and unconnected, are still linked together in a chain of predestinated order. These links, like those of a chain cable when the anchor is heaved from its sandy bed, emerge from time to time out of the deep sea of God's providence, and glisten before our eyes, obscured perhaps for a moment by the spray still dashing over them, but gleaming as they rise in the rays of the sun which breaks forth upon them. Some such links are appearing now on the shores of the Black Sea and by the waters of the Danube, announcing, as they successively rise, that the great chain is in movement, that the anchor will soon be at the bow, and the ship under weigh. Thus we may be pretty well certain that the general persuasion, both in the church and in the world, that events of surpassing importance are at hand, is in itself an evidence of an impending crisis.

It is this impression which has directed the thoughts of many to the prophetic portions of the Scripture, to see if haply they may find in that inspired chart any indications of the present and future position of the church. As the Lords of the Admiralty have provided our fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea with charts to direct their course, marking out the navigable channel, pointing out the rocks and shoals, and giving the bearings and general features of every headland, defining thereby the position of every ship, so has the Lord given to the ship of the church the chart of prophecy, that she may from time to time know her position on the storm-tossed sea of time. Over this chart many eyes are at present bending, to see how far advanced the church now is on her destined course, and whether the harbor is in sight.

There is, we know, in the mind of many experimental preachers and writers a prejudice against the whole subject of unfulfilled prophecy. The cause of this is not difficult to ascertain. They have seen how many notional professors have made a little smattering of unfulfilled prophecy and a letter faith in the latter-day glory a substitute for the teachings of the Blessed Spirit in the soul. They have also seen how ministers who once promised well have been drawn aside by the study of prophecy from the line of vital experience into dead and dry speculations, and instead of feeding the church of God with what they themselves have felt, tasted, and handled of the word of life, set before them the fruit only of their studious brain, which indeed may inform the judgment but only starves the soul. They feel also that the choice of the flock, the most tried and tempted, as well as the most blessed and favored of the living family, especially the poor in this world's goods, are willingly strangers to this speculative knowledge, and have proved and are daily proving that there is nothing in it to bless their souls, comfort their hearts, subdue their sins, deliver them out of temptation, break to pieces their snares, or make Christ precious. All this we see and feel, and have seen and felt for years, and can sincerely and honestly say that the study of unfulfilled prophecy in the bare letter, as distinct from the sweet vein of spiritual experience hidden

in it,—which, by the by, these professors never see,—has never communicated a grain of divine comfort to our heart, and has never been made the least blessing to our soul in a way of sensible communication.

We do not say that it has not been blessed to others. There are those whom we believe to be children of God who have told us that they have found the subject truly profitable to them, and have felt their hearts stirred up, and their affections sensibly loosened from the things of time and sense, by anticipating the near approach of Christ's Second Coming. Thus, others may have found a blessing in it which we may not. But we must acknowledge that we have taken and still do take much interest in it; and this may be the case with others of our readers. It must be acknowledged that there are many subjects of interest to the church of God apart from personal experience. That is indeed the grand point, the indispensable thing, without which all knowledge is speculative, barren, and worthless; but we may be allowed sometimes to look out of our own immediate circle of individual experience and cast a glance at the hopes and expectations of the church. These things do not clash. In the same way as members of a gospel church, besides their own personal sorrows and joys, are called upon and sometimes are enabled to "weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice," who are bound up in the bond of Christian fellowship with themselves, so may the members of Christ's mystical body sorrow and rejoice with the sufferings and hopes of the church at large.

It has therefore struck our mind that, under present circumstances, a few thoughts on the subject may not be unacceptable nor unprofitable. In so doing, however, it is our desire and intention not to enter into points of controversy, nor lay down any dogmatic opinions on a subject so open to dispute, but simply sketch out such general features as may seem most accordant with the grand outline of revealed truth.

Geography and chronology have been called the two eyes of history, meaning evidently thereby that, unless we are accurately informed of the *place* where and the *time* when an historical event took place, both narrative and reader are left in equal blindness as to the circumstances narrated. Thus in prophecy—which is history anticipated,* a narrative of events before they take place—we want these two eyes, the where and the when, the place and the date of the predicted transactions. These two beaming eyes, lighting up the face of prophecy and giving it form and feature, God has mercifully granted us. In the book of Daniel and in the Revelation of

* The prophecies of Daniel are so clear and exact that ancient and modern infidels have asserted they were written after the events foretold. But as the ancient father (Jerome) observes, who has recorded the objection, "this method of opposing the prophecies is the strongest testimony of their truth. For they were fulfilled with such exactness that to infidels the prophets seemed not to have foretold things future, but to have related things past."

John, we have clearly marked out the geography and the chronology, the places where and the times when the events predicted shall be accomplished.

In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as interpreted by Daniel, we have the first prophetic chart traced out by the finger of God; and this, though for the most part in broad and dim outline, maps out not only the scene of the predicted events, which we may briefly call the whole geographical extent of the ancient Roman Empire, but the chronology also, by giving us a series of four successive empires, and thus embracing a period from the days of Nebuchadnezzar, who lived about 600 years before Christ, down to the close of the present dispensation. Upon the main features of the great Image which troubled the dreams of the mighty King of Babylon we need not dwell, more particularly as the sermon of Mr. Huntington in our last No. entered sufficiently into it. Be it enough to say that the Image is now standing upon its feet, part of iron and part of clay, awaiting the stroke of the Stone cut out without hands, which is to fall upon the ten toes, break them to pieces, and make the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors. The ten toes are evidently the ten kingdoms into which the old Roman Empire, symbolised by the legs of iron, was divided. It may be difficult exactly to define these ten kingdoms and point out their present position. The author of "The Coming Struggle" has labored, though we think with very indifferent success, to show that England is not one of the ten kingdoms; and Dr. Cumming seems to think that Great Britain is spoken of as having fallen away from the Apocalyptic Beast when it separated from Rome at the Reformation, and therefore, we presume, believes it will be exempt from her plagues. But it is most evident that Britain was a part of the Roman Empire, and that the ten kingdoms are to be in existence when the stone descends upon them. How, then, England can be exempt from the blow of the stone we cannot see. The writer of "The Coming Struggle" talks, indeed, in great swelling words of "its not being possible to reconcile the past history of Anglo-Saxon progression, of which England has been the mover and sustainer, with sudden and complete destruction; and that the very thought is a libel on the eternal law of development and the wisdom of the moral government." But what has Anglo-Saxon progress to do with the kingdom of Christ? All the skill and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, with all the boasted progress of improvement in money getting and money spending, is but a part of that wisdom of the world which is foolishness with God. Plate-glass shop-fronts and electric telegraphs, screw ships of war and Minié rifles, excursion trains and remodelled universities and corporations, with a free press, a constitutional government, and a universal education to boot, are only at the best the product of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God. And how these mere earthly inventions and institutions can stave off the wrath of the Lamb against a hypocritical nation, and prepare the way for his second advent is, indeed, a mystery which may well puzzle the wisest head that ever

grew on Anglo-Saxon shoulders to reconcile with the word of truth. The whole idea is of American origin, and is one of those miserable importations from the other side of the Atlantic which are fast corrupting our religious literature.

But to return to our subject. The vision of the four beasts (Dan. vii.) takes up and expands the same outline of prophetic narrative as the great Image in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. The "beast like a lion, with eagles' wings," corresponds to the golden head of the Image, and represents the Babylonian kingdom which was destroyed under Belshazzar, 536 Before Christ. The beast like to a bear corresponds to the silver arms and breast of the Image, and symbolises the empire of the Medes and Persians, which lasted about 200 years, and was dissolved by Alexander the Great, about 331 B.C. The third beast "like a leopard, with four heads and four wings," corresponds to the brazen belly and thighs of the Image, and symbolises the Macedonian or Grecian empire, commencing with Alexander the Great and embracing his successors until destroyed by the Romans about 168 B.C. The fourth and last beast, "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, with great iron teeth," corresponds to the iron legs and feet of the Image, and symbolises the Roman Empire. This beast had ten horns, which correspond to the ten toes of the Image, and are usually considered to represent the ten kingdoms into which the Roman empire was divided when broken up by the northern nations.

It is this last phase of prophetic revelation which possesses most interest for us, and to that, therefore, we must confine ourselves.

Two questions seem to arise, and to concentrate in themselves our present hopes and fears. *First*, where are we *now* on the chart of prophecy? *Secondly*, what are we *to expect* as shortly to come to pass?

In answering these questions, we shall not speak positively or authoritatively, but merely declare our opinion, as gathered from the Scriptures of truth.

I. First, then, where are we at this present crisis? What is the latitude and longitude of the ship of the church? It would take us too much out of our way to analyse the streams of prophetic history, as flowing downward to our times, in the Book of Daniel and of the Revelation. We will therefore confine ourselves to that portion of it which seems to have a special bearing upon the present crisis. In Rev. xvi., we have an account of seven angels being commissioned to pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. The first six of these vials, according to the opinion of the best writers on the subject, have been already poured out. There may be some doubt as to the precise periods of the pouring out of the five first vials,* but of the sixth there can be none. It is therefore to this vial and the succeeding one, the seventh, that we desire to

* According to Dr. Cumming, the first vial was poured out at the French Revolution, in 1789; the second, in 1793; the third, about 1800; the fourth, about 1806; and the fifth, from 1793 down to 1815.

draw our readers' attention. "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared." There are three circumstances attending the pouring out of this vial which demand particular notice, as bearing upon present events:

1. The place where the vial is poured.
2. The effect produced.
3. The way thereby made.

1. The place where this vial is poured is the great river Euphrates. If we refer to Rev. ix., we shall see that this river symbolises the Turkish empire: "And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God, saying to the sixth angel, which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men." (Rev. ix. 13-15.) There can hardly be a doubt that the sixth trumpet prophesies the irruption of the Turks from across the river Euphrates. Dr. Gill, Bishop Newton, Dr. Cumming, and we believe nearly every commentator on the Revelation agree on this point; and, indeed, the description is too plain and clear to admit of doubt. Thus the river Euphrates is the symbol of the Turkish empire. Now upon this river the sixth vial is poured, most evidently pointing out the seat of God's judgments. This vial was poured out about 1820, when Ali Pacha lifted up the standard of revolt against the Sultan, and has been going on ever since, and will go on till the Turkish empire, at least in Europe, dies of decay and exhaustion. The author of "The Coming Struggle" has thus summed up the effects of the sixth vial:

"It will suffice if we make the reader understand where we are at present. We are, then, under the sixth vial. The gold, silver, and brass of Nebuchadnezzar's image have passed away; three of Daniel's beasts have departed; and John's seals have been opened, his trumpets have been sounded, and five of his vials have been poured. By turning to the 12th verse of the 16th chapter of Revelation, the reader will find a description of the present, or sixth vial. It was to be poured out on the Euphrates, or the Turkish Empire, and began in 1820, when the Greeks rebelled against the Sultan, and established a new kingdom. From that time Turkey has been subjected to incessant warfare with neighboring powers, distraction and strife from civil rebellions, and ravaging pestilences from the hand of God. Six years after the successful revolt of the Greeks, the Janissaries attempted to follow their example; but their insurrection was repressed, and by the despot's command, thousands of them were butchered. The next year she lost 110 ships in the battle of Navarino; and in the following season had to sustain a double conflict, in a Russian war and an Albanian insurrection. Then followed a ten years' war with France respecting Algeria, which resulted in the loss of that province and its annexation to the latter kingdom. In 1839, Egypt and Syria were taken by Mehemet Ali; and this led to sanguinary and bloody strife in that direction. Besides these reverses at the hand of man, the country was scourged with cholera and plague for eleven years; and thus wasted and weakened, she is in daily fear of being totally overthrown by a foreign power."

2. The effect of the pouring out of the sixth vial is as remarkable as its seat: "The water of the river was dried up." No symbol of

the decay of a mighty empire could be more accurate than the drying up of a vast river. The process especially marks what has befallen the Turkish empire. It was once a mighty river, and by successive overflows inundated the fairest portions of the earth. A glance at the map will show us the former extent of this empire, and what a vast region it embraced, comprising all the ancient seats of civilisation and power, which it has reduced to desolation and barbarism. But this mighty river is fast drying up. The emblem is most expressive of what is passing under our eyes. The drying up of a river under the scorching rays of the sun, is slow, gradual, and progressive. The stream is not suddenly cut off and turned into another channel, but, losing its waters, ceases to inundate the neighboring lands, and diminishes to a sluggish current, hardly able to struggle onwards or overcome the least obstacle that obstructs its course.

By the Kings of the East the Author of "The Coming Struggle" understands the English power in India, but it seems more agreeable to the tenor of God's word to refer it to the Jews and their return to their own land. Events seem tending that way. It is said, that the Sultan has put Palestine into the hands of Rothschild, the great Jew banker, as a security for a loan advanced by him. If this be true, it is the most remarkable circumstance as affecting the Jewish return to their own land which has occurred for centuries. The hope of this return beats in the heart of every Jew, and the prospect of it has tended more than anything else to maintain them a separate nation. The Jew has been dispersed all over the earth, persecuted, imprisoned, plundered, burnt; but he has never lost his nationality. He has become sunk and degraded to the lowest depth of infamy and shame, so that his name has been for ages a by-word among the nations. He is a blasphemer of Christ, a hater of the light, and lives without God or hope in the world. But he is a Jew still, and though utterly destitute of living faith, believes that God spake by the prophets, and that the prophecies of his restoration to the Holy Land will be literally fulfilled.

The restoration of the Jews to their own land, seems to us as clearly revealed as their dispersion. To quote the passages which promise this restoration would fill pages. We will therefore content ourselves with one: "And it shall come to pass, when all these things are come upon thee, the blessing and the curse, which I have set before thee, and thou shalt call them to mind among all the nations, whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee, and shalt return unto the Lord thy God, and shalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy soul; that then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations, whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee. If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee; and the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it;

and he will do thee good, and multiply thee above thy fathers." (Deut. xxx. 1-5.)

It seems evident from the words, "that the way of the kings of the east may be prepared," that there will be a gradual preparation for their return, and that it will come to pass not as a sudden miracle or unexpected event, but will take place as a matter long anticipated.

At this point we pause, hoping to resume the thread of our subject in a future number; merely adding, that those who expect to reap any instruction from "The Coming Struggle" will be disappointed, as, in spite of its taking title, amazing circulation, (the edition before us is the hundredth thousand,) and bold assertions, it is without exception the wildest, most visionary, absurd, and extravagant work on the subject that has ever come under our eye.

POETRY.

AN ACROSTIC.

By I. M. U.

"M ary, you lie and sob, and grieve,
A nd fear, and doubt, but can't believe;
R ich, free, and sov'reign grace in view,
Y et meant for others, not for you.
"D o not despair; Christ died for you."
"O do you think so?" "Yes, I do.
W hy else that groan? Why else that sigh?
N or aught but Christ can satisfy.
A nd where's your hope? I know you'll own
R ich, free, and sov'reign grace alone.
D epend on this; the work is done."

This person was afflicted many years in body and mind; but the writer was a true prophet. She died in sweet peace.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY MR. HUNTINGTON IN A BIBLE NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF
A FRIEND IN LONDON.

The soul that deigns in this to look,
If he regard and love the book,
He must not yield to reason's plea;
The Saviour keeps the master-key.
'Tis vain with truth to dare to strive;
Can truth divine submit to man?
God's counsel shall for ever stand.

Elijah, not being able to abide these terrors of the law, which by these things are signified, covered his face with his mantle. Notwithstanding, when the tempest ceased, of which he was a beholder, there came a soft and a gracious wind, in the which the Lord was. But it behoved that the tempest of fire, of wind, and the earthquake should pass, before the Lord should reveal himself in that gracious wind.—*Luther.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 222.

JUNE, 1854.

VOL. XX.

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY MR. KERSHAW, ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 22ND,
1853, IN ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET, WHITECHAPEL.

(Concluded from page 140.)

Again, *None have a right to the ordinance of baptism unless they are made partakers of the Holy Ghost.* Every elect vessel of mercy in regeneration is made a partaker of the Holy Ghost: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you?" O that the Lord would enable his unworthy servant to say a very few words upon the marks and evidences of those that have the Holy Ghost! If we have the Holy Ghost dwelling and working in us, and teaching us, we see and feel our lost, ruined, helpless state and condition. Now, as this is an evidence, my conscience bears me witness that I have this evidence of being a partaker of the Holy Ghost, and have had it for the last forty years. Have you got this evidence? Then there is another evidence. If we are saved, it must be owing to the covenant engagements of Christ, through the incarnation of Christ, who came into the world to save the chief of sinners, through the justifying righteousness of Christ, through the atoning sacrifice of Christ, through the resurrection of Christ, who was "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification," through the ascension of Christ, and by virtue of our union to Christ, pleading our cause above. Now, we bring one portion of God's word to crown these remarks: "Jesus is able to save to the uttermost." Do you believe it? Is it precious to your souls? "Able to save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by him." Lost, to be saved; naked, to be clothed; filthy, to be washed in his blood; weak, to be strengthened; ignorant, to be instructed;—"able to save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Now every man (I do not care to what sect, or party, or denomination he belongs) who is a partaker of the Holy Ghost, is made to cleave to the Person of Christ, and to the efficacy of his blood and righteousness, with a full purpose of heart, with Paul's determination to know nothing but "Christ, and him crucified." Where these feelings are, the Holy Ghost has produced them. "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?"

Some years ago our church was in a great difficulty about receiving a young girl, 16 years of age, who had been brought up amongst us. Her father was a member, and she had been in a Sunday school. She intimated to her friends what was on her mind; but the visitors who waited upon her did not give her any encouragement, knowing the slippery path of youth, especially in some of the northern districts, where some who had come into church from the Sunday school brought disgrace and reproach upon the cause of religion. We tried to put her off, and asked her to wait a year or two, and see how things went on. She told us what she felt of her own sinfulness and wickedness, and of her need of Jesus Christ. When I talked to her about being put off, she said, "Well, parson," (for that is what they generally call me,) "if you think I have not received the Holy Ghost, to make me acquainted with my sin and my need of Jesus Christ, you may put me back; but if you think I have been made a partaker of the Holy Ghost, and am taught by him, as I trust I am, then does it not say, 'Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?'" The church was completely locked fast; the father wept; and we all said, with one voice, "Jane must be baptized." Ah! my friends, where the Holy Ghost dwells in the heart, who can forbid water, that they should not be baptized?

II. Now, let me say a word as to the *command itself*: "And he commanded that they should be baptized in the name of the Lord." Now, this command was given by Peter; but it is the command of the Master; Peter and his brethren received it from Christ Jesus, the great Head of the church, the King of kings and Lord of lords. And so the Lord speaks from the pulpit to-night by his ministering servant, commanding every precious soul who has received the Holy Ghost, to come forward, if he have not already done so, and be baptized in the name of the Lord. O that the Lord would carry the command home into some of your hearts! I told you this morning that I had been coming here 21 years or thereabouts; and there are some individuals among you who have been coming for 20 or 21 years, individuals who, I believe, love the Lord Jesus Christ, and see and feel their need of him and his salvation. Have all my friends who love my Lord and Master obeyed his command? Have you all obeyed it? It is just the same at home. Last September I baptized an old friend of mine, (whom I had known 40 years,) in his 71st year; and the dear man of God was under the necessity of coming forward because he could stay no longer. O that the Lord would lay this with a solemn weight upon the consciences of such as love him! The Saviour says to them, "If ye love me, keep my commandments; thus shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye do whatsoever I command you." "If I am your Lord and Master, where is your fear, and reverence, and honor of me, if you live in disobedience to my command?" O Lord, may thy Spirit come with power into the minds of these thy children, and may they be led to put on Christ by an open profession of his name by baptism!

It may be needful, by way of conclusion, to inquire a little *what is meant by being baptized*: "And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." Baptism, when applied to Christ, the great Head of the church, means his solemn and awful sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane, and on Calvary's cross. Hear his language: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." He alludes to his overwhelming sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane, and on the cross of Calvary, when his garment, or vesture, was dipped in his own blood; as Dr. Watts sings,

"Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed ——"

(*Sprinkling* would be a very imperfect emblem to set forth the overwhelming sufferings of the incarnate God,)

"Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While, all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood."

And shall we be ashamed to be baptized in water, when we take a view of our Master being baptized for our sins in his own blood? Again, baptism, in reference to Christ, sets forth his death and burial. We are said to be buried with Christ by baptism, and to be baptized into his death. When Jesus had died for our sins, his body was taken down from the cross, and laid in the sepulchre; and the angel said, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," pointing to the grave and the tomb. Now I can say to this congregation to-night, typically, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," (pointing to the baptism.) The burial of Christ, then, is set forth by this ordinance, and also the resurrection of Christ from the dead: "If ye, then, be risen with Christ;" "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

My friends, the ordinance of baptism, in reference to the church of God, sets forth something of an experimental character very strikingly. And what is that? In the first place, as baptism is a burial, it is not according to things to bury any one until he is dead. No living person is put into the grave and buried. Now, in like manner, no poor sinner has a right to the ordinance of baptism until he is dead. I speak not of the death of the body. Of what death, then, do I speak? That death of which the apostle speaks: "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." It is the soul that is dead to the law, dead to all hope of salvation and justification by works of righteousness. Are you dead, my friends? If you are not dead in this sense, you have no right to the ordinances of God's house; the command does not belong to you. About 18 years ago, as far as I recollect, when I was laboring amongst you, I had the ordinance of baptism to administer on a Thursday night. I met an aged pilgrim in a narrow passage, quite unexpectedly; and having shaken hands with me, he said, "I hear you are going to

baptize before you leave the town." "Yes," said I, "I am; on Thursday night." Then, in a rather sharp and hurried manner, he said, "Well, Sir, are you going to baptize the dead or the living?" The question came to me in a rather novel form, and I was for the moment at a loss for an answer. After a short pause, however, I saw the old man's design; and I said, "I hope I am going to baptize both the living and the dead. They are dead to all hope of saving themselves by works of righteousness; they are alive to God by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." "Go on, Kershaw," said the old man, "baptize dead and living, and God will bless you." My dear friends, if we are dead and living in this sense, the ordinance of baptism and all the privileges of God's house belong to us. In the believer being baptized, he shows to the world and the church that he is dead to the world's follies and vanities, dead to all hope of saving himself; that his spiritual life is hid with Christ in God; and that he wishes to live the rest of his days to the honor of the great Jehovah, and to follow the Lamb whithersoever the Lamb goes. Christ, we read, went into the river Jordan, and was there baptized of John; and the believing soul wants to follow him there; he wants to take up his cross, and follow the dear Redeemer through good report and through evil report,

"Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws."

I was brought up an infant sprinkler, and I was very much prejudiced in favor of my own principles. I well remember the first time I saw the ordinance of baptism administered according to the word of God. The sermon had no effect upon my mind. I quibbled at all the man said; but when I saw him come out of the vestry, the persons to be baptized following him, and heard him speak a few words to them, and then saw him baptize them, the impression was made upon my mind, "This is the baptism of the Bible;" and I have thought so from that very moment up to this day. It is the way of the Master; it is the way of the apostles; it is the way of the church of God, that walks in the ordinances of the Lord's house, as they have been delivered by our Lord and Master, and by his servants. Now, it may be that there is some living soul here who says, "I believe the ordinance is right, and that what the Scriptures say, and what you have been saying about it, is all right." Then I say, if you have not been baptized, why do you not come forward and bow to the sceptre of King Jesus? You say, perhaps, "I have my reasons." Well, what are they? "In the first place, I have seen and heard of several who have come forward and been baptized, and they have not worn well; they have fallen into sin, have disgraced their profession, and been a trouble to the church of God." Now do not be offended at me for using Scripture language, and saying, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." "Well," you say, "I should not like to bring reproach upon the cause of God." So far as there is a tender principle in your breast for God's honor and glory, and for the purity of the doctrines and practices of God's

church and people, I revere it; but then, in the midst of your scruples there is another principle that we cannot for a moment countenance,—a distrust in the power and ability of the Lord to keep you. Venture into his hands, weak and helpless; rely on his promise that he will “keep the feet of his saints;” call upon his name, “Lord, help me to stand my ground, to persevere and endure unto the end.” “Yea,” he says; “I will; I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” Venture into the Lord’s hands; give yourselves up in the first place to Jesus, and to the church of God in Jesus’ name. For Paul said, in reference to the church at Corinth, “First they gave themselves unto the Lord, and then to us in the name of the Lord.” This being done, my friends, let the believer bow to the Master’s sceptre by being baptized in his name, and thus obey the great command. Amen.

“NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT
UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY.”

My dear——,—I promised, if permitted, I would write you a few lines. I am, through mercy, well. Yesterday I was very tired, but I found the presence of the Almighty. “In quietness and in confidence” was my “strength.” This morning I found myself recruited.

I am glad to hear the children are getting better. These are minor blessings, but, as coming from a covenant Father, they are by no means to be disesteemed or buried in unthankfulness. This we should do were it not for quickening grace. The principal thing to be considered is the interest of our souls, one part of which is communion with God in secret. How precious and blessed a thing to a child of God! How we find a sweet manifestation of his love in granting poor sinners admittance to himself; and more particularly so when we find in our hearts the kindling of this love leading us into the secrets of his will concerning us, and causing meekness in the spirit, by humbling our proud hearts! Two things you know are particularly needful to accomplish this most wonderful thing, for by nature we are stubborn and inflexible, and without any desire after him, proud, envious, and full of all evil. This really made known by the Almighty in his light leads to discover it, and we are brought to find our own insufficiency to subdue any of it. Could we perform one outward action ever so upright, it would not be enough; God looks at the heart. He desires spiritual worship. This Paul well knew, when led to feel, “I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing.” Not only a bad crop within, but a source from whence no good can flow. This, when attended with an experience of God’s love made known to us in his own dear Son as the free gift of eternal life, in our pardon and justification as complete, is an overflowing, a superabounding grace, at which every convinced sinner is called to stand and view and wonder at too. “What, this for me?” How this does produce meekness! How

different from natural meekness! (though that is no small blessing,) when compared to that produced by God the Spirit, which is called by Paul, "The fruit of the Spirit." This is what David found when he was going barefoot up the hill. I say it was produced by a true sight and sense of his sin, and an experience of God's goodness meeting together. You find, then, that faith works by love, which love occasions a holy indignation to self; and this, through mercy, you know need not to be repented of. It is our desire, when we desire right, to be always under the power of these things in the good ways of God. How pleasant does it make Jesus Christ as a Companion, as a Friend that loveth at all times, a Brother born for adversity. But anon we find other things working, things of the flesh, bad things. "Wonderful!" says the poor soul, "I am still vile, though in my dear Lord I know through grace he has pronounced me clean, and without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. This will meeken the hardest and most stony heart, and cause us to come down into the Valley of Humiliation, into which may our blessed Lord bring our souls from time to time, so that we may join with one of old, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." I find this anthem of praise is not easily sung at all times; only under the influence of grace we find it. It comes only from a broken heart. It might come, it is true, from unhallowed lips, but not to any glory to God or good to man. Praise him for what he has done and is doing for you.

Forget not the writer, who needs yours and all God's children's petitions.

Yours in truth,

Brighton, Monday morning, Feb., 1819.

W. S.

The bank note without a signature at the bottom is nothing but a worthless piece of paper; the stroke of a pen confers upon it all its value. So the prayer of a poor child of Adam is a feeble thing in itself, but once endorsed by the hand of the Lord Jesus, it "avail-eth much."—*J. C. R.*

Carnal reason and human contrivances contribute nothing to our good nor to God's honor. You read of one in the Scriptures, a king, who in his sickness, sought not to God, but to the physicians. This is written to his dishonor, and he went on till his bowels fell at his feet. But we have a God to go to; and "who (says Moses) have God so nigh to them as the Lord our God is to us, in all things that we call upon him for?" When stung with fiery serpents, all that looked to the brazen one lived. When the plague broke out, then stood up Phinehas with an offering, and so the plague was stayed. So at the waters of Marah, when the thirsty souls could not drink them because they were bitter, (being an emblem of afflictions, and of the heart knowing its own bitterness under them,) then Moses was directed to a tree, a type of the human race. And he was to cut a stick from it, which, in the figure, was the rod from the stem of Jesse, that, when cast into the waters, healed them, and they drank thereof.—*Huntington.*

"THY WILL BE DONE."

How many there are who say the prayer that the Lord taught his disciples, and yet never give it a thought that they must say that prayer feelingly and from the inmost recesses of a broken and contrite heart, or they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven! Since I have had contention and contradiction, I have been enabled to look deeper and think more upon these things. At one time, if any one had professed the doctrines of free grace in ever so dry a form, I should have supposed them to be of God's elect; but I know to my sorrow that there are those who profess to hold the true doctrines, and yet are as dead as the paving-stones in the street. It is no easy matter to say, "Thy will be done, O God," when death, the fear of hell, and a guilty conscience are before us; death appearing close at hand, the day of judgment a day of terror, and a horror at the thought of meeting a just God. All these things will try the metal, and the gold will come forth brighter from such a furnace; but the wood, hay, and stubble of self-importance, the proud presumption of the dry doctrinalist, and the arrogant, presumptuous boasting of the barefaced hypocrite, together with fleshly forms and self-righteousness, blind zeal, mock humility, and the merit of the creature, will be burnt up and completely consumed; except, indeed, it be "braying a fool in a mortar." (Prov. xxvii. 22.) Here is folly; a man sees he is guilty, has a terror of hell, fears to meet God, and yet cannot acknowledge that God would be just to punish him for his sins. He goes about to establish a righteousness of his own in some way or other, and justifies himself rather than God. "For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." (Rom. x. 3.) Thus they come forth, still in their folly, and take up some heresy or other; they have been in travail, and brought forth a monster: "And for this cause, God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." What a dreadful thing to think of! To think that it is possible for any one to come so near the experience of God's elect, and yet, after all, to be but Satan transformed into an angel of light. A man shall be struck with a consciousness of his sins, be in terror of death and hell, and seek to be saved, (John viii. 21,) become very zealous outwardly, (for Israel had "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge,") and make a great show, and yet not have submitted himself to the righteousness of God; but reasoned himself into a comfortable state, has taken the promises and applied them to himself. But he who takes presumptuously what does not belong to him is termed a thief: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." (John x. 1.)

O my beloved brethren, you who are chosen of God, what a dreadful thing is presumption! To be told at that great day, "Depart from me, I never knew you!" (Matt. vii. 22, 23.) I heard a preacher

in a Baptist chapel, the other night, tell the people that they should apply the promises to themselves. I believe many a presumptuous hypocrite has done this, and gone to hell, deceiving and being deceived. No man can apply the promises to himself; but if God give him faith, he may receive them, and may receive them doubtfully, not knowing whether they really are for him, and yet feel comfort from them in spite of all his doubts. But God's people will not be left to this presumption; this leopard shall not take possession of them. (Jer. v. 6.) "Therefore thus saith the Lord, I will melt them and try them; for how shall I do for the daughter of my people?" O my beloved brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, chosen in Christ Jesus from before the foundation of the world, (Jer. ix. 7; 2 Tim. i. 9,) what a mercy that the Lord will melt any of us, unworthy as we are! O the cries and groans of one whom the Lord of hosts has melted! O the desire to submit to the will of God, fearing to say, "Thy will be done," lest God should take him at his word, and condemn and punish him. He also has a fear of death, the day of judgment, and hell, and is terrified at the thought of meeting a holy and just God. All his self-justification is gone; he cannot look upon any thought or action and say he merits the mercy of God on account of it. He acknowledges, with fear and trembling, that God would be just to damn him, but yet cries for mercy; and if death appears to be about to take him away, he cries in an agony, "If it must be so, it must; thy will be done, O God. But O have pity upon me, have mercy upon me! If it is my doom to be in everlasting torments, I cannot alter thy decrees; but O that thou wouldest have mercy upon me! O that thou wouldest pardon my transgressions! I do not deserve the least of all thy mercies; but O deliver me from eternal torment! 'Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' But O have mercy upon me!" Here the troubled soul acknowledges the righteousness, justice, and sovereignty of God; and if he has once been brought to this, he is safe; he trusts in God, and to the righteousness of God, not having any righteousness of his own; and were he to sink into hell in this state, trusting in humble submission to God, with a broken and contrite heart; I say, were it possible for him to sink into hell in this state, the fire of hell could have no more power over him, than the fire had over Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. No; it cannot hurt such a soul, for he is willing to be saved in God's own way; he is willing to be cleansed by the blood of the Lamb, if so be the Lord will save him. The Son of God is with him. Nothing can by any means hurt him, "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Rom. x. 4.)

But there are those who think that terrors, and doubts, and fears are evidences of election. They are greatly deceived. These are not evidences of election; for the fearful and unbelieving are classed among those who shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. (Rev. xxi. 8.) No; doubts and fears are not in themselves evidences of election. For my part, I am often ashamed

to own my doubts even to myself. It is true, Bible saints were troubled with doubts at times, but these being left upon record show that they were not all faith. Faith is an evidence of election; and faith says, "Thy will be done." Faith submits to the will of God. Every soul must be brought to bow to the will of God before it leaves this world; for there is no rebellion in heaven. I was one day praying for a desire of my heart to be granted, and wished it very much, so much so that I wanted my own way; but while wrestling with God for it, the thought struck me, "Perhaps it will be a curse to me;" and so great was my fear that I should get that which I so earnestly desired, that I prayed with all my heart and soul that the will of the Lord might be done, although it appeared to me that I greatly needed that which I had been asking for. I did not get what I had desired in the first instance, and was heartily thankful to God for it. At another time, I had had deep soul-travail all one week, and when I got a little comfortable, I did not experience that great joy which I had often experienced before, after my inward trials, neither had anything new been shown me, as in times past. This caused me to wish for a greater manifestation; and, as it appeared that my trouble had not been profitable, I prayed earnestly to the Lord to make it so. But the thought struck me, "What, if after this soul-travail, I had taken up with some damnable heresy; what, if my soul-travail had brought forth some hideous monster, in the shape of a strong delusion!" This brought me to submit to the will of God, and to pray more earnestly to be kept in the right path.

But the Christian cannot always say from his heart, "Thy will be done; there are times when he wants to have everything his own way, even in the most trifling matters. But God will bring him out of that. God will humble all his people; he will make them obedient, and give them faith to trust in him. And may we from our hearts say, "Thy will be done," trusting in the Lord.

E. W. W.

The law and the promise must be separate far asunder as touching the inward affections and the inward man, albeit, indeed, they are nearly joined together.—*Luther*.

Behold here, both the majesty and condescension of the high and lofty One; his majesty, in that he is high, and the inhabit of eternity. "I am the high and lofty One," says he, "I inhabit eternity." Verily this consideration is enough to make the broken-hearted man creep into a mouse-hole to hide himself from such a majesty. But behold his heart, his condescending mind: "I am for dwelling also with him that has a broken heart, with him that is of a contrite spirit; that is the man that I would converse with; that is he, (says God,) whom I will choose for my companion;" for to desire to dwell with one, supposes all these things; and verily, of all the men in the world, none have acquaintance with God, none understand what communion with him, and what his teachings mean, but such as are of a broke and contrite heart.—*Bunyan*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Dear Friend and Companion in tribulation,—I received yours on the Friday, as was intended; and return my thanks to the friends for their kind remembrance of me. Such things, when done in faith, and out of love to the children and servants of God, the apostle says, are “an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God.” The affliction I labored under has been in part lightened. I have reason to be thankful. I have been comfortable as to my health since and some time before I wrote last; and my daughter, after her return from Lewes, for some time was in a mending state, but within these few last weeks has experienced a relapse, and is now very low, with an intermittent fever and some other complaint which affects her chest and lungs; so that we very much doubt her being restored to a state of health again.

I read with much pleasure your account of the end of your beloved partner in life. True it is, the “Lord is gracious; yea, our God is merciful.” I perceived when I was present that her state lay with considerable weight on your mind, and was very sorry that I had no opportunity of conversing with her. On the Friday before, when she sent for me, I was fearful my presence would only disturb and be a burden to her, by reason of my cough being so violent, and this kept me from coming; and when present on Sunday evening, she was somewhat delirious. You may remember, I mentioned several cases of a similar nature, persons whom I had visited, of the Lord’s manifesting himself to them when in the article of death. This I did, being willing to encourage you in looking to the hills, “whence cometh our help.”

Since I saw you, I have attended one on her death-bed, a young woman, 23 years of age, who had, with her parents, attended my ministry for several years, yet never professed any considerable concern till within about a year of her departure. She had some sharp exercise during that time. I saw her about a week before she died. She was then very ill, and I was with her a considerable time before she had power to speak or attend to me; but before I left, I found she was very much perplexed, and in great doubt, though at times she had had some workings of hope. She told her mother that my coming had refreshed her spirits; and in a day or two after, the Lord blessed the words of Mr. Hart to her:

“The Father sent the Son to die;
The willing Son obey’d;
The Witness thou to ratify
The purchase Christ has made.”

This removed her burden, and took away the fear of death. The day she left the world, she told her friends she was very comfortable.

In these things the Lord manifests his never-failing faithfulness. Notwithstanding our unbelief, we find his word stands fast. All sensible sinners are looking at times very wishfully and with a longing eye to the promises. The promise of deliverance is often bleaded. For this they are exhorted to wait; and this they are

encouraged to expect. There is a set time, a time decreed for this: "The vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it." Some, like your poor wife, wait many years; sometimes hoping and expecting, at other times so overborne as to be doubting, desponding, and despairing, thinking it is in vain they seek. But "the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." "Better late than never," is our saying; and we are told that our gracious Redeemer came to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

It must needs be very cutting to your feelings from the time of your wife's departure to the time you were acquainted with what she was enabled to express that night. In this the Lord left you for a while to be exercised, and no doubt when you were informed of the merciful appearance of the Lord on her behalf, it wrought much gratitude and humbleness of mind. Of this we are sure, if there is life in the soul, that person's end will be peace.

It is our lot to have both the outward and the inward cross. These often make us, like Issachar, couching down between two burdens, and the outward one continuing long and heavy, has made some complain, and puzzled some of the brightest saints. "Truly," said one, "God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a pure heart. But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." And some have counted the proud happy, and have said that they that tempted God were delivered. The outward cross is sometimes attended with much murmuring, hardness, barrenness, and complaining; this brings misery and bitterness of spirit. And I have frequently found outward afflictions and troubles accompanied with a spirit of bondage, jealous suspicions, doubts, misgivings of heart, sinkings of spirit, and slavish fears. These are brought on through the natural unbelief of our hearts, the Lord hiding himself in times of trouble, and Satan taking advantage of us. If the Mediator is out of sight, and faith out of exercise, being sensible that in many things we offend, and that we have a dreadfully depraved nature, no wonder if we think on God and are troubled. This made David, though a saint, cry out, "My flesh trembles because of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments." Seeing we have been many years followers of the dear Saviour, and our chief happiness, we know in our conscience, is in his smiles, his presence, and from the good words he at times condescends to speak to us, yet after all the deliverances he has wrought for us, we are still prone to distrust him, and listen to Satan's lies, and harbor hard thoughts of God and truth. What shall we say of it? Why, says one, "I said, this is mine infirmity." We have much cause for gratitude and thanksgiving, when we look at the bulk of professors in our day, and consider what they aim at, and what they rest in, "a name to live," a form, without the power; whereas, by the grace of God, and the change he has wrought in us, no branch of worship or devotion can we be pleased with, unless we experience fellowship or communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ *in it*. It is his power and glory disce-

and felt makes us joyful in his house of prayer. Private devotion is pleasant and desirable when favored with access, when he bows his ear, and we can cast our burdens on the Lord, and are favored with answers of peace from him. Reading his word and meditating therein is delightful, when he shines into our understandings or speaks some promise home. This makes it sweeter than honey or the honeycomb, so that we can say, with Job, "I have esteemed the words of his lips more than my necessary food."

Though shame and confusion of face belong to us, yet mercy and forgiveness belong to the Lord our God, seeing it is so, that there is forgiveness with the Lord, that he may be feared. May we hold fast that we have received of him, and abide by what he has in mercy done for us, and be going on from strength to strength, saying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." Amen.

Grace and peace be with you, and the little assembly meeting at Deptford.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Mayfield, July 29th, 1828.

WM. ABBOTT.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. T. BOORNE, WHO DIED APRIL 14TH, 1828, WRITTEN BY HER HUSBAND, TO WHOM THE FOREGOING LETTER WAS SENT.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."

Adieu, dear wife, thy warfare here is done,
Thy fight of faith is o'er, thy victory's won;
Thy weeping night was long, thy joys were small,
But Christ is now thy Portion and thy All.
Hail! happy saint, thou'rt done with doubt and fears,
God from thine eyes hath wiped away all tears;
No more shall sin and sorrow bow thee down,
But at thy Saviour's feet thou'lt cast thy crown.
Thou soughtest long in wisdom's ways his face,
And often feared 'twas not a work of grace,
But mere head knowledge, of which thou wast not scant,
Though these combined, still left thy soul in want
Of peace and pardon, through the Saviour's blood,
And righteousness of the dear Son of God.
Feeling the want of these, he led thy soul
To look to him who only can make whole.
Nor didst thou look in vain, for He who said,
All they for me that hunger shall be fed,
And blessed them, from heav'n did condescend
To look on thee, when thou wast near thy end;
Which look remov'd thy load,—brought health and cure,
Pardon and peace, both now and evermore;
And caused thee to speak, and say again,
"Now, and for evermore, Amen! Amen!"
Thy Friend took notice, as thou didst request,
And bore her witness,—thou hadst found the rest
Which long was sought, midst sin, and grief, and fear;
But now these vanish'd fast, and heav'n drew near.
Our hearts rejoice in faithfulness and love,
Which did release, and bore thy soul above;

Now thou art free from ev'ry heartfelt pain,
 And join'st the anthem of the Lamb once slain.
 Take courage, then, thou trembling, doubting soul,
 And wait on Christ, till he shall make thee whole;
 Nor doubt his help, it cannot come too late;
 Not one shall be ashamed, who for him wait.
 To God the Father, and to God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, the sacred Three in One;
 Let everlasting praises now be giv'n,
 By all the saints on earth and saints in heav'n.

THOUGH HE FALL, HE SHALL NOT BE UTTERLY CAST DOWN.

My dear and well-beloved Brother in the Lord our only hope,—I received yours from home, and could hardly refrain from taking up my pen immediately to write to you, for I felt warmed with your letter, and had sweet fellowship with the spirit of it. And I hope I felt some gratitude to Him who alone teacheth to profit, that he had taught me in my measure the same things, and to me, in some measure as a landmark, I could trace the leading of the good Shepherd, the footsteps of his flock, and the sweet evidence of his teaching, by our profit by and from it, coming forth from the furnace of affliction humbled, meekened and child-like, to show forth his praise, to justify all his ways, and to ascribe to him the glory of our escape from that condemnation so justly merited by our sins, and joyfully to sing, "Salvation is of the Lord!" O what a mercy the Lord does not lay the reins upon our stiff neck, and let us go into the wilderness of this world and do our sinful pleasure! How much we resemble the horse and mule, which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, when we stubbornly refuse to yield, determined to pursue our own way. Caught by lying vanities, we forsake our own mercies; (the fear of the Lord, and obedience to his word;) and who can say to what excess we should run, or where we should stop, did not covenant faithfulness interpose, ("They shall not depart from me,") hedge up our way, afflict us therewith, cause exhaustion of strength or of means, bring us to a solemn stand, and make us consider, show us the evil of the way and the end thereof, suffer Satan to roar, and death to appear terrible, eternity awful, terror to seize us, and trembling to take hold upon us? We find trouble and sorrow, "My heart is sore pained within me; and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and terror hath overwhelmed me." He brings down our hearts with trouble and sorrow, and we find none to help. When broken in heart, and hope just expiring, a secret prop and heavenly whisper brings new life into the soul, breathing divine forbearance and heavenly compassion, and we begin to feel that we are not utterly cast down, and that our wounds and festering sores of sin are not sufficient to quench divine love, nor move our gracious God from his purposes of grace and mercy, and his thoughts of peace toward us. "Though he fall, he shall not

be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." "Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed; neither be thou confounded, for thou shalt not be put to shame; for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." And, graciously addressing himself to our sad condition, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," &c. O what shame we feel, what contrition fills the heart, what godly penitence is ours, what honest confession we make, what abhorrence of self, what holy admiration of his mercy! How we flee from ourselves and our works and ways, and take refuge in the wounds, blood, and suffering of the precious Redeemer! While love and grief divide our hearts, the peace of God, like a mighty river, overflows, carrying away and sweeping before it all our objections of unworthiness, ingratitude, unfruitfulness, backslidings, waywardness, and rebellion, as well as the accusations of Satan and conscience, and asserts at once the majesty and sovereignty of God's grace to save whom he will, and as he will, and causes us to know his truth, and have sweet fellowship with the Spirit of truth; and that "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us;" that "It is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy;" and that, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

O my dear brother, the preciousness of these things, you know, are only known to such as are ruined, bankrupt, lost, undone, in feeling ready to perish, whom Satan has foiled, the world beguiled, the heart betrayed, sin ruined, and conscience condemned. O could I tell you my sad condition up to Saturday evening, which, however, is more comprehensively portrayed by the Psalmist, "Fools because of their transgressions, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and they draw near unto the gates of death." For a fortnight, exposed to the daily attacks of Satan, under peculiarly advantageous circumstances; thrown into worldly society; the senses attracted by alluring baits and worldly charms; gaiety, frivolity, and worldly pleasure, to deaden the soul; worldly care and anxiety to drown the mind; disappointments and crosses to try hope and faith; filthy passions excited in the mind by strong temptations to harden the heart;—O what a frightful picture does the heart present under such circumstances! O what a wreck is human nature without disguise! What a sea of iniquity without bottom, is the deceitful heart of man! Trembling and afraid of my ghastly self, O how afraid was I to meet death in such a state, with dangers attending me almost every step, and Satan sometimes choking me with a loud roar, "It is at hand," my nerves so shaken and my reason for the time so impaired! And at the time an occurrence took place which was attended with much danger, in my anxiety to get in time for the train to W——, which I knew was expired. But as the London

train came into the B—— station, I thought I saw it ready to start; and, hasting out of the carriage, which I thought had stopped, I was pushed forward, but not injured. Being too late, I went and sat down, pensive, downcast, sorrowful, and afflicted with guilt, a painful load; but ere long my afflicted soul was led by faith to look to Jesus, smitten, afflicted, and torn, shedding his precious blood to wash out my guilty stains; and, overcome with the sight, I said, sighing,

“Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.”

It is many years since I was indulged with such a sight of Jesus, in his amazing agonies. O how love and grief tore my heart! How sweet is dear Hart:

“For all our sins we his may call,
As he sustained their weight;
How huge the heavy load of all,
When only mine's so great.”

Time and space forbid me to enlarge. I felt, dear brother, I was in your debt. You have written twice lengthily; and though I have not so written to you, it has not been for want of affection or esteem, or yet of willingness, but a consciousness of that poverty that to me appears to mark my letters, the absence in mine of what I can find in others. But such as I have presently I now send, with a desire, if the Lord will, that you may feel some encouragement.

May the Lord strengthen and help you, and bless you and dear sister with peace and pardon, through the blood of Jesus.

Yours in the bonds of love and Christian fellowship,

W——, Feb. 1st, 1854.

C. M.

A good man of the last century says, and with great truth, the strongest believer of us all is like a glass without a foot, which cannot stand one moment longer than it is held. And our Lord had a similar view of the matter when he declared, that he holds all his sheep in his hand; as much as to say, Were I to leave you for an instant, down you would fall; therefore I hold you fast, and none shall pluck you out of my hand.—*Toplady*.

Confess your fault with the greatest frankness; aggravate it to the utmost; entreat pardon and prayer from those whom you have offended. Then, and never till then, will you be in the way to peace; not by palliating a fault; not by making vain excuses; not by objecting to the manner in which others may have treated you, as if the least excess of rigor in a faithful admonition were a crime equal to some great immorality that occasioned it. This can only proceed from a madness of pride and self-love; it is the sensibility of a wound, which is hardened, swelled, and inflamed; and it must be reduced, and cooled, and suppled, before it can possibly be cured.—*Doddridge*.

FRAGMENTS OF A DEPARTED ONE.

My dear Son,—As it relates to myself, my anchorage is in Christ. I am a poor worm, but by his grace enabled to love him, and adore him, and call him “My Lord, and my God.” I feel a union that will not leave me in death, for “Who shall separate us from the love of God?” May you, my dear son, often have a view by faith of this amazing love and condescension, in manifesting himself to you, that your soul may cry out, “It is enough.” Nothing can satisfy me but this taking hold of Christ. I find him with me when I pray, and in the wakeful hours in the night seasons. When I cannot sleep, he is present, and assures me he is my Lord and my God. May the hiding of his face never return on me again; and because he has been my help, may I be enabled to trust him.

Belgrave Lodge, Nov. 27th, 1847, or 1848.

* * * May the Lord increase our faith, to trust him in providential circumstances. This is what I long for, to live by faith on the Son of God, and not to be over anxious about things; for he has promised that if we ask we shall receive, and his word cannot fail. But we want it in our own time, whereas he will come at the appointed time; he will not tarry. O for this living, vital principle, faith in Christ! May it be our daily prayer; may we watch for it, and not give it up until we have answers to prayer, for he cannot fail. May we be wrestling Jacobs and prevailing Israels.

My dear son, there is nothing here like Jesus; he is all, and all we need. O praise him! “He is the King of glory.” May we have his presence in life and in death. I shall in October, if spared, be in my 70th year; shall have soon run out the threescore years and ten, and am after all, an unprofitable servant. O the great long-suffering of God, to spare me, an unworthy creature! What a mercy that Jesus came into the world to save sinners, the rebellious also. May it cheer our drooping spirits that we are heirs of God, and are as the apple of his eye!

“Why were we made to hear his voice?”

O the goodness of God; praise him! Let us join our cheerful songs. When Jesus is precious, all is right; when he withdraws, we mourn; but “whom he loveth, he chasteneth.” So it is all for our good.

I have been reading J. Berridge’s “Christian World Unmasked.” He was an excellent Christian. I love those good old divines; there is something savory in them,—Christ all and in all, and the poor sinner dust and ashes. I long to live by faith, to trust God in everything. I would believe, I do believe; O help my unbelief!

Belgrave Lodge, March 19th, 1849.

A. WARD.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth; so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm, and make it fruitful.—*John Mason.*

A LETTER OF THE LATE MR. GOULDING TO HIS FATHER.

Dear Father,—* * * * I think we both have great reason to be very grateful to God for the many favors that he has been pleased to bestow upon us, and for all the long-suffering mercy that he has been pleased to exercise towards us by the way, knowing that we are tenants-at-will, and by sin have forfeited all right and title to anything that is good.

As to myself, I cannot begin at my cradle and trace his dealings with me up until now, without crying out with the royal Psalmist, and saying, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" In providence and in grace he has abounded towards me beyond all conception. After he was pleased to send me in his kind providence to London, and fixed the bounds of my habitation in Cheapside, then he was pleased to convince me of sin, that I was an enemy to him by wicked works, and that I stood exposed to his wrath and anger, as revealed in his righteous law or in the ten commandments. Well, at this bar he arraigned me, and at the bar of my own conscience, and brought me in guilty at both; so that I was obliged to alter my form of prayer, and, instead of "Our Father, which art in heaven," &c., I was obliged to say with the publican in the temple, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I felt myself just in the state that the 9th and 10th Articles of the Church set forth all to be while in a state of nature, particularly the 10th, which declares (as doubtless you well know) that, "The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works to faith and calling upon God. Wherefore we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing* us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will." O precious article this! How exactly did this agree with my experience. I found that I had neither a good will to choose nor any power to perform that which was good, without the grace of God by Christ preventing me, that I might have a good will; and also, in order to *do* what was good, I found that this grace must not only work in me to will, but also to do after I had got this good will. Here I was convinced that I had no righteousness of my own to justify me in the sight of God, and that I could neither in whole or in part save myself. Then, glory be to his blessed name for his mercy, he was pleased to enlighten me to see his dear Son as a suitable and all-sufficient Saviour, and that he was just the Saviour I wanted and felt my need of. I saw in the Lord's light that it was only in him that I could be saved, that no righteousness but his imputed to me could justify me from all things, as is beautifully set forth in the 11th Article, thus: "We are accounted righteous before God

* That is, "anticipating," "going before," according to the literal derivation and the meaning of the word three centuries back.

only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings; wherefore, that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort, as more largely expressed in the Homily of Justification." Well, to proceed. When I had brought all my ends and concerns to this point, that out of Christ I must perish, and only in him there could be salvation for me, then I prayed to the Lord to work faith in my heart, to believe in him, as I found myself shut up in unbelief; for though I saw that he came into the world to save and to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, yet I could not believe that ever he veiled the glory of his Deity in a tabernacle of flesh and blood, so becoming Immanuel, God with us, in our nature to save such a sinner as I. However, in the Lord's own good time (and his time is always the best) he was pleased to bring his dear Son so near to me that he gave me the hand of faith to receive him into my heart as my own Jesus, and persuade my mind that he was fully given to, and that he had saved me; and, upon thus receiving him into my heart and affections as the chief among ten thousand, I found all my accusers silenced in the court of my breast, and all my sins that were before set in order before and charged upon my conscience, to be all done away, so that such peace as passed all understanding (as the church expresses it) reigned and ruled there, and such a sense of pardoning love was shed abroad in my heart as cannot be described. And this change lasted with me for some months, and has not to this day been finally done away, though I do not now find these things so high in enjoyment.

Thus the Lord has been pleased to reveal his dear Son in me; and by faith in him I do expect to be saved with an everlasting salvation. I believe that he has saved and redeemed me, and that being clothed with his righteousness, I surely shall be admitted into heaven, for in this glorious robe the Lord's church is viewed as all fair, without any spot of sin or any such thing. And I do declare to you that until God was, of his free unmerited grace, pleased to convert and change my heart from a love of sin to love himself, I never knew in this world what peace, joy, and rest meant; and of this I am confident, that there is no happiness to be enjoyed worthy of the name out of Christ. In him I have found pardon, peace, comfort, and rest, and only in him these things can be obtained. O how gracious has the Lord been to my poor soul! An eternity will be too short to show forth all his praise. His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and upon all such as hope in his mercy; and where he gives grace he will give glory. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Thus I have given you a little narrative concerning myself. And now let me beg permission for a word of exhortation. You see, honored Sir, that the Lord has been pleased to cause me to remember my Creator in the days of my youth, before the evil days come and the years draw nigh when all say to a man, I have no pleasure in them. "his means old age. If you, Sir, are not allowedly at this yet, shortly

you must be. If I am not wrongly informed, you have lost part of your teeth. If so, then you are arrived here; because if you will read over Solomon's account of an old man, in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, this is one thing applicable to him, as we have it in ver. 3. In that day "the keepers of the house shall tremble," i. e., the hands and arms begin to shake which defend the body, which is there compared to a house. "The strong men shall bow themselves," i. e., the legs, that bear all the weight, shall be weak and tottering. Next, "the grinders cease because they are few." Now, here you come in; for these grinders mean the teeth, which when old age comes on, fail and come out, and so become few. The next account, and the last that I shall touch upon, is, "those that look out of the windows be darkened," i. e., the eyes get dim in sight. When we come here to this state, then it is high time for us to see that our house is set in order, for we must die, and cannot live long. And as death is sure to overtake us, there being no discharge in that war, these are expedient reflections: Am I ready to go? Do I know anything of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour? Are my sins pardoned; and am I reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and by the application of his precious blood to my conscience? If I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say, "I know these things," then I am happy, and shall be eternally blessed in heaven; for when death comes and opens its doors to us, then we shall be admitted into endless felicity, and ranked among the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. But if we have no faith in Christ, if all our hopes and expectations are not built entirely upon him and his all-sufficient work, which he finished upon the cross, renouncing wholly and solely all confidence in our supposed righteousness, merits, or performances, there we cannot come, because in ourselves we are, one and all, unrighteous, as the Articles speak; and the unrighteous shall not nor cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, for it is only the righteousness of Christ imputed and placed to our account that can give us a right and title to enter there; and where it is believed in and received into the conscience, as our only justifying righteousness, it always works peace there and silences every accuser.

O that it would please the good Lord to stir you up with all diligence after the salvation of your precious soul, that this may be with you the one thing needful; for, suppose a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul, what does it signify? It will profit him nothing beyond the grave. And as Jesus Christ is the only Saviour; and as there is salvation in no other, O "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" As to trusting to a merciful God while we have no eye to him as pardoning in Christ, it is a mighty delusion; for God has declared, that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die;" and "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." And where is the man that is not guilty here? There is none. If so, how are we to escape death eternal, and this curse that is gone forth against sinners? Only by this one way can we escape, viz., by faith in Jesus Christ, who as Mediator and Surety for his people, died in their room and stead, and in their nature,

the just for the unjust, and who was made a curse for us, "who was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that, (by faith in his great atonement,) we might be made the righteousness of God in him." This, and this only, is the way by which we can escape the wrath of God, and be raised from every enemy and from all evil. This is the only door of hope for the sinner to escape at, for "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" There can be no escaping, and no salvation. And, as you, honored Sir and dearly beloved father, must shortly die, and as I soon may, O that we may both of us continue to be the most earnest about this one thing. Time flies. Eternity hastens! Death will be upon us shortly; and remember, there is no discharge in that war, nor repentance in the grave whither we are hasting. The door of mercy is now open; the Bible, that reveals to us the only way of happiness, is in our possession; and Jesus Christ, with all his fulness to save, lies in the promise to sinners. O that we may therefore, with full purpose of heart, pray the Lord to give unto us a believing view of Jesus Christ as crucified for us, the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of our sins; and may we never rest until we are persuaded of this. Then we shall, as the ransomed of the Lord, return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads; we shall obtain joy and gladness, and all sorrow and sighing shall flee away. That this may be our blessed case shall be the sincere prayer of him who has the honor of subscribing himself, your ever-loving Son,

Dec. 4th, 1797.

CHRISTOPHER GOULDING.

[We must bear in mind that this letter was written by a son to a father, who was a strict Churchman, and ignorant of the truth; and that previous to the first French Revolution, there was much more outward, if not inward respect paid to parents. Viewed in this light, we consider it a good and faithful letter. Of his own experience, he could but give an outline to one who could not enter into it; and, considering the respect and affection due to an aged father, it cannot be considered deficient in faithfulness.—Ed.]

If a man begin to live in sin, religion must go down. His heart begins to be hardened, and he soon begins to be uncomfortable at chapel. Then he begins to spend his time badly, and to spend his money badly, until at last, through the deceitfulness of sin, he seems given up to sin altogether. It is like a wheel going down hill; the *farther* it goes, the *faster* it goes.—W. T.

Who can promise the standing of that fabric which rests on a doubtful foundation? To build hay and stubble on the rock has not half that danger in it as gold and silver on the sand. The one shall be saved, though with difficulty; the other loses both his work and himself; for let redemption be never so firm and solid in itself, yet if its standing and efficacy depend upon that which is fleeting and unfixed, the ground of our confidence is gone; it is like those pumps that have water within, but yield you none unless you first put in some of your own, which yet you have not; like Jacob's well, but nothing to draw with.—*Elisha Coles.*

OBITUARY.

My dear Elizabeth departed this life on the 14th of September, 1834, in the 13th year of her age. She had been concerned about her state for nearly four years, but was so very reserved that she said but little about it. We often observed she was in some kind of trouble, and used to ask her what was the matter. She would say she did not know. One day in particular, seeing her look sad, I took an opportunity, when alone, to ask her the cause. She burst into tears, and said enough to convince me that the Lord had wounded her. I think this was about a month before her illness. Another time I went into her room unexpectedly and caught her on her knees; at which she seemed very much confounded.

On Saturday, Aug. 9th, 1834, she was taken very ill, with raising a large quantity of blood, which, as soon as she saw, she believed to be the messenger of death. She was dreadfully alarmed; the fear of death, and dread of damnation seized her. She said that she expected every moment to drop into hell. She thought she must have torn her hair and gone distracted. I think I see my darling now, and hear her saying, "O my dear mother, what will become of me? Lord, save, or I perish! God be merciful to me a sinner! O I am such a vile sinner!" She continued in deep distress of soul for a fortnight, refusing to be comforted. But the dear Lord, in his own time, raised her to a hope in his mercy. "O mother," she said, "I hope I have had a praying heart this morning." She then told me the exercises of her mind, which I could not doubt were the work of God upon her soul; but charged me not to speak of it, as she was so afraid of deceiving any one, and that, she said, would be of no use to her. Mr. N. coming in soon after, I told him a little of what she had said, which much distressed her. "O mother," she said, "You don't know what I suffered all night because you told Mr. N. what I said to you. I will take care and never tell you anything more." But the Saturday following the Lord appeared for her again, raised her soul to hope, and she was forced to speak. I went down and left her a short time. When I came back, I perceived a change in her countenance, and saw she had been weeping. I asked her how she was now? "O," she said, "I am better; these are not tears of sorrow, but joy. I feel so nicely. I believe I shall never perish, and that none can pluck me out of his hands. I think I have had a praying heart for a whole hour." Isa. xli. 17 was sweet to her, "When the poor and needy seek water," &c.; and this also, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not," &c. She said, "I would not have been without this affliction for all the world." She believed it was laid upon her for good, and she could see the goodness of God that he did not cut her off, and felt that had he done so he would have been just. She added, "I have been telling him so this morning. I am willing to bear it as long as he pleases. I can say with the poet,

"Let me, thou sovereign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;

And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still and know that thou art God."

In the afternoon I heard her repeat these words:

"I shall, as ransomed with his blood,
For ever sing, He is my God."

In the evening she said, "Mother, I do not feel so well as I did in the morning; but I don't doubt but it is all right. No, I believe I shall never perish." She spoke of the goodness of God to her, and told me many things she had felt, but never dare speak of them before.

After this she sunk very low, and said she feared that she did not feel sin a weight and burden so much as she ought. I said, "My dear, do you feel sin a burden to you?" "O yes," she said, "that I do; but I am afraid not enough." She feared that if she got better, the trouble would wear off, and she should be carried away with the world. I told her the Lord would never forsake the work of his own hands. She said she had been so carried away with pride the last few months, that she got very careless, and almost entirely neglected prayer; but she believed this was the means the Lord had been pleased to use to bring her to him again. And now she hated pride and vanity; she could not bear to see it. She was now much in prayer. The person who sat up with her told me she would lie for a long time together in fervent prayer to God. Thus she went on hoping, fearing, panting, and longing for God's salvation; and blessed be his name, he did not disappoint her, neither was her expectation cut off.

On Saturday night the Lord in mercy appeared for her; she was in great distress of soul, feeling her end was near, and no clear deliverance. She broke out in bitterness of soul, with such fervent prayer to God as I never heard before, in words like these: "O thou dear Lord, pray do have mercy upon me! O for Christ's sake, do look down upon me! O thou precious Redeemer, do have mercy upon me! I am not worthy to approach thy blessed Majesty, but pray do look down upon me for Christ's sake. Thou hast promised to be a present help in time of trouble; do make it known to me at this time that thou art such. O pray, thou dear Lord, do come! O do come, O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; not only to ease my poor body, but my soul!" Soon after she said, "O mother, he will come; I know he will come; he is come. I shall never perish, I shall go to heaven, if I die to-night. O blessed be his holy name, for ever looking upon such a wretch as I! 'O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?'" I said to her, "The Lord is good, my dear." She said, "Good! he is more than good. He is a thousand times good. I can never speak enough of his goodness. I lay and fancied myself going over the river to-day; but I shall get safe over. O yes, I know I shall. I shall go in at the golden gates; I am sure I shall. I shall see my dear father, and the rest of my relations who are gone before. I can never thank the Lord enough for looking down upon such a wretch as me. Do let us

thank him together." I said, "My dear, I hope we do." She said, "You do not thank him half enough. Surely, mother, you ought to thank him more. Go and call my grandfather, and tell him to thank the Lord for me." After this she lay some time, her strength being exhausted. Then she said, "Whether I live or die, I shall go to heaven."

On Sunday morning she told me where to lay her, and how to divide her things, with the greatest composure. Previous to this time I dared not mention anything of the kind to her. Seeing me weep, she said, "Mother, what do you cry for?" I replied, "To see you so bad, my dear." She said, "Do not fret; if you do, you will vex me. I don't think I shall get better now, do you, mother?" I said, "No, my dear, I think you will not." She said, "Well, there is an appointed time, and I shall not live any longer than that." She took leave of her brothers and sisters very affectionately. She said to her uncle, "I can live, and I can die. Uncle, death is nothing to me now to what it was." She became very restless, her breathing very hard, and it was with difficulty she could ask for anything. She continued so until about 8 o'clock in the evening. Her uncle gave her some drink, and put her pillows right, when she laid her head down and gently breathed her soul into the bosom of her heavenly Father, without a sigh or struggle.

[The friend who favored us with the above Obituary did not send with it name or initials. This circumstance would have prevented its insertion had there not been something in it simple and truthful which seemed to outweigh this considerable and as a general rule insuperable objection.—*Ed.*]

Regeneration and justification are both absolutely necessary to salvation. Change of heart is as necessary as pardon, and the pardon as necessary as the change. Without the pardon, we have no right or title to heaven; without the change, we should not be meet and ready to enjoy heaven, even if we got there.—*J. C.*

We underrate anything that is at our elbow. Should Christ throw himself in our bosom and lap, while we are in a morning sleep, he should not have the marrow and flower of our esteem. It is good there be some fire in us meeting with water, while we seek after Christ.—*Rutherford.*

When a man's conscience shall deal with him, when God shall rebuke him for the sinful distemper of his heart, if he, instead of applying himself to get that sin pardoned in the blood of Christ and mortified by his Spirit, shall relieve himself by any other such evidences as he has, or thinks himself to have, and so disentangle himself from under the yoke that God was putting on his neck, his condition is very dangerous, his wound hardly curable. Thus the Jews, under the galling of their own consciences, and the convincing preaching of our Saviour, supported themselves with this, that they were Abraham's children, and on that account accepted with God; and so countenanced themselves in all abominable wickedness to their utter ruin.—*Owen.*

REVIEW.

Apocalyptic Sketches. By Dr. Cumming. First Series. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 9s.

Signs of the Times. The Moslem and his End; the Christian and his Hope. By Dr. Cumming. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 1s. 6d.

The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Price 6d.

(Continued from page 186.)

No book in the whole compass of the sacred volume is confessedly so difficult of interpretation as the Revelation of John. This difficulty arises not only from the very nature of the subject, unfulfilled prophecy being necessarily obscure till its accomplishment, but from the symbolical form under which the predictions in it are couched. In these symbols there is this striking peculiarity, that whilst viewed spiritually they are most simple and expressive, they are, viewed literally, (that is, with respect to their historical fulfilment,) most difficult and obscure. Take, for instance, the pouring out of the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. (Rev. xvi.) What more simple or expressive figure could there be of the righteous anger of Jehovah, treasured up, as it were, until the iniquities of the world called it down? But when we come to adapt these distinct vials to historical events, and attempt to determine at what period they were successively poured out, and what is their strict, literal accomplishment, then the difficulty commences, and what, experimentally viewed, is most plain and instructive, prophetically viewed is most obscure and uncertain.

The objection, then, immediately arises, "Why attempt an explanation of what, according to your own admission, is so obscure? Would it not be better wholly to abstain from examining so perplexing and uncertain a subject? As the spiritual meaning is so simple and plain, so filled with holy wisdom, so edifying and instructive, so pregnant with encouragement and consolation, blended at the same time with such solemn warning and admonition, would it not be far better to confine yourself to what is so experimental and profitable, and not puzzle and perplex yourself and us with what is so dark and difficult?" We admit the force of the argument, as is evident from the way in which we have stated it; but may we not have both? Preserving to its fullest degree the spiritual, may we not also give a glance at the literal interpretation? Is this forbidden by the blessed Spirit? Does he forewarn us against approaching this holy ground, if at least, like Moses, we put off the shoes of carnal reason from off our feet? How does the sacred record open? "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand." If God gave the revelation to Jesus Christ, "to show unto his servants things

which must shortly come to pass," why should not his servants attempt to understand the things shown to them? And if there be a blessing promised on those who read and hear the words of the prophecy, why should we not seek to obtain a manifested interest in such a promise? Besides the spiritual meaning, there is evidently a prophetic one; and it is equally evident that this prophetic meaning was given for the church to read, study, and profit by. If, then, we keep this literal meaning in its proper place, subsidiary and subordinate to the experimental interpretation, there seems to be no scriptural reason against examining it. But, if it be again objected, that the difficulty of the interpretation must always form an insuperable barrier, may we not reply, that the same ever-blessed Jesus who gave it to John for the express benefit of his church and people, can unfold its meaning to our understanding, as well as apply its promises with power to our hearts? But while we speak thus, we at the same time feel so much both the difficulty of the subject, and our own incapacity properly to handle it, that it has all but deterred us even from making the attempt; and we therefore trust our readers will bear with us if we come short in laying it open to their satisfaction.

The inherent difficulty of the book has almost necessarily produced a proportionate variety of interpretation. Two striking instances may be adduced to show this. There are interpreters who assert that the whole of the Revelation has been already fulfilled, and that the first three or four centuries of the Christian church witnessed its entire accomplishment;* and there are those who say that no part has been yet accomplished beyond the first three chapters, and that the whole still remains in the dim and distant future.† We cannot subscribe to either of these views, and hardly know which is the more inconsistent or untenable. If the first opinion were true, it would be the strongest argument which an infidel could urge against the inspiration of the book; for the grand evidence of a prophecy being inspired is its undeniable accomplishment. And if the second view were well founded, not only would the church of God have been left uncared for and unnoticed in the sacred chart of prophecy for above 1,700 years, but it would falsify the positive declaration, which we have already quoted, as standing on the very threshold of the book, that the things predicted were "*shortly* to come to pass." In opposition to these strained and inconsistent opinions, we believe, in common with most interpreters, that much, if not by far the greater part, has been already fulfilled, that an important part is now being accomplished under our eyes, and that

* This is the opinion of the late Professor Lee, of Cambridge, and of Moses Stewart, a celebrated American divine.

† This is the opinion of Burgh, Todd, and Maitland, and especially of the Puseyite interpreters, who, seeing that if Papal Rome be the Babylon and the Scarlet Whore of the Revelation, their dear sister, "the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church," is thereby denounced and condemned, endeavor, as far as they can, to stave off her sentence and doom.

the day is fast approaching when there will sound the "great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done!"

The point at which we arrived in our last No., was the pouring out of the sixth vial, which we believe is now going on, and its effects day by day becoming more apparent. The leading feature of the sixth vial, it will be recollected, is, that it was poured out on the great river Euphrates. This we interpreted in our last No. as symbolical of the drying up of the Turkish Empire. There is a peculiar fitness and propriety in this symbol. The Euphrates is pre-eminently and peculiarly an Asiatic river. It was from the countries watered by its streams that the Turks originally came, and these lands are still the nursery and stronghold of their race. Asia, from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulph into which the Euphrates falls, is the real home and cradle of the Turk. Though he has overrun the finest parts of Europe, and has for the space of 400 years, made Constantinople, a European city, his fortress and metropolis, yet his manners and morals, language and dress, arms and habits, are as much Asiatic as on the day when he burst forth on the affrighted Greek, with the Koran in one hand and the scimeter in the other. In Europe he has been but encamped, and is waiting, with true Turkish resignation, the predestinated hour when the crescent on the mosque of St. Sophia shall be replaced by the cross, and the shrill tone of the muezzin shall no longer call to prayer from the lofty minaret. The Western Powers may keep Russia from its long coveted prize, but they cannot pour the Thames or the Seine into the Euphrates, and replenish the waters now fast drying up under the burning drops of the sixth vial. All accounts concur in declaring the exhaustion of the Turkish empire. Money and credit she has none; for she is now reaping what she has sowed, her desolated provinces having no revenue to give, and her population fast dwindling away; so that whether she come out of the present struggle vanquished or victorious, it will matter little to her eventual success, for she may die as much of exhaustion in the arms of victory, as if the conqueror thrust his sword through her throat.

We have dwelt on this point rather fully, as affording us a standing ground from which to survey more clearly the other features of the prospect opened before us in the sixth and seventh vials.

We intimated in our last No. our opinion that, by "the kings of the east" the Jews were pointed out, and that the decay of the Turkish empire was preparing the way for their restoration to Palestine. Our translation here hardly does justice to the original. It is literally, "That the way of the kings which are from the rising of the sun might be prepared."* By "the kings of the east" we un-

* Luther thus translates it, "In order that the way of the kings from the rising of the sun might be prepared;" Diodati, "To the intent that the way of the kings who come from the rising sun might be made ready;" and the Dutch translation, "That the way of the kings should be ready who are to come from the rising of the sun." All these independent and excellent translations substantially agree, and are nearer the original than our own.

derstand not with Dr. Gill the kings and princes of the east literally, who, he supposes, will be converted to the faith and profession of the gospel; nor do we understand the Jews in the usual sense of the word, that is, the descendants of Judah, who were dispersed at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. These are in the *west*, scattered indeed over Europe, but chiefly seated in Poland and the adjoining countries. The kings of the east are not those who rule *over*, but those who are to come *from* the east; and who can these be but the ten tribes who were carried captive by Shalmaneser, who are still in the east, that is, of Palestine? (2 Kings xvii. 3-23.) Most clear and distinct are the promises that the ten tribes thus carried into captivity, called in the word of God from their leading tribe, "Ephraim," and sometimes termed "Israel," as distinct from the tribe called "Judah," will be restored to their own land. We will not multiply quotations. It will be sufficient to refer our readers to the following passages: Isa. xi. 11-14; Ezek. xxxvii. 19-28; and to one which, from its distinct mention of "the house of Joseph," that is, the ten tribes, (Joseph being the father of Ephraim,) we can hardly forbear quoting: "And I will strengthen the house of Judah, and I will save the house of Joseph, and I will bring them again to place them; for I have mercy upon them; and they shall be as though I had not cast them off; for I am the Lord their God, and will hear them." "I will bring them again also out of the land of Egypt, and gather them out of Assyria; and I will bring them into the land of Gilead and Lebanon; and place shall not be found for them." (Zech. x. 6, 10.)

That the Turkish Empire is an obstacle to the restoration of both the eastern and western dispersion, is abundantly evident. Palestine is a Turkish province, and therefore must fall out of the hands of the Turks before the Jews can return to it as their own possession. A glance, too, at the map will show that the Turkish Empire intervenes between the countries of the east and the Holy Land. Thus, till this barrier be removed their restoration seems almost impossible. Their return may not be immediate. The drying up of the river merely *prepares* the way for the return; but years may intervene before the event is accomplished, and there appears every reason to believe that Babylon will be destroyed before it takes place. (See Isa. xiv.)

The next prominent feature of the sixth vial is the going forth of the three unclean spirits: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." (Rev. xvi. 13, 14.) There are few passages, perhaps, more differently interpreted than the above quotation. This circumstance may not only show us the extreme difficulty and uncertainty of every interpretation of it, but may well teach us great caution in pronouncing any decided opinion upon it.

But let us, with all care and caution, examine the passage. We have to consider mainly three things in these frog-like spirits: I. Their intrinsic nature and character. II. Their origin. III. Their effect and influence.

I. What, then, is the nature and character of these three spirits? Three features mark their character. They are diabolical, unclean, and frog-like. As "diabolical," or "spirits of devils," they have all the craft, power, and malice of hell. As "unclean," they operate on the filthy lusts and passions of man's fallen nature; and as "frog-like" they crawl in the dark, croak, spawn, and spit in the pools and ponds, the marshes and lower grounds of human baseness, villany, and depravity.

II. Whence do they issue? They come out of the mouth of the Dragon, of the Beast, and of the False Prophet. By the Dragon we understand Satan; by the Beast, Rome civil and political;* and by the False Prophet, the Carnal Priesthood. By the three frog-like Spirits we understand Infidelity, Republicanism, and Popery.

III. What is their effect and influence? Let us open our views on this point somewhat more fully. It is evident to all who are acquainted with the state of the continent, that these three elements, like the hidden fires of a volcano, are fermenting in her bosom.

1. Let us give a glance at the first frog, which, we believe, represents *Infidelity*. Satan is no infidel himself, for he believes and trembles, but he pours out of his mouth blasphemy and infidelity into the heart of man. How widely spread is this foul spirit! France, Germany, and Italy, are full of infidelity. In France the writings and influence of Voltaire, Rousseau, &c., have tainted society to the very core; in Germany the professors at the Universities have brought all their learning and research to bear against the Scriptures being a revelation from God. In Italy the tyrannical rule of the Romish church and the lives of the priests have made Christianity, which they consider identical with Popery, disbelieved and abhorred. In our own more favored country infidelity has obtained a firm foothold, and is secretly or openly entertained by thousands. Nothing more clearly shows this than the influence of writers like Carlyle on the periodical literature written for the higher and middle classes, and the spread of hundreds of thousands of the infidel unstamped press, addressed to and circulated among the lower ranks of society. Here, then, is one of the frogs crawling in the dark, croaking and muttering, spitting and spawning in well-nigh every house, like the

* A distinction must be drawn, which is generally overlooked, between the Beast and the Woman sitting on the beast. These are no more the same than a horse is one with his rider. In Rev. xvii. a woman is seen sitting upon a scarlet coloured beast, having seven heads and ten horns. This woman represents the church of Rome; but the beast represents the city of Rome, as is plain from verse 9: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." The beast is Rome political; the woman Rome ecclesiastical. The ten-horned beast was seen by Daniel as the symbol of the civil Roman empire, and it continues after its ten horns have burnt the Whore with fire.

similar plague in Egypt. This infidel frog comes out of the mouth of the Dragon.

2. *Republicanism, Socialism, Chartism*,—call it what you will, we believe to be the second frog. This frog comes out of the mouth of the Beast, that is, we believe Rome political, Rome as the centre of the republican movement. From want of seeing what the Beast represents, most interpreters seem to us altogether to have missed the meaning of the second frog. Dr. Cumming makes the Beast to be Popery, following, with his usual docility, the mass of commentators, and chiefly Mr. Elliott. But this seems to us quite foreign to the meaning of the symbol. What did the Beasts in Daniel, from which the symbol was taken, represent? Not *religious* but *civil* powers. So the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast does not represent Rome ecclesiastical, Rome as the see of the Pope, Rome as the centre of the Catholic religion, but Rome as a civil, political power, Rome as the centre of national Italy, Rome as at the head of some great political movement, embracing the whole of the Peninsula. Rome, as an Italian city, once the proud mistress of the world, is sick to death of the Pope. Rome civil and political, as distinct from Rome priestly, monkish, and ecclesiastical, and by Rome we understand the whole of Italy, of which it is the true metropolitan centre, hates and abhors the sight of a priest. Their craft and cant, their hypocrisy and licentiousness, their feeble, effeminate government, their worming out all family secrets through the confessional, their cruelty and despotism, their sacrificing every consideration to the interests and authority of the church,—all conspire to make the priesthood an object of contempt and abhorrence to every educated Italian. For this they see but one cure,—a free republic. Monarchy with them is identified with tyranny, spies, police, chains, and dungeons. What is the present aspiration of Italy? A federal republic, with Rome as the centre and point of unity. This is Mazzini's plan—his regenerated Italy; and there is scarce an Italian youth who does not burn night and day to cast off the hated yoke of priest and foreigner, and be the free citizen of a free republic. The same republican spirit is at work in Germany and France, and is only kept from openly bursting forth by the iron hand of enrolled armies. It was put down, we know, in France, in 1848, only after torrents of blood had been shed in the streets of Paris; and but for the Austrian and Prussian armies, a republic would have been set up in Germany. Has the voice of this frog never been heard in England? Who does not remember that memorable day, April 10th, 1848, when London, commercial, political, and aristocratical, trembled to its very centre at the Chartist procession; when the Bank of England was armed and garrisoned like a fortress, and the greatest general of the age had made his military plans, by disposing artillery and soldiers at various points, to drown the threatened insurrection in torrents of human blood? Through the rich mercy of God, the thunder-cloud was dispersed without bursting into a storm, but the unclean spirit was then abroad; and if the frog is now slunk back into the marsh, its dismal croakings were

then heard loudly enough in London streets to strike fear into many a heart.

3. *Popery* is, we believe, the third frog which came out of the mouth of the False Prophet. This point deserves a little examination. As there must ever be a resemblance between sire and son, root and stem, fountain and stream, there must be a similarity between the mouth and the spirit which comes out of the mouth. Thus, by determining what is intended by the False Prophet, we make a considerable advance towards determining what is symbolised by the frog which issues out of his mouth.

Interpreters differ in their opinion concerning the power symbolised by "the False Prophet." He is evidently the same as the lamb-like Beast described Rev. xiii. 11-13: "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon. And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed. And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men." By this lamb-like Beast we understand Carnal Priesthood, or, to speak more correctly, *Priestly Power*, chiefly as developed in, but not confined to, Rome ecclesiastical. That it is a power intimately connected with Rome is evident from its exercising all the power of the first Beast, that is, employing secular and worldly power to execute its designs, which is the exact character of the church of Rome, and has been for centuries. But that the False Prophet is not, as Dr. Gill and most interpreters suppose, the Pope, with his clergy, cardinals, bishops, priests, &c., is evident from this, that he exists *after* the destruction of the Scarlet Woman, and the fall of Babylon, for he is cast into the lake of fire at the same time with the Beast. (Rev. xix. 20.) Now, what power can we find bearing these three marks: 1. Intimately allied with Rome as a civil, political power, its servant and its lord; sometimes using it as a tool, and sometimes sheltering under its authority; 2. Dwelling in and influencing the church of Rome, and yet possessing a life distinct from it; and, therefore, 3. Subsisting after the fabric of the Romish Church is destroyed, the animating spirit of the temple, and therefore living when the temple is in ruins? These three marks meet in the lamb-like Beast, the False Prophet; and, in our judgment, there is but one mighty power which unites in itself these three characteristics, and that is, *Carnal Priesthood*. But besides these three leading characteristics of the lamb-like Beast, the other marks given exactly coincide with the pretensions and actions of the priestly power in general, and the Romish priesthood in particular. Look at these marks. The coming up out of the earth represents its carnal, earthly origin; the lamb-like face, its fawning meekness; the two horns, the division into secular and regular clergy; the doing great wonders, its lying miracles; the making fire come down from heaven, its curses against heretics; the exercising the power of the first Beast, its employing the civil power, as in the case of the Inquisition, to carry out its persecutions; the giving

life to the image of the Beast, the vitality it has given to Rome as a civil political power.

But besides these marks, which apply more particularly to the Romish priesthood, look at three other features, which are stamped upon carnal priesthood in general. 1. It is a "*prophet*," in other words, claims to speak with authority from God, as his mouth-piece and interpreter. 2. It "*deceiveth them that dwell upon the earth*," and what more deceptive than priestly pretensions! And, 3. It breathes *persecution* and cruelty, killing all opposers of its arrogant claims, stamping rich and poor with its mark, as its slaves and property, and allowing none to buy or sell who do not yield it obedience. Search Europe through, from the Shetland Isles to the Greek Archipelago, and examine history, from the days of Constantine to the present hour, and you will find but one mighty power, which unites in itself all the marks of the False Prophet, and that is, *Priestly Dominion*,—tyranny exercised over the souls and bodies of men, of all tyrannies the worst, not only as prostrating before it men's consciences, but as juggling with their souls, and deceiving them into hell.

Nothing is more evident than that the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast represents Rome.* And as this beast exists *after* the destruction of the Woman,—and, indeed, is the main instrument of her extinction by fire,—it is evident that this beast cannot represent Popery. And as the two-horned, lamb-like Beast is in the closest union and connection with the seven-headed Beast, and yet exists after the destruction of the Woman, (Rev. xix. 20,) it must be some power in closest union with Rome and yet outliving Popery. Now of what is this true but of *priestly power*—that is, the assumption of a divine claim over men's consciences, purses, and persons, as invested from above with prescriptive sacerdotal authority! Puseyism is with us this claim in its most prominent form; but it is neither confined to Popery or Puseyism. We see it in Methodism, in the claims of Conference; among the general Dissenters, in their academies, clerical titles, and vestments; and even among many Particular Baptists, in their associations, ordinations, and other modes of stamping a priestly mark on their ministers, whereby, as by a religious freema-

* Much confusion, it appears to us, has arisen from the great bulk of interpreters applying three distinct symbols to one and the same thing. Ask them the meaning of the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast. What is their reply? "Popery!" What is the meaning of the lamb-like, two-horned Beast? They again answer, "Popery." What is the meaning of the Scarlet Woman who sitteth on the Beast? They still reply, "Popery." Now, it is not likely that these three distinct symbols should all mean the same thing. According to our view, they represent three different things, closely indeed allied, but so far separate and distinct as to require and warrant three separate symbols. The seven-headed, ten-horned Beast represents Rome political and civil. The lamb-like, two-horned Beast represents Carnal Priesthood, more particularly as developed in the Romish priests. The Woman riding upon the Beast represents the Romish Church. The last has pretty well played out her part, and under the seventh vial will be burned with fire. The Beast and the False Prophet will then come more fully upon the scene, and play out their parts in a new antichristian form until both are cast alive into the lake of fire.

sorry, a clerical brotherhood is entered into and recognised. Popery is but the full carrying out of this priestly power, which existed before it and will subsist after it. Popery is the bull-frog, croaking and spitting in the Roman marshes; the Puseyite priest, and the Methodist minister, and the great Independent D.D. are but tadpoles, which would grow into frogs did the English climate permit. But the chilling breeze of popular opinion keeps them at present wriggling each in their little pools, without power to crawl to land and swell out into a frog.

Here, then, are the three unclean spirits, creeping and crawling all over Europe. Let us for a moment confine our attention to England. Look at the masses in this country, and see how heaving and fermenting they are. Go into our factories, workshops, clubs, and associations. The course that trade and commerce have taken is to throw masses of individuals together. Infidelity is thus propagated from man to man. Argument, ridicule, and example are all the more telling from the sympathy of assembled numbers. A man who would not listen to an infidel argument, or would resist an infidel sneer at his own fireside from one sceptic, is beaten down amid the general applause or the loud laugh of a thronged club-room. So Chartism, Socialism, Republicanism, call itself what it may,—in other words, the rising up against law and authority, and wild visionary dreams of the rights of man, that is, the right of every man without a shilling to go up to a man with one, and say, "I want my sixpence, which you have got in your pocket;" all this Jacobin, Tom Paine, revolutionary spirit, is secretly at work amidst our masses. This frog is crawling about our factories and workshops; and should there come any sudden and sharp reverse to our present prosperity in trade, reducing the laboring millions to want, the spawn already shed would be heard in croakings fearful even to contemplate.

Popery, too, is making superhuman efforts, both here and on the Continent, to regain her lost sway. The Emperor of the French sits on his throne mainly through the influence of the priests in the rural districts. It was their votes that made him Emperor; and, without doubt, he is now the great arbiter of Europe. He is sure, therefore, as far as he can, to play into the hands of the priests; and thus Popery has not been so strong in France for more than a century as she is at this present moment.

But we must abruptly break off, not because our subject is exhausted, but through fear of drawing too largely on the patience of our readers, as well as of engrossing to ourselves too Benjamin-like a portion of our limited provisions, and thus excluding from the table more savory and nourishing dishes.

We never know so much of heaven in our own souls, nor stand so high upon the mount of communion with God, as when his Spirit, breathing on our hearts, makes us lie low at the footstool of sovereign grace, and inspires us with this cry, "O God, be mine the comfort of salvation, but thine be the entire praise of it."—*Toplady*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 223.

JULY, 1854.

VOL. XX.

IMPUTATION AND IMPARTATION; OR, CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS AND ITS EFFECTS.

To be complete in Christ without our works, and yet to be enabled, in fruits and effects, to struggle to thoroughly live the life of the righteous, here is the jewel of solid religion. If any one says he has the righteousness of Christ on him, and is not pained at a sinful thought, I so far have not union with him. For towards 30 years since the righteousness of Christ was put on my law-destroyed soul, I have been struggling, through love to Christ, against sinful thoughts. All the year round, indwelling sin is lying ready to nibble at, and bite, and bring me into bondage. No one but a justified soul knows the venomous activity there is in indwelling sin, in its artfulness or its savageness, to try to pluck the soul out of Christ's hands. I can set my seal to this. I am persuaded it is a mercy that most of Christ's people are poor in this world's goods; for when I was not so well off in this world's goods as I am now, I was not standing so much on ice as I am now. Money to sin is like powder and shot to fire; what havoc it can make! To feel oneself swarming alive with every evil, and yet to have a tender conscience, and enabled to live up to it, is a daily miracle. At least, I find it so. Travelling about England for the last five or six years for my health, with a little spare money in my pocket, in strange places, what temptations, like fire and brimstone, have tried my fear of God to the uttermost!

If any one has the imputed righteousness of Christ on him, he has an ever-flowing stream of divine thoughts in him, more or less. O the sweetness of Christ! and when we have no felt sweetness, we have remembrances. We remember when we were saved out of the jaws of a broken law and deserved hell, and from the consuming fire of an angry God. We remember the time when we had divine sweetness from Christ. We remember pleasant words, springs and wells more or less soothing, in our feelings; the pleasant joys of Christ; the beautiful happiness arising from a felt interest in Christ; the sweet and satiating pleasures springing in the soul from felt transactions between Christ and our soul.

But indwelling sin puts all these to the rout nearly, at times. A sinful thought indulged nips the bloom and healthiness of Christ in my feelings. Here is the conflict. Every moment indwelling sin

lies at the catch, ready to nibble and bite, and fix a speck at least of its venom in the tender conscience. No tongue can ever tell the conflict. The righteousness of Christ, like a huge mountain, screening me from everlasting ruin, and yet pained at an idle word; complete in Christ, and yet stung with an evil thought; saved with an everlasting salvation, and yet grieved at every secret evil thing that comes into the mind; sure of heaven, and yet fleeing, turning at the shafts of a conquered foe; smiling under a sense of God's love, yet knowing there are serpents in one's own heart; feeling one has a righteousness imputed of Christ, as good as the law, and which makes angry justice to smile on one with beams of the lovingest joy, and yet to feel oneself a walking fiend!

"By their fruits ye shall know them;" and "so did not, I because of the fear of the Lord." Do not talk to me about religion, if you do not live a good life; and do not talk to me about a good life, if you are not complete in Christ without works. Self-righteousness or licentiousness will either of them destroy you; and a man must have the "seven eyes" of God to walk between these rocks. It is towards 30 years since I felt revealed in me as mine the imputed righteousness of Christ; and yet most that know me think and say I am a good man, from my life and conversation. Not that I have anything to brag of; for, notwithstanding the tenderness of conscience Christ has given me, I have mourned over and watched against shortcomings and imperfections. But these, through the grace of Christ, have daily and swift repentance and struggling amendment, which daily brings me into the bond of the covenant, "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh, shall have mercy." Swift and daily repentance, I say; without which a quantity of whom one hopes there is life in their souls, become settled on their lees, sour, unsavory, unprofitable. If one talks to them, there is no dew in them;—they are hard, dry, nothing to knit, make one to love them, or draw out the warmth or tenderness of Christian affection.

"To keep the heart with all diligence," to secretly mourn over evil thoughts, as well as over words and actions, is counted legal. But I am sure, the ripeness of heavenly joy will never be felt except by those whose repentance is as sound as their faith. Christ's righteousness possesses this repentance to give; it is part of the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ. The envenomed arrows of divine justice were drunk up in the dismal sufferings of Christ for our sinful thoughts, as well as words and deeds: "The thought of foolishness is sin." So that, while the good works of a natural man are only paint and varnish, or mere morality, the good works of any one in Christ are the fruits of the Spirit, soft, warm, and agreeable to God, because rich in love, sweetness, and the balmy joys of an imputed righteousness.

I make these remarks partly from hearing a person say how, in reading Wesley's life, he admired the glory of his fruits; whereas, if Wesley called imputed righteousness "imputed nonsense," and denied unconditional election, I cannot receive his fruits except as paint and varnish, mere morality, in the sight of God.

I feel I would lay down my life if God wished me, and would do anything, the Lord enabling me, and burn so to do. But I durst not, for the whole world, lean the weight of a feather on this for salvation, but depend only upon the personal performances of the Son of God, on the imputation (which Wesleyans deny) of Christ's holiness and righteousness, to the exclusion of my good works and bad works, as regards salvation. And, as regards good works, if an Arminian will go one mile, I, through grace, will go two. Only let this difference be remembered: Mine are the softened offspring of heavenly love; the Arminian's, a dead bribe to buy heaven; mine, the heavenly joy of a mind enraptured with divine gratitude; the Arminian's, the sour and harsh juice of the crabbed stock of nature showing itself in its daring attempts to buy heaven.

"Thus differ these." The varnish, paint, and morality of an Arminian will perish with him; while the fruits and effects of real grace in a tender conscience, and godly fear, will, as the burning effects of love and gratitude to Christ, even go into the third heavens with them, (blessed souls!) that die *in* Christ.

May God enable you to shine in good works, and to outshine all Arminians in them; his are the juice of a crab; yours, of a nobler tree, if Christ really be in you. "Wisdom is justified of her children." "The Lord give thee understanding in all things."

Abingdon,

I. K.

I have often wondered at David, that he should give Joab and the men of war a charge that they take heed that they carry it tenderly to that young rebel Absalom his son. (2 Sam. xviii. 5.) But that God, the high God, the God against whom we have sinned, should, as soon as he has smitten, give his Son a command, a charge, a commission, to take care of, to bind up and heal the broken in heart; that is that which can never be sufficiently admired or wondered at by men or angels.—*Bunyan*.

To be censured and condemned by men will be but a little grievance to a soul thoroughly humbled and broken under a sense of having incurred the condemning sentence of God. Such a one will rather desire to glorify God by submitting to deserved blame; and will fear deceiving others into a more favorable opinion of him than he inwardly knows himself to deserve. These are the sentiments which God gives to the sincere penitent in such a case; and by this means he restores him to that credit and regard among others which he does not know how to seek; but which, nevertheless, for the sake both of his comfort and usefulness, God wills that he should have; and which it is, humanly speaking, impossible for him to recover any other way. But there is something so honorable in the frank acknowledgment of a fault, and in deep humiliation for it, that all who see it must needs approve it. They pity an offender, who is brought to such a disposition, and endeavor to comfort him with returning expressions not only of their love but of their esteem too.—*Doddridge*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE DR. LINDSLEY.*

Dear Sister in the Lord,—My calamities so overwhelm me, the Lord so hides his face from me, so shuts out my prayer, such is my bondage, and such in consequence is my burden, (for of all that ever befel me there is nothing like having the Sun of righteousness so long eclipsed,) I am so straitened, that I have nothing to say.

Yet I am coming again to visit you, and to acknowledge the receipt of yours of May 11th, 1821, and to thank you for your sympathy and for your solicitude at a throne of grace for me. "Time," say you, "has iron teeth." True; but its teeth as yet have not been able to erase the lines of woe from the page of my memory, nor can it while the cause remains. Even my sleeping hours are interrupted by the revival of my late loss. Almost every night to this time my departed wife is presented to my view in dreams, often twice or thrice in one night. Sometimes I dream that my anguish is so great that I cannot refrain myself, and that I have to screech to give it vent; and this awakes me. For several weeks past, I do not know that I have had a drop of sensible comfort from heaven or from men. I seem to be pressed above measure, beyond strength, but do not despair of eternal life. However, within a few days past I have had, I believe, three real meltings of soul by the near approach of him whom my soul loveth, which I apprehend lasted as long as the visit that the disciples obtained at Emmaus; and immediately after came Satan to inquire into, sift up, and examine into the matter. Fain would he have me believe that it was only imagination. But if imagination can bring the Saviour near, and represent him as the Rock, his work perfect, all his ways judgment, a God of truth without iniquity, just and right, and as the afflicted soul's present and everlasting Portion, his Deliverer, his Salvation, his All in All, and withal convince the soul of its complete unworthiness of such favors,—then welcome imagination; I should wish never to be without it in this world or in the world to come. But imagination only, in the absence of all peace and comfort, can do little but magnify our woes. Under such circumstances it will not multiply our joys nor profit every future enlargement, yet it can forbode evil: "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." (See also Isa. xxxviii. 10–13.) Say you, "Satan will take advantage, in your present trial, to harrow up your natural feelings," &c.? He is in chains, and can only go the length of them. When the purpose of this fiery trial is answered, (and a fiery one it is,) "I shall come forth as gold;" for hitherto the Lord has delivered me out of every trial and out of every temptation, and the promise is sure: "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Again, say you, "You will lose nothing in the furnace that is worth keeping!" I know that the furnace is intended to take out the dross and the tin; it is to

* Dr. Lindsley will be recollected by our readers as the writer of that remarkable Narrative of his own Experience which appeared in the "Gospel Standard" of 1853.

separate the base metal from the true. But you cannot be ignorant of the old proverb, "A burnt child dreads the fire." Again, "Correction is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way." "No chastening for the present is joyous, but grievous." Job says, speaking of God, "He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." But impervious darkness covers all my present and future path. It appears to me that I am as effectually hemmed in as the Israelites were in their departure from Egypt, when encamped before Pi-hahiroth. And I see as little how I am going to escape as they did. I feel myself, as Paul said, to be "a prisoner of Jesus Christ," for I am every way shut up, both as to outward providence and grace.

There are two now lying at the point of death in my vicinity, and from all that I can learn, they must certainly die. But I have not been called upon to visit either of them. And I have felt so shut up, my faith in God so cramped, that I have hardly wished, in such obstinate cases, to be called upon as a physician. It appears to me that, like Job, I am under a heavy trial for some purpose or other; what I cannot tell; for the vision tarries, and the hour of my release has not arrived. Consequently, if I should have an obstinate case of sickness under my care, I could not expect, as usual, marvellous answers to prayer for their recovery. It is low water with me; and though my lips do not utter it, nor does my heart admit it, yet at times it appears to me as it did to Jacob of old, when he said, "All these things are against me." I know that God is the Lord of life, and that he has the keys of hell and of death. "He openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth." "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." The hearts also of all men are in his hands. He delivered Israel (the whole nation) from the bondage and entanglement of Egypt by signs and great wonders, with a high hand and outstretched arm, dividing the Red Sea to make them a way of escape. He led them with the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night; fed them with manna 40 years, with water from the rock 39, and gave them the land of Canaan for an inheritance and for a possession, according to his promise to Abraham. He delivered Daniel out of a den of hungry lions in safety; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, out of a burning, fiery, sevenfold-heated furnace unhurt. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and can as well deliver me as he did those above mentioned; and I trust that he will yet deliver. But O when? My flesh consumes from off my bones; my spirits wither; my heart faints. "Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God." Fancy yourself in my situation. All of this world that could render life desirable to you for ever gone, and that under circumstances that would wring your very soul; as it was with Job, everything you had in an evil hour swept away by an inscrutable providence; your children separated from you and from one another, weeping every time you should visit them because of the change; a little one, only six years old, occasionally sobbing and crying immoderately by night, (though ten months

since the death,) "I want to see ma! She was a pretty woman. I love her. O I want to see ma! I want to see ma!" and who would not be composed nor silenced; not a single friend who appears to understand the mystery of the cross, to condole with you; amongst strangers; no income, neither any immediate prospect of any; an expense; your way fenced up, as it were, with hewn stone; thick darkness involving your tabernacle; and, to crown all, your Well-beloved hiding his face, shutting out your prayer, barring you from every present source of consolation; shutting up your soul in prison, in deathly solitude, while you are fully awake and alive to all your afflictions, and that with an indescribable edge; most of the time without energy or fervor in prayer; straitness and bondage following you wherever you went;—say, could you exist a moment under such a burden, were not the everlasting arms underneath you? But so it is with me, and I can say with the Psalmist, "I had fainted unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

Nevertheless, I do not know but my confidence in God is as great as it was when his candle shined upon my head; but the comfort is all gone. There is now no Lamb, manna, wine, milk, and honey offered; but gall, wormwood, and gravel-stones in abundance. I *live*, and that is *all*. But that *all* I would not part with for ten thousand worlds, much less for the riches, pleasures, and honors of this life. I cannot say that I am envious at the foolish when I see the prosperity of the wicked, because I see that his day is coming. When his day is come, he must bid an eternal adieu to comfort, a final and everlasting adieu even to a cup of cold water to cool the tongue parched in the flame: "Son, remember, that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." So you see that I am yet hoping for the "days of the Son of man." Says the apostle, "We, according to his promise, look for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." And we also know that "faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it;" for the inheritance is sure to all the seed. "Because I live, ye shall live also," says Jesus Christ, to poor tempest-tossed souls. There is every encouragement held forth in the Scriptures that heart could desire for those who are in the furnace of affliction, in bondage, in iron, in great straits and difficulties; but we want the same power to take hold of them that kept Peter from sinking when he attempted to walk on the sea. In all times of desertion, the sweetness of the promises is sealed up from us, and will remain so, in spite of all free-will or human power, till Christ by his Spirit opens to us their treasures.

Say you, I must tell my dear brother that his last was sweet to my soul, and my bowels are refreshed by it? Your kind epistle to me was, indeed, good news from a far country; it refreshed my spirit. It will be difficult for me, in this imperfect state of things, to give you an adequate idea of the love and union that I feel to you and all that are living under the direction of the one Spirit of

Christ. When we all get home, I trust our capacities will be so enlarged, and our mode of communication so perfect, that we shall be able to communicate the extent of our love and union to one another; till when I postpone it. I form to myself high ideas of the perfection of friendship, felicity, and fear in heaven, and anticipate the glories, the overwhelming beatitude of that holy, sinless, undefiled place. But I expect that, notwithstanding all that the Spirit has revealed, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But, alas! alas! what shall I say of professors here? They have no more interest in our communications than we have in the productions of the "sons of death," the letter-preachers, or in a last year's almanack. Can such be in the secret of the Lord? Can those who have no fellowship with Christ in his suffering members participate of his free Spirit? It is written, if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." In point of religious sympathy for suffering members, here they are grossly wanting. The world, from native humanity, will do more than professors in a case of exigency. The more of Christ and his power that a man has in him, notwithstanding all the great cry of religion here, the less will he be esteemed, the less favor will be shown to him. For a professor to pass current here, he must largely advocate missionary and Bible societies, together with Sunday schools, and talk freely and superficially of revivals of religion in the different places where public report says there have been such; of the number that have been awakened; and how many have entertained a hope; what an excellent preacher such a one is; and that all ranks and denominations are uniting in one in the general cause, &c. But should he tell them of what God has done for his soul, by his own almighty power, speak freely of the warfare with the world, flesh, and devil, of the wonderful feats and victories of faith, to the exclusion of free-will and human power, he would be a barbarian to them at once, and they would look and feel in his presence as did the man without the wedding garment among the other guests at the feast, and they would immediately sound the alarm, and caution others from listening to "that deceiver." There were some of old who said, "We desire to hear of thee (Paul) what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against." And it will be so till the time comes when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." There is but one sort of people in the world that can possibly live and act under true Christian motives: "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." And by the same Spirit that they know God, and their interest in Christ, are they known to each other: "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee; but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me." I reckon that when any become professors of religion, before they are partakers of grace, or are married to another while the first husband lives, that they are more of the world than they were before; or, as Dell says, "even wholly of the world." And such are much

greater enemies to the power of godliness than the outwardly profane.

O my dear sister, hold fast your confidence in the Lord, which has great recompense of reward; for, as Paul says, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Yes, even now one single smile from Jesus obliterates for the time being every trace of your afflictions, both from the mind and memory. You cannot tell, you cannot conceive, you cannot describe "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon you," that you should be called a daughter of the Lord Almighty, unless you could fully comprehend the endless joys of heaven, and the extreme eternal torments of hell. You have a specimen of that woe which you have escaped in the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, those sufferings which forced blood in great drops through the pores of his innocent, holy, harmless body, when sin, without guilt, was basely imputed to him. Furthermore, the most complicated, protracted, and extreme sufferings of soul and body are nothing to be compared to the hidings of God's face, to the sensible frowns of him whose "favor is life, and whose lovingkindness is better than life." But when the good man of the house is gone, and has taken the bag of money with him, and leaves us to feel our weakness, leaves us helpless and wretched when difficulties throng upon us; when dangers threaten; when fears beset us, and the enemy of souls taunts, and seems to triumph over us; when our path seems fenced up, as it were, with hewn stone, and thick darkness veils the mercy-seat from our view; when impatience and unbelief are predominant; it is not to be wondered at if creatures like us, marred by the fall, and who continually carry about with us a body of death, should kick and plunge not a little. For at such seasons, at least in our account, everything is wrong, and "all these things are against us." Yea, and we should mutter them out, too, were it not for the instruction we receive from the "cloud of witnesses" that have gone before us on pilgrimage, and the strong hand of God that is upon us. And things will remain in this plight until our Beloved appears and sets them to rights. We have no power over this tempest ourselves. He must speak whose word leaps forth at once to its effect; who calls for things that are not, and they come. Is it not strange, that after we have been foiled so many times, that we should still have the presumption to affect casting out devils, healing the sick, and stilling the tempest, by free-will and human power? that, like king Saul of old, when our great Prophet tarries, we should force ourselves into his office? When the vision tarries, our impatience does not like to wait for it, but, like Ishmael, we are for coming forth before the time.

You were pleased with my prescriptions for your spiritual disorders. Would to God that it were as easy to follow good advice as it is to give it. But we have often the will when the power is missing. But Paul says, it is accepted if we have the willing mind. And the prophet tells king David, in the name of the Lord, "It is

well that it was in thine heart to build me a house," &c. How little do those professors know of union, communion, and fellowship with God and his people, who assert that the doctrines of grace, as held forth and believed by us, lead to licentiousness; that ask, "If men can do nothing without immediate supernatural aid, where is their accountability?" and who further say, "If he who is under grace is no longer under the law as a rule of life, then he may live as he lists?" One would think that those who talk in this way were never divorced from the law, but are still under it; and, if so, they are still under its curse. For the law and its curse and bondage can never be separated. But they quite mistake us. For could we, as they say, "live as we list," we would not live unto ourselves, but unto God;—then the good that through grace is in us we would perform; we should soon be for an even path;—our old man would not only be crucified, but be wholly put off; we would have nothing further to do with the world, flesh, or devil;—we should be continually contemplating and celebrating the wonders of redeeming love and grace; our Well-beloved would never find us backward to devotion, cold, listless, lukewarm, or remiss, but like "the spirits of just men made perfect," we would worship God in the very beauty of holiness;—we should never find time or place for the world in our heart and affections; the bonds of consanguinity would fall asunder or flow at the touch of fire, while the bond of the covenant, which holds the whole fabric of mercy together, would be invincible; the God of all grace and consolations would then occupy our heart and soul without a rival; invisible and eternal realities would no longer be out of sight nor out of mind;—the excuse that the most compassionate Saviour made for his disciples, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," would be superseded;—we would never again know or experience a hard heart, an ungrateful heart, a treacherous heart, a perverse will, a blind mind, a benumbed conscience, a face-hiding God, a fear of miscarrying or slighted love, or a dry breast;—straitness, bondage, darkness, doubts, fears, perplexing cares, vexations, temptations, rebellion, discontent, hard thoughts of God, high thoughts of ourselves, with every imperfection, would for ever be out of date with us, that is, obsolete;—we should be perpetually hymning the unutterable praises of the great Three-One with acceptance;—every faculty of our souls would be employed to its extent in admiring and extolling the exceeding riches of grace and glory by Christ Jesus;—the Sun of righteousness would shine upon us for ever without a cloud and without an eclipse;—our joys would never cease, never tire, never cloy the soul;—devotion, the highest, the purest, and the sublimest, would never languish on our tongues;—from the summit of perfection, from the pinnacle of felicity, from the exuberance of love, from the fulness of glory, in an altogether overwhelming ecstasy of bliss, our souls, ravished with an unclouded view of the "perfection of beauty," in more than seraphic strains would ascribe salvation to him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever;—we would never offend again, we would never sin, we would never grieve the Holy Spirit, or cause the most

lovely and ever-blessed Comforter to depart from us again; consequently, we should have no further acquaintance with or experience of diseases, pains, or infirmities; immortal health and vigor would ensue; ("And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick;")—we would bid an eternal adieu to all sorrow and its causes, to guilt and its attendants;—we would ever possess and enjoy glorious light, liberty, peace, and felicity. As eternal emancipation is the lot, and is to be the inheritance of the heir of promise, could we "live as we list" or do as we would, we would immediately enter upon the uninterrupted possession and enjoyment of it; "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," all sin and sinning, yea, everything that is not of the Father, but of the world, we would wholly disregard;—we would never be without that faith which is the gift and is the operation of God, that faith which purifies the heart and overcomes the world; I say, we would never be without this faith in lively act and exercise;—then we could and would have all our wants supplied, for it is but to ask in faith, and "all things are possible to him that believeth;"—then we would never know, or experience a single frown, or cold look, or shy reverse from the best of friends;—we would always live in the soul-gladdening presence of him whose favor is better than life;—our communion and fellowship with Jesus Christ would be sweet, charming, transforming, exhilarating, melting, joy-diffusing, soul-ravishing, heart-cheering, blending, perfect, perpetual, uninterrupted, and eternal;—we would daily paddle in the river that the Lord showed Ezekiel in the vision, not only to the ankle-joints, knees, and loins, but we would spread abroad the hands and swim in it;—we would continually be filled with all the fulness of God;—we would continually explore the height and depth, the length and breadth, of that love which passeth knowledge;—we would keep aloof from pride; those rocks we would pass with care;—we would studiously avoid the whirlpool of despair; presumption and quicksands, too, we would shun; near them we would not choose to run;—we would steer our course wide of the vale of woe, wide of the place of dragons and shadow of death;—we would take a final and eternal leave of everything that could possibly mar our peace, weaken our faith, lessen our hope, chill our love, alienate our affections, or divide our hearts from him whom our soul loveth;—under the Lord's wings would we hide till every calamity be overpast;—without a cloud, without a veil, without a let or hindrance would we behold, admire, adore, love, and extol the altogether lovely Jesus;—we would, without interruption, abatement, or alloy, esteem him "the chiefest among ten thousand," the only one to be desired;—our love of gratitude, like the love of its Author, would flow in a perpetual, a never-ceasing stream;—we would daily drink of the "well-spring of life," wash in the "fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness;" yea, we would so work as to be "clean every whit;" we would have peace extended to us as a river, righteousness as an everflowing stream;—we would come daily to that mountain in which the Lord of hosts makes to all people "a

feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined;"—our souls, unleavened and unencumbered with sin and imperfection, would wing and inhale the pure, salubrious air of Paradise, range brilliant fields of glory, explore unlimited climes of bliss, lave in the fountain of life, admire the pearly gates, the golden streets, the glittering walls, and the prepared mansions of the new Jerusalem, weighed down with wonder and amazement; adore that love, mercy, wisdom, power, and goodness, which provided such a superb and stupendous city for the reception of all the ransomed of the Lord, and anticipate with superlative delight perfect, perpetual, and eternal felicity. Could we "live as we list," we would live altogether in the Spirit; we would never meet with a denial in prayer, neither would we ever pray but as the Holy Spirit indited our requests and gave us utterance;—then would we plead for and obtain complete and speedy fulfilment of all the promises which are made to the heirs of life; "Violence would no longer be heard in our land, wasting nor destruction within our borders; our walls would be Salvation, and our gates Praise; the Lord would be unto us an everlasting light and our God our glory, and the days of our mourning would be ended;"—we would entreat the Lord, and he would then give us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;"—we would no more be termed forsaken, nor our land termed desolate;—as a bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so would our God rejoice over us;—we would "dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" and then the promise is, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name; he shall call upon me, and I will answer him; with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation;"—we would drink so deeply of the well-spring of life, as to remember our poverty no more; our language would then be, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels;" "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel." Wondering angels do pry into, admire, and adore the matchless wisdom, omnipotent power, and the superabounding mercy and goodness of God, which raises such insignificant, polluted, sinful, rebelling worms of the dust, at infinite expense, to such amazing heights of dignity, honor, and glory! Could I live as I list, could I do as I would, never intermit the strain, I would never descend to a meaner subject.

The above is a specimen of the manner in which they who are not under the law as a rule of life, but under grace, would spend their time could they "live as they list."

(To be concluded in our next.)

**"A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK, AND
THE SMOKING FLAX SHALL HE NOT QUENCH."**

The suitability of the Lord Jesus to sinners appears in these words conspicuously. It is a prophecy of the extreme tenderness which he would exercise towards them. The word rendered "bruised," comes from a root which signifies to *break*; hence, to be broken down, enfeebled, *disheartened*. (See Judg. x. 8, where it is rendered "*oppressed*," also, "*crushed*.") A "*reed*" is not expressive of anything very strong; but a broken, or crushed reed, conveys the idea of absolute weakness. Yet the poor, crushed, bruised sinner, who has none to turn to, shall find in Christ one who, so far from breaking him, shall be at the pains to bind him up. And again,

"*The smoking flax shall he not quench.*"—The word rendered "*smoking*," is, literally, weak, feeble, faint, as the dim wick of a lamp, just about to go out. Yet one so weak, so feeble, so ready to expire, is well suited to Christ, who will in no wise quench, but raise to a flame the smoking flax. For it is not merely that he will let things take their course, and not hasten the destruction, but he will make such the objects of his peculiar care, and restore their souls, and carry on that good work which, (though unknown to the individuals at that time,) he himself began in their souls. But there is a remarkable connection between these words and the fourth verse: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

Further,—as the Lord Jesus did not fail and was not discouraged, when he walked upon earth, so neither does he fail nor is he discouraged now. And what a proof is this of his Deity and Godhead! For who but God could take the government of the church upon his shoulders? Who else walk in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, knowing, and observing, and ordering all things? For whether we look at the enemies of the church, the dangers, heresies, errors, temptations, and sins, all lying in wait to destroy, or at the persons forming that church, we should see everything not only to discourage, but to dismay all but him who holds the winds in his fists, and rules and reigns as Lord God Omnipotent; for is not grace in the believer like a spark in the ocean, or like the dimly burning flax just ready to expire? And yet it dies not, amid floods of temptations, and fierce winds of persecution, for Jesus is present. And he who did not fail and was not discouraged, even he will be ever present, and "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." As is the Head, so are the members. As he suffered, so they suffer; and as he triumphed so shall they triumph. Thus, as he did not fail, so the least and weakest believer in like manner shall not fail; though, to all appearance, and to sense, his faith may seem ready to expire. However low he is brought, his life is hid with Christ in God; and though the dim wick seems just going out, there is one who knows all that concerns him, who has been tempted himself in like manner, and who, having gained the victory, will make his people likewise more than conquerors. He

who bruised the serpent's head shall bruise Satan under their feet shortly.

So again, as the Lord Jesus could not be discouraged, so neither should his people be. It is thus, "he shall not be discouraged." He shall, therefore, not discourage. O no! impossible. It is not a state which should exist; though, alas! it often does. But whatever tends to discourage the saint, as sin, death, enemies, he may make sure of this, *Christ* will never discourage him. And "if God be for us, who can be against us?" As at the first he fosters the least grace, so ever after. And more than this, the Lord Jesus having known so well what it was to meet with things tending to discourage, is well suited to sympathise with his poor children who come after him and tread in his steps, and find so many and great discouragements. And this is a declaration beyond the former; as it is more to say of a person, he shall not be discouraged, than to affirm that he shall not fail. We read in one place, "The soul of the people was much discouraged, because of the way," and in another, that "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." Here are the separate actings of unbelief and faith; unbelief seeing the difficulties, and fainting under them; and faith seeing the difficulties, but seeing the Lord over, beyond, and above them, and brought by him safely through them.

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. V.

Beloved in the Lord Jesus,—I have perused your letter, and my heart has returned many thanks to God for it. I can see the good work going on sweetly and powerfully in your soul. You had no need to make an apology for troubling me; I never find it a trouble to read and answer such papers as these. There is nothing on earth that rejoices my heart so much as to see the work of the Lord going forward, nor anything that delights my soul so much as being employed in it; though God knows I am the most unskilful and the most unworthy that he ever employed since the world began. But he is a Sovereign, and will work as he pleases, and "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has ordained strength, that he might still the enemy and the avenger," and still have his will, and by such weak means too, and at least shut his cursed mouth, which he opens continually to accuse us before our God day and night. This is the enemy that is now at work, and you know it. God hath showed to you his subtlety that you might watch him, and set the force of prayer against him: "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day." You have won his heart already with one of your eyes, with one chain of your neck. He calls you Hephzibah, his delight is in you. "Sing, O barren! thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing." "Enlarge the place of thy tents, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; for thy Maker

is thine Husband; the Lord of hosts is his name." And he will do "worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem."

The painful sensation you feel is nothing new; it is what others have felt before you. I have felt it more or less for many years; and I believe few, if any, of God's children have been exempted from it. It is nothing but the want of room for what the liberal hand of the blessed Redeemer freely bestows; and it is called by him who knows what is better than we, "little faith:" "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

But you say, you "have searched the word, and can find nothing that seems to tally with your case." Then it is that you may still search, and that patience may be exercised; for verily your case is there described, and I think the Holy Spirit guides you to it. What think you of such portions as these? "Israel shall blossom and bud;" grace buds in the contracted heart, but blossoms in the enlarged. "Then thou shalt see and flow together, and thine heart shall *fear* and be *enlarged*;" here is the painful sensation, and here is the promise; the one you now feel, and the other you hold fast to. This you cannot deny; nor are there any suggestions that Satan urges to the contrary credited; nor dare you give place to them. You know from whence they come, and you hate them as his lies. But it is the covetousness of your heart; nay, daughter, you are like the rich fool, you are for gathering in and laying up goods for many years, and saying to your soul, "take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Well, you have a promise; "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." "Wait on the Lord, and he will give the desire of thine heart;" and cry, as the Psalmist did, "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." (Ps. cxix. 32.)

Make my kind respects to your husband, and may God bless you.

J. JENKINS.

A LETTER BY THE LATE E. PARSONS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, CHICHESTER.

My dear S.,—May much light, life, peace, and joy be your portion here below, through our dear Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

I received your encouraging epistle. I can hardly believe at times that such a poor, blind, sinful worm can be of any use to any one, and much more my poor scribbles. But I know my sweet and almighty Jesus will send by whom he will, and that the word of his great salvation produces peace and joy through the powerful sound of the everlasting gospel. And "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Not those that have learned the doctrines in their heads, but such as have the heart opened to receive them, as Lydia, and that in love and power. This brings all that we poor helpless sinners want, because it reveals to us that dear and best of all names, which alone can save us from all our sins and eternal ruin; heal the deadly wound, and cure the worst of maladies; bring "life

and immortality; to light" in the soul; deliver us from the curses of a broken law, and free us from the hard bondage, wrath, fear, and distress thereof; save us from all our black catalogue of crimes, and bring into the conscience a full remission of all; and produce pardon and peace within, through the precious blood of Christ. He is our peace.

This ever-blessed gospel of our God discovers to us his reconciled face in the precious and adorable Mediator. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness" in the first creation, shines into our hearts, "to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God." O how bright! With what glory does his grace shine in that dearest of names, even Jesus! Truly, my soul, it is beyond all thought or description. This, my dear S., we have found at times by the power and almighty grace of the Holy Ghost. We can with truth, God, and conscience say, it is the most joyful sound that ever reached our ears or heart. And this was good news sent from a far country, by the sweet Spirit of love. O mercy unfathomable! It has brought us to rejoice in his blessed name, who in ourselves are nothing but polluted, hell-deserving sinners. In him we possess all things, as the free grant of the richest and best of fathers; and blessed be his great name, he hath made it all sure in an everlasting covenant in his dear Son, the Son of the Father in truth and love. And "our life is hid with Christ in God." And this is the promise to all the heirs of the promised seed, says John, "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Alas! how little of this life do I feel within; but on the contrary; what death, sin, unbelief, coldness, and hardness of heart. These, with dreadful temptations and thousand of fears that after all I shall perish by the hand of Saul, or some cruel foe that lodges in my bosom, with many things that come upon me from without, and looking at the state of the world and the rebellion of the country, but above all, looking at the church of God, in what a low place she is indeed, as it respects the grace of God upon her, surely the iniquity of pride and fulness of bread abound; so that the love of many was cold. These things, with an infirm body, often mar all my peace below, and cause me to go greatly bowed down. But after all, it is my wretched self that is, and I believe ever will be, my worst enemy. The time will come when we, my dear S., shall be delivered from this and all other enemies. Cheer up. Christ has overcome all; and so shall we through him. God bless you.

Chichester, February 17th, 1835.

E. PARSONS.

When men have strong convictions that such and such things are their own duty, they are apt to act as if they were to be done in their own strength. They must do them, they will do them; that is, as unto the outward work, and therefore they think they can do them, that is, in a due manner. The Holy Ghost hath rejected this confidence; none shall prosper in it. (2 Cor. iii. 5; ix. 8.)—Owen.

A LETTER BY THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—Surely you must think me a strange being indeed, that you have not received a few lines from one who has felt quite at home and enjoyed your company when you have been with us, and found it profitable, not only in conversation, but under the preaching of the word, which has been blessed to my soul from you as an instrument in the Lord's hand, to give me comfort in a time of need, and also in the published sermons delivered by you. O what poor helpless mortals we are at the best of times! I find that in and of myself I cannot do anything that is good; for when I would do good, evil is always present with me.

I am not fond of letter-writing, but find that my correspondents increase more than decrease. Though I have not written to you, it has not been from forgetfulness, for you have not been much off my mind; it has been more from my neglect in writing, and driving off. This is what I am too apt to do. I hope you will excuse me; for it is better late than never. The motive which now induces me to write to you is, I hope, a good one, and directed aright by a fresh spur. We want something fresh to keep us alive to the best of things, or else how soon we droop, and this sometimes is painful to the flesh; but the Lord's ways are best after all, and his time the best.

We had had a sermon of yours read in the chapel, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion," and it was much blessed to my soul and to the souls of those who meet with us from time to time. It came so suitably to me, for it was a real time of need. I am more and more convinced, by observation and the exercises of my own personal feelings, that we must be brought into real circumstances of trial and affliction for the word of God to be made a blessing, either in preaching or reading, and that his chastenings are for our profit; but we cannot at all times see them so, that is, I know I cannot, if others can.

I had, last Monday week, a sad fall, but, through mercy, no bones were broken, yet I was very much shaken in my inside. I had a most restless night, being in such pain in the back and side; my mind was not at all composed, nor could I get any comfort, as I could have wished. My religion seemed all gone, and I feared that I was nothing but a deceiver and a hypocrite, and that it was all natural. But he who never slumbers nor sleeps was still watching over me; yes, and that for good too; for he shone into my soul with a glimpse of his love, by bringing the two last verses of Hart's 20th hymn to my mind. And if ever I did receive a blessing, it was then, before daylight, especially from the last verse:

"Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light compared with thine!
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

I felt also blest in reading Psalm xci., after breakfast, and in looking up to the Lord for protection through the night, &c., and that my

mind might be truly exercised by this affliction, to the profit of my soul and to the praise and glory of his great name. O what a mercy to have the Lord's protecting care over us, and to know that he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and is not such a changeable being as we are! This has oftentimes been a great comfort to me when thinking of the changes of this vain world; though I hope and trust the changes which we have been sorely exercised by will yet turn out for the furtherance of the glorious gospel of God's discriminating truths being preached here again, to separate the precious from the vile, and to sift out the wheat from the chaff, in this dark town and neighborhood. I think the Lord has still kept a little seed in the barn (Hag. ii. 19) to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." The jewels that he has in the rubbish he will find out in his own time, and none can hinder him.

May he be with us and direct us in all our ways, and give wisdom as we stand in need of it. I continually want the Lord's fresh manifestations to me, and for him to say afresh to my soul, "I am thy salvation," for it seems so soon gone. Yet there is a little sweet savor left behind, or as Hart says,

"Something secret sweetens all."

I hope the Lord will direct you in all your undertakings, and that it may be his will to send you amongst us. I hope you will be able to make out this scrawl. Do excuse all blunders. Remember me kindly to Mrs. —, and accept the same yourself from an unworthy worm, who wishes you every covenant blessing in Christ Jesus; and believe me in truth,

Faversham.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

The broken-hearted man is a fainting man. He has his qualms, his sinking fits, he oft-times dies away with pain and fear; he must be stayed with flagons, and comforted with apples, or else he cannot tell what to do; he pines; he pines away in his iniquity; nor can anything keep him alive and make him well, but the comforts and cordials of Almighty God. Wherefore, with such an one God will dwell, to revive the heart, to revive the spirit: "To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." (Isa. lvii. 15.)—*Bunyan*.

At this season of the year infirm people feel their inward seeds of mortality. Damp fogs and keen frosty air search after the gouty matter, and call it up into motion, which causes pain, and pain calls for rest from labor; and confining us is putting our feet in the stocks; and being laid by the heels keeps us from running to mischief; and when the carcass is confined we fetch home our thoughts, desires, and affections, to keep us company, and to entertain us in our solitude. This shows us what is neglected, what is run behind, what is out of joint, and what is off the hooks. It is a time to take stock, take down the files, overhaul the books, to see what is standing against us, what stock there is in trade, what the credit amounts to, and whether we have lost or gained by trading.—*Huntington*.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me with your opinion on the following points?

1. Can a member of a gospel church scripturally resign his connection with it; and does the church act in obedience to the spirit, precepts, and practice of the New Testament in accepting his resignation, and thus turning a member into the world again?

2. If a member tender his resignation, and the church accept that resignation, on the grounds of misconduct, is not this expulsion; and is not the church bound to give its reasons for thus expelling him to another church, which may apply on the account of the expelled person applying for communion with it?

AN INQUIRER.

ANSWER.

"An Inquirer" has asked us two questions which, as involving some important points in church discipline, are, we think, well worthy of consideration; and we shall, therefore, endeavor to examine them in the light of Scripture, according to the ability which the Lord may give us. As it is only on the first that any doubt or difficulty can arise, that will of course demand the largest share of our consideration.

I. It may seem, at first sight, hard doctrine, but, according to our judgment, a member of a gospel church cannot scripturally resign his church membership except upon two grounds, first, that he may, if so compelled by being removed to a distance in providence, join himself to another church of the same faith and order; and secondly, if the church of which he is a member fall from its position as a witness for Christ, either by embracing error, sanctioning ungodly conduct, or walking in irremediable disorder.

But as we never wish to pronounce any opinion in the things of God without assigning our reasons, as drawn from the Scriptures of truth, we shall, with as much brevity as is consistent with clearness, attempt to prove this from the word of God.

It is necessary, however, to lay down at the very outset of the argument, that unless we have clear and scriptural views of what a gospel church is, we are not at all prepared to understand the question; and, indeed, it is only from entertaining false or confused ideas on the subject that a doubt could ever have arisen on the point.

What, then, is a gospel church? It is not a club, nor an association, nor a joint-stock company, nor any society of worldly men, banded together by worldly interests, and organised and maintained for worldly purposes. It is an ordinance of the Lord Jesus, a representation of his mystical body; and, therefore, no rules or regulations, manners maxims or customs, taken from earthly and carnal associations, have any place in the church of God.

By examining, then, the nature and constitution of a gospel church

we shall see that a member cannot, except upon scriptural grounds, such as we have already alluded to, resign his connection with it.

i. A gospel church is a visible and imperfect representation of "the church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven,"—that mystical body of which the Lord Jesus is the glorious Head. But though necessarily imperfect, yet, as being a representation of the invisible church, the Scripture identifies them and speaks of them as one. Time and space forbid us showing this at length; but if our readers will carefully examine 1 Cor. xii. 12–31, they will readily see that the whole argument of the apostle is based upon this ground, that the church at Corinth, (and by analogy every other similarly constituted gospel church,) represented the mystical body of Christ; and that, therefore, what is applicable to the body itself is applicable to the representation of that body,—in other words, that that which is wholly and fully true of the perfect, invisible church is, in its measure, true of the imperfect, visible church.

Now, can a member of Christ's mystical body, an elect vessel of mercy, take himself out of Christ and resign, so to speak, membership with the church of the first-born? A man may, indeed, apostatise from a profession who has all along been destitute of grace, but no living member of Christ can perish through assaults from without, much less from his own act of abandonment from within. A man's arm may sooner voluntarily take itself out of his body, or his hand willingly drop from the wrist, than a member of Christ resign union with the Lord Jesus. By analogy, therefore, a member of a gospel church cannot voluntarily resign his church membership.

ii. We are led to the same conclusion by the *figures* which the Blessed Spirit employs to set forth the nature and constitution of a gospel church.

1. It is spoken of as a *family*. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." (Eph. iii. 15.) It is, therefore, called "a spiritual house," (1 Pet. ii. 5;) "the house of Christ," (Heb. iii. 6,) and "the house of God," (1 Tim. iii. 15; Heb. x. 21; 1 Pet. iv. 17.) The word "house"* here means not only the *abode* of Christ, his earthly temple and residence, but the *household*, or inhabitants of the house, as distinct from the house itself in which they dwell. It is, therefore, called "the household of faith," (Gal. vi. 10,) and "the household of God." (Eph. ii. 19.) Now can a brother or a sister resign his or her membership with the rest of the family? Can they from any personal pique, or domestic broil, or family jars, say, "I dis-brother or un-sister myself; I will no longer be a brother to Thomas or a sister to Mary, because Thomas and I have quarrelled, or Mary and I cannot agree? Were they to say and act so, they

* By comparing Heb. iii. 6 with 1 Tim. iii. 15 and 1 Pet. iv. 17, it will be seen that the Blessed Spirit identifies the perfect invisible church with the imperfect visible church, calling each by the same name, "the house of God;" for, as in Heb. iii. 6 the apostle is evidently speaking of the former, so in the two last quoted passages he as plainly speaks of the latter.

would un-child themselves as well as dis-brother themselves, and the same act by which they cast off their connection with the members would cut off their connection with the head of the family—they virtually disavowing the parent in disavowing the offspring. If a church, therefore, be “the household of God,” it would seem that to renounce a union with it is in a certain degree, and to a certain extent, to renounce union with Christ.

2. Again, as a church is a representation of Christ’s mystical body, “the general assembly and church of the first-born,” it is compared to the human body. “Not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.” (Col. ii. 19.)

The same heavenly truth is set forth Eph. iv. 15, 16, and more fully 1 Cor. xii. 12–27.

Now, can a limb of our natural body voluntarily resign its connection with its fellow members? It may be cut off by accident, be removed by an operation, or drop off by disease; but a sound, healthy limb or organ cannot, as an act of its own will, renounce its connection with the rest of the body. The *eye* cannot say, “I will no longer see for the body. I have worked long enough for the ungrateful members. I have kept myself open all day and sometimes half the night, watching for their benefit, and they have grudged me a moment’s sleep. Let them look out for themselves. I resign my trying post; for I have often had dirt and dust thrown at me, and have wept floods of tears at their unkind conduct; so that I mean for the future to keep my lids down, or go where I shall be better treated and my important services more valued. I shall certainly take myself out of the body.” The *ear* might next use similar language, and say, “I will resign too. Brother eye has been shamefully treated. I have heard the unkindest things said against him; and as we live near each other, and occupy a higher position than the other members, we sometimes compare notes, and mean on this occasion to act together. And as they have treated me badly too, and I am continually hearing their bitter speeches and taunting remarks, which give me continual inward pain, I shall certainly send in my letter of resignation at the same time.” Brother *hand* might next take offence, and holding himself up, or stretching himself forth as if he were another Paul, answer for himself, “I have made myself hard and horny, working for the ungrateful members, and I have opened myself so widely, and given so much away to the poor of the church, that I shall beggar my family if I go on any longer with them. I shall resign too.” And why should not brother *foot*, though from the humility of his position last and least, next take the same step, and speaking out of the dust, add, “Why, I think I shall resign also. How I have slaved in the mud and mire to support the minister and the cause; how for many years I have borne the burdens of the church, and how I have been trod and trampled on! But I will work and walk no more on the church’s errands, but lay myself up for the rest of my days on the sofa and rest like a gentleman?”

Apply this reasoning to the question before us. If a gospel church be, as the apostle most clearly lays down, (1 Cor. xii.,) "the body of Christ and members in particular," if there be in it spiritually, as in the body naturally, the eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, these spiritual members can no more resign their union with, and thus leave and come out of, the spiritual body, than the natural members can abandon their place and office in the natural body.

3. A gospel church is compared by the Blessed Spirit to a *building* of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner stone. (Eph. ii. 19-22.)

But though compared to a building, there is one point in which a church differs from all other buildings—that it consists of *living* stones: "To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.)

Now every stone in a building has a part to sustain, and a weight to bear in the edifice. The same holds good in the spiritual building. Whilst there, occupying the place designed for it by the heavenly Architect, every living stone adds to the strength of the whole edifice. As, then, in the literal and natural building no stone can resign its place in the edifice, without injuring the stability of the whole structure,—and the more important a situation it occupies, and the more weight it sustains, the more it is constrained to abide in its position,—so in the spiritual building a living stone may not voluntarily cast itself out of its place because it has to bear burdens, or because the adjoining stones inconveniently, and somewhat too heavily, press upon it. And yet there are members of churches who, immediately that any trouble arises in the church, are for resigning, not considering that when the storm blows, *that* is the very season when the stone should keep most firmly in its place. And there are others who cannot bear a word of reproof, however affectionately administered, or however much deserved and required, but in a huff take themselves out of the church, as if a stone which has become somewhat loose did not sometimes need a smart tap of the trowel before a little fresh mortar is put into the joint. And there are others who, having been guilty of misconduct, instead of repenting and confessing their fault, choose rather to withdraw to avoid an investigation, and possibly church censure or the disgrace of being turned out.

On these grounds we believe that voluntary resignation of church membership, except in two cases which we shall now state, is not admissible, and that it is contrary to the revealed will and word of God. It is a practice wholly borrowed from worldly clubs and societies, and if not forbidden by any positive precept, yet is in opposition to the spirit of the gospel and the analogy of faith.

iii. In the perfect church, consisting wholly and only of the elect of God, there is no resignation, nor dismissal, nor separation. But in the imperfect church there may be, and from its very constitution,

necessarily is. Yet in our judgment there are but two cases in which voluntary resignation is admissible. 1. To join another church of the same faith and order when necessitated to do so in the leadings of God's providence. Take the following case: A member of a gospel church in London is in the providence of God moved to Manchester. He there finds a minister whom he can hear, a people with whom he feels a union, and a church of the same faith and order as his own. Why may he not, with the consent and permission of his own church, unite himself with them? If he do not, he must live in neglect of the ordinance of the Lord's supper;* and as both churches are representations of Christ's mystical body, he is not guilty of making any schism in the body by transferring himself from one church to the other.

2. The other case is much more difficult and delicate, and depends much on the spiritual judgment, and we may add, still more on the spiritual conscience of the person who feels compelled to renounce his connection with the church of which he is a member.

A church is a witness for Christ; but if it sanction error, countenance ungodliness, or fall into irremediable disorder, it abandons that position, forfeits its trust, and, so to speak, unchurches itself. It is, therefore, no schism and no sin, after repeated and ineffectual affectionate remonstrance, to separate from such a church, because it is, in fact, no longer a church of Christ, the presence, power, and Spirit of God having left it.

We, of course, here merely lay down a general principle. The individual acting upon it is a different matter, and requires, perhaps, more than any other point much prayer and consideration, much anxious self-examination, much waiting upon the Lord to know his mind and will, much distrust of self, and a conviction amounting to little short of complete certainty, before the final step is taken. Nor is it one or two solitary instances which might occur through ignorance or infirmity that would justify such a decisive step, but a continued wilful course of conduct, evidently proving that the Spirit of God was not in the people.

iv. We are not called upon to dwell upon the point, but we cannot dismiss the subject without noticing a question which arises out of it. How should the church act when a member sends in his resignation upon some ground different from what we consider scriptural and admissible? If, as we believe, it is an unscriptural act to resign, it follows that the church acts unscripturally if it accept the resignation, for it thus countenances and sanctions a wrong deed, and becomes a partaker of other men's sins. It should, therefore, appoint either the minister and deacons, or two approved members of the church, to visit the individual and affectionately remonstrate with him on the subject, and, treating him as a friend and brother, use every argument to induce him to remain. But suppose he will not listen

* It is hardly worth while to mention the case of transient members as an exception to this general remark, for such exceptional instances do not affect the principle laid down.

to their affectionate remonstrances, and still perseveres in his resignation, how shall the church act then? Shall it now accept it to prevent further trouble? We still say, no. Because he perseveres in wrong doing, that is no reason why the church should act wrong too. Let the church consider the resignation null and void, and not accept it. But suppose the member act on his own letter, and considering himself no longer a member, cease to attend the Lord's supper. Then the church has a case of another kind against him, and if he persevere in his conduct, without repentance, may separate him as walking disorderly and disobediently to the Lord's precepts.

II. The second question admits of a very brief answer. We consider that where a member sends in his resignation to avoid an investigation of alleged misconduct, the church should not receive it, but consider the letter as unwritten, proceed to investigate the matter, and should the charges be proved true, separate him just as they would have done had he not resigned. If the person seeks for admission into another church, the whole proceedings should be laid before it, and the full circumstances stated without reserve.

We have, of course, here laid down only general principles, feeling at the same time that much wisdom and firmness are needed to carry them out in particular cases. Nor can we forbear adding, that, as cases of this kind are generally most painful and afflicting, so there are none in which greater kindness and gentleness, longsuffering and tenderness are required, and that a church called upon to act in these distressing cases, is not a bench of judges, a box of jurymen, or a bar of lawyers, but a company of pardoned criminals.

God is the God of the humble, the miserable, the afflicted, the oppressed, and the desperate, and of those that are brought even to nothing; and his nature is to exalt the humble, to feed the hungry, to give sight to the blind, to comfort the miserable, the afflicted, the bruised and broken-hearted, to justify sinners, to quicken the dead, and to save the very desperate and damned. For he is an almighty Creator, making all things of nothing.—*Luther*.

If God has not given you any assurance of his love, do not imagine that you are therefore an alien and outcast. For I imagine that God's countenance, or favor, and the light of his countenance, or the clear and comfortable knowledge of his favor, are two distinguishable things. God may bear a favor to us, he may love us, and be resolved to save us, and yet not indulge us with the immediate light of his countenance. But of one thing I am as clearly positive as that I am now preaching in the Lock Chapel; namely, that none whose hearts are at all wrought upon by the finger of God's Spirit, can sit down, quite easily and contentedly, without wishing to experience what the light of God's countenance means. The desire is to know it, to walk in it, and to walk worthy of it.—*Toplady*.

THE LAST DAYS OF MACGOWAN.

Mr. Reynolds, pastor of the Baptist church, at Cripplegate, has given us a vivid description of the blessed frame of Mr. Macgowan's mind during his last illness. He says,—

Mr. Macgowan was one of the most valuable Christian companions I ever had the honor of an intimacy with. He was the amiable Christian, the sincere friend, and the faithful minister of the gospel. No one more sensibly felt the loss of him than myself. I frequently visited him, when he took occasion, as opportunity offered, of opening to me his whole heart. At one time, he was in great darkness of soul, and lamented exceedingly the withdrawals of God's presence. Two things, he said, had deeply exercised his thoughts; one was, how those heavy and complicated afflictions which God had seen fit to lay upon him could work so as to promote his real good; and the other, that God, his best Friend, should keep at a distance from his soul, when the Lord knew how much his mind was distressed for the light of his countenance. "O," said he, turning to me and speaking with great earnestness, "O, my soul pants for God, for the living God; his love-visits would cheer my soul, and make this heavy affliction sit light upon me. The presence of Jesus, my Redeemer, I cannot do without. I trust he will return to me soon; yea, I know he will in his own time; for he knows how much I need the influence of his grace." In this conversation, he mentioned the depravity of his nature, and what a burden he found it. "My heart," said he, "is more and more vile. Every day I have such humiliating views of heart corruption as weigh me down. I wonder whether any of the Lord's people see things in the same light as I do." Then turning to me, he said, "And do you find it so, my brother?" Upon my answering him in the affirmative, he replied, "I am glad of that."

The next time, which was the last of conversing with him, I found him in a sweet and heavenly frame; his very countenance indicated the serenity of his mind. On my entering the room, he cried, "O my dear brother, how rejoiced I am to see you! Sit down, and hear of the lovingkindness of my God. You see me as ill as I can be in this world, and as well as I can be whilst in the body. Methinks I have as much of heaven as I can hold!" The tears of joy, like a river, flowed down from his eyes, and his inward pleasurable frame interrupted his speech for a time. He broke silence with saying, "The work will soon be over. You see also what you must soon experience. But death, to me, has nothing terrific in it; I have not an anxious thought; the will of God and my own will are one; it is all right, yet mysterious. We are to part here, but we shall meet again! You cannot conceive the pleasure I feel in this reflection, viz., that I have not shunned to declare, according to my light and ability, the whole counsel of God. I can die in the doctrines which I have preached; they are true; I find them so. Go on to preach the gospel of Christ, and mind not what the world may say of you!" All the while I sat silent; and, rising

up to take my leave, fearing he would spend his strength too much, he immediately took me by the hand; and, weeping over each other, we wished mutual blessings. Upon rising, he said, "My dear brother, farewell, I shall see you no more."

Thus (continues Mr. Reynolds) I left my much-esteemed friend and brother; and the next news I heard of him was, that on Saturday evening his immortal spirit left the body, to go to the world of light and bliss, and keep an eternal Sabbath of rest with God, angels, and saints.

Mr. Macgowan was well-known in the world, and especially in the churches of the saints, both as a minister and an author. An ardent zeal for the gospel of Christ engaged the powers of his mind. As a preacher, he was faithful, judicious, and affectionate. His humility was very remarkable. He experienced great conflicts in the discharge of his ministerial office, on account of a habitual sense of his sins and corruptions, which frequently overwhelmed his mind when he appeared in public. He was always highly spoken of, and held in great esteem by his brethren in the ministry.

His several publications are standing proofs of his great abilities and singular talents. His "Death, a Vision," is an invaluable treasure. The "Shaver; or Priestcraft Defended," as laying open the evils of priestcraft in our universities; and his "Dialogues of Devils," as delineating the pride, the wiles, and the stratagems of depraved human nature; the anatomising of these, in the way in which Mr. Macgowan has handled the dissecting knife, will, perhaps, never be surpassed. His "Socinianism brought to a Test; in a Series of Letters to Dr. Priestley," is a performance that deserves close reading and deep thinking.

Mr. Macgowan was but young in the ministry when Dr. Gill died, and having lost in him a venerable friend, whom he loved exceedingly for the truth's sake, and from whom he had derived great spiritual advantage, the ardour of his mind led him to write some pathetic lines on his death, from which I select the following:

"Those days were precious, when the voice of truth
Unmixed, by thee proclaimed, our willing feet
Drew thither; and the genial dew of youth
Shed on our hearts, and made our joys complete.

"But now thy pulpit's dumb; thy voice no more
From thence proclaims illustrious truth divine:
Better employed on yonder blissful shore,
And here to mourn in solitude is mine.

"Yet still, methinks, I hear the solemn sound
Of sov'reign love, as preached by thee of yore;
Of boundless heights and depths beyond profound,
Brimless and bottomless, without a shore.

"O the sweet theme! how has my heart been warmed
With holy gratitude, to hear thee tell
Of grace foreknowing, grace selecting, armed
At all events, to rescue me from hell."

As worldly joy ends in sorrow, so godly sorrow ends in joy.—*John Mason.*

REVIEW.

Apocalyptic Sketches. By Dr. Cumming. First Series. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 9s.

Signs of the Times. The Moslem and his End; the Christian and his Hope. By Dr. Cumming. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 1s. 6d.

The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth. London: Houlston and Stoneman, Price 6d.

(Continued from page 198.)

There are certain truths of divine revelation which to an enlightened understanding are beyond all dispute or controversy; and on these points, as they are usually of vital, fundamental importance, a preacher or a writer who seeks to edify the church of God cannot express himself too clearly or insist too strongly. But there are other truths which, either because less plainly revealed, or because the time for their being fully understood is not yet come, are proportionally obscure and uncertain; and therefore preachers and writers who would reverently treat the oracles of God, must either abstain from them altogether, or if they approach them, must handle them with caution and with the utter absence of positiveness and dogmatism. The truths themselves may be as certain, the obscurity not being in them nor in the mode of their revelation, but in our mind, which for various reasons,—as natural darkness, want of divine teaching, unbelief, force of prejudice, cleaving to traditional interpretation, rigid discipleship to some master in Israel,—is unable to grasp or enter into them. This is particularly the case with the prophetic Scriptures, which, besides the difficulty which arises out of their symbolical language, must almost necessarily be obscure till their fulfilment throws upon them its clear and unerring light. When that time arises, their meaning will be so clear that the wonder will be they were not before understood.

To make our meaning more clear, let us for a moment suppose a saint of God under the Old Testament endeavoring to penetrate into the meaning of Isaiah liii. To us who can read it in the light of Messiah's humiliation, sufferings, and death, the meaning is plain and clear, and we see the Man of sorrows portrayed in every line. But that before the coming of Christ its meaning was most obscure to the Old Testament saints is evident from the ignorance of the eunuch who was reading this chapter, and his inquiry of Philip, "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?"

Now, in the same way as the prophecies which spoke of Christ's first coming were obscure till the Redeemer came as a suffering Jesus, so must the prophecies which treat of his second coming be obscure till he comes as a triumphant Jesus. But, as the prophets and saints of old "searched what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow," so surely

it may be allowable for us in these last times to search the sacred Scriptures, to see what is revealed in them of the second coming of the triumphant Messiah.

In our last number we closed somewhat abruptly, after having attempted to unfold the main features of the Sixth Vial. As we were then unable to finish the subject, we shall detain our readers a little longer on what remains of the Sixth, before we proceed to examine the Seventh Vial.

It is well worthy of remark in connection with the subject of our Review, that it is under the Sixth Vial, immediately after the appearance of the three unclean, frog-like spirits, that the Lord announces his second coming. "Behold," he says, "I come as a thief;" that is, just as a thief comes at night when least expected, at a time when the inmates of the house are fast locked in sleep, in the dearest, darkest, midnight hour, so will I come as unexpectedly in the darkest hour of the church's slumber.

It is likewise remarkable that the second coming of Christ is interposed, and, as it were, interjected between the description of the frog-like spirits and their predicted end. We do not understand by this that Christ will come under the Sixth Vial. There is much work on the wheels, much to be suffered and done before Christ appears "the second time without sin unto salvation." But we view these words of the Lord Jesus as wearing a threefold aspect: 1. As a warning note; 2. As a descriptive word; 3. As a consoling voice. As a warning note, sounding, as it were, from far, it reminds his people that his coming draweth nigh; and whilst it pronounces a blessing on him "that watcheth and keepeth his garments," it admonishes them against carelessness and sleepiness, lest they walk naked and men see their shame.* As a descriptive word, it points at the general insensibility and deep slumber which have fallen on the churches, the night being the sleepy season when the thief comes. And as a comforting voice, it sounds before the great battle to which the frog-like spirits are gathering the kings of the earth, assuring the church of deliverance and victory from her coming Lord.

Whatever difficulty there may be in affixing a determinate interpretation to such prophetic expressions as "the battle of the great day of God Almighty," and "the place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon," two things are sufficiently evident: 1. That there will be a tremendous struggle on the side of Antichrist,—and by Antichrist we understand every power hostile to Christ,—to obtain the victory; and 2. That his destruction will be sudden, decisive, and overwhelming. It is under the Sixth Vial that Antichrist is secretly preparing his forces; but it is not under that vial that his

* There is probably some allusion here to a custom mentioned by the Rabbinical writers, of the governor of the temple going his rounds every night, with burning torches; and if he found any Levite asleep, he struck him with his staff, and set fire to his clothes.

destruction will be accomplished. It is under the Seventh and last Vial that the enemies of God finally perish.

We now proceed to sketch the leading features of the Seventh Vial, the first sprinklings of which seem already poured out; but as the main incidents are almost wholly future, we must here tread our way with much caution. A passing glimpse, however, at the predicted events may not be without interest. A few months, or at most a few years, will decide how far our attempted interpretation of them is correct. We may divide the incidents of the Seventh Vial into two branches:

- I. Its first sprinklings.
- II. Its full effects.

I. Its *first sprinklings* contain, 1. Its *seat*; 2. The *voice* that sounds as it is poured forth.

1. The *seat* of the Seventh Vial first demands notice. This is "*the air*." "And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air." This may imply its universal diffusion and wide-spread influence, as well as intimate, as we shall presently show, a more positive and literal effect. The seat of the Sixth Vial was especially local—the great river Euphrates; but this is general, being poured out into the air, which is everywhere present, and whereby it is at once carried, widely and rapidly, to every spot, crossing seas and continents without let or hindrance, and traversing countries far and near, with the swiftness of the wind. In respect of this wide diffusion and influence, the close of the Sixth Vial melts into the beginning of the Seventh, for in that the spirits of devils (and what is spirit, but air?) go forth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world. But as in the one Vial God's judgments crawl, in the other they fly, borne on the wings of the wind.

But besides this leading idea of the wide and general diffusion of the contents of the Seventh Vial, there seems some intimation, as we have above hinted, of a more direct and positive influence. It cannot be denied, that of late the very air, if not itself tainted, bears in it seeds of disease and death. That mysterious disease, cholera, seems almost wholly propagated by the air, traversing Asia and Europe in a certain sweep, as if borne on the breeze. It reaches Hamburg. In a few days it breaks out at Sunderland or Newcastle, as if borne by the breeze across the German Ocean. The fell destroyer then sweeps on to Ireland; and having sated its appetite in its filthy cabins, speeds over the wide Atlantic to Canada and the United States. Does not this appear much like the drops of the Seventh Vial in the air? Nor is this destructive influence confined to the human body. The disease of the vine, called *oidium*, which in this last year or two has so infected, and, indeed, destroyed the grapes in the islands of the Mediterranean, Spain, Portugal, France, &c., ruining thousands, appears, if not primarily caused, to be mainly propagated by the air. Look again at the potato disease. On one night, in the month of August, 1846, a fatal blast traversed the length

and breadth of Ireland, the effect of which was that the growing potatoes which, to use the language of an eye-witness, the day before "stood up like gooseberry trees," next morning drooped and flagged, and in a few days filled the air with the stench of putrefaction. Men of science bring their microscopes, and talk very learnedly of fungus, and worn-out stock, and improper soil, and over-rich manures; but the leaf blotched in a single night tells its own tale, and proclaims the air as the bringer of the corrupting taint. The vial of wrath thus poured into the air, swept off in a single night the food of a nation, and in spite of the noble assistance, publicly and privately, of maligned and ill-requited England, herself suffering under a similar infliction, sent at least a million of Irishmen to the grave, either by positive famine or by its invariable and more fatal accompaniment, fever. Whence, too, if the air be not either itself tainted, or the bearer of taint, has arisen the general and wide-spread cry for what are called sanitary measures? Why are they now everywhere shutting up grave-yards, constructing sewers, draining towns, procuring good water, &c.? There is evidently a cause for this general cry. All these evils of foul sewers and bad drainage existed before, without the same sacrifice of life. The reason evidently is that the air carries in its bosom disease and death as it never did before; and however science may seek to explain it from natural causes, the fact remains the same, that the atmosphere has become of late a marked agent of destruction.

2. Immediately on the pouring out of the Seventh Vial into the air, "there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, saying, It is done;" as though heaven itself ratified the deed, and bailed the act as the closing scene of fast-coming judgment. Light on the meaning of these words may be obtained from Rev. x. 5-7: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer; but in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, *the mystery of God should be finished*, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets."

The Seventh Trumpet includes and contains the Seven Vials; and just as when the first note of that trumpet begins to sound, it proclaims that the "mystery of God should be finished," so when the first drops of the Seventh Vial are poured out, the voice sounds, "It is done!" "The mystery of God" is, that wickedness should reign, the saints suffer, and the ungodly triumph. This is that mystery which made the souls of them that were slain cry from under the altar, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!"

It is indeed a mystery which from the days of Job and Asaph has perplexed and troubled the saints of God. "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?" has been the agonising cry of thousands. God gives the answer to that wail,

when the voice comes out of the temple of heaven, "It is done." Before that vial comes to a close, the Lord "will destroy them that destroy the earth," and will then usher in the reign of righteousness and peace.

The effects of the Vial are, prophetically viewed, so certain that the end is considered as accomplished immediately it commences to be poured out. "It is done," therefore sounds at the beginning, though, strictly speaking, it is the ending cry.

II. But we now come to the *full effects* of the Seventh Vial. These embrace several distinct and marked incidents.

1. The first is, "There were voices, and thunders, and lightnings." These are, of course, figurative and symbolical expressions of earthly incidents, which have in them a parallel and a resemblance. Shall we be thought fanciful or overstrained if we apply these symbols to passing events? They seem to point to storms and commotions in the political atmosphere. Angry voices and clamorous cries are to be heard; the artillery of war is to thunder and lighten; symptoms of a coming storm are to be seen and heard in the sky. Are not these things at our doors and under our eyes? What now agitates all Europe but the approaching storm in the Baltic and Black Seas? The hurrahs of England's soldiers and sailors have not been heard for near 40 years; and what those voices mean no one is ignorant. Fearfully too has the power of destruction increased since the last war; and what terrific thunders and lightnings Napier carries with him it is fearful to contemplate. We will not insist on this view being the correct interpretation, but it strikes us as carrying with it much probability.

2. The next incident seems mainly future, though, perhaps, its first tremblings were felt in February, 1848. It is "a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great."

By an earthquake we do not understand a literal commotion of the earth, but a moral convulsion, similar in its nature and effects to that natural phenomenon. In other words, we understand by that most expressive symbol a political revolution. This is the term applied by historical writers, as Alison, to the first great French Revolution, which broke out towards the close of the last century; and, indeed, no more significant figure could be employed to paint in one word its wide-spread commotion and devastating effects. How fearfully was the whole surface of France then agitated and convulsed, from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. How the throne of its kings, which had stood for a thousand years, fell with a crash that was felt all over Europe; how the ancient Gallican church, in a single night, was stripped of all its lands, tithes, and possessions; and how the ancient nobility, the first in Europe, were bereft of their honors and titles, and were either forced into exile or perished miserably in prisons and on the scaffold! A literal earthquake, as at Lisbon and Aleppo, will in a few minutes hurl a city into ruins and crush thousands beneath their noblest edifices;

but what natural commotion of the ground on which we tread ever wrought desolation to be compared to the first French Revolution? If, then, this be the prophetic symbol of revolution, there may be expected under the Seventh Vial a political convulsion of a more wide and fearful character than even that which France witnessed at the close of the last century. What produces the natural earthquake? Hidden fires pent up in its bosom seeking vent. And is not this the present character of the European continent? Italy, we well know, is heaving to and fro, filled with the volcanic fires of hatred to Austria and aspirations after liberty and independence. Germany, ground down with armies, and split up into rival kingdoms, crouching to Russia, sighs after a strong and united fatherland. Hungary and Poland are only kept from rising by the iron heel of despotism; and France, the great manufactory of revolutions, would almost necessarily burst forth into a flame were the present emperor removed from the throne by death, assassination, or exile. If, then, we read aright the indications of the Seventh Vial, a fearful revolution may be expected, most probably produced by two of the three unclean spirits explained in our last number, if not by the combined action of all. Infidelity and Republicanism were the main causes and agents of the first French Revolution, their very character and constitution being revolt,—infidelity against the authority of God, and republicanism against the authority of man; and, as they may be expected to act in a similar way again, so even Popery would not scruple to lend them her aid, if she had any hope of advancing her interests thereby.

As the remaining incidents of this vial demand a more attentive and longer consideration than we can give them in our limited space, we must reserve their examination to a future number.

Not to be tempted of the devil is the greatest temptation out of hell; and if there be any choice of devils, a raging and roaring devil is better than the calm and sleeping devil. When the devil is within, he sleeps and is silent, and the house or soul he is in is silent, and there is a covenant with death and hell. (Isa. xxviii. 15.)—*Rutherford*.

I knew a man who, when he came under convictions, endeavored with all his might to stifle them; his convictions grew stronger, and he hardened himself against them; he saw their tendency, but was so opposite to it that he resolved in express terms he would not be a Puritan, whatever became of it. To the church he must go, his master would have it so; but this was his wont, to loll over the seat, with his fingers in both his ears. Here general or conditional grace was surely nonplussed. But a chosen vessel must not be so lost. Now steps in electing grace, and, by a casual slip of his elbow, drew out the stoppers, and sent in a word from the pulpit, which, like the fire from heaven, melted his heart, and cast it in a new mould. Surely, in this the Lord did not wait for the man's compliance or improvements; his work was not originated thence, nor dependent thereon.—*Elisha Coles*.

POETRY.

"For there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

"No night" above! Delightful thought
To those who are by Jesus taught.
How sweet to drop the clod of dust,
Envy, rebellion, pride, and lust.

"No night!" How pleasant is the sound.
The soul that was in prison bound
Will leave the chains behind, and rise
Where perfect pleasure never dies.

While here I mostly walk by night,
And with the powers of darkness fight;
But then, their malice all will cease,
And war give place to perfect peace.

No night of dark desponding fear
Can ever to my soul come near;
Those painful nights will all be o'er,
Never to grieve my spirit more.

The night which hides my Saviour's
face,

When I cannot one feature trace
That I belong to God's dear fold,
I shall no more with grief behold.

No frosty nights my soul to chill;
The raging foes must all lie still.
Which often bowed me down below,
And made my soul in mourning go.

Display, dear Lord, thy sov'reign power;
I feel I need thee every hour!
If not upheld, O Lord, by thee,
O what a monster I should be!

Lord, leave me not with sin to fight,
With thy blest presence out of sight;
But shield me safe in thy dear arms,
From Satan's soul-bewitching charms.

And when the night of death I see,
Stand by, support, and comfort me.
O may I pass that night with joy;
May songs of praise my lips employ!

That, while I pass through Jordan's
flood,

My soul may have sweet peace with God;
Till faith and hope are changed to sight,
Where there will never be a night.

The paths which crooked did appear,
The little while I sojourned here,
Will prove most clear to be the way
Which leads to everlasting day.

May I esteem the world as nought,
Not worthy of an anxious thought;
And in thy time, O set me free,
And bring my spirit home to thee!

May this my blessed portion be,
To hear thee say, "Come up to me."
Then shall I see thee face to face,
And feast upon thy boundless grace.

The way I yet may have to tread,
May I by sov'reign grace be led,
Till in that blissful world of light,
I never more shall see a night.

I. H.

As the sun ripens and sweetens fruits by shining upon them, without which they would be sour and unsavory; so it is the sunshine of God's love and favor that sweetens all earthly blessings.—*John Mason.*

How can you expect that the love of the world and the love of God can dwell together? You might as well take half a dozen of the most abandoned characters in this great city, and half a dozen of the most spiritual, and try to unite them. It would be impossible to do so. Paul said he was crucified unto the world, and the world unto him. Then how could they love each other?—*W. T.*

Our nature is apt to run into extremes. Because we see the vanity of the Papists, in placing mortification of sin in an outward shadow and appearance of it in that bodily exercise which profiteth not; we are apt to think that all things of that nature are utterly needless, and cannot be subordinate unto spiritual ends. But the truth is, I shall much suspect their internal mortification, (pretend what they will,) who always pamper the flesh, indulge their sensual appetite, conform to the world, and lead their lives in idleness and pleasures.—*Owen.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 224. AUGUST, 1854. VOL. XX.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

1. What think ye of the *eminent station* he is in as Mediator betwixt God and you, and his relation to God and you; his relation to God by nature, as his eternal Son; and by office, as his righteous Servant? God calls you to wonder at him in this station; (Isa. lxii. 1;) "Behold my Servant, whom I uphold; mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth." His Father called him forth to serve him and you, and to serve him for your sake; to serve him as a Redeemer, to ransom you; to serve him as a Surety, to pay your debt; to serve him as a Physician, to heal your souls; to serve him in all the offices that your need requires. And what think ye of him?

2. What think ye of his *travails*, in order to accomplish the work that belongs to that station and relation wherein he stands to God and you? The travail of his eternal mind before time, when "his delights were with the sons of men;" the travail of his soul, and the travail of his body in time; his travail from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven again; in all his mediatory actings; his incarnation, birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession? O but the Lord can give a glance of his glory in the very naming of these things! How did he travail as in birth, when he went about his Father's business! (Luke ii. 49.)

3. What think ye of his *treasures*; his unsearchable riches that are stored up in him for the benefit of poor sinners, having received these gifts for men? "All the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid in him;" all, and infinitely more than we lost in the first Adam, is treasured up in the second Adam. O what may a poor, ignorant, witless sinner think of a treasure of wisdom, for his illumination! What may a guilty sinner think of a treasure of righteousness, for his justification? What may a filthy sinner think of a treasure of grace, for his sanctification? And what may a miserable sinner think of a treasure of mercy, for his complete redemption? Yet all these treasures, and infinitely more than we can name, are in Christ: "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.) O the fulness of grace that is in him, that "out of his fulness we may receive grace for grace!" He is the storehouse of all God's treasures; for all is treasured up in him, that we may be complete in him, who can by faith make use of him. And what think ye of him?

4. What think ye of his *thoughts*? "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them! If I could count them, they are more in number than the sand; when I awake I am still with thee." (Ps. cxxxix. 17.) O his thoughts! Dwell with wonder and admiration upon God's thoughts. Is it nothing to you that ever he had thoughts of love towards the like of you, thoughts of pardon, thoughts of peace, "thoughts of good, and not of evil, to give you an expected end?" O believer, his thoughts are not precious to the rest of the world; but what are they to you? Think you nothing that his thought and care should have been about you from eternity, and now manifested in time? Having loved you with an everlasting love, how is he drawing you with lovingkindness? besides all his providential care in bringing things about for your good, and that in a way beyond your contrivance and foresight; yea, in such a manner as never entered into your thoughts. You little thought what was his design in ordering your lot in such a part of the world, and such a spot of his vineyard, and bringing you to such a sermon, or under such a ministry. O how innumerable are his precious thoughts! And what think ye of him?

5. What think ye of his *words*, as well as his thoughts? Surely, if you think duly, you will think them sweet words: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." (Ps. cxix. 103.) Though many times, like Samuel, you mistake the Lord's voice, believer, and think it is Eli that speaks, and cannot discern the voice of Christ from the voice of Moses; the voice of grace from the voice of the law; yet when the Spirit comes, and whispers in a word from Christ sometimes, what think ye of it? "It is the voice of my Beloved; behold he cometh, skipping upon the mountains, and leaping upon the hills!" What think ye of his *inviting* words, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden?" What think ye of his *exhorting* words, saying, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" What think ye of his *entreating* and his *promising* words, his *I wills* and *ye shalls*: "I will be your God, and ye shall be my people!" Do you think so much of them that your hearts say Amen to them? What think ye of his *may-bes*. Believers will think right much of a may-be from him sometimes. "It *may be* he will be gracious." "It *may be* ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." What think ye of his *shall-bes*? There are shall-bes for the church in general: "Upon all the glory there *shall be* a defence." "In the mount of the Lord it *shall be* seen." What think ye of these? There are shall-bes for yourself in particular; there is a shall-be for your protection: "A man *shall be* a hiding-place from the storm;" "This man *shall be* the peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land." There is a shall be for your provision: "Bread *shall be* given thee, and thy water *shall be* sure." There is a shall be for your instruction: "They *shall be* all taught of God." There is a shall be for your justification: "His name *shall be* called, The Lord our Righteousness." There is a shall be for your salvation from sin and wrath: "His name *shall be* called Jesus, because he saves his people

from their sins; even Jesus, which delivers from the wrath to come." There is a shall be for a happy death: "Death *shall be* swallowed up in victory." There is a shall be for a happy welcome at the day of judgment: "They *shall be* mine in the day that I make up my jewels." There is a shall be for a happy eternity: "And so we *shall be* ever with the Lord." What think ye of all these words and *shall be*? Is there any faith here, saying, "Amen; so let it be; so shall it be?" What think ye of his *verities*? We cannot go through these, to tell you how oft he has confirmed his words with a "*Verily, verily* I say unto you;" many a *wrathful* verily against his enemies, who think nothing of him; many a *loving* verily towards his people, who think much of him. O do you esteem them all to be the truth, and that *verily* it is and shall be as he has said? What think ye of his *dying* words, as when he said upon the cross, "It is finished?" What think ye of his *living* words? "I am he that was dead, and am alive; and behold I live for evermore?" O what think ye of his words? Cannot your heart say, "Lord, to whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." O what think ye of him?

6. What think ye of his *works*? even his works of creation; what think ye of these? "For by him all things were made that were made, and without him was nothing made." (John i. 3.) O when you behold "the heavens, the work of his hands, the moon and the stars which he hath ordained," may you not say, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" What think ye of his works of *providence*? For "he up-holdeth all things by the word of his power." (Heb. i. 3.) If you wonder how he can raise your dead bodies at the great day, and sever your dust from other dust, may you not as well wonder how he every day raises up in your view innumerable stalks of corn out of the dust, and gives to every grain of seed his own body? as the apostle argues, 1 Cor. xv. 35, and downward. How will he raise the believer's vile body out of the filthy dust where it roots, and make it "like unto his own glorious body?" "O fools that ye are, and slow of heart to believe!" How does he raise the beautiful lilies out of the dung? "Solomon, in all his glory is not comparable to one of these;" and all the world cannot make one of them to rise without his powerful providence. These miracles of providence are common every day in our view, and so we think nothing of them; but we might see the power of Christ in them. If you wonder how it was possible for Christ to turn the water into wine, or multiply a few loaves and a few fishes, so as to feed so many thousands, we need not wonder so much, if we but thought how his providence is doing that every year. The water falls from the clouds, and the vine by his order turns it into wine; and by the spawn of such fishes, and the grain of such loaves, he is feeding millions every day. Woe is us, that we cannot think of him and his works as we ought! Above all, what think ye of his works of *grace* and *redeeming love*? All his other works are as the drop of a bucket, in comparison of this ocean; for herein we may see him appear in his own and his

Father's pomp and splendor, manifesting all the glorious perfections of God; even his infinite power, and wisdom, holiness, justice, mercy, truth, faithfulness, and all God's attributes. I might here mention his works of grace *for us* and his works of grace *in us*; but it were endless to speak of the thousandth part. His works of grace *for us* lie in his *bringing in everlasting righteousness*, especially if we speak of his good works. Surely it is a good work that can fulfil the holy precepts of that good law which we have broken, and can answer the righteous threatening of the just law which we have incurred. Well, here is the doing and dying of the Son of God for both these ends, that divine holiness may be vindicated, and justice satisfied in the way and manner of our salvation through him. The *law of God* is a *perfect law*, and "exceeding broad;" but here is a righteousness as broad as it can be, so as to "magnify the law and make it honorable." O! what think ye of that good work? His work of grace *in us* is also much to be thought of; and that lies mainly, I think, in imputing his perfect righteousness to us for our justification, (which is indeed properly an act of grace upon us, Rom. iii. 22,) and implanting another righteousness beside it for our sanctification, which he carries on to perfection. This internal work of grace may be begun with sighs and groans, advanced in battles and conflicts; but it will be completed in victory and glory. Well, then, in this short glance of his works, what think ye of them? May ye not say, as Ps. cxi. 3: "His work is honorable and glorious, and his righteousness endureth for ever?" And when you notice his works, what think you of himself?

7. What think ye of his *gospel*, and the *terms* of it? that gospel, which we preach in his name, wherein his "righteousness is revealed from faith to faith?" If you think highly of him, you will think highly of it, as the best news and most glad tidings that ever you heard: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" (Isa. lii. 7; Rom. x. 15.) Some are ready to think the gospel of grace and salvation through Jesus Christ is too good news to be true with respect to them, as if it were not to be supposed that God will bestow so great salvation so freely upon so great sinners; not considering that God in the gospel aims not at our glory chiefly, but at the declaration of his own glory, and the magnifying of his own free grace; and that therefore we are to take freely what he gives freely. It is a manifestation of free grace, sovereign grace, which is neither hindered by our evil, nor furthered by our good; (Rom. iii. 24;) and regards neither our worthiness to deserve it, nor our unworthiness to impede it. (Rom. ix. 15.) Hence Luther alleged, that, "Men's minds were so occupied with fantastical imaginations of their own works, that the glad tidings of the gospel seem strange matters to them." Men will be astonished at the greatness of his grace, as it is, Jer. xxxiii. 9. Many think of the gospel as if it were merely a *new law*, wherein God stands upon some easier terms with us

than in the covenant of works; thus confounding law and gospel, and making a hotch-potch of both. Indeed, if we speak of law-terms, upon which our salvation stands, they are no easier than ever they were. A perfect righteousness is the only condition of salvation; and we not having that in ourselves, the gospel gives it in Christ, and there is the ground of our eternal salvation. But if we speak of the gospel-terms, we need not say, you must come up to them, but rather, "Come down, Zaccheus; for this day is salvation come to thy house;" salvation is come to you, and given freely to you, "without money and without price;" come down and take it. And indeed, faith, which belongs to the order and method of God's applying the gospel, is a coming down from all our legal hopes of salvation for something to be done by us, in order to our being obliged to another, even to Christ for all. (Isa. lv. 1, 2; Rev. xxii. 17.) Come down from the sycamore tree of your vain hopes, and get all freely; that is the gospel. What think ye of it? This is indeed a hard saying to proud flesh and blood, which thinks rather they should go up, and do more for their justification and salvation, than come down, and be obliged to another to pay all their law-debt completely. He will do all for you, or nothing; and O man! what think ye of him and his gospel? But then,

8. What think ye of his *service*, and his *wages*? When a man is once brought in to the gospel-terms, and understands them, then, and not till then, does he come up to the gospel rule; for, "Faith works by love," and love is the fulfilling of the law as a rule, from thankfulness to him who has delivered from the law as a covenant. If you think his service hard and uneasy, it seems you are not thinking much of Christ, but rather of the law, which is a heavy yoke, that neither we nor our fathers were able to bear; but Christ's "yoke is easy, and his burden is light," (Matt. xi. 29, 30,) because in this service the man has no law-debt to pay, for Christ has done that to his hand, but only a love-debt: "If you love me, keep my commandments;" and thus, "his commandments are not grievous." Here grace is all and all, both of the service and wages. Grace says, "Up, and be doing, man, in my strength; for the greatest work is done to your hand, and now my grace shall be sufficient for thee." Grace says also, "Behold, a crown of glory, a reward of grace awaiting you, after you have fought the good fight of faith; therefore have an eye to this recompense of reward." Death is the proper wages of sin, and it is a just debt; but grace's wages are free; "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" that is, there is here no promise of life upon our doing, but a promise of grace to do, and of glory to crown our doing, and of both grace and glory as the reward of Christ's doing all; and, therefore, what think ye of him and his service?

(To be concluded in our next.)

Christians' hearts are as iron; if they be once made hot with the love of God, they will more easily be joined together in love to one another.—*John Mason.*

A GOOD WORD MAKETH THE SOUL GLAD.

My dear Son,—According to promise, I sit down to write a few lines to you, hoping this will find you well. I can say as regards ourselves, as the Shunamite said, "All is well."

I am just brought through a severe trial, which has been a source of great grief not only to myself but to my closest friends. In this we prove what the apostle says, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," although at the time it was not joyous, but grievous. Observe what the apostle says, "nevertheless;" look at that sweet word "nevertheless;" as though he had said, "It matters not what trouble, affliction, or temptation you are in; if you are standing in the power of God's grace, none of these things can hurt you." Then he goes on to say afterward, it yieldeth "the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby." I cannot describe to you the exercises my mind has been in in this trial, nor the peace that has followed; but I desire to follow the example of our forefathers, to raise an Ebenezer and set up a stone as a memorial of the Lord's great salvation which he has wrought. When the Lord led his people Israel through the Red Sea by the hand of Moses, he built an altar to the Lord. Joshua, when he passed over the river, gathered up stones and erected an altar, and this was always to be kept in order, that when their children passed that way they might observe and call to mind what great things the Lord had done for them. And this is my motive in writing to you, hoping it may be for your good and the glory of God.

But to go a little more into detail, or to come closer home, as the saying is. On Monday morning I had to go to S—. On the road the enemy set in sorely, and laid such difficulties before me, that I thought I could never get through in this state. I became fretful and ready to give up everything. I was so confused, that I could not get my mind stayed on anything. This made my journey wearisome indeed. When I got home I was as tired as though I had walked thirty miles. I seated myself in my chair with a heavy burden, and like David, in my trouble I sought the Lord; and bless his dear name he heard me and answered me in those sweet words of the apostle Paul, "My God shall supply all your needs." I said, "Dear Lord, it is enough." This brought peace to my soul, and praise went forth to my dear Lord for his mercy to me, an unworthy sinner. It melted me into tears of gratitude which I hope never to forget. But this did not last long, for Satan and unbelief soon prevailed and brought me lower than I was before. Now the mere professor would say, "What a fool! after such a promise, now, not trust God." I would say so too, and call myself a thousand fools. But those who thus talk about trusting God when they please, show that they have never ploughed with Samson's heifer; therefore they cannot understand the riddle. I retired to bed, and went to sleep for a very short time. When I awoke, upon examining matters I could find no guilt upon my conscience, and peace was the effect.

This I can say, in the fear of his precious name, and with David can call upon my soul and all that is within me to bless his holy name. In this exercise there was real judgment-work going on between God and conscience.

On the following Lord's Day, I was greatly favored in hearing Mr. S. He took these words for a text: "When you pray, say, Our Father." He first described the exercise a soul passed through previous to his being enabled to utter the language of the text, "My Father," and then he went on to show how the soul that had known its justification would be exercised in a variety of ways. Separating between the professor and a possessor, he was led to show how the Lord would support his own child, and how the professor turned aside in the day of trial. It was so blest to me, that I was like David when he danced before the ark. My soul was so blest that I was ready to exclaim before the congregation, "O the goodness and mercy of the Lord!" I was filled with the love of God. I cannot write to the full what my soul felt. If it is the dear Lord's will, I hope you may taste a little of the honey which my soul has tasted. I can say, "The Lord hath led me by a right way;" and to him I would ascribe all the praise. Amen.

Your affectionate Father,

Nov., 1841.

J. B.

If the efficacy of grace should depend on the human will, (that is, if grace should be rendered effectual by some motion or act of the will, which grace was not the author of,) then will nature assume the priority; works will glory over grace, and free will will be said to be better than free grace; for, that the less is blessed of the better is without contradiction, (Heb. vii. 7,) and that that which sanctifies is greater than that which is sanctified by it, is so obvious, that Christ appeals it to the reason of fools and blind. (Matt. xxiii. 19.)—*Elisha Coles.*

I recommend patience, but I have no such thing to spare; I only give my advice, and that gratis. I have been this morning early pondering over the many infirmities that I am subject to, and many of the remedies that have been of use to me in them. For a swelling in the mind I have found a thorn in the flesh of great use, as it serves to let out the wind, when I have been puffed up, and feeding upon vanity. And, when my stomach has been so nice and delicate that I have been almost ready to loathe the honey-comb, bitter aloes have proved an excellent stomachic; it has strengthened it, promoted appetite, and helped digestion. "With bitter herbs shall ye eat it." The plague of the heart is preferred to carnal ease; but for every species of the gout there is nothing so effectual as mustard seed and sweet oil; mustard seed is of a warm nature, more so than flannel; and the best and most skilful Physican that ever was in this world has declared that faith like a grain of mustard seed would move a mountain from the earth, and why not a swelling from the foot?—*Huntington.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE DR. LINDSLEY.

(Concluded from page 209.)

Those who assert that the "law is a rule of life to a believer," and that the contrary doctrine leads to licentiousness, prove themselves to be under the law, and at the same time show their ignorance of the glorious light, liberty, and privileges of the sons of God. Such would raise doubts in the mind of every true citizen of Zion whether they had ever been set free by the Son of Man. For, says he, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Furthermore, those who assert that the doctrines of grace, as held by us, lead to licentiousness, would give us reason to suspect that if the law, as a rule of life, were taken away from them, that they would live in sin of choice. And this would hold good of those who marry another while the first husband lives: "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse." Such promise others liberty while themselves are in bondage or are the "servants of corruption." Such know not "what they say, nor whereof they affirm;" they "darken counsel by words without knowledge;" and lead those they instruct into greater bondage than they were before, like the taskmasters in Egypt. They confuse and bewilder the judgment of their pupils, and blind and mislead those they pretend to instruct or guide into the way of truth. Such give an uncertain sound; their voice is nothing but a "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" Christ commands us not to go after them; and whoever does will get bondage enough, but no liberty.

Now let the advocate for free will and human power in religion display before our eyes the wonderful feats of human faith, its astonishing efficacy, the wonderful victories it has wrought over the world, the flesh, and the devil, that we may behold it and acknowledge the exceeding power, prevalency, and excellency of its operations; that we may lay our hand upon it, remember the battle, and do no more; that we may have no hope of standing out against its sovereignty, but to be cast down and dismayed even at the sight of it! You inform me that you have tried the waters that "issued out from under the threshold of the house," and that, according to the prophecy, wherever the waters came, everything that had life was healed; then you could glorify the Lord in the very fires. But when those waters were not to be had, like Samson, shorn of his hair, you had no strength to combat your foes. God often communicates to us the will, while he withholds the power; for such is our weakness, and so many and so formidable are our enemies; that in order to do anything to purpose, we need the Lord "to work in us both to will and to do of his own pleasure." When this is the case, what we do is done rightly, for it has an omnipotent agent. We have the promise that the Lord will never leave us, cease to do us good, or forsake us, all our days. But, full and unconditional as the promises are, they are not always so within our reach as that we can get present comfort from them. Unbelief is the great mother sin, and it often devours the first-born of our peace, holds us back

from God, from the promises, and from an enjoyment of the things promised; it is a very formidable foe. If we had power at all times to keep unbelief under the hatches, we should escape a world of difficulties which otherwise we are perpetually involved in. However, the more toil, the greater the danger; the more straitened we are, the more desperate our case seems; the greater obstacles we have to encounter, the more tempest-tossed we are, the more desired and the more welcome will be the haven of everlasting rest. Bonds and afflictions abide us the journey through. It is the unalterable ordinance and decree of God, that "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution." Yea, the angel which showed John the sublime worship of heaven, called his attention to the saints which were round about the throne, and said of them all, "These are they which came out of *great* tribulation; and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne." And they in their turn ascribe all the power, honor, and glory of their salvation to Jesus Christ, because he had redeemed them out of "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues."

You say, "I believe, my dear brother, that we shall bless God to all eternity for the cross and the chastening rod; whither should we run without it?" True. It is written, "But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." I find, by reason of indwelling sin, or "the law in my members warring against the law of my mind," that in me, that is, in my flesh, is no stability; for after toiling in vain through long cold, wintry nights, if the south wind fans the garden that the spices thereof flow out, pride immediately rises, and the scent of self will be manifest enough. There is so much to invigorate the "old man;" he has so many allies, and they always so on the alert, that ere I am aware, I am foiled. And when I have been down for a long time, even for months, I think if the Lord would but remove the bondage, take off the veil, break every yoke from off my neck, enlarge my heart, and establish my goings, that I would be humble, meek, submissive, quiet, and as pliable as the wax to the seal. But alas, alas! If the burden is taken off, all my experience of the consequence of former folly amounts to nothing; the first puff of wind that comes, and over I go. Even amidst all the aids of grace, I can see and feel so much of the old cask, that I find sinful self to be a real nuisance. And then no language for me so proper as that of Paul: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You know by happy experience where he found a deliverer, and the same one will suffice us both, as well as all others who through grace depend upon him for salvation. You speak of the sweetness of viewing Christ by faith as "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" of his pleading before the throne; of the efficacy of his blood and righteousness to cleanse and to present us ultimately before the throne of his glory with exceeding joy. Circumstanced as we are in reference to our pilgrimage through life, I feel that it is good for

me to be afflicted, for every fresh wave of trouble, under the sanctifying operations of the Holy Spirit, wafts me nearer the desired haven of everlasting rest. New dangers, new trials, repeated and furious onsets from my enemies, quicken my pace to the only refuge for the tempest-tossed vessel of mercy. Excessive fatigue, the fiery sun of persecution, and the scorching heats of a fiery law, make me cast about for "a man who shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Although the Lord instructs me with "a strong hand" that "I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy," yet it is trying to flesh and blood to be hated of all men, to be an alien to my mother's children, to be reviled, to be separated from the company of the righteous, (as they call themselves,) and to have all manner of evil spoken of me falsely. When the ear of any one is open to receive instruction, it seems as if Satan were let loose, and as if he "came down with great power." The Lord grant that his season may be short. The old taunt is revived: "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?"

My present tribulations have been the means of furnishing me with some entirely new ideas of heaven, earth, and hell; of the hidden corruption and wickedness of my own heart, and of the shallowness of multitudes of professors.

"Except a few with David's spirit blest,
Nicodemus and Simon Magus might describe the rest.

The bulk of professors forsake the naked word and bring in the traditions of men; consequently, there is no power, nor anything savory in their conversation, and when opposed for their carnal constructions of Scripture, they "bring forth their strong reasons against the King of Jacob." They seem to have no idea that the two witnesses must be slain before the glorious day so long foretold arrives, but are for hastening it before the time by ordinary and material means. The providence of God both outward and inward for the last ten months is well calculated to destroy my expectations from the creature, to root out my confidence in the flesh, and to cut me off from the world as much as are the dead that lie in the grave. Carnal reason, flesh and blood, under the control of unbelief, represent my calamities to be above measure, beyond strength; but when viewed by faith they appear very different; then they are "light afflictions, which are but for a moment," and which work for me "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is the abounding goodness and mercy of God that first predestinated us to eternal life, then called us out of the world, and even now still keeps us in the footsteps of the flock. There is innate in us neither divine life, light, health, or strength. In God is all our fruit found. Salvation is of grace from beginning to end. Christ is both the "Author and Finisher of our faith;" while all that rest upon the law and make their boast of it are under the curse.

I could most unfeignedly wish that the Lord would answer your prayer in my behalf, viz., that I might be "enabled to make use

of Christ in that sweet office-character of his." Yes; for "he hath, by the one offering of himself, for ever perfected them that are sanctified." He can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." And again it is written, "To you that believe he is precious." Some interpreters read "preciousness" in the abstract; and so we feel him at times, and more than preciousness, for language cannot describe how excellent and sweet he appears to us when riding in his chariot paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. But what shall I say more of Christ? He is the second Adam; and is our vital Head of influence; "our Advocate with the Father;" the Anointed of the Lord; the Rock of righteousness; the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls; the Corner Stone, on which we may safely build all our hopes; the Beginning of the creation of God; the Consolation of Israel; the Desire of all nations; the blessed and only Potentate; the Dew of Israel; an Ensign of the people; the Day-star in the heart; the Holy One of Israel; the Root of David; the Plant of Renown; the Rose of Sharon; the Apple Tree; the Honeycomb; the Bread of Life; a Well of living water. He is the Power of God; the Resurrection and the Life; the Wonderful Counsellor; the Morning Star, or Harbinger of endless day; the Sun of righteousness, to illumine the benighted regions of the souls of his people; a Refuge from the windy storm and tempest; "the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace;" "a Wall of fire round about his people;" the Bridegroom; the Wedding Garment; the Hour of Salvation. He is the Ancient of days; the Father of eternity; the Holy One of God; the Heir of all things; the Heritage of the saints; the Altar; the Fatted Calf; the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. He is our Surety; our Rock, our Salvation, our Sanctuary, our Shield, our Sacrifice, our Prophet, our Priest, our King, our Leader, our Guide, our Ransom, our Refiner, our Purifier, our Minister, our Teacher, our Temple, our Treasure, our Help, our Foundation, our Feeder, our Light, our Life, our Joy, our Lord, our God, our All in All. And what could we have more? "O," says the quickened soul, "This is enough! having this, I have all, and abound. I want this most blessed One, just as he is. O I always want his presence! I do not know how to bear his absence, nor a shy look from him, much less to see him angry; his apparent slight and indifference quite kill me." But so it must be; there must be strife upon strife, frown upon frown, cold neglect upon cold neglect, jealousy upon jealousy, fasting upon fasting, lamented absence upon lamented absence, tribulation upon tribulation, alternately to the journey's end, interspersed with now and then a ray from his blessed face, to cheer the rugged way and keep us from fainting. But O the jubilee to come! Let us come off "more than conquerors through him that loved us and gave himself for us;" and we will take our fill of loves. We will love to eternal overflowing; yes, we will take full draughts of it. There all apparent arrears will be paid back, and overpaid ten thousand fold.

But I must stop, for I cannot go on. O what a privilege it is, say you, to be sheltered in Christ! Nothing but the eternal blessedness of heaven, and the everlasting misery of those who are banished from it, could give us an adequate idea of it. No arithmetic can calculate it; neither men or angels can survey it; no finite line can measure it; none but God himself can comprehend it. When the righteous shall have shone forth as suns in the kingdom of their Father, as Milton says, "ages of endless date," they will not even then be able to comprehend the value of such a privilege! As eternity, so to speak, will unfold the riches of redeeming love and grace, still its full value will never be unfolded, because the saints are finite and God is infinite. Well may the Saviour be called a "Well of living water," and his Holy Spirit a "River of water of life;" for the joys of the Lord's salvation will afford an exuberant supply of felicity to all the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem for ever and ever. This Well will never cease to pour forth its living, its soul-refreshing waters; this River shall never cease to flow: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

My dear sister in the Lord, (and this is the highest, the nearest, and the most desirable relation that I claim in this world,) I dearly love to launch out, expatiate on, and anticipate the glories, the honors, the peace, and the endless felicity of the righteous in the world to come. In so doing, I obtain a momentary respite from the pangs of grief. I believe with you, that all those who are housed in the Ark of Safety have taken their trial for eternity; they have a part in the first resurrection, and on such the second death has no power; such never come into condemnation again; they feel delivered from the condemning power of the law, the sword of justice having been sheathed in the Saviour. The spirit of bondage to fear is taken away, and the spirit of union and of adoption is communicated in its stead, enabling us to cry, "Abba, Father!" and this with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." The cross and the crown are linked together; there is no separating them; there is no going on without the cross, neither can it be thrown aside. However, there appears to be no cross coupled with the crown, with regard to the bulk of professors; the world loves them and speaks well of them, and joins with them in many things. They think that "these be the days of the Son of man," and that Missionary and Bible Societies, together with Sunday schools, are going to reform the world; and that through the power and instrumentality of these things, the spiritual reign of Christ will be brought about without a struggle. In their prayers they implore the Redeemer's aid in spreading abroad his name; but in their sermons and in their private conversation, they exclude his assistance. The religion of multitudes appears to me very superficial. I think that were Paul among them, he would inquire after the power instead of the speech of them that are puffed up; but where he would find it I hardly know.

There seems to be considerable difference between my sister and the bulk of professors here, in her fears of the "storm that is gather-

ing over the church." You are in fear where no fear is; and they are in no fear where fear is! However, I believe that the church has got to pass through a darker hour than it ever has yet, ere that glorious day appear. But I have no doubt you will be among the "spirits of the just made perfect" in heaven before that evil day comes.

You say, "I have had a greater sense of the vileness and defilement of my nature these seven years past than in all my life before." The young and inexperienced in religion think that when their comforts are all gone, and a deep and abiding sense of depravity and weakness, of stupidity, insensibility, and backwardness to all good succeeds, that the Holy Spirit of God is withdrawn from them, and that all is lost; and that it would have "been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than so soon to have turned from the holy commandment delivered unto them." Satan now plies them with his infernal sophistry. He tells them that so holy, so pure, so upright a Spirit as that of God, cannot dwell with such a mass of corruption and defilement as they now see and feel working within them; that their stupidity, insensibility, deadness in devotion, backwardness to all good, their aversion to prayer, their feelings, at least saying, of all religion, "What a weariness it is," is a manifest evidence that they were all along deluded and deceived. He tells them that the children of God never sin; that they are always upon their guard, always engaged in the service of their Maker, always love and cleave to their Deliverer, are jealous of, and zealous for his honor and glory; that they have no delight in nor relish for the things of this world; that there is "no condemnation to them that believe;" that such have "crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts;" that their hearts are right with God; that they count all things loss, "for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ;" that they can find no rest, no peace, no happiness, in anything but the worship of God; that their conversation is "always with grace, seasoned with salt;" that, instead of being listless and indifferent, they are always "rejoicing in the Lord;" that they are never "conformed to this world;" that they always "live as pilgrims and strangers here below;" that their love is "without dissimulation;" that the manner in which they use this world carries in the very face of the using that they set light by it, and that their treasure is in heaven. Satan tells them that real believers are all of one heart, of one soul, and of one mind; that they have "compassion one of another" in an eminent degree; that they "love as brethren," are "pitiful and courteous," never rendering "evil for evil, or railing for railing;" that they are "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" that they are always "rejoicing in hope," while you have scarcely a hope at all. He further tells them that the child of God is "patient in tribulation;" that they "bless those that persecute them;" that they never avenge themselves, but always give place to wrath;" that they are never "overcome with evil," but always "overcome evil with good;" that they never let any "corrupt communication proceed out of their mouths," but always "speak of edification;" that they are "pure in heart," meek, merciful, and

"given to hospitality," while you are sensible that you feel the reverse of all this. Furthermore, he tells them that all that are born of God have for ever done with all bitterness, wrath, anger, clamor, malice, envy, and evil speaking; that they never indulge themselves in foolish talking, jesting, frothy, vain, and sinful conversation; that they never have any "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness;" that they never do anything through strife and vain-glory, but in true lowliness of mind esteem others better than themselves; that they have the mind that was in Christ, and are led by his Spirit. He tells them that it is self-evident that real believers are not of this world, even as Christ is not of this world; that they have no murmurings nor disputings; that they lead quiet, peaceable, and godly lives; that they are blameless and harmless, "the sons of God without rebuke," in the midst of a rebellious world; that they "press continually towards the mark for the prize of their high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus." Furthermore, that their conversation is in heaven, from whence they look for the coming of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, with longing, eager expectation and desire; that their affections are set upon things above; that "the peace of God which passeth understanding," keeps their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus; that they walk in wisdom to them which are without, "redeeming the time, because the days are evil." He tells them that the sons of God are frequently comforting one another with the prospect of the general resurrection of the just, when their souls and bodies living reunited, acquitted, and glorified, shall be confirmed in everlasting bliss; that they daily come unto Jesus Christ, as unto "a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious," for continual support; that such are giving "all diligence to make their calling and election sure;" that they are "working out their salvation with fear and trembling;" that Christ is unspeakably precious to such, "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely;" that he is their highest joy, their exceeding glory, whereas you see no such beauty in him. Satan further shows them that the soul of the real believer is at all times ravished with the love of Christ. He represents the saint so enamored with the excellency of the Saviour, that his heart leaps, and his blood thrills through his veins at the very thought or mention of his name. He further shows that such cannot forbear crying out, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" Satan shows that the love of the true child of God is so unremitted and so intense, that he is persuaded "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." To conclude, he adds, "such are perfect, even as their Father which is in heaven is perfect."^{*}

^{*} Some of our readers may be stumbled at Dr. Lindsley's ascribing such suggestions to the craft of Satan. But it is necessary to bear in mind that he is

And as the poor, tempted, tried, buffeted, tempest-tossed soul is confused and bewildered by such arguments as the above, and as he feels in himself as far short from such marks as the east is from the west, he is exceedingly puzzled to make out his title to the character of a real child of God; and this also furnishes him with a whole army of doubts and fears about his state. But as we advance in the divine life, as we "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," we become more and more acquainted with the devices, temptations, and lies of Satan; more acquainted with the latent corruptions of our own hearts, the perverseness of our own wills, and of our native aversion to all that is good. We are, by perpetual foils, conflicts, and unequal warfare with the world, flesh, and devil, made more and more sensible of our own perfect weakness and of our own entire dependence upon God for all help, health, faith, hope, confidence, and strength. By our sensible leanness, dryness, barrenness, dulness, straitness, bondage, darkness, listlessness, insensibility, deadness, and backwardness to all devotion in the absence of our Well-beloved, we learn by experience what free will and human power can do for us, and that we should wither, blast, and die to all eternity were God to cease to work in us to do as well as to will. And on the other hand, the alacrity with which we move, the delights, the contentment we experience, the exuberance of joy and peace that flows in, the gratitude we feel to the best of benefactors, the fulness of the overflowings, the superaboundings of consolation with which the soul is filled when Jesus discovers himself to us as the sum total of all blessedness, demonstrate to us beyond all controversy where our light, life, liberty, peace, and joy come from, and to whom we are to look for refuge in every strait and difficulty. Our becoming more and more acquainted with Satan's devices, with our own helplessness, wretchedness, vileness, and natural unwillingness to all good, with the way that God takes with us, explain to our experience what is meant by "the path of the just shining more and more unto the perfect day;" for it is certain that the glorious light, liberty, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, as enjoyed in our first love, do not continue to increase through life.

And now, my dear sister, may the glorious Lord be to you "a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galleys with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby;" and then, though your body is confined at home, your spirit will waft and float about with eternal safety, and obtain a perennial supply of consolation; for these "rivers and streams" are to make glad the city of our God. All the elect, whether in heaven or on earth, communicate

here treating of the discouragements thrown in the way of weak and timid believers, and showing how Satan avails himself of the very precepts of the gospel to distress their souls and cast them into bondage and despondency. We think at the same time, that it is a matter which needs careful handling; for what to a trembling and distressed believer may be the harassing suggestions of the enemy, to a slothful one may be the reproofs of the Spirit and the admonitions of a tender conscience.

with these "rivers and streams." In these "rivers and streams" is everlasting safety, sincerity, rest, peace, joy, and delight. Everlasting light, life, and glory beam over them; here no tempests howl, no clouds appear, no angry lightnings fly, no dismal thunders roll; but eternal concord and unruffled quietude prevail. Here are no warring elements, no jarring strings, no discordant notes, no separate interests, no divided hearts; but unspeakable, undescribable union and harmony reign in eternal quiet, wherever these "rivers and streams" come. These "rivers and streams" heal all diseases, supersede all wants, satisfy our most unlimited desires, take away all bondage, destroy all doubts and fears, remove all lets and hindrances, distance all evils and enemies, and eternally supply the exuberance of felicity. Shall I go on? No; I cannot. My theme is too large for my capacity. May you and I, with all the elect of God, dwell for ever in the region last described, and then we shall forget all our sufferings, all our fears, misgivings, jealousies, and suspicions. For thus it is written: "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former things shall not be remembered nor come into mind. And I will wipe away tears from off all faces, and there shall be no more sorrow nor crying."

Thus you may see, though I had nothing to say when I began, under the aid of the blessed Spirit there has been pumped up from the depths of tribulation considerable matter that may not be out of season to my dear fellow-sufferer to the kingdom. I have come beforehand to show you, in my faint manner, the glories, the felicity, and the rest you are about to enter upon, while I am still toiling on after you through seas of difficulties. But my faith prophesies (notwithstanding present darkness, straitness, and bondage) future complete and eternal emancipation from every evil: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." But O! to have the face of Christ hid so long! Anything but this. But it has its use. Here I learn what Isaiah means where he asks, "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts." My present tribulations have given me a much clearer insight into some parts of the Scripture, and into the way of "a wayfaring man" than I ever had before. I find my knowledge and understanding of divine things considerably strengthened and increased by my calamities: "O Lord, by these things men live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit." And so sure as I have the least discovery of the Saviour, so sure is there an additional trial of faith. The first week in August I felt the approach of my Well-beloved several times slightly. My bonds seemed to relax, and I had a time; but that is over, and I am again in the field of battle, and do not see my Captain nor feel my Shield, or seem to have any ammunition; yet an invisible, almost imperceptible power sustains me. We have the promise that "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end." Amen.

I am, dear sister in the bond of eternal union, most devotedly and sincerely yours in the truth,

North Guilford, Aug. 1st, 1821.

URIEL T. LINDSLEY.

P. S.—I have lately been reading your printed correspondence with Mr. H., S.S., and have been wonderfully instructed by it. Please to inform me in your next, who "Q in the Corner" is, and what is become of her. Please to write me a line whenever you can find strength and opportunity, for the Bible, Mr. H.'s writings, and your correspondence, with that of others in your connexion, is all the gospel I have. Here is a famine of the word of the Lord as held forth and believed by us, and one might go from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, and not find it. I board out now; and there is a young woman belonging to the family who has been led about by blind guides, and by "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" But since I have been here she is much altered, and says she would rather own the whole of Mr. H.'s works than an independent property without it. On reading your printed correspondence, she says that the language of your letters is the sentiment of her heart. Last winter she entertained a hope, and came out rejoicing exceedingly; but since all that joy is gone, and she is filled with doubts and fears. But I can perceive that she is under the teachings of the Spirit of God, and under his strong hand; and I believe she is in the covenant, but she fears she is not. I asked her if she could put her hand upon her breast and look up to God, and say, "I have no hope." She said she could not say so. Her mother persecutes her dreadfully and forbids her hearing any instruction from me or from my books; but I believe she will obey God rather than her mother. Others here make violent assaults upon her new religious sentiments; but I believe God and conscience on her side will be too strong for them all.

[We cannot but call the attention of our readers to the remarkable letter of Dr. Lindsley, the conclusion of which we give in our present Number. We do not say that, in our judgment, the sweetness and savor are equal to the ability with which it is written; but for clearness of doctrine, soundness, depth, and fulness of experience, and strength, in some places eloquence, of expression, we think it truly admirable. It might, perhaps, have possessed greater sweetness and power, had the language been more simple; but we must bear in mind that it is written by an American, and that the taste of that country has been so vitiated by a stilted, meretricious style of speaking and writing, that the beautiful simplicity which we love in this country is there almost unknown. Dr. L. could hardly escape this to us unpleasant Americanism.—Ed.]

Though you may have been nearer death (in your own apprehensions) than you are now, yet it is certain death was never so near to you as it is now.—*John Mason.*

The sick and the dying beds of Christ's people are, in a very eminent degree, schools of instruction and consolation. I have often gone to them as cold, spiritually speaking, as a stone, and returned from them half as warm as an angel.—*Toptady.*

OBITUARY.

THOMAS KELSEY.

It is at all times grateful to record the dying testimonies of the Lord's saints, but especially so when the departed are among our personal friends—living in our time, and dwelling in our neighborhood. In these cases our general situations are similar, as our experiences resemble each other. The departed are not so obscured by distance of time or locality as to appear almost superhuman. They are seen and felt to be even as ourselves—exposed to the same danger, experiencing the same trials, feeling the same weakness, worthlessness, and sin, yet through divine grace obtaining the victory over all their enemies, and borne to heaven in the arms of their loving Saviour. We not only read the accounts of such believers with sympathy, but they furnish us with illustrations of the Lord's power and faithfulness, while they address us in the language of hopeful encouragement. The Lord enabling us, we can rejoice when we remember that,

“Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.”

These thoughts are suggested by the subject of our present memoir. Thomas Kelsey was a man who truly feared God, although in his career there was nothing remarkable. He was enabled by God's grace, to give evidence of the truth of his profession by a consistent walk and conversation, and as the power of divine grace was evident in his life, divine faithfulness and love were manifest in his death, for his deliverance from the last enemy was in the highest sense a victory.

T. K. was born at Farningham, on the 10th of July, 1793. His father was a blacksmith, but he did not live as became one who had to set an example before his son. Thomas was apprenticed, when old enough, to an aunt at Chatham, where he was preserved by God's grace from running great lengths in sin. His life was such as may be called strictly moral; he was esteemed honest and upright by all who knew him. But at this time he was not under any particular concern for his soul's welfare, nor do we learn anything of the Spirit's work having then begun in his heart. On one occasion, however, when looking on a number of persons like himself, engaged in worldly amusements, his schoolmaster said to him, “O Tom, the end of these things is death!” These words would appear to have sunk deep into his heart, “as a nail fastened in a sure place,” for he frequently mentioned, in the course of his life, the deep impression they made on him. How little we think, when we drop our remarks by the way, what good God can effect with the lightest word of his truth!

In the course of time he was removed to Bexley, in Kent, where he attended church regularly for many years. This won him the character of a good church-going man. Once or twice, too, he was

much impressed with the little truth he heard there. Under a sermon from "The dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot," he felt powerfully, that even as the world, with all that it calls good or great, can never satisfy a Christian, so neither could it satisfy his soul. But hitherto we find no signs of regeneration; he still wanted those peculiar characteristics of a child of God which never appear until the Spirit commences his mighty work.

In the year 1840 our friend lost his youngest daughter. She died bearing in that trial a decided testimony of her being ripened for eternal glory. This death-bed scene, as well as the severity of his loss, made a deep impression upon his mind. It would appear, indeed, that the natural death of the one was the commencement of the spiritual life of the other.

Henceforth, he was not satisfied with either the forms or the preaching of the parish church. Experiencing spiritual wants, he required spiritual supplies. He therefore began to seek elsewhere for the bread and the water of life. He now began to attend the chapel at Foot's Cray, where he one evening heard Mr. W. Collyer preach from Matt. xxv. 10. The sermon produced, by God's blessing, a very deep impression on his mind. Our friend had no sympathy with the lightness and frivolity too frequently exhibited in many pulpits, and his disapprobation was acquired by his experience at this period. The impressiveness and solemnity of Mr. C.'s manner were peculiarly congenial to his feelings. Several ministers were made useful to him in varying degrees to his growth in divine things during his attendance at Foot's Cray; but the great want of his soul was not satisfied; he still sought a personal manifestation of Jesus to his soul as his Saviour, his Lord, and his God.

In the year 1842, a room was opened at Bexley, professedly for the preaching of the gospel. In 1845 it was visited by Mr. Tiptaft, and in the same year our brother and his wife were baptized. On the last Lord's Day in April, the few friends whose testimony were acceptable were formed into a gospel church by a friend to whom he was much attached, Mr. Baker, now in glory. He preached from Ruth i. 16. This was a day of solemn rejoicing to our brother.

Early in the following year, our friend conceived the idea of building a house for God. The honor and glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, were laid near his heart, for he had felt the worth of the soul's salvation. By the assistance of friends, he was enabled to give effect to his wishes. But at this juncture he broke a blood vessel, and all his family despaired of his life. This affliction was greatly blessed to him; here he learned many important lessons. But, best of all, in the course of this chastening season he was blessed with a sense of pardon, and of acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. He now for a time felt the Rock to be his foundation, and believed no power in the universe could move him from his standing; his cry was, "I was brought low, and he helped me." A confidence was felt by him also in his ultimate restoration to health, which the Lord was pleased to permit him to realise.

The little chapel was opened on the 6th of May, 1846, and many

were the prayers put up by our friend that the Lord might be magnified, and his people blessed, in connexion with the cause. Mr. Tiptaft again visited the place in July of that year, when his ministration was much blessed to our brother. He remarked to a friend, referring to the truth declared, "This is the only thing that will do for us in a dying hour."

Thus, and for seven years subsequently, was he enabled to hold on his way. He received help from on high as his necessities required it, in accordance with the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be;" but he was ever looking forward, longing, and waiting for the blessed hope in its fruition, which the Lord had provided for him from before the foundation of the world. He was enabled, throughout his career, to maintain a consistent walk and conversation, thereby evidencing that his was a good profession. He was no talker, but he was, as one quaintly expresses it, a walking Christian. None could bring an accusation against him.

In his maintenance of the truth, his conduct was equally upright. Many who wished certain ministers to be invited that were less strict in their sentiments, were silenced by his single question, "Have we not the truth?" Indeed, from his peculiar habits, his placidity, and unobtrusiveness, a singular weight attached to his commonest observations. The writer feels that in comparison with some of God's people, the subject of this memoir made few observations; but for that very reason injustice will be done to our brother if a higher value be not given to what he did say. Those who knew him personally will the more readily understand this.

In March, 1853, he again broke a blood vessel, and his friends despaired of his life. However, the Lord was pleased to restore him once more to comparative health and strength. But on Lord's Day, Oct. 9th, contrary to all expectation, for the last time he assembled with God's people in the house of prayer, and on that occasion he heard for himself and for eternity. The word was much blessed to him, particularly the evening subject, "He satisfieth the longing soul." When asked on the following day what the text was by one who had forgotten it, he replied, "I have not forgotten it." He repeated it with pleasure, and added, "I believe that I am really one; and the Lord has been to me as good as his word." This day he was in his body unusually well, and exceedingly happy in his mind, everything around him seemed blessings and blessed to him.

On the Wednesday, however, he became very unwell; darkness came upon his mind, and he complained of life being a burden to him, while he felt himself a burden to those around him. On the day following, he became still worse. He wished to see no one, and was unwilling to listen to business or anything else. He went to bed in the evening and never again left it alive. No alarm was felt, however, till Friday; when he said to his wife, referring to the sickness, "I don't know what the Lord is about to do with me, but if they cannot stop this, he will take down my poor old tabernacle this time." He was now dangerously ill, and the medical attendant gave no hope of his recovery. Not a murmur escaped him, though

his sufferings were great, and his mind not filled with joy. The Lord gave him strength to endure all with patience, waiting for the salvation of God. Thus was he kept till the day of his death.

On Lord's Day, Oct. 16th, our brother revived a little. He remarked to a friend, "O, nature cannot rise above itself, can it? All that we have above nature comes from the Lord. By the grace of God I have been upheld till now, and I don't think he will"—Unable to finish the sentence, he laid his head on the pillow quite exhausted. But we knew what he meant; God never leaves the work he once begins; he can never forsake his people.

His family lay near his heart as regards their spiritual concerns. To a daughter who pressed him to take his medicine, he said, "I will if you can tell me that you shall go the same way home that I go."

On Monday he still lingered in the same state. Several times in the day he remarked that he was wretched. But in the evening he made very satisfactory answers to several very important questions. One asked, "Are you comfortable?" "O yes," he replied. "Is Jesus precious?" "O yes." "Are you firmly fixed?" "O yes. On the same Rock that supported me seven years since." "Will Jesus support you in this important crisis?" "Yes, yes."

On Tuesday morning he was still worse, and gradually sank till noon, when it was thought his end was come. A friend inquired if the Lord would support him through the dark valley. "O!" he replied, with apparent incoherence, "May the Lord bless thee," mentioning the friend by name. When asked if he was happy, he replied feebly, but with beaming countenance, "Yes." He embraced his wife most affectionately for the last time; but though his heart was full, he could not express his feelings.

One hour before his death, when his son kissed his lips, he was conscious, and returned the pressure. A few minutes before he died, he waved his hand over his head, as if in token of victory. No other sign or word now escaped him till in some ten minutes he yielded up his soul with undisturbed composure. Thus our friend fell asleep in Jesus in the 61st year of his age. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Bexley.

T. K.

Those who are quickened by the blessed Spirit of God will at times have solemn thoughts about eternity; and will at times feel how awful a thing it is to die out of Christ, and how blessed a thing to die in Christ. Any one coming into this large city (London) any one day would probably find 600 or 700 corpses lying unburied. And how soon it may be our turn! When the man in the gospel whose goods increased said he would pull down his barns and build greater, and say to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," little did he think how soon his relatives would be scrambling for his money, worms for his body, and devils for his soul! His neighbors might be saying what a clever man he was; but God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."—*W. T.*

REVIEW.

Apocalyptic Sketches. By Dr. Cumming. First Series. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 9s.

Signs of the Times. The Moslem and his End; the Christian and his Hope. By Dr. Cumming. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 1s. 6d.

The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth. London: Houlston and Stoneman, Price 6d.

(Continued from page 229.)

The number *seven*, throughout Scripture, is a mystical, we may almost say, a sacred number. So many instances of this will occur to the minds of our readers that we need not occupy space by proving what is so abundantly clear. But besides its mystical character, the main feature, the distinguishing mark of this number is, that it denotes *completeness*. A few instances will show this beyond all doubt or controversy. In six days God made the heavens and the earth; on the seventh he rested; his work was complete. Six days did the seven priests with the seven trumpets go round the city of Jericho; the walls stood; the work was not done; but on the seventh day they compassed it about seven times, and at the seventh time, with the seventh blast, the walls fell. The work was then complete. Six times did Naaman dip in Jordan; the leprosy remained; he dipped the seventh time, and his flesh came again like a little child's, and he was clean. The cure was complete. Thus mystically there are in the Revelation seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven seals, and seven vials, all denoting completeness of purpose and act. The Seventh Trumpet, as we have before intimated, includes the seven vials, they being, so to speak, the seven notes of the last trumpet, so that the Seventh Vial is the last blast of the Seventh Trumpet. The seven vials, therefore, are the seven last judgments of God, which, filling up the measure of his wrath, are to destroy them who destroy the earth; as we read, "And I saw another sign in heaven, great and marvellous, seven angels having the seven last plagues; for in them is filled up the wrath of God." (Rev. xv. 1.)

We resume our subject by endeavoring to gather up the meaning of the remaining leading incidents of the Seventh Vial.

It will be remembered that we divided the contents of the Seventh Vial into two branches: 1. Its first sprinklings; 2. Its full effects. The full effects we consider mainly future, and therefore offer our interpretation of them with some degree of hesitation. If our forebodings contain in them matter of alarm, let it be remembered that the judgments of the Seventh Vial are likely to exceed those of all the preceding, as completing the measure of God's indignation; and that the wrath to be poured out is in some degree proportionate to the crimes to be punished and to the total destruction to be accomplished. The view we take is, we believe, consistent with itself.

th Scripture, and the signs of the times, three important consi-

derations, and is so far harmonious; but we bear in mind, and we wish our readers to do the same, that great uncertainty must of necessity rest on every interpretation of events so obscurely indicated, and as yet buried in the dark unknown future.

We have already considered the two first marked incidents of the full effects of the Seventh Vial. The "*Great Earthquake*" was the point at which we abruptly stopped. As this is in itself and in its effects the most important incident of the Seventh Vial, the others mainly depending on or flowing out of it, we shall take up our thread with it, and dwell upon it a little more fully.

2. An earthquake is, as we have already intimated, the prophetic symbol of *revolution*. Thus the apostle explains "the shaking of the earth," as signifying "the removing of those things that are shaken;" (Heb. xii. 27;) in other words, as a shaking down and removing out of the way everything which cannot stand the shock. This is exactly what a revolution does, and in this destructive feature its similarity to an earthquake chiefly consists. It shakes to pieces the very fabric of society, and under its convulsive movements and heaving throes the most time-honored institutions topple and fall. But if this be true of ordinary revolutions, what may not be expected of the one which is to come, and perhaps is at our very doors? For the revolution predicted under the Seventh Vial is to be the greatest that earth has ever known. "And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great." (Rev. xvi. 18.) Be it observed, then, that this last convulsion in society is to exceed in violence, duration, and effects, every revolution that has yet taken place since men were upon the earth. Europe has witnessed two great revolutions, attended with mountains of crime and seas of blood; one, the irruption of the northern nations, more than a thousand years ago, which broke up the fabric of the old Roman empire, and the other the first French Revolution, at the close of the last century. Historians have labored to describe the horrors of these two mighty revolutions, but language has failed in the attempt to depict them. But, if we believe the words of prophecy, the revolution under the Seventh Vial will as far exceed these as they did all minor revolutions. It will, as we shall presently show, spread all over Europe, affecting every part of the ancient Roman empire. We have not elements clearly to calculate the length of its duration, but in magnitude, extent, and effects, it must be terrific, for it is to be the greatest since men were upon earth.

Apart from the voice of prophecy, the signs of the times, to which we cannot shut our eyes, point to precisely the same convulsion. Into this branch of the question, though throwing the clearest light on the inspired threatenings, we cannot enter, for two reasons: 1. Because political discussions are unfit for our pages; and 2. From the vastness of the subject. Yet a few passing words we may be indulged with, though it would take pages to show how all things are paving the way towards this fearful breaking up of

the very fabric of society all over Europe. The increase of population, the poverty and misery everywhere abounding, the oppression of armed governments, the spies and the police of the continental states, the almost instantaneous diffusion of intelligence, the rapid modes of travel and communication, and the general energy and activity everywhere prevalent, are all not only laying the train, but heaping the gunpowder. The leading tendency of the times is to blend together the great European communities, so as to give them a unity of thought, feeling, and action. According to the dreams of worldly politicians, ignorant of the depravity of human nature and of the power and craft of Satan, a thorough union and fusion into one mass of the separate nationalities, would almost introduce a millennium of prosperity and happiness. Politically viewed, we admit that could peace and harmony be secured thereby, such an event would be most desirable; but with human nature what it is, and with such elements of jealousy and discord everywhere prevalent, the nearer the nations come together, the worse it may be for all. Union only gives strength to wickedness. Grains of gunpowder are not improved in safety by close approximation. Quarrelsome people do not best preserve their temper by living as next door neighbors. The nearer the stacks of corn, the greater the fire. The closer the bonds and the greater the intercommunication of the European nations, the more sympathetic and the more diffused must every convulsion be. Scattered limbs may suffer individually; but limbs united in a body suffer from head to foot, and the pain and disease of one member are felt through the whole system. For these reasons we view the present tendency of closer union among the nations with a suspicious eye, and augur from it the worst of evils. As war uses the inventions of peace to make its weapons more deadly, so revolution can employ the means of concord among nations as elements of discord. The devil is never more thoroughly a devil than when, Iscariot-like, he comes with the kiss of peace.

Looking, therefore, at the signs of the times in connection with the events of the Seventh Vial, the very peculiar character of this revolution will, to our view, make it the most fearful ever known. If of all wars civil wars are the most fearful, of civil wars the most terrible must be the war of classes, for that reaches well-nigh every hearth. Here we see the force and meaning of the prophetic symbol. As the literal earthquake heaves up the lowest strata, tumbling and dislocating them in wild confusion, and often bursts forth in the flames and lava of the volcano, so will it be in the impending revolution. In our view, it will be the uprising of the masses—of the laboring classes, aided by the populace of large cities, against the middle and higher classes. The people have never yet known their strength, but they are daily learning it. A gulf every day wider and deeper is separating the working classes from the rest of society. The rich are getting richer, and the poor becoming poorer. There are tremendous faults on both sides, employers and employed. Pride and oppression mark the former;

jealousy and ill-will the latter. But it will be a terrible day for society at large when the masses combine, and by combination use their strength. Before an angry multitude, an infuriated mob, all must go to wreck. Let trade and commerce be paralysed; let thousands be steeped up to the lips in poverty and distress, with food at famine prices; let a revolutionary mania seize the people; let them be headed by bold and unscrupulous leaders; let arms be in their hands; and let the soldiers sympathise with the class from which they spring,—all which are not improbable events,—and we may well contemplate the result with horror. What this revolution will be, if as we believe, it will be, the uprising of the working classes, has been already faintly imaged. Those who read history will see it, shadowed out in the rebellions of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler, in England, in the Jacquerie of France, and in the rising of German peasants in the days of Luther; and others may call to mind the Lord George Gordon riots of 1780, the Bristol burnings of 1831, and the agricultural machine-breakings of 1830. The Reign of Terror in the first French Revolution was something similar to what this will be; but this reign of terror will spread all over Europe, and sweep away every throne and every institution.

3. The next incident of the Seventh Vial will be the consequence of this fearful and wide-spread revolution: "*And the great city was divided into three parts.*" By "the great city" is meant not the literal city, Rome, but the ecclesiastical Roman empire. "The great city" is Babylon, as the angel told John. "And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth." (Rev. xvii. 18.) The chief force of the earthquake will, we believe, affect Papal Europe; that is, those continental states which profess the Roman Catholic religion. In the literal earthquake there is the central shock and the distant heavings. In the year 1755 Lisbon was overthrown by an earthquake. *There* was the central shock. But the whole of the Peninsula, and even the distant shores of France and Italy, felt its heavings. So we believe the Roman Catholic states of Europe will be the central seat of the shock; but the heavings will affect every nation and country of the Roman earth.

As it cannot be said that Rome ecclesiastical now "reigneth over" Great Britain, we may hope for our country an exemption from the full shock, though by no means, as we shall presently show, from its destructive heavings. After the shock of the earthquake has passed away, as men cannot live without government, and mobs always fall under the yoke of their leaders, there will emerge out of the general ruin three leading powers; for the great city, or ecclesiastical Roman empire, is to be "divided into three parts." We almost hesitate to pronounce any opinion on what these three powers will be, for as the earthquake will change the whole face of Europe, we cannot gather from the present state of things the probable aspect of the future; but looking to two things which the revolution cannot change, 1. Language and race, and 2. Natural geographical boundaries, we are inclined to think they will be France, Germany, and Italy; and most probably as powerful republics; for

if the revolution be brought about by the masses, no other mode of government could be established or succeed. We should be glad to think with Dr. Cumming, that old England will be one of these three powers, but though there are passages which seem to intimate that she will still be a great naval power, (Isa. lx. 9; Dan. xi. 30,) yet an incident of the Seventh Vial, which we shall soon refer to, seems unfavorable to that conclusion.

4. The next incident, springing also immediately out of the earthquake, is *the fall of the cities*: "*The cities of the nations fell.*" This denotes the fall of all religious establishments. A city is an apt symbol of an establishment. Its very existence indicates a settled fixed habitation, and therefore well denotes an institution which is established, localised, and possessing internal government. The fall, therefore, of the cities of the nations, denotes the fall of all established churches throughout Europe. There is an evident distinction between "the great city" and "the cities of the nations." "The great city" seems to denote that part of the Roman empire where Popery *now* especially prevails; the expression, "cities of the nations," takes a wider sweep, and indicates those parts of the ancient Roman empire which have withdrawn themselves from the Papal yoke. This, therefore, includes England, Holland, Prussia, the Protestant cantons of Switzerland,—in a word, all the nations of the ancient Roman Western Empire. The churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland we may expect to fall in this great earthquake; and if the word cities include civil establishments, the throne and the peerage may fall with the shock.

It may well be asked by those who love their country, "Where will England be, and what is England's destiny during this mighty convulsion?" It is indeed hard to answer such a question. Prophecy does not specify minute particulars and individual countries. It deals with broad outlines and general results; but though we have already intimated our hope that she will be spared the full shock of the earthquake, yet we cannot forbear adding that one expression seems to us very significant as the result of this fearful and widespread commotion as affecting our beloved country.

5. As it is also the fifth incident of the Seventh Vial, it demands a few moments' consideration: "*Every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.*" This is, of course, not to be understood literally. The face of nature will not be changed. England, the island, will not flee away into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, nor will the Alps and Pyrenees sink into the level plains; but England as an insular power may cease to be what she now is, an independent nation. She may be so united with the continent, either by alliances or by being connected federally with it as a branch of a great republic, as to lose her present isolated position as the Queen of the Seas in her ocean-girt isle. Steam and electricity, and her present alliances, have already linked her on to the continent, and if the whole of Europe become republican, she may so fraternise with the three great powers as hardly to maintain an independent position. The very expression shows also her connection with the

great earthquake, the submerging of islands and the levelling of mountains being frequent results of that natural convulsion. We gather, then, from the expression that there will be a change in England's position as great as if she ceased to be an island altogether. So "the mountains" which now separate the European nations, that is, those barriers which isolate nation from nation, "will no more be found." When Louis XIV. placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, he said, "The Pyrenees no longer exist," meaning, of course, not that the mountains which separate France and Spain were actually levelled, but that the barriers were removed which kept the two nations separate. What a commentary on the words, "the mountains were not found!" These barriers are, for the most part, maintained by the jealousies of the great ruling houses,—the kings and emperors, whose very thrones, and almost existence, are bound up in hedging themselves around with nationalities. But this tremendous earthquake, in sweeping away all the thrones, with their mutual jealousies, will remove the present barriers which divide nation from nation.

Our interpretation of this and other points may seem arbitrary or uncertain. But what other view seems consistent with itself or the context? The symbol cannot be explained literally, for its literal meaning has no significance or result. The drowning of an island, or the subsidence of a mountain, taken literally, has no meaning in it. And as no one supposes that there is a literal vial, so that the angel actually holds in his hand a golden goblet filled with burning acid, so we cannot suppose that actual islands and literal mountains are meant here. No. They are prophetic symbols, requiring a moral and figurative interpretation. The one we have given, if it has its difficulties, seems to us the most consistent and harmonious.

6. The next great event is *the plague of hail*: "And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent; and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great." (Rev. xvi. 21.) We must still bear in mind that the language here is strictly symbolical. A literal hail-storm, of which every stone should weigh a talent, or not less than half a hundred-weight, is quite out of the question. And if such an event literally took place, what moral result would there be from it? It would cause much literal havoc and destruction where it fell, but when passed away, there would be no lasting consequence from it, affecting the state of nations. What, then, do we understand by it? Of what is it the probable symbol? Whence does hail come? From the cold icy regions of the north. We view it, then, as a symbol of an invasion from the north; and what more likely than a Russian invasion of Europe? This has always been the dominant Russian aspiration, from the Emperor to the lowest serf.

The conquest of Europe has ever been the ultimate aim of Russia. This was left as a legacy to his successors by Peter the Great; and whether the will published as his is spurious or not, one

thing is abundantly clear, that the means he has pointed out of conquering Europe have been strictly acted upon. But, after all, it is not this or that Czar, but the very geographical position of the Russian empire, amidst the frozen scenes of the barren north, which makes her long after the warm fertile plains of the sunny south. Many throw the whole blame of the present war on the reigning Czar. But this is so far a mistake that he is but the instrument, and in the present instance a foolish and premature one, of attempting to carry out a national instinct. If the Czar is Russia, Russia is the Czar. Nicholas is not only carrying out the design of his own personal ambition, but acting as the representative of Russia. Were he strangled to-morrow, as his father, Paul, was, it would no more eventually arrest the movement of Russia upon Europe than the chipping off of a bit of the ice would hinder the progress of a glacier, or taking a cup full of water out of Lake Erie would stop the falls of Niagara. The power of the Czar is, that it is the power of Russia embodied in one man, as the voice of the Czar is but the embodied voice of the whole nation. A glance at the map will show that Russia is suffocated for want of outlets to her fleets and commerce. These she pants after, as a man in a fit of asthma pants for air. All her encroachments in the Black and Baltic Seas are towards this end. For this she has fortified Cronstadt, Sveaborg, and Sebastopol, and made them nearly impregnable to attack. There, behind her granite fortresses, her fleets lie in safety. Her armies are all organised for the same end; and whilst the rest of Europe has for near forty years been cultivating peace, Russia has spent the interval in preparing for war. It is true she is just now put back, and we believe she will be for some time. Her being put back exactly harmonises with our idea of the subject, for the hail-storm does not come till *after* the earthquake. The present attempts of Russia are premature. "The sick man," as the Emperor called Turkey, so far from dying of fright at the first booming of the Russian cannon, has, single-handed, beaten back the Czar's armies, and defended his possessions with all the valour and success of those days when the very name of "the Great Turk" made Europe tremble; and the present strength and mutual alliance of the two great Western powers, England and France, render the present success of Russia, humanly speaking, impossible. But when the earthquake has come, and broken up the present face of Europe, dissolved all present alliances, and filled the Roman earth with blood and confusion, then comes the plague of hail. Russia may well bide her time. Her policy is to move slowly, and to lose nothing by premature haste. The Seventh Vial may spread over many years. But when the mighty revolution of which we have spoken has swept over Europe, removed all the present barriers, shaken England, convulsed France, desolated Germany, and destroyed all present alliances, what a field then for the sovereign Czar to step upon the scene, take advantage of the general prostration of the nations, and marching forward, as the nominal upholder of monarchy and order, but the real grasper of all power,

domineer without restraint over the whole continent. Was not this precisely the case in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 and 1849? Beaten by the Hungarian armies, Austria called Russia in to her aid. Russia obeyed the call. From any love to Austria? Not a whit. But to open a way to rule over Germany. How she succeeded let the present state of Germany tell, which ever since has lain prostrate and paralysed at the Czar's feet. The present war may terminate to all appearance favorably, and men may exult in Russia's defeat. But will this dismember her empire or really diminish her power? Look at her amazing extent, great resources, and inexhaustible powers of defence. The present generation may not feel the plague of hail, but if our interpretation be correct, there is every reason to believe that among the plagues of the Seventh Vial will be the invasion of Europe by the desolating hordes of the frozen north. This plague will be "exceeding great, and men will blaspheme God because of the hail;" for as the literal hail-stones spare neither men nor beast, field nor vineyard, so will this northern hail spare neither rank, age, nor sex. The wild Cossack will toss on his spear mother and child, and the same harsh imperious Czar, who sacrifices the lives of his soldiers as if men were ants or beetles, will not be likely to spare the hostile nations. He may not perpetuate his empire. We do not contemplate a permanent settlement of the Slavonic nations in Western Europe—the most afflictive event which could befall the human race. The very nature of a hail-storm is to pass away after it has fallen. So this northern invasion may merely sweep over Europe and not last any length of time. If we read the prophetic scroll aright, the fall of Russia is destined to another spot than Europe. The mountains of Palestine will witness the fall of the king of the north; for there he will come to his end, and none shall help him.

It was our wish and intention to close the subject of the Seventh Vial, and with it for the present our prophetic inquiries, with this month's Number. But there remains one more incident which, were we to do so, we must either wholly pass over, or treat in the most cursory manner, viz., the fall of Babylon. Trusting, therefore, to the indulgence of our readers, we shall, the Lord enabling, trespass a little longer on their attention; but we hope not to protract the subject beyond the limits of the succeeding Number.

There is no goodness in our will now but what it has from grace; and to turn the will from evil to good is no more nature's work than we can turn the wind from the east to the west. When the wheels of the clock are broken and rusted, it cannot go. When the bird's wing is broken, it cannot fly. When there is a stone in the spring and in-works of the lock, the key cannot open the door. Christ must oil the wheels of mis-ordered will, and heal them, and remove the stone, and infuse grace, which is wings to the bird; if not, the motions of will are all hell-ward.—*Rutherford*.

POETRY.

AND THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.

My heavenly hope
I built on the sand,
And rear'd my house up,
And thought it would stand;
Without, it was painted,
And seemed a neat fort;
Within, it was scented
With worth of all sort.

But, lo! a storm fell,
A terrible blast!
With thunder and hail,
And down my house cast;
It stagger'd, and cracked,
And fell with the shock,
And out I ran naked,
And crept to a rock.

No sooner my arm
Was on the Rock laid,
But vanish'd the storm,
And vanish'd all dread;
My bosom was cheered
And felt a new bliss;
My feet were upreared,
And walked in peace.

Everton.

All clamorous strife
Is banish'd from hence,
And waters of life
Are flowing from thence;
While combs, full of honey,
On all the sides drop,
And oil, without money,
Is bought at its top.

O Rock of delight!
On thee may I stand,
And view from thy height,
The promised land.
Thy strength I would rest in,
And with thee abide,
And build a safe nest in
The cave of thy side.

Here build me a tent
For present abode,
A dwelling-place lent
An inn for the road;
For ever be viewing
Thy love, a sweet stock,
And good works be doing,
Yet rest on the Rock.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

ERRATUM.—A correspondent informs us that the sixth line of the original was omitted from the "Lines written by Mr. Huntington," inserted in our May Number, page 166. The 5th and 6th lines should read thus:

"'Tis vain with truth to dare to strive;
No rebel mind can ever thrive."

The lines appeared in the "Standard" word for word as communicated to us.

You may pour out your soul in private, and then come to public worship, and find little satisfaction in either, but be forced to take up the Psalmist's complaint, "My God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent;" (Ps. xxii. 2;) or that of Job, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." (Job xxiii. 8, 9.) So that all which looked like religion in your mind shall seem, as it were, to be melted into grief, or chilled into fear, or crushed into a deep sense of your own unworthiness, in consequence of which you shall not dare so much as to lift up your eyes before God, and be almost ashamed to take your place in a worshipping assembly among any that you think his servants.—*Doddridge.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XL 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 225. SEPTEMBER, 1854. VOL. XX.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Concluded from page 235.)

9. What think ye of his *livery*? If you would answer this question, "What think ye of Christ?" I would ask, "What *wear* ye of Christ?" The raiment of his righteousness, and the garment of his grace, so as to be all glorious within and without, like the king's daughter, will be precious to you. If you be clothed with the scarlet robe of his blood and righteousness, by which you are perfectly righteous before God, then, to be sure, you will think it very indecent for you to be clothed with nasty apparel before men. If a poor maid be married to a rich king, and yet go abroad like a beggar in filthy rags, would not everybody cry, "It is a shame for her that, having such a husband, she should discredit him and herself?" If you be married to Christ, and think much of your husband and his righteousness, surely you will think it becoming to wear his livery, and not go abroad with unclean mouths and filthy hands, like the rest of the world, to the dishonor of your Lord.

10. What think ye of his *love*, and the *reasons* of it? Who can understand the height, and breadth, and depth, and length of his love? It is without dimensions. And why does he love any of the lost posterity of Adam? He tells us the reason, Deut. vii. 7, 8. He loved you, because he loved you. Do you think he loves you for your beauty, O black and ugly sinner? Nay, but for his own name's sake; and his grace, love, and good-will, as revealed in the gospel, is to be believed with application to himself, for no other reason but because it is his will and pleasure. His love must make you beautiful, but cannot find you so. And if you cannot believe his grace and goodwill to you, because you have no beauty, you are but rejecting the reason of his love, despising the freedom of his grace, and standing upon the terms of the old covenant of works, slighting the grace of the new covenant. This is such a disease to mankind, that even believers in Christ, when they are helped to perform any duty, with any lively frame, are ready to say, with Leah, Jacob's wife, when she brought forth several children to him, "Now my husband will love me because of my fruitfulness." So says the believer; when he is helped to bring forth fruit unto God, and finds his spirit revived, his soul strengthened, his heart en-

larged, and a great deal of comfort there, "O now," says he, "my Husband will love me because of my fruitfulness." But what comes of it? The person having such a legal bias, the Lord, to correct it, takes away all fruitfulness out of his view, in a manner, and leaves him barren. "O," says the believer then, "where is my former sweet hearing, and sweet praying and praising, and sweet meditation?" Why, the Lord has cut off these, that he may cut off your legal pride of being loved for your beauty and fruitfulness, and that you may "return to your first Husband; for then it was better with you than now." You must begin, believer, where you began at first, and think of his loving you merely because he loves you. They that build their conjugal comfort only, or mainly, upon their righteousness of sanctification, and secretly incline to follow after the law, will find their souls very unsettled, even up and down with their changeable frame. But again,

11. I may ask, What think you of his *loveliness*? O is he "white and ruddy" in your view? See how the spouse describes him, Song v. 10, and downward, in the beauty of his head, his locks, his eyes, and all and every part of him; his belly, or bowels of mercy: "His mouth is most sweet," says she. O the words, the smiles, the kisses of his mouth, his kindly embraces! I have read of one Agatho, who was a man so holy that with a kiss he cured one of his leprosy. Whether that be true or false, yet what I intend by telling it is true, that such is the virtue of Christ, that a kiss of his mouth, a smile of his countenance, will cure the soul of spiritual leprosy; yea, a word of his mouth will do it: "Now are ye clean, through the word that I have spoken." (John xv. 3.) Again,

12. What think ye of his *favor* and his *blessing*? Surely, if you esteem him duly, you will think "his favor is life, and his loving-kindness better than life," and that "his blessing only makes rich." Especially, what think ye of his blessings and benefits, that cannot be enjoyed by feeling, but by faith; nor by the sight of sense, but by the sight of faith? "We walk by faith, and not by sight," says the apostle. But it is the fault even of believers, that they can hardly believe they have any more than they feel; and hence, when they are in the darkness of desertion, they think they have nothing, that they have lost his favor, because they do not feel it; that they have lost his righteousness, because they do not feel it. But remember, that when Asaph said, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" he added, "This is my infirmity." You know in a house where it is dark, all things are there that were before, though you see them not; so it is with you, believer, though you be in darkness, all things are as they were before. Do you think all is gone because you cannot see it? "He that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." The name of the Lord is to the fore;* his God is to the fore; the object of his faith is to the fore, as much as ever; and "The just shall live by faith." Will you

* The object in front to be looked at.

not believe the sun is in the firmament where it was, because a cloud has come and intercepted the light of its beams? "Why," says one, "but my misery is, when I am in the dark night, I fear it was all but delusion that ever I met with, and that there was nothing real or saving in it." This, I find, is a common thought among serious souls; but all that I shall say to it, is by enlarging the similitude. Ask a man when it is dark, "How do you know that ever you saw the natural sun? It may be you were but dreaming and deluding yourself; it was nothing but a strong imagination." "Why," says the man, "I am sure I saw it, because my eyes were dazzled with the light of it, and I was warmed with the heat of it, and I saw to work by it; and by the light of it I saw everything about me." So may you say, believer, when a dark night of desertion or temptation comes on, the tempter suggests, "It may be all was but a delusion." Why, man, were not your eyes enlightened? was not your heart warmed? did you not see to work, and go on in your work joyfully, "the joy of the Lord being your strength?" and did you not see everything about you? You saw God in his glory; you saw sin in its vileness; you saw holiness in its beauty; you saw the world in its vanity; you saw the creature in its emptiness, Christ in his fulness; you saw yourself in your loathsomeness. But now, when the light is withdrawn, "What think ye of Christ?" Is there no sun, because it is set to your view? Do you think it never shone upon you, because it is not now shining? What think you of an absent Christ? Do you think nothing of him, because he is absent? Surely, believer, that is not thought like a believer; sense is many times denied you, that you may learn to believe more than you do.

"But," say you, "when he is not present with me, I cannot believe." I shall tell you my mind here. There is a *powerful* presence necessary to believing; but there is a *sensible* presence that is not necessary to it, but rather usually comes upon the back of faith. Now, that powerful presence of God, that is necessary to believing, does open up the object of faith, namely, Christ's righteousness, God's promise, the truth of God, the blood of Christ. Power is sometimes insensibly exerted, not by an outward, open violence upon the man, but by an inward, secret, and sweet enchantment, as it were. Ere he is aware, and before ever he knows that it is divine power that is doing the work, he finds the object of faith that he is thinking upon making room for itself in his heart, and drawing out his soul, as it were, insensibly to it; and thereupon comes in sensible presence upon the back of that: "After ye believed, ye were sealed." (Eph. i. 13.) Now, if you say you cannot believe without his powerful presence, that is true; divine power must be exerted to every act of faith; but then this power does ordinarily put forth itself insensibly and unawares, while we are thinking on, or viewing the object of faith: "While I was musing, the fire burned." (Ps. ~~xxxix~~ 3.) The Spirit of God clears the object of faith; that being viewed and applied, the heart is set on fire with it; there is his powerful presence ushering in the sensible presence. But if you say you cannot believe till you have his sensible presence, that is to

make sense the foundation of your faith, and not the word of God, or the Christ of God; therefore, in order to believe, let not your question be first, What find you in yourself, but rather, "What think ye of Christ?" You will find none of the sweet effects of faith till you think on Christ, the object of it. Again,

13. What think you of his *invisible glories*? "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." Faith sees not the things that are seen and felt; sensible enjoyments, for example, are not the object of faith, but sense. But faith sees the things that can neither be seen nor felt; it believes contrary to sense; yea, things impossible to nature, and incredible to carnal reason, considering only the power of God, that speaks in the word, as you see in the faith of Abraham. The greatest glory of Christ is invisible and incredible to nature; therefore we do not think much of him if our faith does not terminate on things not seen. Again,

14. What think ye of his *tabernacles and ordinances*? Surely, if you think much of Christ, his tabernacles will be amiable to you. The slighter of his ordinances is a slighter of Christ; a slighter of prayer, is a slighter of Christ; a slighter of the word, is a slighter of Christ: "He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." Again,

15. What think ye of his *cause and interest*, such as the much-forgotten Reformation-work in Scotland, which our forefathers established by solemn National Covenants?* If, the more it is forgotten among ministers and people, the more nearly it lies to your heart, and the more you long for its reviving, it were an evidence you think something of Christ, when others think little of him. But, alas! how little is this thought of in the age we live in! If the generation thought more of Christ, there would be more zeal for his interest, honor, and public reformation-work. And, perhaps, the confusions of our day, the heavy bondage we are complaining of through the land, will never cease to grow to a height of terrible wrath, till we be brought to a sense of our defection, and a humble confession and reformation. Further,

16. What think ye of his *cross and crown*? Is his *cross* your *crown*? Surely they think much of Christ who can say with Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Moses thought his cross better than a crown, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." They that think much of Christ must resolve upon it that the world will not think much of them, but that they will be crossed, reproached, and nick-named. But if Christ was nick-named for us, and "endured such contradiction of sinners against himself," we

* "The Solemn League and Covenant" to which Erskine here alludes was almost an idol with the Scotch Puritans, and sprang out of their full persuasion,—in our judgment an erroneous one,—that the Kirk of Scotland was the Bride and spouse of Jesus Christ. Admitting, however, their error here, we cannot but admire their zeal and fervor for the reformation of doctrine and life which they thought adherence to the National Covenant was the most likely means to obtain. If we condemn their zeal, might not they with more justice condemn our lukewarmness?

may well bear a reproach for him, especially when it is said, "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified." His cross makes way for his crown, and in the meantime his sweetness swallows up all the bitterness thereof.

17. What think ye of his *friends*? If you think highly of him, surely his friends and followers will be esteemed as "the excellent ones of the earth, in whom is all your delight;" and consequently his foes will be disesteemed by you; and therefore,

18. What think ye of his *enemies*? Though they were appearing in never so much worldly pomp, you will think very little of them, if you know them to be his enemies: "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; to their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united." What think you of his enemies *within* you? When you find these like "thorns in the flesh," like splinters run into the flesh, does it not make you, with Paul, to "beseech the Lord thrice;" yea, to pray thrice and thrice, and a hundred times thrice, with sighs and groans, to be freed from them? What think ye of his enemies *about* you? I mean the world, and the lusts thereof; "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life." I have read a pretty story, which I reckon useful no other way than for the moral of it, how an angel and a hermit had been travelling together. When first they went by a dead carcase, the hermit stopped his nose, and the angel smiled; and after that they went by a wanton strumpet proudly dressed, at which the hermit smiled and the angel stopped his nose. The moral shows us, that in the sight of God and angels, no carrion is so noisome as pride is. But the more highly that any think of Christ, surely the more humble they are; and pride will accordingly be hid from their eyes. Again,

19. What think ye of the *world's thoughts* of Christ? If you think highly of him yourself, you will be mightily surprised, and look upon it as a great wonder why the world think so little of him. O strange, that all the world are not taken up with him!

20. What think ye of your *own thoughts* of him? Surely, if you think duly of him, you will think you have but very poor, mean, low, contemptible, and unworthy thoughts of him; you will think that you cannot think enough of him, who is "fairer than the sons of men;" the Prince of the kings of the earth; altogether lovely. These are some probationary questions, by which you may take your own hearts to task before the Lord.

But I cannot stand to enlarge these things; and I must own the thousandth part is not said that might be spoken from this text; for as the whole scripture does "testify of Christ," either directly or indirectly; so I might go through all the Scriptures, and ask, "What think ye of Christ?" in a suitableness to what is said of him, in this or that portion of Scripture.

Like as the dry earth covets the rain, even so the law makes troubled and afflicted souls to thirst after Christ.—*Luther*.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM TORIAL JOSS (KNOWN AS CAPT. JOSS) TO MR. J. MORRIS, OF LEWES.

My very dear Mr. Morris,—I feel a heart-union to you, through the bond of the eternal Spirit, as I do with all my brethren of every denomination whose trumpets do not give an “uncertain sound,” and whose hearts are filled with “faith unfeigned.” Gowns, surplices, bands, coats, &c. &c., are of no more weight with me than the fringes annexed to the Israelites’ garments; and there are many who wear them, and others who do not wear them, at whose feet I should think myself highly honored to sit and learn instruction in righteousness, deeply sensible of my unworthiness. This spirit, abstracted from party affairs and all trifles of what is called “regularity,” the Lord imparted to me on my first coming out to preach the everlasting gospel; and this spirit, blessed be God, I still retain. Grace, grace, grace!

I hope you are not inclined to look upon my delay in writing to you as proceeding from any inattention to my promise, or want of love; multiplicity of affairs must be my apology. I have had some epistolary engagements of importance on my hands, which I have been obliged to fulfil; these, added to preaching almost every day, and travelling about to five different places every week, have laid me under the disagreeable necessity of being hitherto silent. Being this day at liberty from preaching, I rejoice in an opportunity of transmitting my cordial love to you, and all the dear people with you. May the doctrine delivered to you from time to time, “drop as the rain,” and may it “distil as the dew,—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass!” May your hearts feel their influence as the thirsty parched ground does that of the refreshing, fructifying rain! Amen, Amen! Hallelujah!

My cordial love to dear Holmes. I hope his “rod buds and blossoms;” that it may bring forth much fruit to the glory of God and the salvation of many souls, is my ardent prayer. Give heart-love to my kind, very kind host and hostess. Many thanks for their loving epistle. I am very glad to hear of dear Miss Davey’s recovery. May the Lord strengthen her more and more in soul and body. Pray give a whole lap-full of comfort to dear King, and tell him from me, that as night and shadows are good for flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than continual sun, so is Christ’s absence of special use, for it has some nourishing virtue in it; it gives sap to humility, puts an edge on hunger, and furnishes a fair field for faith to put forth itself, and to exercise its fingers in grasping an unseen object. “Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed” (John xx. 29) him “whom, not having seen, we love.” (1 Pet. i. 8.)

I beg my most cordial love to Mr. and Mrs. Horben, Mr. James and Miss H. My prayer is that they may “go forward” and “grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” Thus have I given you work enough, besides tiring you with my poor scrawl. I trust that Mr. C.’s coming to Lewes is a

gracious prelude of much good, and that the Lord has much people there. The Lord's blessing be upon him and upon his labors. Amen. Cordial love to the whole society. Keep up your meetings, and God will bless you; and O remember the least and unworthiest in our Father's house, but

Most affectionately yours in our sweet Lord Jesus,
Poor vile, but saved,

London, March 10th, 1777.

TORIAL JOSS.

[The writer of the above letter was born in Sept., 1731, near Aberdeen. His father died when he was very young; and though much discouraged at home, he was concerned about his soul, and sought the Lord, but had to hide his Bible out of the house, and took every opportunity of consulting it. In a mysterious way he was led to know a lady who feared God, and was very kind to him, and made truly useful in encouraging and directing his mind. When 18, he had been some years at sea, and having been connected with one of Wesley's societies, he preached in his ship much, and whenever he could on shore, at ports where his vessel anchored. He married the daughter of his Christian friend, and had 11 children. Often had he to proclaim his message amidst much persecution and insult, and was once imprisoned at Shields for seven weeks, in a wretched place and with worse company. After he was part proprietor everything went against him, though before he had succeeded. Mr. Whitefield heard of him, and announced, without his knowledge, that a Captain would preach at the Tabernacle on Sabbath evening; and when the ship arrived in the Thames, sent for him to come. He refused; but the messenger would not go without him. Mr. W. tried often to persuade him to leave the sea and devote himself to the ministry. Voyage after voyage was attended with some calamity, after he declined. At last Mr. W. said to him in a solemn manner, "Sir, let me tell you, if you refuse to hearken to the call of God, both you and your ship will soon go to the bottom." Overcome by providences, he quitted the ocean in 1766, and labored in the Connection till his death, April, 1797. His end was a most happy one. He was buried at Tottenham Court Chapel. He only published one funeral sermon, on the death of Adams, of Rodborough. Mr. Huntington mentions being blessed under him, and calls him Father Joss.]

The state and condition of men by nature is such as that no man can be delivered from it but by that powerful, internal, effectual grace for which we plead, such as wherein the mind and will of man can act nothing in or towards conversion to God, but as they are acted by grace. The reason why some despise, some oppose, some deride the work of the Spirit of God in our regeneration or conversion, or fancy it to be only an outward ceremony, or a moral change of life and conversation, is their ignorance of the corrupted and depraved state of the souls of men in their minds, wills, and affections by nature. For if it be such as we have described, that is, such as in the Scripture it is represented to be, they cannot be so brutish as once to imagine that it may be cured, or that men may be delivered from it, without any other aid but that of those rational considerations which some would have to be the only means of our conversion to God.—*Owen*.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

My dear Friend,—The God of our salvation comfort our hearts in believing, and cause us to abound in hope through the unctuous power of the Holy Spirit. Beloved, herein consist the life of true, vital godliness in the soul, the life of my spirit, and the joy of my heart. It matters not to me the worldling's smiles or frowns. Nothing short of a precious Christ revealed and enjoyed in my heart, and the Holy Spirit's testimony locked up in my breast, will satisfy the cravings I feel within; nor scarcely that. The Lord allows his own children to covet the best gifts, and truly my soul is covetous to the extreme, if that can be possible. What others think or say of me has but little weight. My soul has meat to eat the world knows nothing of. Christ with bitter herbs, joys and sorrows mingled, the sacred, solemn sweetness this mingled draught often yields my soul, exceed what mortal tongue can tell or pen can describe. Were it not so, my heart would break with the troubles of the way. Sin is the cause of all my distress, and the love of Christ enjoyed is the spring and source of all my joys. Prayer is my "vital breath," my "native air," as dear Hart, of blessed memory, has it. The many love tokens I have received from Jesus there, still endears a throne of grace to me. Communion with God in the closet, I feel, is blessed; for there I can unbosom my soul at his dear feet without fear of being upbraided, and do at times really enjoy a very heaven below. Communion with him enjoyed below, while my hands are lawfully employed in business, is blessed; for it makes my afflictions and sorrows light, and all things appear to go on right and easy, whilst it raises my heart and soul in secret, solemn praise to the God of my life above for all his mercies, for every stroke of his rod, for all his dealings toward me. Communion with him night and morning with my family is blessed; for there, around the family altar, could my eyes, and heart, and soul weep in tears of love and blood, in hope of living to see the groaning desires I feel most sweetly answered, and there my soul is oftentimes refreshed, and encouraged still to hope, and believe, and trust in the Lord, and not be afraid. Communion with him amidst the assembly of his poor, despised, praying children, is blessed; for there, God the Spirit helping my infirmities, while my heart and soul cry out for the living God, the Christ of God and his blood applied, to be again and again known, felt, and enjoyed with power within, beneath the unction of his Spirit and love, for the welfare of Zion, the increase of her faithful laborers, and the prosperity of their labors, for his kingdom to come, and his will to be done, the Lord oftentimes waters my soul with the dew of heaven, and endears himself to me in hope, as a God hearing and answering prayer, more than life itself. Communion with Him amidst the silent shades, when the busy crowd is sunk in sleep, and all is darkness and gloom around, is blessed; for there,

"In secret silence of my mind,
How oft my heaven, my God I find."

Communion with him by day, at home, abroad, and in every state and place, and case, is blessed; for by it my soul survives all her doubts, fears, misgivings, unbelief, wanderings, hardness of heart, backslidings, sinfulness, unworthiness, fretfulness, repinings, rebellions, cares, and sorrows, still to see his wonders in the deep, and to sing his praise from the height of Zion. Communion with him, my soul's delight, my Jesus, and my all, therefore, I cannot live unless I am favored to enjoy. My soul, therefore, lives in hope to enjoy this favor through life, in death, and above for ever. But what it will be above, to the vast extent thereof, as yet I know not. The nature of the joys of heaven, which communion brings, I trust I know, for I have felt them within, but the degree thereof I must die to know.

My dear friend, I am well aware that this is strong language for a sinful mortal to make use of, and that some would censure me for using it. But let them know what it is to commune with God below, (and unless they do know it here, they will never enjoy it above,) then their censures will cease. But let not this assertion in the least distress any of God's dear doubting, fearing, weaklings, for "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." So says the Holy Ghost; so says my soul; for I am a mourner still, and the Lord has comforted my soul. The soul that he has made willing, shall live to see and feel his great salvation. I was made willing in the day of his power, and am now living in hope to see and feel the utmost wonders the God of grace, love, and mercy can do,—willing now to accept of salvation in his own appointed way; and as he gives me patience so to do, I can wait and do wait his salvation still to see; not with a seeming careless indifference, but "with groanings which cannot be uttered," does my soul wait on the Lord, inwardly longing to see the day, and saying in the bitterness of my soul, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" And with great searchings of heart, looking for Christ in all his appointed means and ordinances, in his holy word, at home and abroad, in public and private, unsatisfied, unblessed, except I can find him and embrace him in the arms of my faith, and enjoy him as my Saviour, my Christ, my Redeemer, my God and Friend, my Portion, and my All. When I can catch a glimpse of his lovely face, it presently moves, and melts, and breaks my heart, humbles me, and crumbles me, with love, and joy, and peace, in the dust, into nothing before him; and my soul, still rejoicing to see him wear the crown, chooses, with inward felt triumph, which I shall never be able to describe, rather to suffer afflictions, and sorrows, and the sneers and jeers of the world, with the children of God for a season, and have my name cast out as evil, in hope to enjoy the blessedness still which I have enjoyed amongst them, than to dwell in the tents of sin. Even if I were sure that I had no soul to be saved, and that there was no heaven nor hell beyond the grave, yet, for the divine consolations, the untold delights which the religion of the cross, the religion of Jesus affords, mingling at times with all the afflictions, cares, trials, losses, crosses, miseries, and woes, connected therewith, which I am called to en-

sure, I would choose it still in preference, and let the worldling's source of rejoicings all go. But the sweet assurance of having an immortal soul, and that there does now henceforth remain a rest for me and for all the dear people of God above, increases the blessedness, and encourages my soul a hundred fold twice told; and sweetly confirms me more and more, that it is that grace, and love, and mercy, which chose a worthless worm at first, and ordained me to obtain salvation, and has really brought that salvation home feelingly and joyfully into my breast, heart, soul, and conscience, with power and sweetness unspeakable and divine, has thus taught me to choose, and has also thus immovably fixed my choice and blessed me therein. I feel sweetly willing to be saved in God's appointed way, so that the theme of my heart is now, A worthless sinner, deserving hell and eternal banishment from God, saved by free, sovereign, rich, unmerited, distinguishing, and discriminating grace, through Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of my legal righteousness, and all my supposed goodness and power, and strivings to merit his favor by the works of the law, and do count it but dung, and all things here but dung and dross for Christ, that I might be found in him. And while he comforts my soul, I also feel reconciled to, and willing to endure all his good will and pleasure concerning me, while sure in hope of the glory to be revealed in us above; and long, with great desire, to live to his honor and glory amidst "a crooked and perverse generation," not for merit nor applause, but for the love I feel to his name, and for the great things he has done for me, and has in reserve for me above.

Now I shall leave my aged friend and brother in Christ to think for himself, whether my Lord and his Lord has made me wise unto salvation or not. I feel at a point about it myself, but do esteem it a favor to be made manifest to, and to live in the consciences, affections, and esteem of those who love and fear the Lord. And also my soul rejoices to hear that his nothing worm, in thus communing with his friends, should be instrumental in the Lord's hands of comforting any of his dear mourners in Zion. The Lord be praised, and let me hide my worthless head in the dust, and weep and sing my time away in sweet and lonely solitude, in communion with Jesus, hoping soon to be with him in glory, free from sin and sorrow, to love and praise him for ever.

Please to accept this token of love, in answer to your kind letter received, and in reply to your kind request. You say "the battle is not over yet;" and in hope are singing, "Victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" Every battle Christ has fought for his church, his bride, as our dear Mr. M'Kenzie preached in our chapel last Tuesday week, was with "confused noise, and garments rolled in blood;" but he has gained the victory, and redeemed her to God. I do hope that my friend and I are both members of that church. Blessed be God for that. So all our battles, too, will be with "confused noise." But his was "with burning, and fuel of fire;" so will ours be too. The Spirit shall consume our dross; and when death shall have put an end to sin, then, as Zion's glorious Warrior has

conquered, so we shall, we trust, conquer through him, and enter yonder eternal rest, singing, "Victory! through the Lamb and his blood for ever."

"For such a hope as this,
O bless the Lord, my soul;
To dwell where Jesus is,
While endless ages roll.
The thought o'ercomes me quite, adieu ;
I've felt below the earnest too."

Blessed be God for that. Hence does my soul still rest in hope that when the midnight cry is heard, there still will be oil in my vessel, and that with my lamp trimmed and still burning with fire from off the sacred altar, with the flames of light, life, and love divine, and with the wedding garment on, I shall enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb, to be his guest, and sing his praise, and feast with him for ever :

"My soul, made to salvation wise,
Aloud, while here, for Jesus cries.
Thy sweet appearance, Lord, I love,
And long to reign with thee above."

The "grace that maketh wise unto salvation," rest upon and remain with you. I feel quite at home with our dear aged pastor and friends. The God of Israel is with us.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, Feb. 4th, 1846.

G. T. C.

MR. GADSBY'S LAST LETTER TO MR. H. FOWLER.

My dear Brother,—I was truly sorry to hear of your affliction, and I do hope by this time you are better. O my dear brother, what poor dying worms we are, and what a wretched wilderness this is. But adored be the name of our dear Lord, he has been, and still is, and ever will be, a very present help in trouble. Both you and I have proved him so thousands of times, and I hope you prove him so now. I have of late been in very deep waters, in more respects than one; but here I am, the spared monument of the Lord's discriminating grace. When you and I arrive at home, what an immortal shout we shall give to the honor of our three-one God, who has loved us, redeemed us, quickened us, kept us, and led us about, and brought us safe home to live in him and with him, and be like our glorious Head, and sing the wonders of his love for ever and ever. Well, my dear brother, a few more cold winds, and rains, and nipping frosts, and a few more fiery darts and hot balls from hell, and a few more babblings and bubblings up of the filth within, and every storm will be over, and we shall ever be with the Lord, where all will be light, life, love, joy, peace, and liberty, glorious liberty, and God will be all and in all.

The Lord be with, and bless, and keep, and succour, and comfort, and rejoice you, is the prayer of your brother in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of the saints,

July 11th, 1838.

W. GADSBY.

"LAY HANDS SUDDENLY ON NO MAN."

Perhaps in no age since the days of Paul has the import of these words been less heeded and more needed than at present. They are big with importance to the church of Christ, being the wisdom of Zion's King, the "Leader and Commander of the people;" they are an injunction, among many others, forming a beautiful chain of cautions, instructions, and admonitions, given under the immediate direction of God the Holy Ghost, by the apostle Paul the aged, to young Timothy, the servant of Christ.

Paul's care for Timothy, his anxiety for the peace of Zion, and the building of the church with proper materials, is evident. He saw the young servant of Jesus launching into a sea of rolling billows, in this world of sin and misery, and knowing more of his own heart than he once did, speaks as if he feared Timothy's zeal and anxiety for the increase of his Redeemer's kingdom might lead him into error. Young Christians are often mistaken in loud talkers, and young ministers are often deceived by those who make a fair profession for a time, until by and by they turn out to be strangers to regeneration, or to be wolves in sheep's clothing. The apostle says, "Grievous wolves shall enter, not sparing the flock," and Paul enjoins Timothy to "lay hands suddenly on no man."

The laying on of hands is to be variously understood in Scripture. We read that the Holy Ghost was given with gifts as well as graces when the apostles laid their hands on certain disciples; (Acts xix. 6; viii. 17;) at other times we find, that the laying on of hands conferred no more than the common blessing, prayers, and best wishes of the brethren. (Acts vi. 6.) Indeed, the laying on of hands is an old patriarchal practice; see old Jacob blessing cross-handed the sons of Joseph. (Gen. xlviii. 14.) And we may be said to lay our hands on the man we approve, the friend we take into our bosom, or the person we speak well of. In these senses I understand the laying on of hands. The apostle, then, in his address to Timothy, says to us Christians, ministers or people, "Lay hands suddenly" on no person, so as to take them into our affections or into the church, to send them into the ministry, or to receive the ministry of those already pretending to the priest's office. But especially in making a *stranger*, pastor of a church, the exhortation, "Lay hands suddenly on no man" is needful; and it will be well for deacons and members of destitute churches "to give the more earnest heed to the things that they have heard."

It also well becomes members of churches to watch with all diligence those who seem affected by the truth. Examine them well before you take them into your heart; remember you have natural feelings as well as they; and so far as we receive them, we lay our hands on them. Real love to the church will exercise great caution here. I have found some who seemed to love, be affected by the truth, contend for and admire the children's bread. I have noticed such sing with all their powers every hymn, no matter whether plaintive or joyful, law or gospel, faith or fear, captivity or deliverance, heaven

or hell,—all is one to such, and every sermon the same. “O glorious sermon!” “Blessed man!” “Dear man of God!” and the like;—such is their language. I say, be careful how you lay hands on such. God’s dear children are not blest under every sermon; they cannot sing at random all sentiments, at any time; they are “children that will not lie” on this subject, whatever it cost them. But the ignorantly bold long to be approved; and if you advance one step, they will soon advance two. They soon put a high value on a look or a smile, and a shake of the hand almost makes them burst with pride; while a dear child of God cannot be dragged into notice, and retires from a shake of the hand as unworthy, and secretly says, “Ah! you do not know what a sinner I am.”

The same caution is necessary in the internal management of the church. When a deacon is to be chosen, “Lay hands suddenly on no man.” And though this be done by lot, yet in our mind we each lay our hand on a certain man. Then let it not be done suddenly, but after prayer and watching. See a man going from friend to friend, and saying, “Who is likely to become deacon?” and notice how he is very kind, and would buy in secret the affections of the friends; how he will go over every male member in the church with his remarks, showing either a fault or some disqualification for the office. If you could see his heart and read the language of all this, it would be, “I am the man for a deacon.” He tells you a deacon ought to be a man of mind, a person of good general knowledge, having faultless children; and if you notice properly, you will see that there is not another in the church suitable but himself. Brethren, “lay hands” on no such man, and “suddenly” on no man. A suitable person in this office is of high importance in the church of Jesus Christ. The neglect of this apostolic injunction in all or any of its bearings is calculated to bring endless trouble into a church.

But the sending out young ministers is perhaps one of the apostle’s highest aims in the caution. I cannot but see the wisdom of God in the language of him who felt “the care of all the churches,” when I look round among the churches within my own knowledge, and see how the churches have been split and torn asunder. By whom? God knows. By men sent to preach by some church, or who have been determined to preach, whether the church would or not. My soul has mourned over Zion again and again under such circumstances. It is not enough that the church say, “We only allowed such,” without saying, “You shall go,” or, “You shall not go.” No church can be justified on that ground. I think the church ought either to say, “Go, and the Lord go with you,” or say, “You shall not go in our name, and be a member with us.” I believe there will be a corresponding feeling in the souls of those who are of reputation in a church with that man in whose soul God is at work in preparing him for the ministry. The Lord will also give wisdom to his servants to fix upon faithful men, to whom instructions are to be committed, that they may teach others also. Much of past and present troubles I attribute to the neglect of those words, “Lay hands suddenly on no man.”

Another and important point is, the sudden choice of, and fixing upon a pastor. Neglect of the apostle's caution on this point is fearful. It is very easy for a minister whose tongue goes like a leaf in a storm, to say, "I'll send you a man, just a right one; O he'll do! Just the man, just the man! I have had my eye on him some time. He'll make up for all that is past." And I say of the man, Poor man! "An inheritance may be gotten hastily in the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed." (Prov. xx. 21.) "Lay hands suddenly on no man," whoever may recommend him. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

May the Lord God of Israel give his people wisdom to listen to his word, and may the troubles of others be made a blessing to each of us. May the Lord help his people to "mark those who cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and *avoid them*." (Rom. xvi. 17.)

Manchester, August 3rd, 1854.

A. B. T.

[We fully concur in the views and feelings expressed above by our friend A. B. T., especially in his remarks about churches sanctioning the preaching of members who profess to be called to the work of the ministry. Most desirable indeed it is, as the old laborers who have borne the heat and burden of the day are called home to their eternal rest, that there should be fresh laborers raised up and sent into the harvest; but the furnishing and equipping of these laborers must be by the Lord of the harvest; and of these there is, for the most part, little doubt or question, for their credentials are generally pretty plain and clear. But we believe that pride in some cases, and delusion in others, has more to do with these professed calls than is generally supposed. The "preaching fever," as our departed friend J. M'K. used to call it, is a prevailing epidemic in some churches, and is easily caught by members who have some little gift in prayer in the people's estimation and a great one in their own. But where this epidemic prevails, farewell to peace, for of all discontented members, the man who is determined to preach is the worst. He is about the worst of hearers, for there is only one man whom he cares to hear—himself; and if there be any doubt in the church of his call to the work, he will do all he can to make a party to back him up. If he be a good man, and God has not called him to the work, he cannot feed the church of God, and thus he will be always a trial to the people, and they a trial to him. Disappointment and mortification will attend all his steps. He will perhaps neglect his business, or throw it up, believing that God will support him from the altar, and thus only plunge himself and his family into debt and distress, and tie a yoke round his shoulders he will never get off. Honored and useful, simple and humble, as a private Christian, he soon gets puffed up with parsonic pride, and is spoiled for life. He has no evidence of usefulness or of the blessing of God accompanying the word. This sometimes grieves and sometimes mortifies him. He cannot give up and he can hardly go on; his own soul is as lean as he makes the souls of his hearers; the little water that once was in the well appears now dried up; and his ministry is as dry and formal, cold and barren, as the rocks of Sinai.

But if all this be the miserable case of a gracious man who runs without being sent, what shall we say of a graceless man? Why, the less the better.

The prevailing system, if the Standard wrapper be an evidence, we fear a growing one, of carrying on the worship of God by supplies,

both feeds and is fed by this preaching fever. To be a pastor of a church requires a measure of gifts and grace, knowledge and experience, wisdom and judgment, which does not seem required in a supply, who, like a wayfaring man, tarries only for a night. Half a dozen texts and sermons will go a good way, and will serve at least for six and thirty times; so the system well suits the supply. And as it throws nearly all the power into the hands of the deacons, and most men naturally love power, it suits them. When the church has sunk into a low, dead state,—and we believe much of the present state of the churches is owing to the supply system,—it suits the careless and disorderly members, for there is no one to look them up, and the better ones put up with much that they really disapprove of, with, “It is only for one Lord’s Day, and he is only a supply, so there is no need my saying anything about it, and causing a disturbance.” Thus, in this gradual way, matters get worse and worse, till the churches sink into carnality and death.

There are, of course, cases in which it is almost indispensable to carry on the cause by supplies, the church being too poor to maintain a pastor, or waiting on the Lord in prayer and supplication to send them one.

If we know our own heart, we would not breathe a single word against any good man, however small his gift or limited his sphere, who has any real evidence of being called to the work of the ministry. The Lord will send whom he will send and will bless whom he will bless; and a simple-hearted, humble, God-fearing man may be useful to a scattered handful and to a destitute few, who is utterly unfit for a larger field.

Our remarks, therefore, are not meant to be personal, nor are they aimed against godly men who are helps in the churches, though from various causes unqualified for pastors, but against aspiring, ambitious pretenders to the ministry, who seek the priest’s office for a morsel of bread, or to feed their pride. Nor, in our remarks against the system of supplies, do we aim our shafts against churches which would gladly have a pastor, but cannot obtain one, but against the system as deliberately preferred for carnal reasons, and carried out for carnal ends and in a worldly spirit, in opposition to the scriptural mode.—Ed.]

God has generally connected good with good and evil with evil. If, therefore, you are suffered to be off your guard and off your watch, though you cannot, if you are a true believer, so fall as to break your neck, yet you may break your limbs in such a manner as to go halting to the day of your death.—*Toplady*.

Search into the cause which has brought upon you that great evil under which you justly mourn. And probably, in the general, the cause is sin, some secret sin which has not been discovered or observed by the eye of the world; for enormities that draw on them the observation and censure of others must be instances of known and deliberate guilt. Now the eye of God has seen these evils, which have escaped the notice of your fellow-creatures; and in consequence of this care to conceal them from others, while you could not but know they were open to him, hence his righteous displeasure. O let that never be forgotten, which is so plainly said, so commonly known, so familiar to almost every religious ear, yet too little felt by any of our hearts, “Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear.”—*Doddridge*.

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. VI.

My dear Friend,—In much weakness, and indeed with great concern for you, I must inform you of the improbability of my being able to come to Lewes by Christmas. When I last wrote, I flattered myself I was in a fair way of recovery, but have since relapsed, and am now, I think, worse than ever in body and mind. The Lord knows what he means to do with me. I wish I could submit, and say, "Thy will be done;" indeed, I can only say, "I am sorely afflicted. Undertake for me, O Lord." My nerves are so relaxed, that a sort of trembling fit seizes me all over, and the pain I then suffer is inexpressible, and with it my mind is dejected, and fears continually follow me that the Lord will cast me away as a useless tool, an encumberer of the ground. He has said, "I will not leave thee;" but I cannot believe him.

I am very sensible of the regard and kindness you expressed in your letter, and sorry *on my own account*, that I am unable to comply with your request. The Lord seems to deprive me of that honor; but on him I must not reflect. He does all things wisely and well: "Let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight." I look upon it more as *my* loss than yours, for the Lord will provide for his church. I can only say, if it is the Lord's pleasure in any reasonable time to restore my health and strength, that I mean to fulfil my purpose and engagements in coming to Lewes, but do not wish to keep you in suspense if you feel directed to take any other method. I say, the Lord's will be done. If you do not choose to apply to Lady Anne Erskine, perhaps Mr. Williams can direct you to some person, or may be able to send one from London for a few months, and in that time we may see what the Lord will do. At present I shall and can only beg my friends to remember me; this is the greatest favor.

Mention my kind love and remembrance to Mr. W. Respects to Mr. and Mrs. King, and all inquiring friends.

I remain, with the greatest regard and sincerity,

Your ever affectionate friend,

Cardiff, Dec. 3rd, 1771.

J. JENKINS.

I believe that all trials which are sanctified yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby; and nothing adorns the soul more than a meek and quiet spirit, a submissive will, and humility under his afflicting hand.—*Huntington*.

When the law shows to me my sin, terrifies me, and reveals the wrath and judgment of God, so that I begin to tremble and to despair, there has the law his bounds, his time and his end limited, so that he now ceases to exercise his tyranny any more. For when he has done his office sufficiently, he has revealed the wrath of God, and terrified enough. Here we must say, "Now leave off, law; you have done enough; you have terrified and tormented me enough."
—*Luther*.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—I heard the other day a minister of the gospel say from the pulpit, (he is a preacher of experimental truth,) that he believed a man may have a natural religion to the extent I have explained below, and yet be destitute of saving grace. As I have heard this disputed by some professors of truth, I should like to have your views of the case (if considered practicable) stated in the "Gospel Standard."

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

London.

J. T.

1. That a natural man may have a natural love and admiration for God as a God of nature.

2. That a man may raise up an idea of God in his own imagination, and have a fleshly feeling of love excited towards this imaginary God, as the Papists, Socinians, Arminians, &c., have.

3. That a creature, as a creature, may acknowledge a Creator, pray to him as a God of providence and nature, and feel a thankfulness for providential mercies; and that such is good; but that all these differ much from vital godliness, and may exist where saving grace is absent.

ANSWER.

We believe that the minister is not only perfectly right in his views and statements as mentioned above, but that he might have gone much further still, and then have been within the bounds of truth. For he confines himself to mere natural love and admiration of God, and a natural thankfulness for providential mercies—examples of which may be found in hundreds of books, and we were going to say, in tens of hundreds of men and women now living in this little island. We must not think that all the church and chapel-goers in this land, except the people of God, are mere hypocrites or formalists. No; there is a fire of devotion burning in many a bosom which God the Holy Ghost has not kindled, many a fervent prayer which he has not inspired, many a sacrifice which he has not laid on the altar, and many a desire to please God which he has not breathed into or breathed out of the soul. It is at times enough to fill one's heart with mingled wonder and sorrow, to see so many truly sincere and religious people whose religion will leave them short of eternal life, because not raised up by the power of God. To see so much amiability, benevolence, devotedness, self-denial, liberality, and extreme loveliness of character, with so much integrity and consistency of life, all rudely dashed against the rock of inflexible justice, and there shivered and lost, swallowed up with its unhappy possessors in the raging billows beneath,—such a sight, did we not know that the Judge of the whole earth cannot but do right, would indeed stagger us to the very centre.

But these instances, staggering and numerous as they are, seem to us to fall much short of the close imitation of spiritual experience of which the preacher here has said nothing. A liberal cen-

turion' that builds a synagogue, or a young man who keeps the commandments from his youth up, is not near so staggering as a prophesying Balaam, a weeping Saul, or a preaching Judas. What are the characters mentioned by the preacher, compared with those sketched so fearfully by the apostle in Heb. vi. and x.? What is natural love and admiration of God, what is natural thankfulness for providential mercies, compared with "tasting the good word of God and the powers of the world to come?" "To taste of the heavenly gift and be made a partaker of the Holy Ghost" in his external communications, far exceeds all that the common herd of religious people possess or indeed profess. Here the minister might well have sounded the trumpet of alarm in God's holy mountain, and struck a deeper note of awe than what our correspondent mentions.

It is not here the place to dwell further on this point. We have said enough to show that we coincide with the opinion of the preacher, though our correspondent has not mentioned his name, and we know not who he is.

So many are the evils of your best days, so many the imperfections of your best services, that by them you have deserved all, and more than all that you suffer; deserved, not only that your sun should be clouded, but that it should go down, and arise no more, but leave your soul in a state of everlasting darkness.—*Doddridge*.

How trying are these continual changes, always craving, but never full! How transient are our visits! How short-lived are our joys! But you and I get old, and I have no desire to be young again. "The end of a thing is better than the beginning, and the day of death than the day of one's birth." A chosen vessel is born to trouble both at his first and at his second birth; but death ends it.—*Huntington*.

Have you never observed, after the sun has been shining, perhaps, for hours together, a diffusing mist has arisen from the earth, or a floating cloud has interposed in the sky, and shaded the grand luminary from your view? Yet, in reality, the sun still shone as before, though your sensations of its lustre were suspended. Thus, in the darkest seasons of spiritual distress, God's countenance or favor is still toward you for good; and shines, not only with inextinguishable, but also, with undiminishable intenseness. Is it not, however, a most desirable felicity, to see and to feel the light of his face beaming full upon us, as the sun when it goes forth in its might? This is what the apostle means where he says, "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God;" that is, to enlighten us into the knowledge of the Father's glorious grace, as exhibited in the person, and as displayed in the finished salvation, of Jesus Christ. And this is, likewise, what the Psalmist means: "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance."—*Toplady*.

OBITUARY.

ELIZABETH TOPP.

For many years past it was the desire of deceased that her experience should be written for the glory of God and for the comfort of his tried and afflicted family, she often repeating these words, "For why should the wonders of the Lord be lost, and forgotten in unthankfulness?" I have often, by her bedside, heard her speak of the path that she had travelled for fifty years in this vale of tears, and many times found her words very weighty and powerful, so that I have often felt my soul drawn heavenwards, and the blessed things of eternity have sweetly employed my mind for days afterwards.

As it has of late been brought again and again afresh to my mind, and a light seems to be cast on her path through the wilderness before me, I now believe that it is the mind of the Lord that I should not keep these blessed manifestations of his distinguishing favor and rich grace, so abundantly manifested towards the favored soul of my dear departed mother through the desert land and waste howling wilderness, in secret. These words also have been much upon my mind, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God;" "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

My dear departed mother, Elizabeth Topp, was born into this world of sorrow in the year 1783. She was mother-in-law to the late Ann Topp, a notice of whose death appeared in the "Standard" for Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1852, whom she loved and esteemed, and parted with in the sweetest union, believing that they should soon meet again in a far better world. There seems to have been but little evidence of her father or mother, or any of the family, being called by grace, except herself and her youngest sister. From a child my dear mother appears to have felt some spiritual convictions, and some consciousness that the heart-searching eye of the Lord was upon her. She was the eldest child; and as she grew up, she was most cruelly used by her father. Being left at home much by herself, and having the care of a small family, nearly everything was required at her hands; and if the least thing was out of place, she was most cruelly beaten by her father. Having lived many years in this suffering state, and having no friend in the world, she has often gone in secret, and begged the Lord to open a way in his providence that she might leave her home, and be allowed to go to chapel. Soon after, she was invited to go to live with two single ladies and a brother. She went with gratitude and praise, and agreed with them, these words being blessed to her soul at the time, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Having entered on her place of service with great delight, she was soon cast down on hearing that they were strict Church people, and that they did not allow any servant to go to chapel. These were cutting words to my dear mother, as the things of eternity began to lie more heavily on her conscience,

and the thought of her going to church cut her through. But the same divine hand that led her to the place soon opened a way for her to go to chapel. The brother of these rich people, as I have often heard my mother say, was a gracious man, whom the Lord had singled out from all the pride and vanities of this sinful world, and commanded to come out and be separate, and shut himself up and live a rural and retired life, with his heart, soul, and affections fixed on the things of the world to come; and, indeed, his blessed end, which my dear mother witnessed, proved that he was a vessel prepared unto glory. This young man, finding my mother free from all vain conversation, and seeing her continually low and cast down, after a time began to inquire of her what was the cause. She told him that she was not allowed to go to chapel. He called his sisters, and gave them directions concerning her going to chapel, saying that he insisted upon her going. And on his death-bed he gave them charge always to let her go, adding, "I see many Dissenters will shine bright in glory;" so that she always after had her liberty to go. There now became a spiritual union between my dear mother and her young master, and they spent many hours together conversing on the things of eternity; and when his afflictions increased, he would have scarcely any other person to come to see or stay with him, night or day; so that she was almost continually with him, and nursed him to the last.

After the death of this young man, the Lord began to work more powerfully on the soul of my dear mother; and, scarcely ever being well in her bodily health, and having to sleep in the same room where he had died, she spent many sleepless nights, meditating on the thoughts of death and eternity. She felt that she had an immortal soul that must live through a never-ending eternity; and if not found at the last to have an interest in Jesus, she must be lost, and sink for ever under the wrath of God. Therefore she spent many days and nights, seeking, longing, and panting, and mourning over her sins. All hope of her ever finding a Saviour at times seemed to be lost. In this thirsting and longing state she continued for several years, severely afflicted both in body and mind, till she was brought, to appearance, nearly to the borders of the grave. Being desired by her doctor to leave her situation, after a time she consented; and though the health of her body became better, the affliction of her soul became worse; the Holy Ghost began to work more deeply upon her heart. The law was now opened up more powerfully in her conscience; the commandment came with its killing power, brought all her sins from childhood up to her view, and laid them all open before her and before the infinitely pure Jehovah, whose all-seeing eye was now, as it were, flashing into her conscience, looking her through and through; so that all her comeliness was turned into corruption; rottenness entered into her bones, and made her "exceedingly fear and quake," and in her feelings die to all hope of ever being saved. Never shall I forget the weighty things that I have heard from her lips when speaking of those bygone days of sorrow, when she envied a dog in the

street, the birds of the air, the beast in the field, or anything that had no soul; when "Eternity, eternity!" "Lost, lost, lost for ever!" were sounding almost continually in her conscience; fearing she should be shut up in black despair, always sinking, but never getting to the bottom; always dying, but never coming to an end. These dreadful things used to be her meditations almost day and night. Many times she has gone to her bed and been afraid to shut her eyes to sleep, for fear that she should awake in hell. At times she could not close her eyes to sleep all night long; and when her husband has been from home, she has sat up the whole night, being afraid to go to bed. Such slavish fear used to haunt her soul, that she has been afraid to be alone. About this time there was a wonderful sight seen in the firmament, about the middle of the night; her husband was then from home. When it first began to appear, it looked like a fire kindling in the sky, and in less than a half hour, it appeared like a great body of fire. As soon as he reached home, he called out my dear mother to see the wonderful works of the Lord. No sooner did she behold the awful sight, than horror seized her soul, and she sank almost into hopeless despair. Now, she thought, all was over for ever, and she felt as if all hope was gone; the door of mercy was shut; the end of the world was come; the last vessel gathered, and the building of mercy completed; and that she was now left with the world to perish forever under the wrathful anger and fiery indignation of the Lord. But after a little time the Lord was pleased to remove the awful appearance, so that it all went away, little by little, as it came, and the whole creation appeared as before.

My dear mother seeing that the waves and billows of wrath which had beaten so fiercely against her feeble soul were a little stilled, began to feel some hope in the midst of her sorrows that the Lord would yet appear. What love and thanksgiving she felt to the Lord that she was not cut off, when his judgments appeared to be threatening her destruction! For several days there was a "Who can tell at the time may come when I shall find mercy?" At times several passages of Scripture would show forth a little sweetness, when perusing her Bible; but the time of her deliverance was not yet at hand. She had to wade through many long years of wearisome days and nights, with scarce a gleam of hope; being month after month lunged again and again into the billows of despair, and ready to curse the day of her birth. With Job she felt her soul to be cast out of God's sight. Jonah, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and many parts of Scripture that speak of the dark parts of the experience of the Lord's children, used at times to suit her; but she was occasionally swept out of every resting-place, and she would go from chapel to chapel seeking rest for her weary soul, but could find none.

On the 25th of August, 1804, she brought forth her first-born son. He used to weep over the child with tears of piercing sorrow, and the thought of its having an immortal soul used to cut her through. He was sometimes sunk so low that she could not bear to hear it

cry. The cries of the lost in endless torment, where she fancied ere long she should arrive, were laid so powerfully on her mind, that she could not endure to hear a bell toll. Her soul was in such labor all the day, such slavish and dismal gloom and horror used to seize her sinking mind, that she has in her feelings bordered near to black despair. Having a young family still coming into the world, the thought of bringing up children for Satan would cut her through and through. These young immortals used to be laid so powerfully on her mind that she was almost continually weeping over them, feeling the importance of their never-dying souls. But the Lord was sometimes pleased to help her with a little help, and draw near her soul at a throne of grace, and enable her to pour out her sorrows into his precious bosom, at times giving her a little sight and feeling sense of his being a God of mercy as well as a God of justice; so that some passage of Scripture would dawn with immortal sweetness, and for a little time comfort her aching heart, raise up her sorrowful soul, and encourage her drooping spirit still to hope that the day of salvation would come. But after these little helps, her soul has sunk again into the restless ocean of sorrow, with wave upon wave beating against her. All the condemning passages of Scripture came with power, and beat out of her hands the little hope she would fain grasp hold of. All the precious promises and exhortations she felt were for others, and not for her. And now all hope of being saved appeared gone for ever.

Being pregnant with her fifth child, and the time for her deliverance drawing near, the travail and labor of her soul increased, so that she sank almost into despair. At times she feared that the earth would open and swallow her up, or some judgment would fall on her and crush her to atoms. At other times she feared that the house would fall in upon her, and destroy her, and then she would go quickly into hell. Night after night she used to go to see if there were any danger of its falling down. Sometimes she would see a heavy cloud arising in the firmament. This would also sink her down in sorrow, fearing that that was the messenger which the Lord was sending to cut her down, to send her away into a dreadful eternity. When the Lord was visiting the earth with thunderings and lightnings, she used to be almost distracted, and shut herself up in some dark place; but the piercing, holy, searching eye of the Lord would pursue her, go where she would, though she would fain have fled out of his sight. In this state she continued for some time, and would go from chapel to chapel, seeking after a crumb of mercy, but all in vain. No minister could she find to trace out her path or speak a word in season to her weary soul. They could preach for the comfort of others, but not for her; and though some of the Lord's children whom she loved and esteemed would endeavor to encourage her by telling her that it was the work of God upon her soul, yet there was but one in those days who could enter experimentally into her experience, and this was a gracious woman, now in glory, once a member at Devizes Chapel, named Mary Green. She then lived at a farm house near where my mother lived. My

mother used often to visit her in those days of labor and sorrow; and this gracious woman was enabled to trace out her path, and to show her, from experience and the Scriptures, that it was the work of the Lord upon her soul. Thus a union began in those days between them that will last to all eternity.

My dear mother having waded through twelve years under the chastising hand of the Lord, the time of her deliverance was now near at hand; and as the time also drew near when she was to bring forth an infant, which she had labored and travailed in her soul for before it was born that it might prove to be a vessel of mercy, the Lord heard the voice of his handmaid, and on the 7th of June, 1812, she was delivered of this favored daughter. She felt a desire to give it to the Lord, desiring that it might grow up in his fear and live for his glory, and that it might live as a witness and a memorial of the lovingkindness and tender mercies of the Lord, so abundantly made manifest towards her in delivering her soul from the fear and sting of death eternal, and raising her up from the gates of misery and despair, to a living hope in Jesus, anchored "within the veil," fixed on the throne of God and the Lamb.

Now was the appointed time come when my dear mother was to be delivered from the curse of the law; having a faith's view of Jesus standing in her place and stead. The Lord the Spirit led her soul in precious faith to the foot of the cross, and gave her a sight of a suffering Saviour bleeding for her, at the sight of which all her sins, guilt, iniquities, bondage, fears, horrors, travail, labors, and grief for ever fled away, and were drowned in the sea of the Saviour's blood, and mercy, pardon, and peace flowed into her conscience, and filled her with joy unutterable and full of glory. All the promises flowed into her heart with immortal power and glory, which filled her redeemed soul with transports of joy; so that she felt the whole Bible, from end to end, was hers, and all the cutting passages, fiery darts of Satan, piercing sorrows, dismal glooms, wrathful anger and fiery indignation of the Lord that she had labored under for so many years, were all gone for ever: "Old things had passed away, and all things had become new." Her soul was now filled with praise both day and night. The very name of Jesus filled her soul with love, and gratitude, and praise; so that his gracious name was indeed "as ointment poured forth" unto her. In this blessed state she continued for many weeks.

She now felt herself a new creature, born into a new world. What delight she took in the ways of God! What union she felt with the Lord's people, the few there were in those days! And it was now the delight of her soul to speak of the blessed things of eternity, and of the streams of mercy and pardon that had flowed into her soul at the foot of the cross of her suffering Lord; for her favored soul was now indeed like Naphtali's, full of the blessings of the Lord; for heaven and immortal glory were her meditation day and night, with a daily longing to be unclothed from her body of death, to be for ever with him who had loved her and washed her from all her sins in his own blood. These were now most blessed

days with my dear departed mother, days of nearness and sweet communion with the King of kings and Lord of lords, the earnest and first-fruits of a blessed immortality, for she was washed and clothed in the wedding garment, had her lamp burning, and longed to enter into the marriage feast. She now knew what it was to be in a pardoned, justified state, for mercy and truth to meet together, righteousness and peace to embrace each other, and the wrathful anger of the Lord to be for ever turned away. The ministers that my mother used to sit under at that time visited her, and sat and heard some of the blessed things that came forth from her lips. She would also honestly tell them that they did not preach the whole gospel, nor did they cast up the way in which her soul had travailed, nor take up the stumbling stones out of the paths of the Lord's tried and afflicted family, nor go into the prison houses and bring forth the Lord's captive children. In those days there was no real heart-searching ministry to be found in the little town. General truths were delivered from the pulpit at the little chapel by good men at times; but no exercised, deep-taught, spiritual watchman or messenger of the Lord of hosts came forth with a "Thus saith the Lord." Therefore it was that my dear mother went from chapel to chapel for so many years, seeking the bread and water of life, but could find but little or none. She has returned home hundreds of times with her pitcher empty, and her weary, heavy-laden soul bowed down as low as a mortal's could be. But the Lord having delivered her soul in such a blessed and marvellous way, she could put the crown upon his blessed head and ascribe all the glory to the eternal, electing love and rich, free, discriminating grace of her sovereign Lord and King.

For several years she continued in this blessed state, and felt such nearness at a throne of grace that I have many times heard her say that she has been enabled to take up all her dear children in the arms of her faith and carry them there, and lay their case before the Lord. Often has she wrestled with him in prayer that they might in his good time be called by his grace, and prove to be vessels of mercy; sometimes she felt a prevailing with her dearest Lord at the mercy-seat, and a belief that her prayer was heard and answered, and has been enabled to give up her dear children into his blessed hands. My dear mother was now longing to see the good hand of the Lord upon the soul of this little favored daughter, and indeed she soon perceived in her a difference from the rest of the family. These things were carried on in secret between the Lord and my dear mother; for it was her desire to have this child made manifest to be a vessel of mercy. A good old aunt, then living with the family, used to take notice of this child, on seeing it kneel down at its bed-side night after night. She used to go into the room where it was asleep in bed, put back the curtains, look upon it, and say to my dear mother, "That child is born for glory." And her prophecy to this day stands a decided truth; for she grew up in the fear of the Lord, passed through a deep and clear experience, both under the law and deliverance through a

manifestation of the pardoning mercy of her dearest Lord made known to her precious soul; and to this day she is a monument of the distinguishing grace of God. When the Lord began to lay eternal things on my soul, I used to sit by the fireside and listen to their blessed conversation till I could hold no more; and I have been obliged to withdraw into the fields or some lonely place, to pour out my soul before the Lord, entreating him to bless me with the same divine testimonies that my dear mother and sister were favored with.

(To be continued in our next.)

As the waters that sunk the men of the old world, raised up Noah in the ark, so death, which sinks sinners into hell, raises saints up to heaven.—*John Mason.*

The heart is like the sluggard's field, so overgrown with weeds, that you can scarce see the good corn. Such a man may search for faith, love, and zeal, and scarce be able to find any; and if he do discover that these graces are there, alive and sincere, yet they are so weak, so clogged with lusts, that they are of very little use; they remain indeed, but are ready to die.—*Owen.*

Whatever things are requisite to salvation are freely given of God to all the elect, and wrought in them effectually by his divine power, as a part of that salvation to which they are appointed; and are all contained in the decree of election. And I cannot but reckon it one (and that a principal part) of those works of God that stand for ever, and is so perfect, that nothing can be taken from it, nor anything added to it; and is a good introduction into, yea, and argument for, the final perseverance of believers.—*Elisha Coles.*

We mistake all, when we look upon men's works by parts. A house in course of building, lies in a hundred pieces; here timber, here a rafter, there a spar, there a stone; in another place, half a window, in another place, the side of a door; there is no beauty, no face of a house here. Have patience a little, and see them all by art compacted together in order, and you will see a fair building. When a painter draws the half of a man; the one side of his head, one eye, the left arm, shoulder, and leg, and has not drawn the other side, nor filled up with colors all the members, parts, limbs, in its full proportion, it is not like a man. So do we look on God's works by halves or parts; and we see him scattering parliaments, chasing away nobles and prelates, as not willing they should have a finger in laying one stone of his house; yet do we not see, that in this dispensation the other half of God's work makes it a fair piece. God is washing away the blood and filth of his church, removing those from the work who would cross it. In bloody wars, malignant soldiers ripping up women with child, waste, spoil, kill; yet are they but purging Zion's tin, brass, and lead, and such reprobate metal as themselves. Jesuits and false teachers are but God's snuffers, to occasion the clearing and snuffing of the lamps of the tabernacle, and make truth more naked and obvious.—*Rutherford.*

REVIEW.*

The Little Gleaner; a Monthly Magazine for Children. London: Paul, Paternoster Row; Thorpe, Gray's Inn Lane. Price 1d.

A Magazine for children on free-grace principles has long been much needed. Many godly parents would gladly hail a work free, on the one hand, from the errors of Arminianism, and filled, on the other, with matter useful, instructive, and, to a certain extent, entertaining.

Much is said about the proper education of children, and various systems have each their fervent advocates; but how few persons seem aware of the fact that children are their own best educators. Take a child but four years old. What an amazing amount of knowledge that child has already acquired, and that almost wholly by his own exertions. Not to speak of the thousands of surrounding objects which it has become acquainted with and can recognise at a glance, it has learnt a language. Consider that wonderful feat. Take a man of five and twenty, of cultivated mind and intellect, land him in a boat on the Feejee Islands, or drop him out of a balloon in the middle of Turkey; will that man at the end of four years speak Feejee or Turkish as well as yon little fellow who four years ago gladdened his mother's heart with his first cry, now speaks English? The Basque, a language spoken in the North of Spain, is considered so difficult that it is commonly said there never was an instance of a foreigner's having learnt it. But a Basque child learns it in four years—a feat you could not perform in a lifetime. And all this, besides a thousand other things, the child has learnt when seemingly doing nothing but play and amuse itself.

But, of course, as children grow they need what is called education, that is, instruction in a more orderly and mechanical way. Were it possible to go on with nature's plan, the best mode of education would be still the instructor's lips; but as all human knowledge is accumulated in books, to books recourse must be had to give the child the benefit of this heap.

But besides the dull, dry spelling-book, which by learning to read, throws back the gates of the temple of human knowledge, as the difficulties of reading are gradually overcome, and the minds of children open—we speak here, of course, of intelligent children, a very decided minority—books of another class and description than the formal school book begin to attract their attention. No one can watch their engaging ways, or listen to their interesting talk, without perceiving how alive they are to novelty, how peculiarly impressive their minds are, and eager for information, as their constant questioning shows. To feed this mental appetite,—we speak here, perhaps, from personal recollection,—they pounce upon a fresh book

* We are sorry that we must defer our prophetic speculations to a future number. The subject which we proposed to consider, "The Fall of Babylon," required, we found, more time and thought than we, from various engagements, were able this month to bestow upon it; and it is a matter of too deep importance to be treated hastily and cursorily.

as a thrush upon a worm. See how a child hangs over its new picture-book; how it creeps into the corner—not then the dreaded place of punishment—sits on its little stool, and devours with its eyes the rude and gaudy colored pictures. What efforts it makes to spell out the wondrous adventures of giants and dwarfs, and what implicit confidence it places in those marvellous legends which, as nursery tales, have come down from our Scandinavian sires, and date from periods of unknown antiquity. Talk of the dulness and inattention of children! See their glistening eyes at the tale of “The Children in the Wood!” How they hate the cruel uncle, and how they love the little robins who covered their bodies with leaves. Or see them listening to the history of little Moses, or of Joseph cast into the pit and sold by his cruel brethren. How they remember every incident, and what a deep impression these beautiful narratives make on their minds. What a memory, too, they have! So that if you tell them a little tale of the poor lamb that lost its way, and what piteous adventures it met with till restored to its bleating mother, unless you next day repeat the exact incidents in exact order, the monitor on your lap will soon join in chorus with the breathless auditors round your knee in reminding you where your narrative is faulty. How susceptible, again, they are to little pieces of poetry. Not to mention the absurd nursery rhymes, which, absurd as they are, so hit the taste and capacity of children, that they are sung alike to little fur-clad Lord John in the duke’s carriage, and to little barefooted Joe in the laborer’s chimney corner—not to dwell on such nursery rhymes, how comes it to pass that such infantile poems as

“How doth the little busy bee,”

and

“Twinkle, twinkle little star,”

have such universal currency? There must be something peculiarly adapted to the mind of children in these and similar pieces, to make them so widely known and so universally popular.

It is evident, then, that there is a style of writing adapted to the capacity and taste of children, and it is equally evident that unless the secret of this style is got at and got into, you may write till the world is in a blaze, but you will never get children to read, understand, or care one rush for your books. Many can write for men, but there is not one in a thousand, nor perhaps in a hundred thousand, who can write for children. It is not merely the language which must be adapted to their comprehension, and this must be good old Saxon English, such as the translators of the Bible and Bunyan used; nor is it merely the absence of all abstract terms and arguments, and of everything dull and prosing, but there must be the presence of that lively, engaging, and interesting manner and matter which at once arrests the attention, and whilst it interests, informs the mind. Grace, we know, is supernatural, the special gift of God, and therefore is so far out of the question; but the minds of children are, for the most part, exceedingly plastic and open to impression. How well we remember the events and cir-

cumstances of childhood. Our native place, the house we were born and bred in, the fields in which we sported, the hedges where we gathered primroses and violets, the school we went to, with the schoolmaster and school boys—why are all these well-known scenes so deeply graven in our memory? why do they revisit us in our dreams and can never be forgotten whilst life remains? Does not all this prove the plastic nature of childhood—that as the Egyptian or Assyrian bricks, after three or four thousand years, still bear the impression of the moulders' fingers, so our memory still, for the same reason, shows the prints of our childish feet, simply because the clay was then soft and wet? Should not occasion, then, be taken to imprint on this soft plastic clay, life-lessons? Religion, in the high, the only true sense of the word, we cannot teach children. To worship God in spirit and in truth must be the alone work of the Spirit; and as without faith it is impossible to please God, and faith is his special gift, the man-made prayers of unbelieving children cannot be pleasing in his sight. But why should not the nicest principles of honor, truthfulness, generosity, kindness, industry, and the strictest morality, be inculcated? And without ever leading them to hypocrisy or false profession, why should not such fundamental truths as the holiness and justice of God, the strictness and curse of the law, salvation by grace, pardon and acceptance only through the blood of Christ, the necessity and nature of the new birth be laid before them? Though it was not so with us, yet, from the testimony of others, we believe there are many instances where the Lord begins to work on the conscience in childhood, or at least early youth. Is it wise, nay, more, is it merciful or consistent with godliness, rudely and roughly to crush all tender buddings of what may prove real grace for fear of hypocrisy? Holding with the firmest hand and feeling ourselves most deeply the thorough fall of man and the helplessness of the creature, need we be ever dinning in their ears, "Ah! you can do nothing?" Are we so afraid of making them pharisees, that we would sooner see them antinomians? They will learn soon enough they can do nothing. The fear is, lest like thousands they learn too soon to abuse the doctrine of human helplessness to sin the more eagerly.

It has often been remarked, and few things have brought greater reproach on the truth, that the children of professing parents often exceed all others in wickedness. In some cases this will happen whatever amount of the tenderest care has been shown, but it is often the result of the parents' own carelessness and neglect, if not worse. Retribution forms a part of God's moral government; and as parents sow they will often reap.

We are perhaps wandering from our subject; but our purpose is to show that there is abundant room for a periodical for children, and our hints may serve to point out what, in our opinion, a child's Magazine should be. Children are very fond of having a little book which they may call their own. And if they pay for it themselves, it is all the more prized. How disappointed they are if their little Magazine

does not come on the first of the month. And what journeys they will take to the bookseller's to inquire if it is arrived. All this shows that children will read periodicals adapted to their capacity and taste. There are several children's Magazines which embrace a fair amount of useful and entertaining instruction ; but the dead fly of Arminianism sadly taints their ointment. Could we, then, have a periodical filled with all their good matter and free from their bad, it would indeed be an acquisition. The want of it is certainly felt in the churches. "The Little Gleaner" has come forward to supply this want. Our kind and friendly feeling to the editor would lead us to look on it with indulgent eyes, and wish him every success in this work of his hands ; but we are afraid that at present it is not fully up to the mark, at least, as high as we have pitched it. A few inadvertencies* too, have escaped the eye of the editor, which we do not wish unkindly to notice, but against which he will do well to be for the future on his guard. Viewing all these circumstances, we think it deserves a fair trial. Unless supported, it cannot go on ; and as there is no other publication of the kind on free-grace principles, and all parents that know and love the truth and have children of an age to which such a Magazine is suitable, must feel an interest in its success, we ask them to give it a trial for a few months, to see how far it is really worthy of their support. The following extract gives a fair idea of the work :

"The sweet month of July has come, with its lovely roses, its bright sunshine, and ripening crops, and the Little Gleaner has come again, to ask his young friends to enjoy with him the contents of his monthly bundle. I hope you have thoroughly examined our June bundle, and have found some interesting handfals. I want to pick up such things for you as shall *amuse* you ; but far more than this, I want to pick up things that shall *profit* you. I want my handfals should benefit you for this world—that is, that they should be a means of making you wiser, and assisting to fit you for your future position in life. Boys, you will not always play at marbles, spin tops, trundle hoops, and run races. Girls, you will not spend all your days dressing and nursing dolls, playing at keeping shop, bandying the shuttlecock backwards and for-

* Thus in page 13, June Number, Adam and Eve are represented as becoming unhappy immediately they had sinned, and feeling pain of mind. But of this there is, in our judgment, no scriptural evidence. On the contrary, the Scripture describes them as so hardened by their sin and so dead by the fall as to make no confession at all of their crime, which they would have done had they really felt unhappy on account of it ; but they rather justified and excused themselves by throwing the blame, the man on the woman, and by implication upon God himself, and the woman upon the serpent. Nor is it a fact that sin generally makes natural persons, whether children or men, unhappy. In our carnal days the worst sins never caused a moment's unhappiness or dread of future punishment.

Another slip of the pen occurs in the July Number, page 38, "And, after all, I had a burdened conscience, and a *wicked heart*, and ten thousand guilty fears ; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the deepest sea." Now as the sentence stands (the italics are ours) "the wicked heart" is lost, completely lost, and cast into the sea. Where, then, is it now ? Why surely not in the believer's bosom to plague and distress him.

The first slip of the pen we observed ourselves ; the last was pointed out by a friend ; and we have mentioned them not in an unkind or criticising spirit, but in a friendly way of caution. We know too well the difficulty of avoiding casual slips to be hard on a brother editor.

wards, hopping and jumping over a skipping rope, or tossing a ball up in the air, to feel the pleasure of catching it. No; you will soon, if you live, be men and women; you will soon enter upon the engrossing pursuits of this busy life; you will soon, perhaps, have to teach little boys and girls. Now I want you to become *wise children*, and then there will be reason to hope you will be *wise men and women*. May the 'Little Gleaner' be one means of your instruction. Read it as bees alight upon flowers, to gather the honey of wisdom therefrom, and attend to all your studies with a desire to have your minds wisely formed for the duties, cares, and pleasures of 'grown up' life. Get, too, all the boys and girls you can take in the 'Little Gleaner;' this will make me afford to glean up a bigger bundle every month.

"I must add, that above all things I want my handfuls should benefit you for another life. You may never be men and women; you may die in childhood or youth:

'Life's uncertain; death is sure.'

If, however, you should live to be 70 years old, your life will be but 'a vapor, that appeareth for a short time, and then vanisheth away.' (James iv. 14.) I want you to be prepared to live to God's glory, and to die in God's peace. This you can never be until you are 'born again.' (John iii. 3.) May the Lord apply to your heart what 'The Gleaner' says to you about your never-dying soul, and may this be made your hearty prayer—

'Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

'In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.'

Outward good things are no sign of God's special love. The sun of prosperity shines upon the brambles of the wilderness as well as upon the flowers of the garden; and the snow of affliction falls upon the garden as well as upon the wilderness.—*John Mason*.

When Peter had made his noble confession to Christ, and had obtained the Lord's blessing upon it, then, *then* the devil desired to sift him, that he might blow away both his faith and his blessing.—*Huntington*.

If all that pertains to salvation were not given freely, salvation itself would not be of grace; for, "to him that worketh, is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt;" (Rom. iv. 4;) but salvation is of grace; (Eph. ii. 5;) "by grace ye are saved." And again, (ver 8,) "by grace ye are saved, through faith;" where also, lest the adding of faith should occasion a lessening of that or grace, or seem to detract from the freeness of it, he cautiously subjoins, that this faith is the work of that grace, "not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." For if grace be perfectly free in choosing, it must be answerably free in giving and applying the means to bring about the end it has chosen us to; for if the effect of the means should depend upon something to be done by men, which grace is not the doer of, then works would put in for a share in the glory of men's salvation; and so the grace of God would be dethroned, and be as if it were not; grace is then no more grace, as is argued in Rom. xi. 16.—*Elisha Coles*.

POETRY.

POETICAL LETTER TO A FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
 I'd willingly comfort thy soul with a song,
 By telling thee all things are working for good.
 Though tears be our lot as we wander along,
 The path is marked out by the wisdom of God.

We often complain that our lot is so hard.
 How foolish to murmur, how foolish to fret !
 For surely our Portion is Jesus the Lord;
 He loves us, nor can he our cases forget.

He singled us out e'er our being began,
 And wrote down our names in the annals of heaven ;
 He took up our nature, then died as a man,
 And tells us our sins, through his blood, are forgiven.

He overthrew hell as he hung on the tree,
 And silenc'd the thunder of Sinai's law ;
 He *finished* salvation for you and for me,
 May his name be ador'd with each breath that we draw.

He took all our sins, present, past, and to come,
 And buried them deep in the sea of his blood.
 May loud hallelujahs resound to his name !
 Let us sing, " He is Lord," to the glory of God !

He died ; then he rose to the mansions of bliss,
 Where he pleads for the helpless, the needy, and poor.
 'Tis true we have trials ; he told us no less.
 But he's coming again ; then the war will be o'er.

May we look for his coming with anxious desire !
 He'll certainly come, yes, in glory array'd,
 To burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire,
 And call home his chosen whose ransom he paid.

But, mind you ! the souls he redeem'd with his blood,
 He ever regards with unceasing delight ;
 He watches and keeps them along on the road,
 Because they are precious and fair in his sight.

Each trial he sends is a token of love ;
 Each cross is designed to instruct them to pray
 To the Lamb on his throne, who sits smiling above,
 And kindly conducts them each step of the way.

When darkness surrounds us, it makes us afraid ;
 We pensively sit with a tear or a smile ;
 He whispers, " Poor sinner, thy ransom is paid
 With my blood on the cross ; fear not, it is I."

The clouds are dispersed at his life-giving voice,
 Our sorrows are heal'd, and our weeping is o'er ;
 We rise from our cells ; in his name we rejoice,
 And sing of his wisdom, his mercy, and power.

But soon our poor feet are entangled again
 In the snares of old Satan, the world, or our pride ;
 Our sorrow returns, and our comforts are slain,
 And the devil suggests, " You have nowhere to hide."

But Jesus, the Master, is still on his throne,
His heart full of pity, his eyes glow with love;
He sees how we're flurried, perplexed, and cast down.
What a mercy! he pleads for poor sinners above.

The crosses and upsets we meet by the way
Are wisely ordain'd for the trial of faith;
When we walk in the dark he's our Portion and Stay,
For he conquer'd our foes in the moment of death.

What folly it is to complain of our lot;
Of this I am guilty, again and again.
But Jesus declares he will never forget
The choice of the Father, the purchase of pain.

He plann'd our salvation and finish'd the same,
In his birth, in his life, in his sufferings, and death;
All blessings are found in his Person and name,
He is infinite Riches, has infinite worth.

He's Wisdom to those who have none of their own;
He's Strength to the weak, he is Rest to the faint;
He tells us to ask all we need at his throne,
He listens in love to each crying complaint.

He's Dress, yea, he's Drink, he is Physic, and Food,
A Friend to the downcast, the outcast, the lost;
All needed assistance he grants on the road,
And brings them all safe to the haven at last.

He's the Anchor of hope, he's a Buckler and Shield,
He sits at the helm when the tempest alarms;
Though fearful and fainting, he'll ne'er let us yield,
But support us with love and the grasp of his arms.

To the guilty and filthy he's Pardon and Peace;
To the fearing and doubting, a Pilot by night;
He has thousands of times given proofs of his grace
To the saints, for in them centres all his delight.

When left in the world without comfort or guide,
We pensively sit and complain of our lot;
Yea, then he attentively stands by our side,
And declares with an oath, "You shall not be forgot."

He is all I have said and a thousand times more.
He's a Husband, a Brother, a Shepherd, a Friend;
He has riches untold for the needy and poor.
Let us sing, for his love knows no limit nor end.

O may you enjoy that dear favor of his;
It is better than life, 'tis far sweeter than wine!
May he land you at last in the mansions of bliss!
And O may that favor and portion be mine!

Sorrow Lane.

"AN EXILE."

We trust *possession* on our part more than *law* and the fidelity of the *promise* on God's part. Feeling is of more credit to us than faith; sense is surer to us than the word of faith. Many weak ones believe not life eternal, because they feel it not. Heaven is a thing unseen, and they find no consolation and comfort, and so are disquieted.—*Rutherford*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 226. OCTOBER, 1854. Vol. XX.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. W. SMITH, IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL,
BEDWORTH, ON LORD'S DAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 22ND, 1854.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psalm cxvi. 15.

I will add this—because I know it to be true and according to Scripture—"This honor have all the saints." It does not say, Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the prophets, apostles, Peter, John, Paul, or John the Baptist. But this preciousness in the sight of the Lord concerning the death of the saints takes in all the saints, without restriction or limitation. So that, I should say, precious in the sight of the Lord was the poor dying thief, Mary Magdalene, and the mad Gadarene.

Perhaps the key with which I may unlock this text may not suit some of you. The key to unlock this text is what Christ says in John vi.: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." Tichbourne says, "Union to Christ gives death to sin, satisfaction to law and justice, and victory over death." So it amounts to this: Union to the Lord Jesus makes the saints precious to the Lord in their birth, through life, and in death. I may carry this a point higher than some of you; that is, the lifeless lump of clay, when the soul has left the body, is precious in the sight of the Lord: "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." So then the saints sleeping in the grave died in Jesus, and sleep securely. They are so blessed by the Lord that their sleeping dust is precious, when the body decays and turns to dust; and the Lord Jesus has promised to raise it up at the last day. This, then, is the conclusion, or inference: A saint that is precious in the sight of the Lord in death will also be precious at the resurrection morn. You know it is a resurrection we believe in, not a new creature, not a new body. Job says, "Mine eyes shall behold him;" we shall see him as he is. He that cracks this clay tabernacle by death will at the trumpet's great and grand blast call the saints from death, and make them come forth; as says Paul, "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together

with them, in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." We who are alive shall undergo a change equivalent to death; that will make us on a level with those saints who died. We who are alive will not prevent the dead from rising; for "the dead in Christ shall rise first;" before the living in Christ are changed.

I must have a few thoughts to-day upon this—we must die to know or to be able to talk correctly about it—namely, the preciousness of the saints in the sight of the Lord Jesus. It is said, "To you that believe, he is precious." We read of strong faith. This is the gift of God. Faith looks to the Lord Jesus Christ; and this is called precious faith: "To them that have obtained like precious faith with us, through the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

We must have a word here to-day about the saints,—*who* are saints, and *what* they are in the sight of God when they come to die. The grand point is, Who are the saints? What is a saint? A saint is a sanctified person, sanctified by God in his Trinity of persons—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. A saint is one set apart by God the Father for a holy use before the world was, and is one given to Christ, for whom the Lord Jesus was given. The Lord Jesus undertook to be his Substitute, Sponsor, and Surety, to redeem and save him, to bring him to the bliss and blessedness to which he was chosen before time. Herbert says he is a sanctified man; and so say I.

"Of sanctification what can I say,
When I feel myself loaded with sin?"

But sanctification is more than a sanctimonious look, a devout appearance; for this there may be, and not a real, experimental acquaintance with the love of God, the blood of Christ, and the work and agency of the Holy Ghost in the heart.

A sanctified man is one whom God the Father has set apart for a holy use; and as they are precious to him in death, so they were not hated by him when, like the prodigal, they, as Kent says,

"Indulged their lust, and still went on
As far from God as sheep can run."

They were not hated then, though the Lord had that indulgent care of them that he hedged up their way with thorns, took care of their steps, and, in his unerring providence, guided, guarded, and at length brought them to the destined spot where, in the day of his power, he made them willing to submit to the government of Prince Immanuel, to be saved by grace. Has he done this for us? He has, if we are that which we profess to be; if we are not, we are deluded. But could we see, hear, feel, get a taste of, feel life, love, power, and the operation of divine blood, speaking pardon to our guilty souls, and after all this be deceived? No; the saints are not to be deceived; the devil is not to deceive them finally. He may try them, stir up the enemies of Christ to harass and perplex them, but they are not overcome; for

"He that loves them bears them through,
And makes them more than conquerors too.

"On me foul spirits have no power;
And in my last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road
Shall bear me upward to my God."

A saint is a sanctified man, and he is capable of talking in a sensible manner about religion. Such a one is called upon by the Lord himself to come and reason with him. Men of the world, unbelievers, unsanctified hearts, are under the dominion of Satan; they know nothing about religion or sanctified reason—the reason that a man has when his soul breathes in pure air, aspires, and ascends to God in holy desires. But as it was with Herbert, so it is with me,

"I feel myself loaded with sin."

But the saints shall stand; for when they are rickety and inclined to fall, "the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Hart, who was a good judge of this point, says,

"The Holy Ghost in Scripture saith
Expressly in one part,
Speaking by Peter's mouth, 'By faith
God purifies the heart.'"

Kent says,

"With this spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

This is not so clear to me, because it is nothing I have on that makes me holy in the fullest sense of the word. Sanctification is not only imputed, but is applied. If the precious atoning blood of Christ never came home to your heart as the blood of sprinkling, sanctifying and purging it from all dead works to serve the living and true God, you do not know much about sanctification. The more we know about sanctification in this way, the more shall we feel of the dreadful malady of sin working in our heart to bring forth fruit unto death. I sometimes think that these who profess faith in Christ, and even men of truth, are often too light in their conversation about religion, as well as in their practice, imagination, and thoughts. How light we are! How soon we forget God who saves us! How soon we forget our best and only Friend, the Lord Jesus; for he is that friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." It may be said that there never was a time, and there never will be, when the saints will not be precious in the sight of the Lord. But there is a time and has been with me, when my sins were not precious in God's sight; and however we may make a meal of them or in thought indulge them, they shall be "as the crackling of thorns under a pot." Nothing but that which comes from God will ever satisfy a poor soul with what he needs in the day of trial.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." A saint, then, is more than a self-righteous person; more than a legalist, formalist, yea, more than a nominal professor. He is what Jesus said of Nathaniel, "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," salted and sanctified by the Three-one Jehovah, so that he never

shall corrupt, pine away, or die, while the salt of the covenant is in use; for in all the offerings that we present to God, there is to be the salt of the covenant, without prescribing how much. So the Lord Jesus sanctified himself, and we through him, "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." His blood was rich, precious blood, set forth by the "scarlet thread;" his death was also set forth by the "red heifer" under the law, without one spot, as says the church, giving the Lord Jesus the pre-eminence from top to toe, when speaking of her Beloved, "My beloved is white and ruddy;" that is the standard, I suppose, of beauty, white and red:

"All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine."

Such, says Watts, is his beauty:

"When strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too."

Yes, if they are precious to the Lord, saints of that sort who said, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" then it will apply. A man may be led to set forth the person, work, blood, and merit of the Lord Jesus with the work of the Spirit in a wonderful manner. But to the man who does not understand these things they are foolishness, he has no relish for them, and therefore puts them away and turns to something else. When Jesus once appeared to put away sin, to do his Father's will, by the doing of that will, and in no other way, we are sanctified. Once for all, through the offering of the body of Jesus, we are sanctified.

I have heard of progressive sanctification. If that progression be of such a nature that the old man gets weaker and dies, and the new man stronger, O Lord, what is to become of me! It is not so; it cannot be. Fallen nature is fallen nature; "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

A precious saint, then, has for the object of his faith a precious Christ. What a truth that is! We cannot tell it out enough. However precious Christ may be to his church, his saints, they are infinitely more precious to him. He could not do without them. He is our mystical Head, and we are part of his mystical body. All of them, when complete, shall be reckoned up; not one missing or wanting; no, "there shall not a hoof be left behind." Then he will say, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me." The men of the world need not wish for the saints' death, for when they are all gathered in, the general conflagration will take place, and an end will be put to this vain and sinful world. The saints are the salt of the earth. It is for their sakes the world is kept standing.

A saint is sanctified by the operation and influence of God the Holy Ghost. It is a mystery to some; they conclude that, when born of God, a man feels all straight and right. Some may for a little time. There are some who seem always to rejoice and be happy; yet come to close quarters with them; question them about their

credentials,—what they know of the plan of salvation; they know but little or nothing. They have found a change in their hearts, and they are happy. But it strikes my mind that no joy will stand long except the joy of faith: "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." When the Spirit takes hold of a man, there is that done in him—such thoughts, inclinations, workings, and sometimes such legal striving—that he is almost ready to put out his two eyes if so be it would take him to heaven. Sometimes it happens to young converts who are dandled on the knee and have tasted of the joys of God's salvation, (knowing but little of the plague of the heart, being so led out in the fervor of divine love and holy zeal,) that they are ready to look upon an old Christian as salt that has lost its savor, and recoil from him, concluding that they never will, in deed and in truth, be like them. But let them wait. It is a good thing to see the sun, to have good eyesight, and so on. "But the days will come," says the wise man, "when those that look out of the windows shall be darkened," become dim. This holds good as respects the eyes of the understanding. Though in judgment and understanding we may be better informed, yet, as respects what we once were, the life and spirit, the babe-like disposition of a Christian, these things seem to be more absent; we have become more callous and hard in conscience, more inconsiderate, more careless and stupid. Sometimes we get here, and do not know what to say about ourselves; we are forced to go back, and think of the time when the Lord first visited our souls. It is a good thing to be able to set up these waymarks; to make high heaps; to look at our hill Mizars; to joy and rejoice for what God has already done in our souls as guilty sinners. When Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt trip up the heels of a person, as they have done for me, they get inside of a man; the man is inwardly charged with many things to which he cannot plead not guilty. What is he to do then? This passage of Scripture has often stopped my mouth when I have been trying to pray: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." "Now," says conscience, "can you appeal to God, the Judge of all, and to me as his vicegerent, doing my office, and say it is not so with you? that you do not regard iniquity in your heart?" O yes; we do regard iniquity frequently. Do we not sometimes feed on ourselves till at length we are sick, so that we vomit ourselves up, and are at length brought to the feet of Christ, with "God be merciful to me a sinner?" I do not ever seem afraid of being lost for holding error. I believe the Lord has led and is leading me by various ways and means into his truth, according to his own saying, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

These saints, the saints the Lord our God has looked upon, are precious, it appears from the text, when they come to die. It brings to my mind a hymn which is often sung,

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,

'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The sleeping dust of the saints shall be raised; there shall be a resurrection both of the just and the unjust. But the saints' resurrection shall be as they are in union to the Lord Jesus Christ. According to that union, they shall come forth as being part of the mystical body of Christ, the saints of the living God, who shared in his death, and have part in his conquest. They shall inherit eternal glory, when body and soul become reunited, and mortality become swallowed up of life. They were the people who were given to Christ, not souls abstractedly considered, but saints, people, souls and bodies: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." Openly acknowledged and acquitted, made perfectly happy and completely blessed, in the full enjoyment of God in a never-ending eternity,—so it is. Then what matter whether our death be in poverty, old age, or in youth, alone or in public, in private or in the house of God, wherever it may be the saints die, we say, to the honor of the Lord of saints, "This honor have all the saints." The Lord sees their death to be precious in his sight. He takes care of them through life, and in death will never leave them nor forsake them, but in their death prove himself their God, and be precious to their souls.

"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

May God add his blessing. Amen.

[The poor old man whose sermon we have given above died last month, completely worn out with age and infirmities. For several years before his death, he could only stand up occasionally in the pulpit, and his appearance there was most uncertain, as the least cold or wet prevented him getting out.

He was much beloved and esteemed by his church and people, amongst whom he labored many years. Though a man of little or no education, being called by grace when a common soldier in the army, he possessed a sound and vigorous mind, with a keen perception of character, and was quite original in his thoughts and expressions, which, with a bluntness and decision, both in matter and manner, gave his sermons as well as his conversation a peculiar pith and power. He had a deep acquaintance with the fall and a long and experimental knowledge of his own filth and leprosy, was a bold and firm champion for salvation by sovereign grace, and had been blessed, especially in his younger days, with manifestations of Christ's love and blood. In his latter stages he travelled much by night, and found the days of darkness to be many.

We have not sufficient knowledge of the circumstances of his life and death to say more. What we have said is chiefly the result of

al observation, though of a passing and slight nature; and we inserted the above sermon more as a tribute to his memory, and testify his friends, than from anything particularly striking and ty in it, except as preached by an aged servant of the Lord with ot then in the grave, and from the text and subject a dying tes-y.—Ed.]

OLDING FAITH AND A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

ar Friend;—I thank you for both the notes you kindly sent. I was surprised to hear that our young departed friend lingered ag. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.” Very many ss to wish to die the death of the righteous, but the flesh shrinks really wishing to live the life of the righteous, for real religion ferer with almost everything; so that those who are eagerly follow he pleasures and profits of this world, are inclined to say to “Give me true religion, but not yet.” If God give true re-ance, real sorrow of soul for sin, then fruits meet for repentance. nifested which make a man more or less a stranger and pil-, abstaining from fleshly lusts. The world, self, and Satan will se what is God-honoring, so that what is good will meet with sition from within and without. As sin indulged in is sure to g sorrow and trouble, so sin subdued and overcome by the grace od may cause the flesh to fret and murmur, yet afterwards it ls the satisfaction of a good conscience, a blessing not to be ised. There is no easy way to heaven. In this large city how few comparatively fear God; if even only one in a thousand d God, there would be 2,000 God-fearing people. What a pre-s gift is the fear of God! Those who have it are rich indeed.

Yours affectionately,

antonville, June 9th, 1848.

W. T.

as it is not putting on a gown that makes a scholar, but the ard habits of the mind; so it is not putting on an outward cloak profession that makes a Christian, but the inward grace of the rt.—*John Mason.*

You may hide the man that he shall not see the sun, but you not cast a garment over the body of the sun, and hide day-light. gospel is scourged and imprisoned when the apostles are so ved; yet it comes to light, and fills Jerusalem, and fills all the ld. What was done to hide Christ? When he and his gospel buried under a great stone, yet his fame goes abroad. Death is covering to Christ. Papists burn all the books of Protestants; y kill and slay the witnesses. Antiochus and the persecuting perors throw all the Bibles in the fire; but this truth cannot be ; it triumphs. As soon pull down Jesus from his royal seat at right hand of God, as Babylon, prelates, Papists, malignant, these three kingdoms, can extinguish the people and truth of rist.—*Ratherford.*

LETTERS BY THE LATE STEPHEN OFFER.

LETTER II.

Dear Sister in Jesus, whom I love in the truth and for the truth's sake, grace, mercy and peace be multiplied unto you.

My dear young friend, what a mercy that the Lord should make known his everlasting love to your soul in your youth, in the prime of your life, in that stage of life and youth in which so many are carried away with the vanities of this world, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," has taken that veil away which covered the eyes of your understanding, led you to see your lost, ruined, and undone state as a poor perishing sinner; put a cry into your soul to beg for mercy; showed you that mercy cannot come unto you but through the precious blood of the ever-blessed Jesus, and that if ever your precious and immortal soul, which is of a thousand times more value than the world, is ever saved from the wrath to come, that it must be entirely in and through the condescension of him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," who was with the Father from everlasting, who took his great power and reigned in heaven, and preserved a number of the angelic host by his electing grace, in the pure and holy state in which they were created, and cast the rest down into hell for their rebellion. Yes, my dear young friend, the Lord Jesus condescended to become poor and take upon him "the form of a servant," to fulfil all covenant engagements, to magnify his own law, to fulfil every jot and tittle in all its holy and righteous demands, in thought, in word, and in deed, which he has done by his holy life; for his meat and drink was to do the will of his Father. His holy life, in obedience to the holy law, is the only justifying righteousness of a poor naked sinner. And then, after he had lived a life of holiness, and was "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," then justice demanded atonement to be made for sin, which never could be made by the blood of beasts. Then, my dear sister in Jesus, how willingly did the Lord Jesus, the sinner's Friend, give himself up to the stroke of justice, and shed his precious blood to make atonement for sin. This is the only way revealed in the word of God that our souls can be justified or our sins blotted out, whatever men may invent. O what love and pity he has made manifest, in giving himself for his church and purchasing it with his own precious blood! We read of these things in the word of eternal truth. But, how ignorant were you and I, my dear friend, of our need of the precious blood and righteousness of the ever-blessed Jesus, until the Lord made known his electing grace, by quickening our poor dead and benighted souls, and convincing us of our sins. There was a time when you and I had no distress in our souls to know our personal interest in the Lord Jesus, to see and feel our undone state without him, to mourn after him, and to be satisfied with nothing but his blood and righteousness. The salvation of our souls as being taught us feelingly by the inward teachings of the Holy Spirit, is the only evidence

by which we can know our election and redemption by love and blood.

My dear young friend, let me give you a word of advice, as one who desires the welfare both of your soul and body. I can truly say that I know you are young and exposed to many temptations which are common to people in their youth. I hope that you will cry to the Lord for help and direction, that you may be guided by his holy word in all your concerns in this life; and if you should ever think of changing your situation from a single to a married state, let me entreat you, for your soul's sake, and for the truth's sake, to be very careful neither to keep company with, nor give yourself up to any carnal or unregenerated man; and if you have any natural respect for any one in particular, that you may be enabled to deny yourself, and break off from all natural connexions; for "what fellowship hath light with darkness, or what part hath he (or she) that believeth with an unbeliever?" And therefore, for conscience' sake, for the truth's sake, for your parents' sake, (who are dear children of God, and are blessing the Lord at times for what he has done for your soul,) and for the sake of all your spiritual friends, who wish you every good, both temporal and spiritual, I hope, my dear young friend, that you will not be offended because I have written to you these few things, for I can declare that I have written them in love to your soul, and by the conversation that we have had together I feel a spiritual union to you.

May the God of all grace perfect his strength in your weakness, keep you with his almighty power, "lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace."

STEPHEN OFFER.

It is the true light which discovers the depths of the human heart; it is the omniscience of God that makes manifest the counsels, workings, conceptions, and productions of inbred corruptions; and it is the life of God that gives all our longings, cravings, hungerings, and thirstings, after the provisions of Zion.—*Huntington*.

You know, if a man has his bones broken, he not only sees and feels, but oftentimes also hears what increases his grief; as that his wounds are incurable, that his bone is not rightly set, that there is danger of a gangrene, that he may be lost for want of looking to. These are the voices, the sayings, that haunt the house of one that has his bones broken. And a broken-hearted man knows what I mean by this; he hears that which makes his lips quiver, and at the noise of which, he seems to feel rottenness enter into his bones; he trembles in himself, and wishes that he may hear joy and gladness, that the bones, the heart, and spirit which God has broken may rejoice. (Heb. iii. 16.) He thinks he hears God say, the devil say, his conscience say, and all good men to whisper among themselves, saying, there is no help for him from God. Job heard this, David heard this, Haman heard this; and this is a common sound in the ears of the broken-hearted.—*Bunyan*.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. BOSTON AND MR. DAVIDSON.

[The following correspondence between Mr. Boston the well-known author of "The Crook in the Lot," and "Man's Fourfold State," and Mr. Davidson, of Galashiels, has been given us by a friend, and will, we believe, be found instructive and edifying :—]

Dear Sir,— * * * The best way that I know for keeping up religion in a hurry of business is to look on the business as a duty of the eighth command of our Sovereign Lord, Creator, and Redeemer, and so going about it in compliance with his will who has allotted to every man his station, and determined the duties of it; to make application to him ordinarily in your stated addresses to the throne of grace, for wisdom to guide your affairs with discretion, and for the success of them according to his promises there anent;* and actually to go about them in dependence on the Lord. Thus, while you served your lawful purposes in the world, you would serve the Lord Christ; the which I put you in remembrance of, albeit you know, and, I doubt not, aim at the same. From the little experience that I have had of the management of human affairs, I can say there is communion with God to be had in the way of that management,—sweet lessons of dependence, experience of the accomplishment of promises, and even kind rebukes for heart-sins, sweeter than the world's smiles. Esau's face, with no traits of malice or revenge in it, was but a worldly good thing; yet Jacob saw it as though he had seen the face of God; for Jacob read there the answer of his prayers, and the success of his dependence on the Lord, upon the face of that little-worth man.

My wife kindly remembers you, and desires to be remembered by you, as does, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.,

September 25th, 1721.

T. BOSTON.

Very dear Sir,—When there is a keeping in any measure from a despising of the Lord's chastening, yet I find no small difficulty to bear off from the other rock, a fainting under his rebukes. Faith's views, that "it is the Lord," will prove quieting. A sight of his sovereignty, wisdom, righteousness, and faithfulness works up the soul into a holy acquiescence in and composure under the eternal decree, now revealed by the event. But, O how hard to believe a Father's love is with us under our trials, especially those of a complicated nature or that have some entangling in them; as it was with the disciples when our Lord came upon the water in a tempestuous night to their relief. They thought he was a spirit. So we look upon God as an enemy, when he comes to sanctify and save. The promise reconciles the roughness of a Father's hand with the sweetness of his voice, and love of his heart. He calls to his children in the darkest night, "It is I; be not afraid." Our disquiet-

* Scotch for "concerning."

ness enters at the door of unbelief; for in every case, however trying, joy and peace accompany believing, and keep measures with it. That heroic grace performs surprising achievements under sharpest trials, as they stand registered in Heb. xi.; and whatever our trials are, the strength of the conflict lies between faith and unbelief; and as the balance sways towards the one or the other, so is the situation in other regards. All goes backward, and towards ruin, as unbelief prevails; for it carries its train along. And did not our gracious God stem the current from time to time, and be the lifter up of the head, we should infallibly sink beneath the stream. Nevertheless, upon the begun recovery of faith, matters are accordingly set to rights. It is in this way that, in the Lord's strength, we are going out for his word, scattering the clouds, and making us to hear and give in to the voice of his rod. It is by faith the soul must be moulded into a serene composure of mind, and a kindly compliance with the Lord's heart-warming methods of providence. It is in this way of believing that we must take up with God alone for our Portion and great All; and seek to have all our losses and wants made up and supplied in him who has proclaimed himself as God all-sufficient.

Dear Sir, yours very affectionately,

March 25th, 1728.

H. DAVIDSON.

THE LORD IS GOOD.

My dear P.,—Monday morning has arrived, and through mercy I am preserved, with some encouragement from these words, "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Such a soul is longing for something which is to be had only in and from Jesus Christ. It has an appetite, or it could not be longing; and it has life, or it could not long. It appears the soul is not feasting, but desiring; something keeps it back from receiving. It believes on Christ, or it could not long for him. The thing wanting is, a revealing of himself to the soul. "He satisfieth." How satisfying is his dear presence, because it influences the whole soul; it subdues the internal enemies, and causes those which are outward to be viewed as conquered; it produces a heavenly calm,—everything is right which before was wrong. It produces true repentance; it gives the soul a sight of its eternal interest in him; it shows him the true nature of his love; it removes all doubts and scruples from the mind; it seals home eternal redemption; in a word, as far as he is pleased to reveal himself, so far is the soul satisfied; because, quickened by God, it can be satisfied with nothing short of the enjoyment of God. But the full satisfaction of the soul is not till we see him as he is. David says, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." The longings which the soul has after the subduing of sin, will never fully be satisfied till we arrive where sin and the cause of sin cannot enter. Hart says,

"Heaven is that holy happy place
Where sin no more defiles;

Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles."

His hungry and longing soul is said to be "filled with goodness;" not his own goodness, (I mean the creature's,) but God's goodness. Says poor old Jacob, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." He is full up to the present time; and, says David, "O how great is the goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee," &c. And again, he is so full that he can see and say, "The goodness of God endureth continually;" and the prophet Zechariah says, "For how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids." To be filled with his goodness humbles the soul. And here we see how "good" he is to us in choosing us unto eternal life, in calling us when "dead in trespasses and sins," in having shown us the evils of our hearts, making known to us his everlasting love, in revealing mercy to the guilty, in bearing with our untoward conduct toward him since quickening our souls, in, from time to time in his own good way, reviving the work, in giving us support, and in granting us deliverance under and from the oppressive hand and hellish spite of Satan, which caused David to acknowledge, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." Yea, and our path is so surrounded with his goodness, that when he shines into or upon our souls, we are ready to burst with his goodness; as he said to Moses, "I will cause all my goodness to pass before thee." If a little taste produces such a happy effect in the soul as to enable us to seek him in truth, what an overflowing of peace and love when he causes us to see it all! May God grant you to taste more and more thereof; and his name shall have all the glory.

I hope you are all well, and have been led to call on and wait for the God of Israel. "The vision is for an appointed time; though tarry, wait for it."

Wishing you every blessing, I am, yours in truth,

Brighton, Sept. 18th, 1820.

W. S.

There is a resting on a frame that is noxious and hurtful. Some finding this sense of sin with those other things that attend it, wrought in them in some measure, begin to think that all is now well, that is, all that is of them required. They will endeavor to make a false comfort from such arguments as they can take from their trouble; they think this is a ground of peace, that they have not peace. Here some take up before conversion, and it proves their ruin. Because they are convinced of sin, and troubled about it, and burdened with it, they think it shall be well with them; but were not Cain, Saul, Esau, Ahab, Judas, convinced of sin, and burdened with it? Did this profit them? Did it interest them in the promises? Did not the wrath of God overtake them notwithstanding? So is it with many daily; they think their conviction is conversion, and that their sins are pardoned, because they have been troubled.—*Owen.*

FRAGMENTS OF A DEPARTED ONE.

* * * What a thing it is that we are obliged to have these bitters here; but there is a need be for it, or we should not have them. O if we could be holy! But "when we would do good, evil is present with us." What a warfare it is,—flesh and spirit. It seems as if it will not leave us until "this mortality be swallowed up of life." I am often thinking of the time when that will be the case with me; that it may be "light" at "even-tide," when he shall come in his glory. O my dear son, may he be all in all to every one of us. Never mind if all goes crooked here, if Jesus is ours; if we have but the everlasting arms underneath us at death, that will make amends for all. I have been rather stupid and dull, yet he enables me to praise him, to love him, and adore him, but not with that manifest sensible feeling of his love as I have had. Still I am enabled to hope in his mercy, and "though it tarry, wait for it." I know "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I know it is all right; blessed be his name, we will praise him.

Belgrave Lodge, Jan. 4th, 1849.

My dear Children,—* * * What a God of love and mercy have we, keeping "mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgressions, and sins." May this keeping of mercy be realised and enjoyed to all my dear family. O what mercy there is in store! What a glorious passage of Scripture this is to support the minds of parents! It has been much on my mind on account of the rising families. May this mercy be in keeping for them, my dear children and children's children. O my dears, there is nothing like the gospel of Christ! I trust it is my daily support. Everything here seems to be trifling when compared with eternity. What a mercy of mercies that such poor ungrateful worms should have a hope in all the promises of the gospel. Let it bear us up under all the storms of life. Let us praise, love, and adore him: "He is the king of glory." The Lord's people are his portion; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. How merciful is he, conducting the children of Israel all through their journeyings, notwithstanding all their rebellion. I have been reading of the children of Israel from their going into Egypt and then entering into the land of Canaan. What a display of the greatness of God, and his goodness, and the same to us! O the heights and depths of the love of God! Praise him; his mercies endure for ever! I love to praise him now; but how different will it be when I have dropped off this tottering tabernacle. What a body of sin and death it is; nothing but the finished death of Jesus can atone for my sin. He is all and in all, adapted to my case, just such a Saviour as I need. I desire to resign all to him, soul and body, and all my dear, dear children. I have found him a God hearing and answering prayer, faithful in all his promises.

I have written these lines with much feeling. I think the Spirit's influence indited them, although through such a mean unworthy worm.

Belgrave, Feb. 9th, 1849.

A. WARD.

OBITUARY.

ELIZABETH TOPP.

(Continued from page 287.)

My dear mother having spent some years, with but little intermission, of sweet union with the Lord, she was now to be led about in the great and terrible wilderness, and instructed in the hard and rugged, strait and narrow path to glory. She was soon to be "weaned from the milk," and learn doctrine in the fires of tribulation. She had daily a weighty cross to take up. She had to suffer for and with her suffering Lord and Saviour, it being her unhappy lot to be "unequally yoked." This cross she had to carry until the day of her death. She knew what it was for the husband to be against the wife, "The father divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law;" to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" to go without the camp, and bear reproach for the name of Jesus; to be hated, cursed, ridiculed, set at nought by the world and professors; to pass through floods and flames, through fire and water, through pits, gins, traps, and snares, to come "into a wealthy place." But the Lord was at times near and dear to her soul; he sent her help from the sanctuary, and strengthened her out of Zion. He enabled her to endure and suffer all things for his blessed sake; to stand in the day of battle; to "fight the good fight of faith," and "lay hold of the hope set before her;" to press on and press through every trouble, affliction, and sorrow, having a sight by faith of the end of her race, the salvation of her soul, a kingdom of rest and happiness, an "eternal weight of glory," beyond the valley of the shadow of death, where her weary soul would often long to be.

These blessed prospects used often to cheer up her sinking soul in her days and hours of conflict, and encourage her to hope against hope, and still pursue the narrow path, and as Hart says, "fight with hell by faith." She also now and then picked up some crumbs from the gospel-table, as supplies came to speak at the little chapel in the name of the Lord; but though she was often revived and strengthened under their ministry, yet these gracious men did not enter so fully into her experience and path as she could wish, nor describe her daily conflicts as some in after years. But the Lord, in his good time, raised up a faithful, exercised, and deeply-taught servant, and thrust him forth into his vineyard, and his first sermon was especially blessed to the soul of my departed mother. It being a fast day, his text was, "Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? as long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast." (Mark ii. 19.) The Lord the Spirit led him into the text, and enabled him to trace out her path. He was led into the very spots and places where her soul had been; and preached with unction, savor, and power, which melted her soul down to thanksgiving and praise, so that from that time the Lord made

him manifest, in her conscience, to be one of the few set apart from everlasting for the ministry. And then a sweet union began between them that never was broken by death, but which she took to heaven with her. For many years his ministry was generally blest to her; and, as I have many times heard her say, she generally felt a spirit of prayer on his behalf when he was expected to come amongst the little few to speak in the name of the Lord.

My mother having sat down to the table for some time past, through the instrumentality of Mr. D., the church was now about to be formed into a Baptist church. Mr. D. having felt some sweet communion with my mother, he felt desirous of hearing a little of the good hand of the Lord upon her soul through the wilderness; they therefore met at a friend's house with some other of the friends to hear a little of the path that she had travelled. And the Lord blessed her with the opening of her heart and lips before them, shone on her past experience, gave her a sight of the path that she had travelled, and enabled her to tell out a little of the wormwood and gall, bondage and soul-travail that she labored under for so many years when under the law, and the blessed deliverance that she felt when she obtained mercy and pardon, and their effects; also of the daily conflicts and exercises she had since felt in the tribulative path to glory; and of the many helps and testimonies that the Lord had sealed home to her heart in times of her deepest distresses; the hearing of which led Mr. D. to exclaim, at parting, "You have been a preacher to me this evening."

Soon after, my mother and her favored daughters came forth and followed their Lord through the ordinance of believers' baptism; and it was a favored day to the redeemed soul of my dear mother. These words were blessed to her with immortal power, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. xxii. 14.) She also felt the answer of a good conscience and much sweet nearness to the Lord; and I have often heard her say that for some time she felt herself a new creature, her soul being lifted above the sorrows of the way, and the things of this mortal state were kept under her feet. What delight she now took in the ways of Zion, and in going to the house of the Lord in company with the children of God, and in conversing with them by the fireside!

It would be too tedious to mention the many times the Lord favored her soul in those days that seem to come fresh to my mind; but a few I cannot forbear. She spent two of the most blessed Lord's Days on earth under the ministry of the late Mr. Gadsby, at Devizes. These days she used to call "feast days." I have often heard her speak of these blessed days, and of having heard Mr. G. from the words, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities," the first Lord's Day. She spent another favored Lord's Day on the 16th of September, 1835, being the day on which Mr. P. was baptized by Mr. W., at Allington. This was a day to be remembered by my mother as long as she was in this vale of tears. The preaching and the ordinance also were especially blessed to her soul.

The Lord also was pleased to call forth another of her daughters under the ministry of Mr. D., and she came forward with a gracious experience, and soon followed her Lord through his despised commands. This also was a day of thanksgiving with my mother, and yet this very day Satan was permitted to stir up wrath and enmity against her righteous soul. But the Lord held her up with the right hand of his righteousness, and gave her strength to bear it patiently. But she was daily led to see that the paschal lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs; that the cross was the only way to the crown, and must be daily taken up, and the way to heaven must be still a path of tribulation, often repeating these words, "Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom;" and

"The Christian man is never long at ease;
When one trouble is over, another doth him seize."

She used often to search her Bible to trace out the path of the saints of old and compare it with her own experience, and read particularly the book of Job and Lamentations of Jeremiah; of the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace; Daniel in the lions' den; the apostles and prophets, how they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, destitute, afflicted, tormented, and hid in dens and caves of the earth, "of whom the world was not worthy." She often read of the tribulation, sufferings, and death of Jesus; in the manger at Bethlehem, at the lonely mountain, and with his disciples hated and persecuted, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" betrayed by Judas, crowned with thorns, at the judgment hall, and led away to the cross and there crucified and slain. The three last chapters of Matthew were her favorites, and she read them in a most weighty, solemn manner. Thus she used to read and meditate on these things, and say, "Well, I have not got one trouble but the Lord sees it best for me to have it; if it were right for him to alter it, he would." Thus she sometimes cheered up in the midst of her sorrows, and would say that every trouble was one the less, and that what she passed through yesterday she should pass through no more. At other times, when her cross had been heavy for days together, and she felt unable to bear up in the thorny paths she had to travel, she used to sink down in her feelings and weep bitterly, and say, "What have I done, that my blessed Lord should suffer me to be so tried?" But the Lord was still with her in the furnace, and she was brought forth again and again; and though her external path through the wilderness was strewn with many bitter sorrows, yet a good hope through grace still remained in her soul; and an eternity of praise being at times opened up to her aching heart, would make her go on her way rejoicing and weeping to the praise of the mercy that she had found. The ministry of Mr. D. was still very profitable to her, and many times has she returned from chapel with her soul delivered and established in the truth; and when any other of the Lord's servants have been near, and she has been privileged to hear them, it was generally a favored time with her soul, and her general saying afterwards has been, "Well, if they are right, I am right; and if they are wrong, I am wrong;" they having been led so sweetly into her path.

My mother having, a short time before her death, heard Mr. G. exceedingly well, she could not forbear coming to my home to speak of the goodness of the Lord towards her, in the sermon being blessed to her soul. She also told friend G. a little of her deep and sore conflicts; and he, having heard her very attentively, looked at her and smiled, and said, "Well, mother, you are a favored woman, and privileged indeed. A few more troubles and conflicts for you and the scene will be over; a few more battles for you to fight, and the victory will be yours for ever." And, looking round upon some of her children who feared the Lord, he added, "You are wonderfully favored. Bless the Lord. Blessings for ever be unto him!"

Another time, as she was going into the chapel, having been sunk in sorrow, the deacon was giving out the hymn, and repeated these words,

"Unnumbered years of bliss,
I to my sheep will give."

The words dropped with such power on her soul, that she feared she should have fallen before she got to her seat, under the weight and glory of them; and after she had sat down, they sounded over and over again, and caused blessed feelings. She said to herself, "What is our life in this mortal state, and all that we have to pass through, compared to the 'unnumbered years of bliss' that these sheep will have to enjoy when they reach their blessed home?" Thus the Lord often put forth his blessed hand and revived his own work on the soul of my dear mother.

But to come to her last days on earth. Here I feel that I must write a word for the glory of the Lord, in her external life and conduct, but I would desire to exalt the grace of the Lord in her, and not my poor mother's human nature. She daily felt her base origin; and the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," the plague of her heart, and the various workings of a corrupt body of death, with the utter ruin of all help in herself, feeling the chief of sinners and less than the least of all the saints. As a wife, it was her delight to provide for and make her husband comfortable, and to obey him in all things, as became a woman professing godliness. As a mother, it was her desire to bring up her children in the fear of the Lord and under the sound of experimental truth, to set them a good example, and to keep them from evil actions, as much as lay in her power, often reading portions of Scripture by her fireside and expounding it to them, endeavoring to draw their minds from the vice and vanities of the world to the solemn things of eternity. After approaching a throne of grace for them, I have many times heard her say that she scarcely ever bowed her knees before the Lord but her dear children came forcibly into her mind. And here I would desire to exhort believing parents who have children, to follow her example; that the Lord may bless them with praying hearts for their offspring: Though you cannot tell when the Lord may answer your cries, (it may be when you are in your graves,) as a good man once said, "Cry on; they are not in hell yet." My dear mother well knew that she could not put her children into the covenant if they had

not been there from everlasting, yet she also knew that the Lord would be inquired of to bring these things to pass. As Mr. P. says, "He who has predestinated ends has predestinated means;" so, being found in the way, there is a "Who can tell" but that the Lord may meet with you in the way? So, stand in the way and see. If the blind man had not been in the way, he would not have received his sight. The Lord gave my mother twelve living children, four of whom died in infancy and childhood, of whom she had not a doubt they were in glory; four she left behind on their road there; with others at times flocking around the gospel fold. Therefore, let the crown be put upon the head of her sovereign Lord, and let mortal worms put their mouths in the dust, and be still and know that the Lord is God, doing as he pleases in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth. f.

As a member of a gospel church and a mother in Israel, my dear mother stood in the field of conflict for many years a witness for truth, and kept in the fear of the Lord with a tender conscience. No one could bring anything against her external conduct for the space of 50 years. Infidels, hypocrites, and enemies to truth, who knew her in life, were constrained to say, when they heard of her death, that if there were a good place to go to, she had gone there. And many who have persecuted her, have sent for her when they were on their death-bed, believing that she was a woman right for eternity, and one who would not flatter them. She was indeed a peacemaker in the family and in the church, and would bear her daily cross patiently. I have heard her cursed and abused all night long, and yet she has borne it all patiently, and not returned a word, but shown the greatest kindness immediately after; so, when they have smitten her on the one cheek, through grace she has been enabled to turn the other also; and when they have taken away her coat, she shunned not to let them have her cloak also. She was also enabled to love her enemies, and to pray for them that spitefully used her, so fulfilling the law of Jesus, and for many years "ran with patience the race set before her."

During the last few years that my mother lived, I am sorry to say vital godliness seemed rather on the decline in her soul. She was also left, in the weakness of human nature, to go with her husband at times where the truth was not preached in its purity, when we have been destitute of one to speak in the name of the Lord, and thus gathered much dross with the precious gold in her soul, which the Lord burnt up and destroyed on her death-bed.

In the month of June, 1852, my mother went into the county of Dorset, her eldest son having lost his wife by death. Living at an inn in the town of Dorchester during her stay there, she felt many cutting rebukes of conscience. No place of truth was to be found on the Lord's Day, nor a living soul that she could speak with. She stayed with her son nearly eight months. During this time the Lord began to lay his afflicting hand upon her tabernacle, and brought her down, to appearance, near the grave. Many times did he cry to the Lord that he would restore her and give her strength.

to return home; and the Lord heard the voice of her supplication, for she returned home in the following February. After her return, her affliction increased, and she was confined to her bed. She continued to get worse, till death began to appear in her view, and she now solemnly reflected as to how matters stood between the Lord and her soul. She read and meditated much upon Rev. i., ii., and iii., particularly where the favored apostle was as the mouth of the Lord reproving the churches; and she felt that the Lord had somewhat to say against her. The Lord now began to put her soul into his furnace in Zion, and all her religion from beginning to end, to burn up her dross and tin with the fire of Jerusalem, that her soul might come forth in his own time to offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Never shall I forget the anguish of her soul. For nearly two months every evidence and testimony that she had experienced in past years appeared to her view to be all lost, for she had scarcely a gleam of hope for weeks together,—nothing but clouds and darkness, waves and billows, storms and tempests, beating almost continually against her feeble soul; the howlings and the roarings of the enemy and beasts of prey declaring that the Lord had for ever forsaken her; and all the cutting passages of Scripture were preached to her conscience, cutting her up in her feelings root and branch. She was getting worse every day in body, and death was staring her in the face, eternity opening before her, and all hope of ever being saved seemed despaired of. Thus her days were spent in sighs, and groans, and bitter weepings; and the thought of being separated from the children of God cut her through and through. Yet her soul was going out after the Lord at times day and night; and though with Jonah she felt as if she were cast out of his sight, yet her heart, soul, and affections were almost continually bursting forth with anxious cries and looks towards his holy temple, saying with Job, "O that I knew where I might find him! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him." She could not trace the least mark of his footsteps. Clouds of darkness appeared to cover the face of his throne. With Jeremiah she had seen affliction by the rod of his wrath: "He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light. Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day. My flesh and my skin hath he made old; he hath broken my bones. He hath builded against me, and compassed me with gall and travel. Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." (Lam. iii. 2-5, 8.) So that her cries returned into her own bosom. My mother having sent many times for me, I went into her room, and witnessed her pitiful case; but when I first saw her, I seemed dumb. And those who did attempt to comfort her failed, for the Lord was pleased to leave her for a time to walk her darkest path alone. I could not help telling her that there was a needs-be for her to be brought into that spot, and that I could see the glory of the Lord shine in his teaching her thus. This was Lord's Day, and a report was spread over the town that a Dissenting minister was going over to the Church of England. I

said to her, "Now, mother, you have many times of late forsaken the little few on Lord's Day evenings, and have gone and heard error preached from that man; and have I not many times testified against him to you, and told you that the Lord would surely visit you with his chastising hand for these things? Now, mother, which of us was on the right side?" She replied, "I knew it was very wrong; and though I went, it was only to keep quietness; I never liked their stuff. Nothing but grace will do; nothing but sovereign grace! O I fear that I shall never be saved! My hope seems to have perished before the Lord. O that I could feel the least hope that I shall not be a castaway at the last! All my religion is gone, and everything appears dark, dismal, and gloomy. If I try to draw near to him, he frowns me away. I can see nothing but clouds and darkness, and a fearful looking-for of worse to come. All the sweet things that I experienced years ago seem to be gone for ever; and when I look around me, and see my dear children, I cannot but weep." I said, "Well, my dear mother, the Lord has now put your soul into the furnace, to burn up your dross, and when it is consumed, you will come forth as gold. Not a grain of the precious things that you have experienced so blessedly for so many years will be lost in the fire. The same Lord that was with the Hebrews in the natural fiery furnace, and delivered them, will also be with you in the spiritual furnace, and in his own time will deliver you, and you will live to praise and adore him." She replied, "O my child, if I were in your place I should not be afraid of death; but I fear that I shall be lost, and the thought of being separated from my dear children pierces me through." I said, "Well, mother, if you are lost, I shall be lost, and the Bible will prove to be nothing but a counterfeit; and all the gracious men, servants of the Lord, whom you have for so many years loved and esteemed, will prove to be wrong. But the Bible is true; your soul has proved its blessed realities hundreds of times; and the testimonies that you have received from the lips of the servants of the Lord remain the same truths. Nor can all your darkness, hard thoughts of the Lord, temptations, labor, and sorrow, ever alter it. Your soul has not sunk so low as mine when the Lord laid his severe afflicting hand on my late beloved wife. My soul had sunk so low that for a time I gave up prayer, and felt enmity and hatred against his holy Majesty all the day long, with awful curses working in my heart; but I have found mercy, and have been delivered in his own time. Your precious soul is going out after him in longings and pantings: 'And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.'" She said, "O that I could believe that he will appear for me! I believe that I did wrong in going to Dorchester, and perhaps that is the cause of my being in so much darkness. Many times while I was there I have gone up stairs and begged the Lord that I might not be a partaker of their sins." About this time friend D. called to see her, and, after conversing awhile with him, she told him that she feared it was wrong in the sight of the

Lord in her leaving home so long, and staying where there was so much wickedness. The reply and conversation of Mr. D. was a comfort to her mind. In prayer friend D. entreated the Lord that she might pass through the river, telling the triumphs of her King; and frequently afterwards she repeated the words, "O that I may pass the river, telling the triumphs of my King!" She still continued to get worse in both body and mind; and one dark night of sorrow, lamentation and mourning appeared to be almost her continual employment.

Lord's Day having again returned, a few friends called to see her. On being asked how she was, she answered, "O I want to be landed on Canaan's happy shore, and then I shall be better!" She desired an interest in the prayers of the Lord's children, adding, "'The prayers of a righteous man availeth much.' O that the Lord would appear for my soul, that I may not be left to die in darkness." Having felt a little nearness to the Lord the night before, she said, "I want my blessed Lord to come again. He did come to me last night, but he did not stay. I want him to come and abide with me. I do not want him to come and then leave me so long, but I want him to come again and again." A friend replied, "Mother, I believe that the time is drawing near when you will be with him for ever, and then you will have no more cause to complain of his going and returning."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Too many deceive themselves with a presumption of faith in the promises of God, as to things future and eternal; but if they are brought into any temporal trial, they seem utter strangers to the life of faith. It was not so with Abraham; his faith acted itself uniformly with respect to the providences as well as the promises of God.—*Owen.*

It is no easy lesson to say, from the heart, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us!" Self-righteousness cleaves to us as naturally and as closely as our skins; nor can any power, but that of an Almighty hand, flay us of it. I remember an instance, full to the point, and which I give, on the authority of a clergyman, now living, and eminent above many for his labors and usefulness. This worthy person assured me, a year or two since, that he once visited a criminal, who was under sentence of death for a capital offence, I think for murder. My friend endeavored to set before him the evil he had done, and to convince him that he was lost and ruined, unless Christ saved him by his blood, righteousness, and grace. "I am not much concerned about that," answered the self-righteous malefactor. "I have not, to be sure, led so good a life as some have; but I am certain that many have gone to Tyburn who were much worse men than myself." So you see, a murderer may go to the gallows trusting in his own righteousness! And you and I should have gone to hell, trusting in our own righteousness, if Christ had not stopped us by the way.—*Toplady.*

REVIEW.

Apocalyptic Sketches. By Dr. Cumming. First Series. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 9s.

Signs of the Times. The Moslem and his End; the Christian and his Hope. By Dr. Cumming. London: Hall and Virtue. Price 1s. 6d.

The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth. London: Houlston and Stoneman, Price 6d.

(Continued from page 261.)

The Fall of Babylon is, as regards the Church, undoubtedly the most important incident of the Seventh Vial. By the most important we do not mean the most terrific; but that which is pregnant with the most eventful consequences. The incidents that we have already considered, though in themselves most terrible and severe, affect the Church mainly from her position in, and connection with the world. The vial of wrath is not poured out upon her, but its sprinklings reach her much in the same way as the famine prophesied by Agabus reached the brethren which dwelt in Judea. (Acts xi. 28-30.) On the other hand, the fall of Babylon is the deliverance of the Church; and the same hand which sweeps into destruction that tricked out harlot who has usurped her place and called herself the spouse of the Lamb, raises up from the dust prostrate and desolate Zion. For this reason, as well as from the great importance of the event, though an incident of the Seventh Vial, it is made the subject of a distinct and isolated narrative.

On a subject so difficult, and, as being unfulfilled, at present necessarily so obscure, we offer our thoughts with considerable hesitation; and, at the utmost, can only give a faint and feeble sketch of the more marked and determinate features of the character and end of that wonderful "mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."

Our first point must be to settle who or what is designated by the prophetic pen which in Rev. xvii. and xviii. has drawn her character with such force and decision. Until that question be determined with some degree of probability, we cannot advance one step in opening up her history and end. To this point, therefore, we shall first call the attention of our readers; and as the Scripture here is particularly full and precise, we request them carefully to compare our views with the word of God, that they may be satisfied for themselves whether our statements accord with it or not.

The soundest and best interpreters have all concurred in declaring their opinion that by Babylon is meant the Church of Rome. Our readers, therefore, will be surprised to learn that there is a modern school of prophecy, chiefly among the Plymouth Brethren, which denies the truth of this interpretation, and refers the predictions concerning Babylon in the Old Testament and the New to a city which they believe is to be literally built on the banks of the Eu-

phrases, on the very site of ancient Babylon. We shall, therefore, devote a larger space than we should otherwise have deemed necessary, to show how completely the description of Babylon in the Revelation coincides with the character of the Romish Apostasy.

Three things seem to form main elements whereby to decide this point,—her *name*, her *character*, her *seat*. Her name is "Babylon;" her character, "the great Whore;" her seat, "a scarlet-colored Beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns."

1. First, then, as to the meaning of her *name*, which we may be sure is highly significant. Her name is "Babylon." This is merely the Greek form of the word Babel, that being the Hebrew expression all through the Old Testament where our translators, following the Septuagint, have adopted the word Babylon. The meaning and origin of the name are both given us in the inspired word of truth. The founding of that great monarchy which fixed its metropolis on the river Euphrates, is the first great recorded event after the flood—the first daring act of rebellion of Nimrod, the mighty hunter; for "the beginning of his kingdom was Babel;" (Gen. x. 10;) and it was probably at his instigation that the tower of Babel was built.* Whatever name he gave to his slime-built city, it matters not; God himself gave it a name which reaches from the flood to the day of judgment; for by confounding their language and scattering them abroad, he for ever stamped upon the rising city its mystical name as emblematic of that which his soul abhorreth. When the Lord would mark a heinous crime, he calls it "confusion;" (Lev. xx. 12;) and this is the name with which he has branded literal and mystical Babylon, for the word literally means "confusion," according to the Lord's own testimony: "Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." (Gen. xi. 9.)

Into the history of that mighty city on the banks of the Euphrates, which was thence called Babylon, we need not enter. Suffice it to say, that it is used in the Revelation as a typical name, and as embodying the characteristics of a particular corruption and of a system of confusion which, in proportion to its power and prevalence, has disordered kingdoms, churches, and families for ages and generations.

* Such is the testimony of Josephus:

"It was Nimrod who excited them to such an affront and contempt of God, (in building the tower.) He was the grandson of Ham, the son of Noah, a bold man, and of great strength of hand. He persuaded them not to ascribe it to God, as if it were through his means they were happy, but to believe that it was their own courage which procured that happiness. He also gradually changed the government into tyranny, seeing no other way of turning men from the fear of God, but to bring them into constant dependence upon his power. Now the multitude was very ready to follow the determination of Nimrod, and to esteem it a piece of cowardice to submit to God; and they built a tower."

2. The next thing to be determined is *her character*. This is most descriptive, and to our mind stamps certainty on her person. She is called "the great whore that sitteth upon many waters"—a shameless, abandoned, dissolute harlot, "with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication." (Rev. xvii. 2.)

The symbols of Scripture, it should be borne in mind, are for the most part precise and determinate. "The church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven," being the bride of Christ, a church in the Scripture, whether true or false, is represented under the symbol of a woman. The Song of Solomon, Ps. xlv., Isa. liv., Ephes. v. 25–32, Rev. xii., xix., and, indeed, innumerable passages, prove this true of the real Church. An adulterous wife, and especially one who abandons her husband for a variety of lovers, is, therefore, the scriptural symbol for a false or degenerate church. We need not multiply quotations to prove this. There are two chapters in Ezekiel (xvi. and xxiii.) which have drawn out the symbol in language most emphatic and determinate. There can, therefore, be no doubt that the harlot described in Rev. xvii. represents a false and apostate church. So far our way is clear.

Her *dress* is also described in unison with this character: "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication." (Rev. xvii. 4.) The gaudy dress, and especially "the purple and scarlet," the favorite colour, made from the Tyrian dye, of the Roman ladies in ancient times, marks her degraded profession; and "the golden cup" probably represents those philtres and drinks with which abandoned women in those days beguiled their lovers.

But besides her dissolute, abandoned profligacy, another mark is stamped upon her: "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration." (Rev. xvii. 6.) Lost herself to all restraint or shame, she is maddened with enmity against those who fear God and abhor her deeds of wickedness; and nothing will satisfy her murderous heart but draughts of their blood, which she drinks till her brain is fired and her limbs stagger.

Let no false delicacy prevent us dwelling on these features. Language less emphatic would be too weak to express God's abhorrence of the crimes of the mystic Babylon. Is there any sight in nature more disgusting to a mind possessed even of ordinary right feelings than a drunken harlot, swearing, brawling, and staggering in the public street? But suppose you were to see that abandoned wretch attack a child of God, say, some quiet, delicate female, strike a dagger into her heart, and with mad joy, like the French women in the first revolution, drink a cup full of her warm life-blood, trampling her corpse meanwhile in the gutter, what bounds could there be to

your grief and horror? Yet this is God's figure to describe the woman in the Revelation.

Before we advance further, let us pause to examine these marks. They will help us to tread all the more firmly in the path of interpretation. Looking up the stream of history, especially the history of the Christian Church, what prominent object meets our eye which at all tallies with this description? What but the Church of Rome agrees with the characters given even to the minutest particular? What a volume of history is contained in her very name! Her system is a system of confusion from whatever side we view it. As a religious system, if it is not prostituting the word to apply such a term to it, all is a confused heap. True doctrines and false doctrines, the word of God and the traditions of men, the merits of Christ and the mediation of the Virgin Mary, texts of Scripture and decrees of Popes and councils, flaming zeal for piety and religion, and absolving murderers at the foot of the gallows, the name of the spouse of Jesus and the reality of a filthy harlot—what confusion is here! Who has ever read a Papal Bull, or a Pastoral Letter from the Irish Catholic bishops, without being alternately amused and disgusted with the frothy bombast, the pompous, inflated language, full of sound and fury meaning nothing, the misapplied texts of Scripture, the pious lamentations over the increase of heresy, and the denunciations of all who do not burn incense to the immaculate spouse of Christ. Here we have Rome's ancient thunders which shook monarchs, but—minus the lightning which struck them from their thrones; the howling of the caged tiger who would wade in blood, as on the day of St. Bartholomew, but cannot get through the bars. No wonder that her notes are a little confused behind her barriers. How, too, she has confounded all laws, human and divine, setting up her decrees above the word of God and the institutions of man; and what confusion she has ever worked, and is still working, wherever she exists. Is there a government in Europe free from her intrigues and machinations? What confusion she introduced into this country about four years ago, cutting up England into bishoprics as coolly as if we had besought absolution on our bended knees for our long-standing heresy! Look again at Ireland—what she is now, and has been for centuries. Who understands the Irish character? It seems as if a drop, and a large drop too, of perverseness ran in the Irish blood. This cannot be, as some have thought, the effect of blood and race, the Celtic element in the Irish constitution; but the product of Popery at work upon him for ages, and thus engrained into his very nature. Get him away from his priest as in the United States, and the Irishman is a different being, or, at least, his children are. But Popery, acting through the priest, has so confused his judgment, perverted his moral sense, and distorted his natural views of right and wrong, that to beat to death a Protestant farmer or shoot down an English landlord, is in his eyes no crime. And even in cultivated minds, as has been remarked of the late perverts to Popery, men of education and high moral feeling: no sooner drink of her cup than they become

debased and degraded, losing all their perceptions of truth and honor,* and sinking into vulgar abusive brawlers. Given up to judicial blindness, they receive with dotting credulity the lying miracles which sober-minded Catholics smile at; and forgetting all the claims which their native country has upon their allegiance, would sell her into Popish slavery, and as long as she were Catholic, would not care that she ceased to be free.

But we must not dwell too long upon her name, and all that her name imports. Her *character* is drawn in the Revelation as with a ray of light. As the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies, so the opposite is the object of universal detestation and contempt. And this is that with which God has branded the mystic Babylon. A harlot is, as we have shown before, the scriptural symbol of a false or degenerate church. Thus, in Ezek. xxiii., the false church of Samaria, under the name of Aholah, and the degenerate church of Jerusalem, under the name of Aholibah, are both depicted under that character. Into the fitness and propriety of the figure we need not enter. The main features are drawn out in the most emphatic language in Ezek. xvi., Hosea ii., and elsewhere; and they embody the leading idea of the spouse of God departing from him, and forming a promiscuous, adulterous intercourse with the world for the sake of her own interest. Now this is an exact description of the Romish Church. Beth Scripture and history concur in representing "the faith" of the primitive Roman Church as "spoken of throughout the whole world." First in position, as the great metropolis of the Roman empire; first in persecution and suffering, as under the immediate eye of Nero and his successors; first in influence, as the leading church of the Christian assemblies; and first in faith, as needing, from being the foremost in the fight, the largest share of that heavenly grace; the church at Rome seemed, in primitive times, to occupy the nearest position to Christ in outward manifestation. But this position, which drew to her the hearts and obedience of her sister-churches, as time sped on and gave her worldly power and dignity, she awfully abused, and turned her spiritual influence into an engine of worldly exaltation. Thus it is said of her, that "the kings of the earth committed fornication with her"—meaning thereby, that a worldly connection was formed between her and them, they availing themselves of her religious influence to secure their dignities and thrones, and she lending them her moral support in exchange for their carnal protection. It is not said that she committed fornication with "the inhabitants of the earth." No; she reserved her favors for the high and mighty; but she made the rest "drunk with the wine of her fornication." By this we understand her doctrines, and chiefly her idolatrous practices in the worship of the mass, of

* How striking is the testimony to this point of the present Bishop of Oxford, a man who knows, or ought to know them well, his own brothers, if not himself, being pretty deeply tainted with the same disease. "Who needs to be told that Romanism is a system which so saps honesty in men's minds that there is nothing dishonest which is not thought holy?"

the Virgin Mary, and images of the saints. All her leading doctrines, and all her ceremonies, if carefully examined and analysed, would be found intended and calculated to drug the conscience, intoxicate the mind, and entangle the affections. Confession, absolution, the merits and miracles of the saints, the virtue of celibacy, and the efficacy of the hair shirt and the scourge, all stupify the conscience if ever alarmed and distressed; her gaudy ceremonial, with the soft strains of music floating in the air, the subdued light through the painted windows, and the smell of incense stealing over the brain, addressing themselves to every sense, lull them into that trance-like state of dreamy nothingness, a larger measure of which is the opium eater's elysium; and the continued administration of these philtres and love-potions gradually beguiles the affections till husband, wife, children, relations, property, with the nearest and dearest ties of life, all seem insufficient to yield up as offerings to this insatiate idol of the heart. But besides this more refined species of drunken fanaticism, she sanctions the actual worship of images. Than this nothing is more intoxicating. Idolatry has on the human mind an influence of a peculiar nature; perhaps the words "drunken lust" convey the idea most accurately. This is most emphatically seen in the mad revels of Juggernaut; but Popish countries exhibit scenes almost as characteristic of this wild ungovernable enthusiasm. The doctrine intoxicates the mind and the image engages the carnal affections. Thus the belief in the mediation of the Virgin Mary, intoxicating the judgment, confuses all views of Christ as the only Mediator, and the visible representation of her form draws out the idolatrous love of the heart toward her as an object of sensuous worship.

Her *dress* is as characteristic as her name and conduct: "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication." (Rev. xvii. 4.) Who is ignorant of the gorgeous dresses, and especially the purple and scarlet, in which the Popish ecclesiastics are decked out at their grand theatrical shows? It would seem as if, stricken by a judicial blindness, those proud prelates did not see themselves thus marked out by the hand of God for destruction. "Gold, and precious stones, and pearls"—these and kindred ornaments which dazzle the eye, feed the senses, and allure the carnal mind, thus drawing away the heart from everything gracious and spiritual to enamor it of glitter and show, are the especial arts of this apostate church. Man having lost all knowledge of God, and being sunk in carnality and death, can never worship Him in spirit and truth till regenerated by a divine power. He, therefore, doats on a religion that charms and feeds the senses. All these baits the Romish Church has pressed into her service. Music, painting, architecture,—and who can sing like Italian musicians, who paint like Raphael and Correggio, who build like Catholic architects?—are all used to seduce the mind into something rapturous and ecstatic, or solemn and soothing; all which feelings, as being distinct from and elevated above our usual common-place thoughts and sensations, wear

the air of devotion and religion. This is "the golden cup full of abominations" whereby the natural mind is drugged into a misty, dreamy fanaticism, and, intoxicated with new and pleasing sensations, fancies itself on the very borders of heaven when it is wandering confused amidst the mists of hell.* Here lies the main strength of Popery,—that it is adapted not only to the lowest, but the highest tastes of our carnal mind. It suits poor Pat in his cabin, who in the priest sees his mediator, and in the mass his god; it suits the refined man of taste, whose eyes and ears it charms with its pictures, buildings, and requiems; it suits the common mass, who love a religion which does not require anything spiritual, but to have their senses fed by outward show; and it suits the religiously disposed, by giving them plenty of fasts and feasts, almsdeeds and prayers, absolving their consciences when uneasy, and elevating them sometimes into a dream-land of devotion, where they fancy themselves the greatest saints on earth.

But her character would not be complete without one additional feature that stamps her, if possible, with deeper dye: "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her I wondered with great admiration." (Rev. xvii. 6.) Well might holy John wonder with great astonishment, as the word literally means, to see this base wretch drunken with the blood of saints and martyrs. How true, how forcible the expression, "drunken with blood!" History teems with instances of the maddening effect of blood on the human mind, especially when shed by the hand of fanatic persecutors. Alike unfathomable and unspeakable are the depths of cruelty and ferocity in the heart of man; and when these depths are stirred up by the innate enmity of the carnal mind against the saints of God, a frenzy bursts forth which, but for the restraining providence of the Most High, would not leave Christ one member on earth. This persecuting spirit is in the heart of every man; but Rome alone has reduced it into a system. Witness her crusades against the Waldenses and Albigenses, the dungeons of the Inquisition, with their infernal apparatus of racks and tortures, the Spanish auto-da-fés, the fires of Smithfield, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Irish rebellions, and at the present day the ferocity of the Popish mobs against any who desert or oppose their creed. What torrents

* This Milton represents as the effect upon our first parents of eating the forbidden fruit:

"For Eve,
Intent now wholly on her task, nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.

* * *
That now
As with new wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth."—"Paradise Lost."

of blood has this drunken harlot shed without scruple, remorse, or shame! When did she ever drop one tear over her victims, or what one word of repentance has she ever uttered for their blood, poured forth by her hands like water?

3. We have now to fix her *seat*. Two leading points determine this with the greatest precision:

(1.) "She sitteth upon many waters." This is interpreted by the angel thus: "And he saith unto me, The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." (Rev. xvii. 15.) What is the title which the Romish Church has so proudly arrogated to herself? Catholic. And what does Catholic mean? Universal; that is, a church not limited to one nation or country, but as wide as Christianity itself, embracing all nations as her rightful inheritance. What other church ever embraced so many peoples and countries, nations and tongues? Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, great parts of Germany and Switzerland, Ireland at the present moment are, and in former times England and Scotland, and in fact the whole of Europe were subject to the see of Rome. Well might that false apostate church say, with the proud King of Assyria, "And my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people; and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

(2.) The next mark of her seat is still more determinate,—The woman sits on a beast having seven heads and ten horns. What is represented by the seven heads is thus explained by the angel: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." (Rev. xvii. 9.) That the city of Rome was situated on seven hills is known to every schoolboy. Poets and historians have alike sung and celebrated these seven hills, familiar as household words to the Roman people, and as well known to every citizen of ancient Rome as Holborn or the Strand to the inhabitant of London. And that even there might be something more determinate still,—a finishing stroke to decide the matter beyond all dispute or controversy, the angel adds, "And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth." (Rev. xvii. 18.). Observe the present tense, "which reigneth," *now* reigneth, at the very time when the angel speaks. What great city reigned over the kings of the earth when the Revelation was given (say A.D. 96) but Rome? The "kings of the earth," that is, those princes who were allowed to retain their crowns, were all subject to Rome, from the river Euphrates to the Grampian hills. They received her proconsuls, fed her armies, embraced her institutions, obeyed her laws, spoke her language, and paid her tribute.

We have dwelt long on this point because a new school of interpretation, as we have before hinted, has arisen which totally denies the applicability of Babylon to the Romish Church, and refers the fulfilment of this prophecy to a future Babylon, at present non-existent, but to be built literally on the river Euphrates.

That these are difficulties attending the predicted fall of the Apocalyptic Babylon—a point at which we have not yet arrived—we fully admit; but that the characters we have traced out are most fully applicable to the Romish Church seems to us beyond the reach of controversy. To ignore the whole book of Revelation for near two thousand years, and seal it up to a distant day, when the Lord expressly gave it “to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass,” seems to us arbitrary and forced indeed. Is it consistent with the character of God and the usual strain of the prophetic word, to leave his church and people wholly in the dark as to the existence and nature of a system like that of Rome? The book of Revelation was the grand armoury from which Luther and the Reformers drew their weapons. There Luther learnt that Rome was Babylon and the Pope Antichrist; and when this flashed on his mind it cleared his conscience of a thousand scruples, nerved his arm to strike home, and, in fact, decided the Reformation.* However the views of Luther and John Knox may be disregarded and set aside, it is most plain, from their writings and protests, that they interpreted the great Whore to signify the Papal Church, and it is equally evident that, but for this conviction, their right hands would have been paralysed. Knowing, as we now know from the history of the period, how slowly and hesitatingly the Reformers, and Luther in particular, advanced to the grand determining point, that the Romish Church was corrupt and apostate, they would never have ventured so far as to denounce it and separate from it, had they not had the light of the Revelation to guide them.

The fall of Babylon is so intimately and closely connected with the history of the Beast on which she sits, that the one cannot be considered without the other. As our views of the Beast are somewhat different from those generally entertained, we feel that we should not do justice to them unless drawn out at greater length than our present limits will admit. This, therefore, will, God willing, form the subject of

* “A Roman theologian, called Ambrose Catharin, had written against him. ‘I will stir the bile of this Italian beast,’ said Luther, and he kept his word. In his reply he proved, by the revelations made to Daniel and St. John, by St. Paul’s Epistles, and those of St. Peter and St. Jude, that the kingdom of Antichrist, foretold and described in the Bible, was the Popedom. ‘I knew for certain,’ says he, in conclusion, ‘that our Lord Jesus Christ lives and reigns. In the strength of this faith I should not fear many thousand popes. May God visit us at last according to his infinite power, and make to shine forth the day of his Son’s glorious coming, in which he will destroy that wicked one. And let all the people say, Amen.’

“And all the people did say, Amen. Men’s souls were seized with a holy dread. They saw nothing less than Antichrist seated on the pontifical throne. This new idea, an idea that derived intense interest and power from the descriptions of the prophets, thus launched by Luther into the midst of the men of his age, inflicted the most terrible blow upon Rome. Faith in the word superseded that which the Church had till then engrossed; and the Pope’s authority, after having so long been an object of popular adoration, now became an object of hatred and terror.”—D’Aubigné’s “History of the Reformation.”

our next, and we hope concluding number on this subject. We cannot, however, forbear adding our persuasion that little fear need be entertained of the revival and reign of Popery. Her days of power and supremacy, we believe, are gone by, never to return. Before she expires she may manifest convulsive movements, which, like those of a dying enemy, may alarm the timid, as if indicative of returning strength. But the Popery of the Middle Ages, the day when Rome's proud prelates trode on the necks of emperors and made kings hold their stirrups, is gone never to return; and we believe that we shall no more see Pope or prelate at the head of English councils than we shall see mail-clad knights leading armies in the field, or Kentish yeomanry deciding battles with bows and arrows, as at Cressy and Agincourt. A few hungry curates or pompous archdeacons may button up their waistcoats and lengthen their coat tails, may teach the parish children to chant the responses, and may date their letters from the feast of St. Swithin, or the vigil of St. Barnabas; but the sound sense of the country laughs at them, and men in our day who have any force of mind so as to influence public opinion, which in fact governs the country, will never put their necks under the foot of a shaven priest, whether at Rome or Westminster. In our view, the doom of Rome is as much written as the doom of Babylon on the walls of Belshazzar's palace. It is written in the word of God, in the signs of the times, and in the opinion of all reflecting men; and that doom never can be reversed.

But though we have no fear of Popery ever regaining her ancient seat, at least under its ancient or even present form, we confess we have our apprehensions from another quarter; for we see, if we misinterpret not the prophetic scroll, looming in the dim and distant horizon; a power more fearful than Popery ever was, or from its nature ever could be. Popery suited the Middle Ages. Superstition then held sway over the minds of men, locked up in darkness and ignorance. But the printing press has dispelled superstition and brought in what? A monster as much more formidable than Popery as knowledge is stronger than ignorance. That monster is INFIDELITY, and what we have to fear is not the Popish, but the INFIDEL ANTICHRIST.

But our views upon this point we must defer to a following number:

Another sign of a broken heart, is a crying, a crying out. Pain you know will make one cry. Go to them that have upon them the anguish of broken bones, and see if they do not cry; anguish makes them cry. This, this is that which quickly follows, if once your heart be broken, and your spirit indeed made contrite.—*Bunyan*:

The love of Christ is no hypocrite. I grant some can for a time put a fair face on it, when Christ is absent; but most of the saints then look as a bird fallen from the raven, as a lamb fallen out of a lion's mouth, as one too soon out of bed in the morning. O sick of love! O show him! I charge you tell him, watchmen, daughters of Jerusalem, that I am sick of love.—*Rutherford*.

POETRY.

THE OMNIPOTENT GOVERNOR.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—(Isa. ix. 6.)

What can't Jehovah do?	My confidences buried seem,
What can't his power perform?	And lost my former joys.
The government his shoulder bears;	But better than my fears,
But this I slowly learn.	I do the sequel find;
He surely does control	And though I often sow in tears,
The woes with which I'm press'd;	My Friend continues kind.
Regards the breathings of my soul,	When he commands a calm,
When I his aid request.	I smile on what is past,
O were it not that I	Would never feel the like again,
Could flee unto his throne,	But firm my anchor cast.
When tribulation's waves run high,	The power belongs to thee;
I were a wretch undone.	I daily prove it true;
But to his praise I sing,	O make it manifest in me,
Though oft the tempests toss;	For I can nothing do.
They only to his footstool fling,	Thou hast delivered me,
And I sustain no loss.	When fill'd with sore distrust;
Ah! when the storms begin,	Thou dost deliver still, I see,
What groundless fears arise;	And wilt, I humbly trust.

If the law do not justify and give life, much less do works justify. For when Paul says that, "the law giveth not life," his meaning is, that works also do not give life.—*Luther*.

In canvassing this momentous truth, let us begin where God himself began, namely, with election. To whom are we indebted for that first of all spiritual blessings? Pride says, "To me;" self-righteousness says, "To me;" man's unconverted will says, "To me." But faith joins with God's word in saying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name" be the whole glory of thy electing love ascribed. Thou didst not choose us on supposition of our first choosing thee, but through the victorious operation of thy mighty Spirit, we choose thee for our Portion and our God, in consequence of thy having first and freely chosen us to be thy people.—*Toplady*.

It is no truth of God that some teach, that the justified in Christ are of duty always tied to one and the same constant act of rejoicing, without any mixture of sadness and sorrow. For so they cannot obey and follow the various impressions of the Lord's absence and presence, of Christ's sea-ebbing and flowing, of his shining and smiling, and his lowering and frowning. The faith of a justified condition does not root out all affections. If there be sin remaining in the justified, there is place of sadness, for fear, for sorrow; for the *scum* of affections is removed by Christ, not the affections themselves. It is a just and an innocent sorrow, to be grieved at that which grieves the Holy Spirit; and when the lion roars, all the beasts of the field are afraid. Grace makes not Job a stock, nor Christ a man who cannot weep.—*Rutherford*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 227. NOVEMBER, 1854. VOL. XX.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND, BY THE LATE MR. GOULDING.

My dearly beloved, but above all beloved of God and called to be a saint, peace be multiplied. Amen.

Yours came duly to hand, and Zoar (little one) truly was its name; but whether long or short, I am always glad to hear from you, and to hear of your prosperity never fails to give me much pleasure. I have, God willing, some work before me, and therefore I shall not spend much time in introduction, but come to it at once, and it is intended to be chiefly on the 49th Psalm. In the first place I will endeavor to shortly paraphrase the psalm, and then dwell particularly upon one verse of it.

In the 1st place David calls upon all to be attentive, verses 1 and 2: "Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world; both low and high, rich and poor, together."

Then, in the 2nd place, he gives us an introduction to something particular that he is going to say, in verses 3 and 4, thus: "My mouth shall speak of wisdom, and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding. I will incline mine ear to a parable; I will open my dark saying upon the harp."

And this parable and this dark saying he puts forth in the 3rd place, in verse 5; thus: "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?" This is the parable; this is the dark saying which he puts forth upon the harp.

Then in the 4th place, he goes on to give a wonderful account of a covetous worldling, whose happiness lies in the pleasure and wealth of this world, from verse 6: "They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him; that he should still live for ever, and not see corruption." Then in verse 11 he tells us what their thoughts are: "Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names." This is their honor and glory; but, continues he, "Nevertheless, man being in (this) honor abideth not; (long in it, death overtakes him;) he is like the beasts that perish;" that is, he dies as destitute of hope of heaven as a beast does, and as earthly honors

and riches are their honor, so "This their way is their folly; yet their posterity approve their sayings," justify them in their conduct, speak of the same things, follow them in the same way, and seek after the same honor. "Selah!"

Then, in the 5th place, we have the end of these set forth in verse 14: "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them;" both soul and body shall be subject to it. And in the 19th verse it is declared, that "he shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see light;" and if so, then they shall go into everlasting darkness; their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling. Then he sets forth the blessed state of the righteous, and how far they excel the wicked in riches, honor, and glory: "The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning;" by which is to be understood, that the upright here mean all that are in time brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and to love him. "The upright," says the spouse of Christ, "dove thee;" and all that die in this state in faith and in the favor of God, they shall be raised from the dead a thousand years before the wicked. Blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resurrection, for on such the second death has no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years, and this thousand years' reign with Christ is the dominion or reign of the upright here spoken of, as we have it confirmed by the time when the wicked are raised: "But the rest of the dead (that is, the wicked dead) lived not again until the thousand years were finished." When this world shall be burnt up and the wicked in it, it is called midnight: "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh." And when Christ and all his people enter into the new earth, (the marriage chamber,) that is morning, the morning of a thousand years' day. And in this morning it is that the upright in Christ shall have dominion over the wicked.

Again, 6thly, after David had compared the state of the righteous and the wicked, then, in verse, 15 we have him rejoicing in hope of the glory of God: "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me. Selah." That is, I shall, at death, escape the damnation of hell, and be received into everlasting glory as one of the trophies of Christ's victory, as the purchase of his blood, when, as in the 20th verse, "Man that is in (earthly) honor, (and not possessed of that honor that comes from God only, viz., that of the adoption of sons,) and understandeth not, (has no understanding of the state of his soul, of Christ Jesus, of the everlasting love of God, of the pardon of sin, of the justification of his person, of the faith of God's elect, or "a good hope through grace," every one that is destitute of the understanding or knowledge of these things,) is like the beasts that perish;" not that he at death is annihilated as beasts are, for the soul is an immortal principle, and shall for ever exist either in happiness or misery; but the meaning is, as observed before, he shall die without hope, and shall be for ever banished and separated from the presence of God, which will be finally done in the great day of judgment under this sentence,

"Go, ye cursed, into everlasting burnings, prepared for the devil and his angels." This is the end of all them that lay up for themselves treasure on earth, while they are destitute of the true riches or are not rich towards God. And this brings to my mind an account I heard of a person a little while ago. He was so miserable he would hardly allow himself the bare necessities of life; his soul was set upon getting money, and having been some time ill, a few days before his death the woman at whose house he lodged asked him how he did? to which he replied, "I am very ill." Says she, "I hope God will be pleased to make a change one way or other." To which his answer was, "Aye, but what a sad thing it is to die, to be taken away out of this world just when a person is establishing a business." He had scraped together about £1,000 or £1,400, and you see when this was accomplished, he then went to "the generation of his fathers," never to see light. O how exactly was the description of the Psalmist fulfilled in this person, who was a countryman of ours, and died thus very lately! O the deceitfulness of riches! They promised him much happiness; but as soon, as he lift up his eyes in hell, like the rich man in the gospel, then he would see how they had deceived him. O blessed be God for giving us a better treasure, a treasure in the heavens, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, where thieves cannot break through nor steal," and which we ever continue the owners of! All other treasure but this makes itself wings and flies away to others. O blessed be God for Jesus Christ and all his saving benefits! But now I return to the 5th verse of this psalm, which has puzzled many, and by God's help I will endeavor to set it before you as clearly as I can. I have often had this come into my mind, but never so as to treat upon it until now; the words are, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?" I shall therefore treat upon these words under three different heads, viz:

I. What David here means by "the iniquity of my heels."

II. What it is to be compassed about with these, and show that it is an evil day.

III. That though this be an evil day when the iniquity of a person's heels compass him about, yet there are no just grounds to be afraid; as David declares, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?"

I. First, then, what David means when he says, "the iniquity of my heels." This verse wonderfully puzzled and perplexed Mr. J. Hervey, as we see in his sixth dialogue, between Theron and Aspasia. There he is representing Aspasia's paying a visit to Theron, who had a son named Eugene. Theron, having occasion to withdraw for a little time, Aspasia and Eugene began to amuse themselves with some curious paintings. After viewing many, they at last come to one representing Saul's coming upon David in the wilderness of Maon, with the wings of his army, almost entirely surrounding him and his 600 men; for so critical at that time was his

situation, that while Saul and his men were on one side of the mount, David and his men were on the other. But as God is a God of truth and faithful to his promise, he ordered matters so as, just at this critical juncture, to cause messengers to arrive with this message to Saul, saying, "Haste thee and come, for the Philistines have invaded the land; wherefore Saul returned from pursuing after David." Thus was the Lord's salvation displayed towards his servant David in the time of the greatest extremity. And here we evidently behold that the hearts of all are in God's hand, and that he turns them whithersoever he pleases; that he is infinite in wisdom and almighty in power. But to return. Mr. Hervey, upon the wings of Saul's army compassing David about, brings in a note about this 5th verse, and I shall give it verbatim:

"To this or some such incident may be applied a passage in the Psalms, which in our translation is very obscure, has scarce any sense, or, if any, a very unjustifiable one, 'Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the wickedness of my heels compasseth me about?' (Ps. xlix. 5.) Wherefore the reason is very apparent; when wickedness cleaves to a person's heels, or habitually attends his goings, it raises an army of terrors; it unsheaths the sword of divine vengeance, and levels at his guilty head every threatening in the book of God. Surely, then, another translation should be given to the words and a different turn to the sense; and another translation the words will bear, a different sense the connexion demands: 'Wherefore should I fear, when wickedness compasseth me about as at mine heels?' This is a free-spirited interrogation. This implies a great and edifying truth; from this also the verse not only appears with propriety, but with beauty. When wickedness or the wicked attempts of wicked men compassing about surround me, threaten me on every side, nay, when they are upon my heels, just upon the point to overwhelm and crush me, so that danger seems both inevitable and imminent, yet even then, having God's almighty power and inviolable faithfulness for my protection, wherefore should I be alarmed? No. Confiding in such a Safeguard, I will bid defiance to my enemies and bid adieu to my fears."—Dialogue VI., page 215, sixth edition.

Now in the first part of this note I can by no means agree with Mr. H., that, according to our translation, it refers to habitual sinning; neither do I think that a new translation is requisite to understand the real meaning; neither do I think a new translation requisite to take away actual sin being attached to it. Actual sin is not meant. I do not believe at this time that David was a graceless man; that he was in his sin, destitute of pardon, and free from righteousness. Had he been in such a state, he would have been under the curse and wrath of God and exposed to eternal death, and then there must have been abundant cause to have been afraid. No. I look upon it, that when he uttered these words he was accepted in Christ the Beloved; that he was under the blessing of pardon; that he was in a justified state; that his conscience was purged from guilt by the blood of Christ; that he was delivered from vindictive wrath, from under the curse of a broken law; that he was "passed from death unto life;" and that his body was a temple of the Holy Ghost. And were this not his state, how were it possible he could "rejoice in hope of the glory of God?" as he does in the 15th verse, when he says, "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me. Selah." Here we see he was in the

full assurance of faith and hope of eternal glory. But before ever this can be the case, the conscience must be purged from guilt, pardon must be proclaimed, righteousness must be imputed and applied, Christ with all his saving benefits must be received; and when this is the case, Christ is formed in the heart the hope of glory, but never till then; and so says the apostle Paul, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." (Rom. v. 1, 2.) Here we see, before any person can "rejoice in hope of the glory of God," they must be in a state of grace; and as David did thus rejoice, so he was in a state of grace; and if so, habitual sin was not with him,—the reigning power of it was destroyed. The love of sin was cast out of his heart, and the love of God was shed abroad in it. This "iniquity of the heels," therefore, cannot mean habitual sin.

Again, further. The second part of this note sets it forth in the new translation, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when wickedness compasseth me about as at mine heels?" and then goes on to prove that with this turn it is beautifully representative of wicked men compassing him about. It is very well in this sense, for he speaks of them often as compassing him about. In Ps. xvii. 11, speaking of the wicked, he says, "They have now compassed me in our steps." Again he says, "Many bulls have compassed me," (this means wicked men.) (Ps. xxii. 12.) Also, in verse 16, "For dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me." And putting all these together, when faith was in exercise he could triumph over them all, for, says he, "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident;" (Ps. xxvii. 3;) as much as to say, in the words of the text, and agreeable to Mr. H.'s definition in the latter part of the note, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels, or iniquity as at my heels, shall compass me about?" True, he had no just cause to fear such enemies as these; but fear from these did come upon him at times when faith was out of exercise. Hence we have him, soon after his deliverance from Saul at the wilderness of Maon, declaring, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." This fear he had, we see, but he had no cause for it; for as God had declared that he should be king over Israel, he was as sure of it then as if he were already on the throne. And hence again, when faith was in exercise upon God's promise, he then hated himself on account of his infidelity and his groundless fears, as we do, and, to the Lord's honor, declares at one place the assurance of succeeding to the throne of Israel only from God's promise; thus, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice, (in hope of possession,) I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth. Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is mine; Ephraim is also the strength of mine head; Judah is my law-giver; Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe. Philistia, triumph thou because of me." Thus he rejoiced in hope of a promise of possession and into possession. When

the time of the promise was up, he came to it; and as he had this promise, and God was thus on his side, thus for him, who could be against him? None could defeat God's promise; therefore, when fears came upon him from the wrath and power of his enemies, it was without cause; infidelity was the root of them all. Therefore, when faith was strong, he might well express his surprise and disallow of them all, in the words of the text, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?" But still, I do not think this is the best sense of the Psalmist's meaning; by no means. He says he will "incline his ear to a parable," that he will "utter his dark saying" upon his harp; and I believe his "parable" and his "dark saying" do not mean actual transgression, for there is always cause enough to be afraid of it; nor habitually sinning in an ungodly state; for it is clear when he spoke this he was not in such a state, nor so much the wicked's compassing the righteous about. I do not think that any of these things mean, strictly speaking, what David sets forth by the singular expression of "iniquity of my heels."

But then, what do I understand by it? I will tell you. I believe this "iniquity of the heels" means that body of sin and death, or that old man, or that original corruption that is permitted to oppose every branch of God's good work of grace in the soul, which dwells in every chosen vessel all the while he continues in this world; and I believe that this inbred corruption, which continually wars with and struggles against the principle of grace planted in the hearts of all the elect, is called the "iniquity of the heels," in opposition to, and to distinguish it from, unpardoned guilt and sin in the conscience, and from the desperate sinfulness that reigns and rules in every ungodly sinner's heart; and by calling it the "iniquity of the heels" it is to show that though it will follow us in every branch of duty, cleave to us in every means, perplex and trouble us at every turn; when we are pressing forward with diligence in the heavenly race, yet shall never bring us under the vindictive wrath of God again,—never under the curse of the law, never into a state of death or condemnation; and it is to let us know that our old man was crucified with Christ, and that upon the cross he bore in his own body not only our actual transgressions, but also the weight of original sin, and so by his crucifixion and death made an end of all sin; for the whole body of sin was destroyed by the circumcision and meritorious death of Christ. Hence his human nature is expressly called a heel which was bruised: "I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed; it shall (that is, Christ the promised seed) bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his (that is the devil's) heel." Now, this takes in the dreadful sufferings that Christ as man waded through in both soul and body. Sin was the cause of it all, and all sin is of the devil; and it was the devil that worked in and stirred up the scribes and pharisees to exercise such cruelties upon his body and also his spotless soul, by the imputation of our sin, and God's wrath was exposed to all the rage and malice of devils. "My soul," says he, "is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The Father also

hid his face, which made him cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But after this dreadful conflict was over, and he was put to death in the flesh, then, by this bruising his heel, not only the guilt of sin was purged from all God's elect which came upon them by actual transgression, but also that held forth by David under the phrase of the "iniquity of the heels," or original sin, or that corruption of nature, in all them called by grace and to be called; and which, with the principle of grace implanted in the believer's heart, was a continual warfare. This is the "iniquity of the heels," I humbly conceive, and is the same that so dreadfully exercised Paul, as we read in Rom. vii., when he says, "For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do." "I find, then," says he, "a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me; for I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Now this Paul's body of death which he carried about with him was just the same as David calls the "iniquity of his heels compassing him about," and the same as he elsewhere calls a running sore, "My sore ran in the night, and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted." Also the same as he means when he says, "My toins are filled with a loathsome disease;" and the same as what Solomon calls the "plague of the heart." "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

It is enough to fill the soul of any man with horror and amazement, to consider the ways and ends of most of them that are entrusted with this world's goods. Is it not evident, that all their lives they seem industriously to take care that they may perish eternally?—*Owen.*

Once being at an honest woman's house, I, after some pause, asked her 'how she did? She said, "Very badly." I asked her if she was sick? She answered, "No." "What then?" said I, "are any of your children ill?" She told me no. "What," said I, "is your husband amiss, or do you go back in the world?" "No, no," said she, "but I am afraid I shall not be saved;" and broke out with a heavy heart, saying, "Ah, goodman Bunyan, Christ and a pitcher! If I had Christ, though I went and begged my bread with a pitcher, it would be better with me than I think it is now." This woman had her heart broken; this woman wanted Christ; this woman was concerned for her soul. There are but few women, rich women, that count Christ and a pitcher better than the world, their pride and pleasures. This woman's cries are worthy to be recorded; it was a cry that carried in it not only a sense of the want, but also of the worth of Christ. This cry, "Christ and a pitcher," made a melodious noise in the ears of the very angels.—*Bunyan.*

HOPE STILL IN GOD.

Dear Friend,—I take the liberty to write these few lines to you, as my mind has been much exercised at different times about writing to you or to Mr. C., to tell you a little of the feelings I have been the subject of. When I came before you I was in a very dead, unfeeling state of soul but I do hope the Lord kept me honest, so as not to speak of things that I had not really felt and known in my soul. After I got home that night, I began to sink very low, and Satan seemed to tempt me to believe that I was a deceived character, and that it was already made manifest to some of the Lord's people, and would very soon be to all. O I thought I should never come to A—— to chapel any more; and I was very much tried about going to the prayer meeting on the Tuesday evening, for it seemed to me to be a most dreadful thing to be a Christian by profession and not in reality.

I well recollect once sitting in the chapel on a church meeting night, and seeing all the members of the church go into the vestry; and when the last went in, they shut the door. This passage of Scripture immediately struck me very forcibly, "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut." O what a solemn feeling I had! O, I thought, if it should be the case with me, and I should be one amongst the thrust out! How I wept and cried, and begged of the dear Lord that he would make me a Christian indeed; whatever it might cost me! I mentioned the case afterwards to my dear sister-in-law, and she said, "Perhaps you ought to have been there instead of me." I admired the grace that was in her in esteeming others better than herself. But when Tuesday night came for our prayer meeting, O what a struggle I had! How to go or how to stay away, I knew not. It has been a great trial to me many times to get there; but sometimes when most tried I have found the season most sweet. But not so at that time; all was darkness and gloominess. I sank lower and lower in my soul's feeling, so that I had almost got into that very feeling which I so much dreaded, utter despair. I had but the least gleam of hope that there was any mercy for me, or any salvation provided for me. I remained in that dreadful state until Thursday morning, laboring under the temptation to give it all up, until between 7 and 8 o'clock. I was then led to look back a little on past favors and mercies. All at once this precious verse came with power to my soul:

"That soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

O what a change this made in my feelings! The enemy began to try me again by saying, that was not Scripture; it was only a verse of a hymn; and I began to beg of the Lord to give me some word out of his own book of truth. And blessed be his holy name, these words came with such sweetness and power, "Who is this that

cometh up out of the wilderness leaning on her beloved?" After this the enemy left me; and O what a sweet time I had in the barn where I was at work! I firmly believe I never shall forget it.

Before this I did not want to see any of the Lord's people, much less to speak to them; but now I longed to see them. I called on one whom I love and esteem, Mrs. S., as I went home to breakfast, and told her what had taken place. Dear woman, she seemed very pleased to hear it. She said she could almost tell my feelings. At the prayer meeting the next Saturday I was brought to question the reality of it; but on the next morning, being the last Sunday in May, Mr. T. was led to take these words for his text, "Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind; be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Never before did I have any text come home to my soul with such power and savor. Every word seemed to be spoken to me as much as if there had been no one else in the chapel; and the sermon seemed all for me. O how it did "gird up the loins" of my mind, and enable me to "hope still in God," who is, I humbly trust, "the health of my countenance, and my God."

I must conclude, wishing you and your brother deacon grace and wisdom from above, to guide and direct you in every part of the office you fill. I trust I can say from my heart, I hope the Lord's blessing may rest upon you as a church, and upon your pastor. May his "bow still abide in strength." May the Lord still encourage him in the work of the ministry, by giving him more seals to his ministry and souls for his hire.

Dorchester, Sept. 23rd, 1852.

J. T.

I hope to hear that you get worse and worse; sick, sorry, languishing, faint, tired, weary, and determined to give all up; sick at heart, and dying for love; for, when our strength is all gone, when sick indeed, and wretched, then we shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live.—*Huntington.*

Free will has carried many a man to Tyburn, and, it is to be feared from Tyburn to hell; but it never yet carried a single soul to holiness and heaven. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;" free will can do that for us; "but in me," says God, "is thy help." His free grace must be our refuge and our shelter from our own free will; or it were good for the best of us that we had never been born.—*Toplady.*

Go to the table of the Lord. If you cannot rejoice, go and mourn there. Go and "mourn that Saviour, whom by your sins you have pierced;" (Zech. xii. 10;) go and lament the breaches of that covenant which you have there so often confirmed. Christ may perhaps "make himself known unto you in the breaking of bread," (Luke xxiv. 35,) and you may find to your surprise, that he has been near you when you imagined he was at the greatest distance from you; near you when you thought you were cast out from his presence.—*Doddridge.*

OBITUARY.

ELIZABETH TORP.

(Concluded from page 315.)

On April the 10th, my mother was in great distress of soul. She sent twice for me. When I entered her room, her heart was full of sorrow, so that I felt it a trial to see her. She looked up at me with tears running down her face, and said, "My dear child, you lie near my heart; will you not come and see me during the little time that I am with you?" I asked her how she was in her mind? She wept bitterly, and said, "Very dark and gloomy. I am afraid that I shall be lost, after all; for it is said; 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved;' and I am afraid that I have been all my lifetime deluded, and shall perish at last." I said, "No, my dear mother, your soul is bound up in the bundle of life, and never can be lost. Satan and unbelief may tell you it can, and cast all this dismal gloom over your past experience, and hide every evidence and landmark from your view, but, with Job, your life is preserved, and your soul can never perish, for your blessed Lord is of one eternal mind; and not Satan or all his agents can ever turn him. Here shines the doctrine of election and the final perseverance of the saints most blessedly,—once under the righteous favor of the Lord, you are under his favor for ever; once washed in the blood of the Lamb, you are for ever clean. He gives unto his sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; for they are engraven on the palm of his hands; and their walls are continually before him. Your blessed Lord Jesus has fought your battle and got to himself the victory. When he breathed forth his precious soul upon the cross, the work of redemption was for ever completed; and it was completed for you, mother; for it was done for ever." She asked, "Do you believe so, my dear child?" and again burst into tears. I added, "Yes; you have known what it has been to experience a change many years ago, and to walk much under your Saviour's countenance." She replied, "Yes; and before I was delivered, many times have I gone out in the garden late at night, and looked all around, afraid to go to my bed, afraid that it would be the last light that I should be spared to see; and when I was delivered, what a change I felt! Promise after promise came with such sweetness and power into my soul, that I felt the whole Bible was mine." I answered, "The same Lord that appeared for you then and numbers of times since will appear for you again; the same hand that brought you through all your troubles, afflictions, and sorrows, will lead you safely through the waters of Jordan and land you safe in glory." She asked, "Do you think he will, my child?" I replied, "Yes, my dear mother; as the Lord liveth, so surely will he appear again for you. You will see your signs again; you will feel your feet fixed upon the rock; and the day will come when you will have cause to bless the Lord for passing through these many weeks of darkness. When your soul arrives in glory, you will have more cause to praise and adore the arm that brought you there. But while here, you must still have a part with Jesus in

his temptations; you must drink of the cup that your Saviour drank of, and be baptized, in a measure, with the baptism that he was baptized with." She replied, "Yes; but I still fear that it was wrong in my staying away from the truth and the people of God so long, and that the Lord is angry with me." I said, "Well, I have thought that it was wrong, and it may have been some of the cause; but we read of Ephraim being 'joined to idols,' and with him you seem to have been left alone for a time; but the time is come when you can say with Ephraim, 'What have I to do any more with idols?' You are now brought, with him, to mourn, grieve, and lament over your past days of departures from your Lord and his blessed ordinances. But hear the blessed words of the Lord to all his repenting Ephraims, 'My dear son, is he a pleasant child? for since I spoke against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.'" She replied, "These are sweet encouraging words. O that the Lord would seal them home to my heart! These things do encourage me to hope that the blessed Lord will appear for me." "Yes, my mother," I said; "the Lord will surely appear for you. You have often told me in days past, when my soul has been sunk in sorrow, that it was darkest and coldest before the break of day; and as you have many times experienced it in your soul in years gone by, so you will again, through this severe furnace of affliction, find, when all your dross is consumed, your soul will soar the higher. Jesus, his blood and righteousness, his sufferings, cross, and death, will be more endeared to you. You will be led more to praise and adore the riches of that grace that has reached you, and the merciful kindness of the Lord that has upheld you under all your sinkings and conflicts with Satan; so that you will be led to see that nothing strange has happened to you, but that it has been a right way to a city of habitation. Many of the Lord's children have travelled this dark path before you." She replied, "Yes, dear Ann was in darkness, and the Lord appeared for her; and O that the blessed Lord may appear for me, that I may pass the river telling the triumphs of my king!" I answered, "Yes, mother, he will soon appear for you; for you are one of the very characters that he came into the world to seek and to save."

The following night was a blessed night to her. The next day, being Lord's Day, I asked her how she was? She replied, "O I have had a blessed night, and passage after passage of Scripture has flowed into my mind with such sweetness that I have not slept all night; so that, when all around me was silent, I enjoyed the sweetest communion with the dear Lord; and these two passages were particularly sweet to my soul, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms,' and, 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.'" She added again, "The righteous runneth into it, and is safe." I said, "Bless the Lord. Did I not tell you that he would soon appear for you?" She replied, "Yes;" and burst into tears of joy, and said, "He has appeared, and I can now give up all my

children into his blessed hands. The Lord has given me some good children. They are not all, as yet, called by grace; but I can leave them in his hands, and hope that I shall soon enter my blessed home. I envy dear Ann; she has passed the river and entered into rest; but I have it to pass." I said, "The same Lord that led her through the valley of the shadow of death, will lead you through." She answered, "Yes; 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe;' and 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' How can we sink? we cannot; for the Lord 'abideth faithful.'" I replied, "No; our souls can never be lost, or the Scriptures can never be fulfilled. Hypocrites and apostates may fall away; but all the Lord's tried, exercised, and afflicted family will arrive safe in glory, for where the blessed Head is, the members must be. 'There shall not a hoof be left behind;' for should there be one stone missing, the building of mercy would not be complete."

For several days she was a little revived and strengthened in her soul; but still she felt darkness at times; and her fears came on again. After she had waded through a few more days of darkness, (though at times she felt a little glimmering ray of light,) the Lord, in the riches of his grace, sent these words into her soul with divine power, and with them chased away all her darkness, doubts, and fears, and set her feet experimentally upon the Rock of Ages:

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
My needs he will supply;"

and, "Christ is mine, and I am his; what can I want beside?" When I entered her room, she gazed earnestly at me and with such a heavenly look, and said, "Christ is mine, and I am his; what can I want beside?" and burst into tears, and said again, "He is mine! he is mine!" and "What can I want beside? All my gloomy, dismal fears of death are removed and gone, all the dark clouds that have hung over my soul for so many weeks are removed; the Lord has done it; and he is my Lord. I did not think that I should find it as you and Mr. D. told me I should; but it is so. It seemed as if all that part of the room was nothing but one dark cloud, and hid all my past experience from my view, and there was nothing before me but a fearful looking-for of death, with continual gloom. But now all this is removed. My Lord has done it. O bless him, bless him, my soul! for the Lord has healed and restored my soul." She then desired me to read some of the psalms of David. I did so; and she felt a sweet union with David, and exclaimed, "What precious language! I now long to pass my change. I long to reach my home. I long to reach Zion's hill, and be for ever at rest. O what a mercy that the Lord should have ever looked upon me! I could not believe that I should experience this blessed change;" and she wept with gratitude and praise, and repeated again, "The Lord my Shepherd is," &c.; "Christ is mine and I am his; what can I want besides?" and as friend D. told me, the Lord had nothing better to give. I said, "O mother, you are privileged above thousands upon thousands. You are bordering on your eternal home;

and what a blessing to have a nearness of it in your soul." She replied, "Yes; and what a mercy that all my fears of death and the sting of it are removed? and now, instead of frowns, he smiles upon me."

She was exceedingly ill day after day, yet her soul was kept in a sweet calm and blessed state, longing for the days and hours to pass away that the time might come to leave her suffering body. Sometimes she would say, "I wonder how many more weeks it will be. When will the Lord come and release me out of my afflictions? When will the Lord come and call me? How many more days will pass away before I reach my home?" And sometimes she would look at her arms and seem pleased to find them wasting so fast, saying, "I cannot remain long." This verse was very precious to her,

"With Christ in view may I go on,
Nor death nor danger fear;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
And I the prize shall share."

Thus all her fears of death were removed and for ever put away. Satan, with all his fiery darts and fierce temptations, was driven into the bottomless pit; the roaring lions and beasts of prey that for so many weeks had howled around her camp were all driven away; the sun had arisen and shone into her heart, and melted her soul into thanksgiving and praise; the clouds and mist that had long lain around the goodly land and hid every evidence and landmark from her view, were all chased away; the winter was passed, and the spring time was come; and by faith she saw the immortal gates opened into the holy city, and her redeemed soul on the borders of it, clothed with the wedding garment, waiting to enter in. Never shall I forget when I entered her room on the morning of May 17th, when she looked up at me with her eyes sparkling with love, praise, and thanksgiving, and said, "O I have a beautiful prospect before me! For two days these blessed words have been on my mind with power, 'Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in.' O what I have seen and felt under these words, and with what power have they been spoken to my heart! 'Open ye the gates.' And this morning I have seen them opened, and have had a sight by faith into the holy city; and it shines and is paved with gold. No tongue can ever express what I have seen and felt this morning. I long to enter in. O that my time were come! I wonder how long it will be; not many more days. I hope that I shall not live through this week. I long to go home to see my Lord, and to be released from this poor suffering body.

"I soon shall pass the gloomy vale,
And reach fair Zion's hill."

I said, "My dear mother, this is a blessed Whitsuntide to you, and you will soon enter into the full possession of the glory that your soul has had a taste of." She replied, "Yes." I continued, "A few more days at most will put an end to all your sufferings,

and an eternity of praise will for ever be the blessed employment of your ransomed soul." She answered, "Yes," and burst into tears. I said, "You have passed through a scene of trouble in this vale of tears; and you have dreaded to live to see this day, because of the noise and bustle of the ungodly around you, who rejoice in their sin and wickedness. And O to see the goodness of the Lord in appearing for you in such a marvellous way? Will you not have abundant cause to crown him Lord of all for ever?" She replied, "Yes. O if my life were written, what a book it would be! What troubles I have passed through! But the Lord has supported me under them and brought me through; and how wonderfully good has the Lord been to me! How he has heard my cries and answered my poor petitions, even from my childhood; 'When my father and mother forsook me, then the Lord took me up;' and he has led me about in the wilderness and instructed me, and not one trouble has been too many. O the blessedness to look back many years, and see how wonderfully the Lord has appeared in my greatest times of need, and how I have enjoyed the presence of the Lord, and have been enabled to wrestle with him in prayer hundreds of times, that my dear infants who lay near my heart, might in his good time be called by his grace and prove to be vessels of mercy; and though the Lord was not pleased to remove the weighty cross that I had to carry through my partner in life, yet he has given me some good children, who have never caused me any trouble, but many times have been a sweet comfort to me in my darkest moments." I said, "O mother, we can ascribe all the glory to the Lord, for he is worthy to be praised and adored; he has done all the work of our soul's salvation; and to his blessed self alone is all the glory due." She replied, "Yes, it is all of his sovereign grace; all of the goodness of the Lord." I said, "O the blessedness to be in a justified state, waiting for the last enemy to be destroyed! You are now bordering near the river. The blessed Lord Jesus has gone before you and trodden out the path; and as you have for many years been enabled to take up your cross and follow him through evil and good report, and with him have suffered persecution, reproach, and shame, and have continued with him in his temptation, so you now must follow him through the waters of Jordan, and there leave your mortal part behind." She replied, "Yes."

Being exceedingly ill, and crying out under her piercing sufferings, I said, "What are all your sufferings compared with the sufferings of Jesus in the garden? There was not one that would watch with him even for a few moments. At the judgment hall, see him crowned with thorns, and led away to the cross and crucified, with all the sins of his people laid upon his holy soul in flames of wrath." She replied, "Mine are as nothing when compared with his. I have my dear children around me to sympathise with and comfort me, and they can rejoice with me because the Lord has appeared for my soul, taken away the sting of death, and removed all the dismal things that I have labored under so long. O that I was freed from this suffering body, to be for ever with Christ, to bless him and praise

him, without interruption! I often think of Edmund Mead and your dear wife; his sister, how they longed after him. But now they are freed from all their sufferings, and are with him, casting their crowns at his feet. O that my time were come also, that I might enter my blessed home! How slowly do the hours pass away!" I said, "O mother, what is our life at the longest, compared to eternity, or 'these light afflictions, which are but for a moment,' when compared to an endless eternity of unutterable glories that await us?" She answered, "Nothing but drops to the ocean. I desire to wait patiently until my change comes. It seems too much, that such a poor mortal as I should have any part with Jesus. All the greater part of my illness I feared and dreaded the thought of death, because my soul was surrounded with such darkness; but now my blessed Lord has appeared and chased it all away, I want to praise him more." Afterwards she said, "I hope the Lord will keep the little few together as a church and incline their hearts to meet together from time to time. That is the place where the presence of the Lord has been many times enjoyed in my soul. Often have I gone into that little chapel with my mind bowed down with trouble upon trouble, and then the Lord has appeared for me; and it has been my desire for many years, if there should be anything said at my funeral, that that text should be spoken from where it is written, 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.'"

My mother continued to get worse, so that her days were hastening to an end; yet the Lord was still precious to her soul. May 22nd was the last Lord's Day that she spent on earth. I sat with her a little time, and asked her how she felt in her mind? She answered, "Very blessed." But being so ill, all conversation with her made her worse. Yet she felt a close union with all the friends whom she believed to be the Lord's children, and desired to see them.

On the Monday and Tuesday following, she continued much in the same state of suffering, and was still longing and waiting for the last enemy to arrive to take down her sinking, tottering tabernacle, to let her soul into the presence of Jesus, at times saying, "When will he come? when will my blessed Lord come for me? 'Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in.' The gates are opened; my blessed Saviour has opened them; and I shall soon be with him; it will not be many more days."

On May the 25th, she was much worse, and appeared to be dying, but her mind still continued in the same blessed state,—no doubts or fears of death or temptations; all were gone and shut out of her soul for ever. I said to her, "Well, mother, you are now going into the river. You will soon put off your mortality for ever, that will be the glory of it; for could we take these bodies of death to heaven with us in their fallen state, they would be a trouble to us; therefore it is needful for them to be left behind, to go into the grave, to lose their corruption till the resurrection morning, when they will be

raised again and fashioned like unto the glorified body of Jesus, and be reunited with our souls again." She answered, "Yes. And what a blessed morning will the resurrection morning be!"

On the evening of Thursday, two days before her death, her soul had another precious visit, and appeared something like the apostle's, to be caught up from her body and placed on the borders of immortal glory. But I do not feel at liberty to mention her expressions at this time, as the infinite glories of the Lord overpowered the faculties of poor sinking nature. Several times afterwards she repeated, "I want another visit from the Shining One."

Friday, the last day that she lived, was a day of great suffering, and all the day she appeared to be fast sinking into the hands of death. But her soul was in a sweet calm and blessed state. The greater part of her children sat around her bed during the day, four of whom she had reason to hope, were made partakers of the rich, free, distinguishing grace of God; and though she had a real love and regard for all her children, yet she had a special and particular regard for those who were made manifest in her conscience to be trophies of her Saviour's victory. Although she was as ill as a mortal could be and live, yet she still had the same affection for her children in her last days, and would often look around with eyes beaming with maternal love from child to child, and say, "My dear children; the Lord has given me some good children." At another time she said, "I fear that I shall tire you out, because I am so long dying."

In the evening of this day it was distressing to be with her, as she could scarcely breathe for fear of being choked with phlegm. Her favored daughter said, "Now, mother, nothing but the real truth will do to die by; all false props will give way in the hour of death." She answered, "Yes. I want another visit from the Shining One." One of my sisters desiring her to take something to eat, she replied, "I do not think that I shall eat or drink any more till I sit down in the kingdom of God." Having left her for a short time, when I entered her room she looked earnestly at me, and said, "My dear child," and held out her hand. I went near her, and said, "My dear mother, you have been a good mother to me, and I shall miss you." She answered, "Yes, and would be again; and if it had been the Lord's will, I should have liked to live a few years longer for your sake; but you cannot wish me to stay with you now." I replied, "No, my dear mother, I cannot. Our loss will be your eternal gain; you are going to a far better world, where there will be no more sickness, pain, nor sufferings; all will be soon for ever put to an end, and I hope to follow you. We have been taught in a measure the same things, travelled together in the same path, and have the same crown of glory in view." She replied, "Yes, and that will be far better than living in this poor troublesome world." I said, "You will soon be with dear Ann. She told you that you would soon follow after; and you are the first of us to travel the path. You will soon be with her, to sing the same song." She replied, "Yes; the sooner the better." I said, "You have passed through a world of sorrows, but they will soon be for ever ended."

She answered, "Yes, for ever." I then asked her if she felt any of the gloom or darkness that she had felt in past days? She replied, "No; it is all removed and gone into the land of forgetfulness." I then asked her if her mind was still happy? She replied, "Yes."

She now became much worse, and all conversation with her was now over, as death, with its iron grasp, was seizing on the vitals of nature and drinking up the streams of life. Her favored daughter and myself left her a few hours, but were soon called by her desire. When we entered her room, she was held up in bed, laboring for breath. Unable to speak at the sight, my sister burst into tears, and was obliged to withdraw; but the tender eye of my mother was fixed upon her, and watching her out of the room, she seemed grieved that her favored child was not able to stay with her in her last moments. I sat down with her to witness the closing scene. She fixed her eyes upon me and tried to speak, but was unable. She then held out her poor trembling hand towards me. I went near, and said, "My dear mother, your sufferings will soon be over, and you will be for ever with Christ." She tried to answer me, but could not. Her children being around her, she cast her eyes from child to child, and tried to speak, but could not, as her end was near.

She had several times expressed a desire that she might not be choked at the last with the phlegm, if the Lord's will; and though she had suffered much from it for several days and nights, yet the Lord was pleased to remove it entirely several hours before her death. My sister having desired her in the evening before her death, to give us a sign, by lifting up her hand at the last if unable to speak and the Lord was still precious, I sat longing to see the goodness of the Lord in her last moments; but her eyes became weak and dim, and she appeared unable to move up her hands any more, as her last breath was near. But the Lord was also near. She opened her eyes, held up her hand, looking earnestly at me, and laid it down, and never moved afterwards. Without a sigh, struggle, or groan, she easily breathed forth her redeemed soul into the hands of her Lord and Saviour, and landed safely in glory, to behold for ever the sweet face of Jesus without a veil of flesh, having left all her sufferings, sins, sorrows, cares, and woes behind; no more to groan under a body of death, no more to hear the noise of archers, the roarings of the enemy, and beasts of prey; no more to be hated and persecuted for the name of Jesus, her soul having entered upon an immortal state, to drink larger draughts at the fountain-head of the river of life, and for ever swim in the boundless, fathomless ocean of the immortal love of the ever-blessed Three-in-One Jehovah through a never-ending eternity.

Thus died and fell asleep in Jesus my dear mother, Elizabeth Topp, on the morning of May the 28th, 1853, in the 70th year of her age. Her mortal remains were committed to the grave adjoining the little chapel on the following Tuesday, as "a shock of corn fully ripe," where her mortal dust rests in hope of a blessed resurrection at the last great day.

Market Lavington, Wilts.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

REVIEW.

*Apocalyptic Sketches, by Dr. Cumming; &c. &c.**(Concluded from page 325.)*

In our examination of the deep and mysterious subject to which we have in our late Reviews called the attention of our readers, we have been desirous to avoid two things,—*first*, slavishly treading in the footsteps of commentators and interpreters; and, *secondly*, falling into novelty and fancifulness of interpretation. We have examined the subject for ourselves, as far as our time and ability have permitted, and therefore ask our readers to do the same. If our views, either materially or even partially, differ from what they have been accustomed to entertain,—formed, perhaps, not from independent examination and reflection, but from a servile adherence to some favorite author;—let them not thence hastily conclude that we are totally wrong, and reject our conclusions with angry contempt, but let them calmly and carefully weigh our words with the Scripture, and see how far our explanation accords with that inspired and infallible record.

In our last Number we pointed out a distinction between the Woman and the Beast on which she sat. This distinction we consider of very great importance, and the main clue to the right interpretation of the whole. To this point, therefore, we shall first draw the attention of our readers; and this the more readily, as affording us an opportunity of dropping a few remarks on the symbolic language of Scripture.

It has pleased God in his holy word to make much use of symbols. By the word *symbols* (we write here for the benefit of our less-educated readers) we mean certain well-marked, determinate figures, employed by the Holy Spirit as emblems or types to convey a definite meaning. Thus, the Bow in the Cloud was a symbol to Noah, the heavenly Ladder to Jacob, the Kine and the Ears of Corn to Pharaoh, and through him to Joseph, the burning Bush to Moses, and the Great Image to Nebuchadnezzar. But especially to the prophets were these symbols shown as emblematic of coming events; as, for instance, the Almond Tree and the Scorching Pot to Jeremiah, the Living Creatures and the Roll to Ezekiel, and the Beasts to Daniel. These symbols, it is especially to be observed, have for the most part a uniform and determinate meaning. This is not only consistent with the authoritative character of God's teaching in his word of truth, but arises from the very necessity of the case; for were these figures indeterminate in meaning, or susceptible of various applications, they would, like ambiguous words, leave us in continual doubt as to their intended signification.

These remarks may prepare us to enter more clearly into the two symbols which are set before us in Rev. xvii., and with the further consideration of which we resume our subject.

In the opening of that chapter, a Woman is brought before our eyes as sitting upon a Beast. Observe first, the distinction of these two symbols, and keep them in your mind as separate as you can,—as fully and widely distinct as a man on horseback from the animal which he bestrides. This distinctness of view will much help you to travel on with us through this difficult subject. And observe next, that neither of these symbols is a new one, employed for the first time in the Revelation, but that both of them are figures previously employed in the Scriptures, and each with its distinct, determinate signification; the meaning of each having been previously so clearly fixed that it cannot admit of a shadow of a doubt. The Woman, as we have already shown, represents a degenerate, backsliding, or apostate church. Of this there can be no question, as there is no scriptural symbol more determinate, the degenerate church in Jerusalem and the apostate church in Samaria being both represented by the figure of a harlot in Jeremiah, (iii.,) Ezekiel, (xxiii.,) and Hosea (i., ii.)

The Beast, then, on which the Woman sits must be as distinct a symbol as the Woman herself, and the two figures must be kept perfectly separate, or confusion must be the necessary result.

Now, where must we look for the key to the symbol of the Beast? Evidently to the book of Daniel, to whom the four Beasts were first shown in vision. And when we consider that the fourth Beast which Daniel saw had ten horns, and that these ten horns were explained by the angel to signify ten kings, (Dan. vii. 24,) in both which points it exactly tallies with the Beast before us, (Rev. xvii. 3-12,) we have the strongest grounds for believing not only that the symbol means the same thing, but that the two Beasts themselves are identical.

To this point we now, then, address ourselves; and, treading on this firm scriptural ground, shall endeavor to show what is represented by the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast on which the Woman sits, and which, if for a time her prop, eventually becomes her downfall.

By referring to Daniel's vision of the four great Beasts, (Dan. vii.,) we obtain this fundamental position, that a Beast symbolically represents a Civil Power; for the four great Powers which in succession ruled the world, the Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman empires, are symbolized by these four Beasts. As founding their empires in cruelty and violence, destroying myriads of human beings with the same insatiate thirst for carnage as a lion or a tiger falls on its prey, a ravenous Beast aptly represents one of these ancient conquerors whose delight and glory were to pour forth human blood like water.* Of these four Beasts the last is that with which our business lies; and this beyond all doubt and controversy symbolizes the Roman empire. Now it is most plain from Dan. vii. 9-14 and

* The sculptures lately brought from Nineveh, which represent little else but war and conquest as carried on by the kings of Assyria in the most destructive form, are remarkable monuments to confirm the meaning of this scriptural symbol.

23-27 that this Beast was to continue in existence till "the judgment is set and the books opened;" in other words, till the second coming of the Lord Jesus. The Beast is therefore *now* in existence. And where are we to look for it but to the Roman civil empire?

Thus far have we trodden on safe and firm ground, and having obtained this clear footing, must keep on this highway and not be drawn from it by any dancing will-o'-the-wisp of fancy, lest we fall into the bog of error. We are now prepared for a closer examination of the apocalyptic Beast on which the Woman sits. His marked features are, that he has "seven heads and ten horns." We are left in no uncertainty as to the meaning of either of these marks, the angel having explained them both.

The signification of the seven heads is thus given: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth. And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." (Rev. xvii. 9-11.)

It will be observed, that the seven heads are here explained as symbolical of two distinct things: 1. The *local seat* of the empire; 2. The different *phases* through which that empire passes. A few words on each of these points may be desirable to make the mind and meaning of the Holy Spirit plain and clear.

1. The *locality* is most determinate; nor could it be more plainly or more accurately fixed had the angel pronounced and the beloved disciple written the word ROME. "The seven heads are the seven mountains on which the woman sits." London is not more clearly fixed as sitting on the Thames, or Paris on the Seine, than Rome as sitting on the seven hills. This is so precise, that we are absolutely tied down by the symbol to that interpretation; for the ancient Babylon, so far from having seven hills, had not even one; the whole country round about being one vast alluvial plain. This is the testimony not only of historians and travellers* but of Holy Scripture: "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a *plain* in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." (Gen. xi. 2.) "Nebuchadnezzar the king made an image of gold, whose height was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits; he set it up *in the plain of Dura*, in the province of Babylon." (Dan. iii. 1.) The city of Rome, then, as the seat and metropolis of the Roman empire, must be one meaning of the seven heads of the Beast.

2. But the angel gives another meaning of the same symbol: "And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space." (Rev. xvii. 10.) These words plainly indicate the

* Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, who had personally visited it, thus describes it: "The city, situated in a *great plain*, was of a square form," &c.

different *phases* or forms of government in the headship of the Roman empire in a chronological series.

But here, we wish to observe, is a degree of difficulty and obscurity which may render our explanation less clear than we could wish. On this point, therefore, we offer our interpretation less decisively; but our readers shall have our thoughts upon it as far as we have examined and weighed the subject: "And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." (Rev. xvii. 10, 11.) The seven kings represent, not seven kingly individuals, seven distinct monarchs in succession, but seven different phases of government, yet all administering, though at different periods, one and the same empire. To bring this clearly before your mind, carefully examine the symbol; and in so doing figure to yourself a wild beast having seven heads growing out of its body. Now, of these heads one might droop, or sleep, or fall to the ground, or even "be wounded to death;" (Rev. xiii. 3;) one head after another might thus cease to act or live; and yet whilst one head remained, not only would the beast live, but *that* head would rule and guide the whole body. This last point demands especial attention, for it is the grand key to the right interpretation of the Beast. If we bear this, then, steadily in mind, we need not much trouble ourselves about the five fallen forms of government, for they have all completely passed away. We shall therefore merely observe that they seem best explained by kings, consuls, decemvirs, military tribunes, and triumvirs, all of whom were successively at the head of the Roman government before the time of John. "And one is," that is, the form subsisting in the time of John, viz., the imperial government, which lasted, at least in the Western empire, nominally till the deposition of Augustulus, A.D. 476, though it actually ceased 20 years before. "And the other is not yet come."

Fixing our eye, then, still on the same point, that the Beast represents the whole Roman empire, and the heads distinct and successive rulers, what power, may we ask, succeeded the Roman emperors so as to exercise an acknowledged authority? On no point do interpreters more widely differ than in their explanation of the seventh head. Dr. Cumming, following Mr. Elliot, who he believes "was guided by the Spirit of God" in proposing the interpretation, explains it as referring to the Roman Emperors' adopting the diadem instead of the laurel crown,—a distinction about as great as that, in the old epigram, between tweedle dum and tweedle dee. Bishop Newton inclines to the idea that it represents the Exarch of Ravenna; and Mr. Faber interprets it of the Empire of Napoleon Bonaparte. Our own view is that it represents the Papal government as exercising temporal sovereignty, which nominally rose about A.D. 800, but did not actually exist in any plenitude of power till 1278.

As we wish to deal fairly with the subject, we admit one difficulty in the way of this interpretation. "And when he cometh, he must

continue a short space." This seems hardly applicable to the Papal civil government which continued many years, and to a certain extent exists even still. But we must carefully bear in mind the distinction already drawn between the civil and ecclesiastical Papal government. The civil power, except over a small part of Italy, did not last long, and was never very quietly submitted to, and as an earthly monarch acting with weight in the affairs of Europe, the Pope has never had any influence since Charles V., more than 300 years ago, marched an army into Italy, which took Rome by storm and shut up the Pope prisoner in his own castle of St. Angelo. This head, then, though still worn by the Beast, may be considered as asleep or drooping; and viewed as thus paralysed for several hundred years, the seventh head may be regarded as having continued in its vigor as a head but "for a little space." It is, we may observe by the way, only because the seventh head hangs thus drooping on the ground, that the Beast allows the Woman to ride upon it. The Beast, therefore, is now asleep; but when the seventh head drops off, and the eighth starts up in its place, the Woman will at once be shaken off and the Beast rise up in dreadful power and fury.

But besides this view of the subject we may add, that in the eyes of the Lord, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, the longest time of Rome's existence, even were we to extend the date of her temporal dominion, is but "a little space;" and we have an almost parallel expression (Rev. vi. 11) where, in answer to the cry of the souls under the altar, it was said, "They should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." But that "little season" has stretched from that time to this, and will stretch on till the last saint shall yield up his breath to the persecuting stroke.

But we now come to a further, and, as we understand it, a future phase of the government of the Beast: "And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." (Rev. xvii. 11.) The word to be supplied after "eighth," as required by the laws of the Greek language, is "king;" we therefore read it thus in full, "And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth king." Now if our view of the seventh head be correct, and that it signifies the civil Papal power, then the eighth head as king has not yet appeared, for the Pope still exists, at least in name, as a civil prince.

To this point, then, let us now bend our attention, for with the rise of this eighth head the fall of Babylon is connected. A part of the description of the Beast, for we do not wish to blink any difficulty, is confessedly obscure. It consists in his being described as the beast "that was, and is not, and yet is;" and again as the beast "that was, and is not." To us the words seem mainly to imply the changing, versatile character of the Beast as a whole, for it is of the Beast as a whole that the words are spoken. It is almost as if we should say of a fickle, changeable man, "We hardly know what he is, for he is not to-day what he was yesterday, and yet with

all that he is not another, but the same individual." So the Beast, viewed under all its phases, changes, and revolutions of government, as a whole, is not what it was, and yet is. It was first Pagan, then nominally Christian, and yet really Pagan; for the Romish Church not only borrowed Pagan rites, but the Italian peasantry to this day are but Pagans in sentiment and worship. Or adopting our view that the eighth head represents the Infidel Antichrist, "it was" professedly infidel in its original state, "is not" infidel nominally in its present state, "and yet is" so in its actual status. If, then, our view be correct, the eighth head, on king still to come, will be the Infidel Antichrist to whom allusion was made in our last Number.

We are thus brought to a closer and fuller examination of the last head of the Beast. The other seven have dropped off or fallen to the ground; and therefore, as inert or useless, are prophetically viewed as non-existent. The whole intellect and strength of the Beast are now, therefore, concentrated in the eighth head, which grows out from, and takes the place of, the fallen seven; and on this head stand ten crowned horns, representing ten kings, which are the weapons of the Beast. Now let us fairly ask the question, Has this eighth head yet appeared? If so, where, and who or what is he? Can he be the Pope, poor old Pius IX., who four or five years ago had to run away from Rome in the disguise of a livery servant? A fox or a jackal would be a better symbol for Pío Nono slipping out of Rome by night than a terrific beast with ten horns on his head. It is, then, to our mind perfectly absurd to make the temporal power of the Pope represented by the eighth head, when he never possessed more than a few square miles of territory, and is now but the shadow of a name. And now we see the necessity and advantage of keeping the two symbols perfectly distinct; for by confounding them together, as most interpreters have done, and as necessarily must be done if we view the eighth head of the Beast, and consequently the Beast itself, as representing the civil power of the Pope, and the Woman as symbolising his ecclesiastical power, we make nothing but confusion.

Consider also another point, which, we think, will strongly show the absurdity of representing the eighth head as the temporal power of the Pope, which is Dr. Gill's view, and, we believe, the usually received interpretation. The eighth head evidently uses the ten kings to destroy the great Whore. The Woman, beyond all controversy, represents Popery. Now look at the absurdity involved in making the eighth head to represent the Pope's temporal power; for as the eighth head destroys the Woman, it makes the Pope in his temporal capacity destroy the Pope in his ecclesiastical capacity; that is, in other words, it makes the Pope burn the Pope,—a rather improbable, not to say impossible catastrophe! And after the Pope has burnt the Pope; and thus destroyed all his power, he has strength enough, as the head of Europe, to make war with the Lamb! For the Beast is to continue, it must be observed, in full power till the coming of Christ, and is bold enough to make war against him until he is defeated in the great battle of Armageddon, where he is taken

and cast alive into a fire burning with brimstone. (Rev. xix.) Will the poor old Pope, just strong enough to mumble his Ave Marias, have spirit and courage to do this, when, as a temporal prince, he is now only held on his throne by French bayonets? Why, long before this, the ten kings will have burnt the great Whore, and made a clean sweep of the Pope and all his crew.

If, then, our interpretation be correct, this last head is still to appear, and will come under a form precisely suited to the spirit of the age and the character of the times. As Popery is the product of an age of superstition and ignorance, so Infidelity is the fruit of an age of science and intellect. To bring the discoveries of science to bear upon the Bible, and by that means overthrow a belief in revelation, is Satan's last masterpiece; and as the Pope has done his work, and is now worn out, and the age requires a head to lead it on in another direction more suitable to its spirit and aspirations, the devil will very quietly drop the Pope to employ a completely different instrument; for it is "the dragon," we read, who gives "the beast his power, and his seat, and his great authority."

Whether this be an individual or a power we will not attempt to decide. The analogy of the other heads, which were not individuals but forms of government, would lead us to infer that the eighth head would be also a system rather than a person; but the short time during which it would appear that he will exist, and various passages of Scripture which seem to invest him with marks peculiarly characteristic of an individual, incline us to favor the view that he will be a king, who will put himself or be put at the head of the infidel opposition to Christ.

Men are trembling at Popery, and anticipating with sinking hearts the near approach of that day when it will ascend the throne and rule supreme in the senate. Satan is thus, we fear, putting the church on a false scent and diverting her from the real source of danger. For what is Popery? A decayed, worn-out system, which, with its monkish ideas, priestly assumptions, and infallible dogmas, is utterly opposed to the spirit of the age. A few intriguing politicians or restless priests may make a bluster about the claims of the Catholic Church; a new chapel or cathedral may start up here and there, and timid people, from these and similar symptoms, may fancy Popery is coming in like the Holmfirth flood, to drown us all in a night. But we may apply to these loud brawlers Burke's striking figure of the restless Jacobins in his day: "Because a few noisy grasshoppers make the air ring with their importunate chink whilst a thousand noble oxen chew the cud in silence in the shade, are the grasshoppers the only tenants of the field?"* We do not say that Popery may not again rise to some height, though our belief is that it will not; but this we do say, that it cannot become a persecuting power, unless there be a

* As we quote from memory only a passage not seen for years, we may be incorrect in a few words, but we are pretty certain of the general language.

complete revolution in public feeling, and the present tone of thought and tendency of things be completely changed. What men are now everywhere crying out for is light, progress, advance in every branch of human intellect and investigation. Science, mathematical and mechanical, is everywhere making the most rapid strides, and revolutionising not only the material interests of the world, such as trade and commerce, but stirring to the lowest depths the very minds and opinions of men. New ideas shoot through Europe with the velocity of the electric telegraph, and become through the press part and parcel of the minds of thousands. Now is it likely that an antiquated system like Popery, which from its very nature is necessarily opposed to all progress of intellectual thought, and whose grand aim still is, as it ever has been, to chain the human mind to the Pope's footstool, can again be the dominant power in England? Because a few monks creep about Birmingham, or we see sometimes a priest at a railway station, are we to be frightened to death at "the alarming increase of Popery?" What influence has it on the public mind, without which, in this country, a great movement is impossible? What large public meetings has it had to speed its progress? How many thousand petitions in its favor have been carried up to the throne? What multitudes are anxiously watching its daily advance to posts of honor and influence? No great revolution ever took place in this country without these accompanying symptoms; and not one of these proclaims the accession of Popery to power.

But take a few tests to show whether Popery has any place in the heart of the people of England. The Pope is assembling a council of bishops at Rome to settle the point of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; that is, to decide authoritatively and infallibly whether the Virgin was conceived without sin or not. As the increasing tendency of the Papal Church is to exalt more and more the Virgin Mary to a level with the Son of God, no doubt it will be decided she was, like him, conceived without sin; and there will come out a Papal bull declaring her equality in this respect with the Lord Jesus Christ, and damning to hell all the heretics who deny it. But what in the world do the millions of England care about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary? A line from the Crimea stirs the hearts of myriads. Will a line from Rome announcing the decision by infallible authority of the immaculate conception make men's hearts beat like a telegraphic despatch from Sebastopol? Take another test whether Popery is increasing in numbers or interest. Go into a large assemblage of workmen, say, a factory in the manufacturing districts, and endeavor to ascertain how many Roman Catholics there are in it. Except a few poor ignorant Irishmen whom we may count as mere ciphers, how many intelligent mechanics will you find professing Popery from an earnest, deliberate conviction of its truth? And of these how many are recent converts? Will you find one in twenty, we might say, one in a hundred, who, according to the standard of their own books, is a zealous, earnest, devoted Catholic? Next, try

how many infidels and Socialists there are? Will not these outnumber the Catholics—may we not add, professing Christians?—in an alarming proportion? Or take another test. Look at Ireland, the great strong-hold of Popery in these islands. Is Popery increasing there? Why, it is gradually dying out from the flight to America of thousands of the most bigoted part of the Catholic population, and the growth of Protestantism in the west, so that it is said the priests in some parts are reduced to nearly half in number and all but starved for want of support.

But our arguments will perhaps fail to convince many of our readers, and it will be replied, "Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington both believed that Popery would be again in the ascendant and slay the Witnesses; and it is very presumptuous in you to set up your judgment against these great and good men." It would be so, we allow, in most points of doctrine, experience, or practice, nor is it likely we should do so, as for the most part we see eye to eye with them; but the interpretation of prophecy is quite another matter, on which Christians may differ without prejudice to their faith in fundamental points. These great men had but the word of God to guide them as well as ourselves, and unless especially inspired, which we have no reason to believe they were, could only obtain the mind of the Spirit by comparing scripture with scripture. There certainly are passages which speak of a great persecution of the saints previous to the grand winding up of all things; and as these good men in common with most interpreters, applied what is said of the Beast to Popery, it followed, according to their views, that it must arise to some dominant height to enable it to do so. They were well persuaded that the Witnesses were not yet slain; and as the only persecuting power they knew of was Popery, they of course concluded that by the same blood-stained hands which had kindled the fires of Smithfield would the Witnesses fall. But might not these great and good men have been mistaken on this point, and referred to Popery what really belongs to Infidelity? We agree with them that the Witnesses are not yet slain; but we do not believe that Pope or prelate will slay them, but a more cruel and inveterate adversary.

But as this is an important matter, and we wish to make our views as clear as we can, let us bring forward one or two more arguments in their favor. We wish no one to adopt our views who is not convinced by our arguments, for assertions without arguments are worthless; and if our reasoning be sound and scriptural, it will carry weight with it to all unprejudiced minds whether our conclusions be fully received or not. Mr. Huntington fixed the year 1866 as the date of the destruction of Popery. It might perhaps, he thought, be earlier, but it would not outrun that time. Now no one has a higher opinion of Mr. Huntington than ourselves, and on points of personal experience he was indeed a master of Israel. But he acknowledges in his "Bank of Faith" that he had "bookish fits," and we are inclined to think that in the matter of prophecy he studied books too much and got misled by them. It was from his books he learnt that Phocas gave the Pope the title of Universal Bishop,

about 606; and he therefore fixed that as the date of the rise of the Papal power. As, then, it was to last but 1260 years, it followed as a matter of course that it will come to an end in 1866. But fixing dates is dangerous work for an interpreter of prophecy. Mede, the great commentator on the Revelation, fixed on the year 456 as the commencement of the 1260 years, and therefore 1716 as the date of their end; and Mr. Huntington may be as much out in his calculations as he. According to Mr. Huntington's view then, there are but 12 years to run before the date thus fixed is out; and as the time of persecution is to last three years and a half,—that being the period of the civil death of the Witnesses,—according to this view, Popery will in eight years and a half be the dominant religion in this country, and not only dominant, but invested with such unprecedented power of public authority, as to kill by a civil, if not literal death, all the witnesses for God and truth in the land. But unless there be a thorough revolution in the very framework of society, this it cannot do unless the Queen, both Houses of Parliament, the public press, the aristocracy of the land, and the middle and working classes all become Roman Catholics. Now, looking back to the last nine years, we may well ask those who cling to this view, what progress has Popery made to warrant the belief that in nine years more it will close all the churches and chapels of the land and rule with triumphant sway from John-o'-Groats to the Land's-end? Common sense, which we must not wholly discard in these matters, tells us the thing is impossible, unless a change take place in the public mind of which there is at present not the slightest symptom.

But it will be replied; for some are very slow to give way when the views of a favorite author are disputed, "Hark not Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington some strong scriptural grounds for their belief; and do you not know that the Scriptures cannot be broken? What, then, are your suppositions and reasonings worth when the Scriptures contradict them?" Ah! that is the question. *Our* views do not contradict the Scriptures; for upon them they are based. They may, perhaps, contradict your views of the subject, or your interpretation of the Scriptures; but have you ever closely and deeply examined the word of God on this point; or are you merely adopting the opinions of others without investigating their truth? Never mind mere assertions, ours or anybody else's; but examine our arguments, and if they are sound and scriptural, be honest enough to lay your mind open to them. But just indulge us with another supposition. Suppose, that the Scriptures which speak of the persecution of the saints, the slaying of the Witnesses, and the dominion of some great antichristian power, do not refer to Popery at all, but to a power which will itself destroy Popery; and suppose that the eighth head of the Beast represents this infidel power, which will be Satan's last attempt against the saints of the Most High. This is not setting up our reasoning against the Scriptures, but believing them as fully as Mr. Huntington did, only not interpreting them exactly in the same way.

But as among those who came to the help of David there were "men who had understanding of the times," (1 Chron. xii. 32,) let us be allowed once more to draw attention to them. Popery is worn out; but is Infidelity dead and buried? Look at the increase of infidel publications, and if not the infidel profession the infidel lives of millions. What are the multitudes in France, Germany, and even in our more favored land? Is not their character "without God in the world?" Now, we can easily understand how these multitudes may, as by one impulse, cast off the very name and profession of Christianity. In the first French Revolution this was done by the whole nation, and we have therefore an instance to the point. And this is certainly much more intelligible and probable, not to say agreeable to the prophetic Scriptures, than that these multitudes should all become, in a few years, devout and devoted Catholics, and put their necks under the feet of monks and priests.

Thus the spirit of the age and the aspect of the times concur with Scripture, or at least with our view of it, in proclaiming the rise of an antichristian power under an infidel form. Do we not often hear of "the coming man," of "the good times that are coming," and similar expressions, as if the world stood on tiptoe, expecting the advent of some individual or power to embody the aspirations of the masses to realise some change from the present system? And can we not easily conceive how some individual of eminent abilities and lofty rank might seduce the masses to rally under his banner as their deliverer from the galling chains under which they groan? Are any of these aspirations directed for the return of Popery and to have a government of monks and friars? What the masses want is not religion under any form, but the largest share they can possibly get of earthly pleasure and happiness. "Away with all religion," is rather their cry, than, "Come, Priest, and reign over us."*

How closely, too, is all this connected with the earthquake of the Seventh Seal; and how we seem to see emerging out of this troubled sea some mighty conqueror who, like Bonaparte, will proclaim himself not the child and the champion of the Revolution, but the child and champion of Infidelity. The mine is dug, the train is laid, and the match ready for the explosion. France, Germany, Italy, are all ready to rise at the wild shout of liberty; and can we not well believe that after the earthquake under the Seventh Vial, when all Europe will be convulsed to its very foundations, and when the threatened Northern invasion shall have swept away the three temporary kingdoms into which it will at first be divided, there will be room for an infidel power to assume the headship and have his ten satellite kings, as Napoleon was attended by his at the Congress of Erfurt? Will men then want to put themselves under an old withered priest, and

* We should much like, if space admitted, to show how the infidel part of the Romish priesthood, shadowed forth by the lamb-like Beast, (Rev. xiii. 11,) and called "the false prophet," (Rev. xvi. 13, xix. 20,) will help forward this infidel movement, and as now they lend all their power to the Pope, will lend all their power to the Beast. But we must content ourselves with merely throwing out the hint.

to kiss the Pope's toe as the vicegerent of God on earth? No; the wild multitudes will want neither monk to confess them nor Pope to absolve them, but a bold leader, ready to sweep away all restraints that keep them from their lusts.

This eighth head,—and bear in mind that this head as concentrating in itself all the intellect and force of the Beast, is in fact the Beast itself,—will rule with absolute sway the whole Roman empire, and with it, we fear, our own beloved country. His seat and metropolis, though we speak here with some hesitation, we are inclined to think will be Rome, that being almost fixed by the terms of the prophecy. To him will be given universal, perhaps idolatrous, worship, by all but the people of God: “And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.” (Rev. xiii. 8.) Dreadful will be his reign though short, and universal will be his sway, for “power is given him over all kindred, and tongues, and nations.” The saints he will cruelly persecute, and kill by civil or literal death all that will not worship his image. But before this he will, by means of his satellite kings, have put an end to the great Whore; for to him will the ten kings give their power and their strength, for they have one mind: “For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled.” (Rev. xvii. 17.)

How Mr. Huntington could bring himself to believe that these ten kings would be converted characters, does indeed astonish us; for the whole drift of the prophecy, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying, is opposed point blank to such a conclusion. If any of our readers are staggered by our words, we simply say to them, Do not be blinded by human authority, but read the passage and judge of it for yourselves: “These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast. These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them.” Now, is not the Beast an enemy of God and his Christ? And can those be converted characters, children of God, and partakers of his grace, who give their power and strength to the deadly foe of the Lamb, and who, in firm alliance with the Beast, make war upon Christ, saying, in the language of Ps. ii. 3, “Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us?” So far from being on the side of Jesus, which they would be if vessels of mercy and called by grace, they make desperate war with the Lamb, in firm alliance with the Beast, whose willing instruments they are. Look, too, at the symbol, which is completely destroyed by adopting the view that the ten kings are gracious characters. The horns of an animal are constituent parts of his body, the weapons which it employs to toss and gore the objects of its fury. What the Beast, then, is, so are they; and, in our view, we might as well make out the Beast to be a child of God as the ten horns on his head to be followers of the Lamb. See, again, in what different language and with what distinct contrast the angel speaks of Christ's followers: “They that

are *with* him," as opposed to those that are *against* him, "are called," which the kings are not, "and chosen," which the kings are not, "and faithful," which the kings are not.

The passage which most probably inclined Mr. Huntington to make them out to be gracious characters is where it is said that "God hath put it in their hearts to fulfil his will."* But this language is sometimes used in Scripture to express how men, as instruments in God's hand, fulfil his secret will without any desire to obey his revealed will. Thus we read, "He turned the heart of the Egyptians to hate his people, and to deal subtilly with his servants" (Ex. vi. 25). The Holy Spirit does not by that mean that God actually infused hatred and deceit into their hearts, but that he left them to their own inclinations, by doing which they performed his secret will, the issue of the whole being that his people came up out of Egypt. So as it is God's will that the great Whore should be burnt with fire, and that these ten kings should all join in making the bonfire and tying her to the stake, it is said that he has put it into their hearts to fulfil his will; that is, his secret mind and fixed purpose and decree.

There cannot, then, be any doubt, at least there is none in our own mind, that the ten horns or kings are strict and firm allies of the Beast, and as such are involved in his rebellion and his ruin. Assuming that they represent the ten leading powers of the Roman empire in its renewed form, under the headship of the Beast, it is an idle dream to fancy they will be savingly converted to God, and is opposed not only to the Scripture, but to all precedent and all probability. When were ten kings ten gracious characters? Such a sight never was seen in the world's history. God indeed uses them as his agents and instruments to burn the great Whore; but so he did the Assyrian and Roman armies to destroy Jerusalem. The Assyrian was "the rod of God's anger and his indignation was the staff in his hand;" but when the Lord had by him "performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jerusalem, he punished the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks." (Isa. x. 5-12.) So it will be with these ten kings. They will do God's will in following their own. His will

* We do not wish to bore our readers with learned criticism, yet we can hardly help remarking that there are three distinct words rendered "will," in the New Testament. One means the *wish* of God, that is, what God wishes or desires to be done; the second, the *counsel* of God, that is, what God has deliberated upon in his own eternal mind as fit to be done; and the third, the *purpose* of God, that is, what God has decreed to be done. The first is used most frequently, as Matt. vi. 10, xviii. 14, John iv. 34, &c.; the second occurs Acts xiii. 36, Rom. ix. 19, but is generally translated "counsel," or "purpose," (Luke vii. 30, Acts ii. 23;) and the third is only rendered "will" in the passage before us, being elsewhere always translated "mind," "judgment," or "purpose." (Acts xx. 3, 1 Cor. i. 10, Phil. 14.) A literal rendering of the passage, therefore, may not be amiss here; as we think the authorised translation is not as happy as usual: "For God hath given into their hearts to do his purpose and to do one purpose." The word here rendered the *will* of God means rather "the *mind*" or "*purpose*" of God; and is generally so rendered in our translation.

is to destroy the great Whore; and they will execute this will, not moved to it by grace, but by their own indignation against her. This, however, will not save them from rebellion and destruction, for as "*the beast and the kings of the earth (that is, the ten kings) are gathered together to make war against the Lamb,*" ruin falls upon both, with this difference, that the Beast "*is cast alive into the lake of fire*" and the kings perish with the sword. (Rev. xix. 19.)

But we have wandered from our point, which was to show the fall of Babylon, and how it is connected with the reign of the Beast.

As far as we can gather up the meaning of the prophecy, it will be thus; and here we have the history of the past to guide us. Popery will oppose the schemes of the Infidel Antichrist to exalt himself to great power and authority; for to consent to them would be to sign her own death warrant. Her opposition provokes the European powers who are in strict alliance with the Beast, and who participate in his schemes as hoping to participate in his glory, and they hating, as upon infidel principles they must needs do, her hypocritical pretensions to be the spouse of Christ, while they see how she prostitutes everything that is holy to obtain earthly power, fall upon her, strip her of all her possessions, and burn her flesh with fire; in other words, put a thorough end to her. And thus Babylon falls to rise no more. This is the FALL OF BABYLON, and will probably take place soon after the rise of the Beast and the consolidation of his power, through the accession of the ten kings. The very heaven, with the holy apostles and prophets, will then rejoice over her, for God hath avenged them on her.

Here, then, we lay down our pen, and close our prophetic inquiries; for, though there are still several points of much interest to elucidate, such as the probable series of these events, their connexion with other prophecies in the sacred Volume, the final ruin of the Beast, &c., yet as the discussion of these points might draw us on controversial and debateable ground, we think it best here to bring the subject to a close.

None but those who have carefully examined the subject know its inherent difficulties, and how obscure many points necessarily must be till the whole mystic tissue is unravelled. We cannot close, however, without remarking that Dr. Cumming's works on the subject are, in our judgment, very superficial; that there are in them few or no traces of original and independent reflection; that he is, for the most part, a servile follower of Mr. Elliot, and has sought to popularise the subject by the charms of a tawdry eloquence, without any real weight, depth, or solidity.

We owe a great debt to our readers in having trespassed so much on their time and attention, but hope we may not have written utterly in vain, and think we may almost promise them not so to offend again.

POETRY.

THE HARBOR OF THE SAINTS REPOSE.

My dearest, my beloved Lord,	While myriads seek their whole delight
O grant me this request,	In fleeting things at best,
The sum of all my soul's desire,—	My favor'd soul is blest to lean
To lean upon thy breast.	On thy unchanging breast.
How sweet, when by constraining love	'Tis not the imperial monarch's throne,
At thy dear feet I'm blest!	Nor yet the noble crest,
But oft thou bidst me come up higher	But all my utmost thoughts would crave,
And lean upon thy breast.	To lean upon thy breast.
Greenwich.	

M. D.

JESUS REAPPEARING.

The Sun had gone down and had left me in darkness,
 As cheerless and gloomy as midnight to prove;
 My spirit still fainting, and longing, and looking,
 To see my dear Jesus and feast on his love.

I feared former comforts might prove a delusion,
 Not born of the Spirit, and carnal their end;
 Yet ventured once more, 'midst distress and confusion,
 To seek my Beloved, and hope him my friend.

I cried, "Speak, O speak, to my languishing spirit;
 Prolong not a silence so death-like to me;
 Apply to my heart thy all-prevalent merit,
 And help me, dear Jesus, to triumph in thee.

"I'm helpless and vile, nor a moment would venture
 To seek or expect any other retreat;
 My heart is with thee, all my hopes in thee centre,
 And if I must perish, I'll die at thy feet."

To prove himself gracious, no longer he waited,
 But strengthened my faith on his promise to rest,
 Said he, "Though I try thee, my love's not abated,
 I'm Jesus, the faithful, and thou shalt be blest.

"To show that my counsel's above all mutation,
 Behold, I have deign'd to confirm by an oath,
 That those who have fled to my wounds for salvation,
 Might strong consolation experience by both."

Here, Lord, let me live in the prospect of sorrow,
 Recline on the bosom of Covenant Love,
 Committing to thee all the cares of to-morrow,
 Rejoicing in hope of the glory above.

Should death be at hand, then I'll fear not undressing,
 But cheerfully throw off my garments of clay;
 To yield up my breath is a covenant blessing,
 Since Jesus to glory through death led the way.

Peterborough.

A. S.

Christ, enjoyed by faith, trails after him death, life, the world, things present, and things to come. If God give you Christ, in the same charter all things are yours, "because ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 23.)—*Rutherford*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

No. 228. DECEMBER, 1854. Vol. XX.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND BY THE LATE MR. GOULDING.

(Concluded from page 339.)

Thus, having set before you what I humbly conceive to be meant by the iniquity of a believer's heels, viz., inbred corruption, I come, II. To treat of what it is to be "compassed about" with this, and to show that it is an evil day when this is the case.

Now, for the iniquity of our heels to compass us about, is for it to fight against us, to oppose and resist us. When Paul says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me," he was compassed about by the iniquity of his heels; and in Heb. v. 1, he speaks of it thus, "For every high priest taken from among men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity." David himself speaks of the iniquity of his heels by the name "infirmity," which he found to compass him about; and only mind what he says, "I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice, and he gave ear unto me. In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord; my sore ran in the night, and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted." Only see what a corrupt spring spread forth from this sore: "I remembered God, and was troubled; I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Selah. Thou holdest mine eyes waking. I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night. I commune with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search." Now mind what infidelity, a part of the iniquity of David's heels, says, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Selah." No, no; all was right on the side of God. It was David that was wrong, and he confesses that what he had said was not true: "And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." (Ps. lxxxvii.) Thus David was compassed about with the iniquity of his heels, and so are all God's children more or less;—Paul's old man and the new man, corruption and grace; and these

in all God's family war a continual warfare. The new man is faith, hope, love, joy, peace, righteousness, life, light, meekness, godly sorrow, holiness. The old man is infidelity, despair, enmity, wrath, misery, sin, death, darkness, rebellion, hardness of heart, and uncleanness. Whenever the blessed Spirit is pleased to operate upon the new man, then every member of him receives life, power, and motion; every grace then is in exercise; faith is strong; hope is at work either upon pardon or glory; love enlarges the heart; "joy unspeakable and full of glory" springs up; "peace which passeth all understanding" reigns in the conscience; our justification shines clear, for not one accuser is to be found in the court; life abounds in the soul; we are all fervor and earnestness; the light of life blazes out, and we can see clearly that we are "passed from death unto life," that we shall no more come into condemnation, and that the same light now in us shall be turned into perfect day; meekness is sweetly felt, and resignation and filial fear enjoyed; godly sorrow, from a sense of pardoning love, flows out, and true holiness then adorns the soul. This is the new man raised up in the believer, which God has promised to strengthen day by day. But no sooner does the blessed Spirit withdraw his influence, than directly we are compassed about by the iniquity of our heels, or by the old man. The devil works in him and by him, and instead of faith, we find infidelity; instead of hope, despair; instead of love, enmity; instead of joy and peace, evil tempers, attended with misery and anger; instead of liberty, bondage; instead of life, deadness of soul; instead of light, darkness; instead of meekness, rebellion; instead of godly sorrow, hardness of heart; instead of the image of God appearing in righteousness and true holiness, there appears about us nothing but sin and corruption.

Thus, therefore, when the corruption of our old nature is permitted to make inroads upon us, and we find something of its influence in every faculty of the soul and in every member of the body, then does the iniquity of our heels compass us about, and we can see enough in David, (as well as in ourselves,) though he was a man after God's own heart. When the corruption of our nature is permitted to work, then we are compassed about with the iniquity of our heels; and when the grace of God is revived, then the Lord compasses us about with songs of deliverance; and we shall certainly be compassed about both these ways all through our journey. It is the day of adversity the one; it is the day of prosperity the other. And do you not find this? Do not you sometimes find an evil heart of unbelief? Do not you sometimes experience hardness of heart? Is there not at times such a thing to be found in you as enmity? Does your soul never cleave to the dust? And is this prayer never in your heart and in your mouth, "Lord, quicken thou me according to thy word?" At other times, something like murmuring and complaining? Do not you also frequently get into darkness,—into a cold, lukewarm, lifeless state? Are you not sometimes filled with confusion, so that you can make no judgment of your goings; and amidst all this evil leaven, are ready to cast away all

your confidence, and at times to mutter such perverseness as that of David's, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul?" or with Jonah, "I do well to be angry, even unto death?" or with Moses, "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favor in thy sight; and let me not see my wretchedness;" or with Jeremiah, "Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail?" or with Thomas, "I will not believe?" "O yes," say you, "God knows I have enough of this rubbish with me." Again, further. Do you never find worldly things crowd into your mind when you would wish to pay particular attention to a sermon preached? ungodly thoughts hurled through your mind when you would be diligent at a throne of grace? great wanderings of soul; when in meditation you could wish to have your mind stayed upon God? "Yes," say you, "these things do cleave to me and trouble me not a little; but I hate them all, and believe the devil to be the author of them, and not God." Well, then, this is just what Paul found when he would do good. Mind, only "when he would do good, evil was present with him;" and this is just what David talks about. It is the iniquity of your heels, you may depend upon it, that does thus compass you about. But then there are times when you find every member of the new man in motion, when faith, hope, love, joy, peace, meekness, patience, &c. &c., all abound. "Yes," say you, "I must say I do at times enjoy something of these things; but then the time is so short; I should like more of it." Yes, and so would others besides you; these are only foretastes or earnestings of what we shall have at the end of our race; and these precious refreshings from the Lord's presence are to encourage us to run the race set before us, and to keep us from fainting in our minds through our manifold temptations; while the bitter herbs are to keep in memory our base original, to keep us thankful to God for his great salvation, and to keep us from being lifted up with pride and from all vain-glory. When the iniquity of our heels compasses us about, it is called an evil day; and so it is. Is it not a day of trouble and distress? Is it not a day of mourning and perplexity? Is not the Lord's blessed face hid? Is not the light of his countenance withdrawn? Does not the Holy Spirit suspend his comforting influence? Yes, verily, this is the case; and when the Sun of righteousness withdraws his shining, then comes the devil. We have his temptations; he is always devising something and some way to distress us; then appears "the sin that doth so easily beset us;" and the devil knowing what they are, and which we are most prone to, lays siege against us with all his power on that quarter. Though he knows he cannot get our souls into the same condemnation with himself, yet if he ever enjoys any happiness, it is when we are in distress and misery; and by his evil suggestions, violent assaults, fiery darts, and cruel buffetings, he does and is permitted at times exceedingly to disquiet and distress us. All these things coming upon us when the light of the Lord's countenance is withdrawn, it is verily an evil day with us, though at such times the presence of God is wonderfully with us, in supporting, in succoring, and strengthening us; for were he

not to strengthen us when in the furnace of affliction and temptation, the devil would prevail, sin would overcome us, and we should be hurried on post-haste into destruction and perdition. It is by God's strength being put forth in our weakness that we are enabled to overcome the devil and the sin of our nature; our strength is not in us, but in God: "Verily shall one say, In the Lord have I strength." When night comes, then comes forth the devil, and all the corruption of our hearts are alive. When Christ arises and shines again, then it is day; then the sun is up and shines upon the soul, and then the devil and corruption are lost in the sun's rays; but when the sun withdraws, we have them all again, they being only departed for a season, not for ever. Just so David found it, when he says, "Thou makest darkness, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all." (Ps. civ. 20-24.) These lions and this darkness, or the evil beasts creeping forth and departing in the day and coming forth in the night, beautifully represent those changes that believers experience between the working of grace and that of corruption.

I would just note a word or two on the 21st verse; the spiritual meaning of it I take to be this: The "young lions" mean devils; "roaring after their prey," is their seeking the destruction of the children of men, as we have it by James, "The devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour;" and, says the Psalmist, "They seek their meat from God;" and James says they can do nothing but by divine permission. They go about seeking whom they *may*, and not whom they *will* devour. And all that die in their sins, that are not of the household of faith, they are the meat of those lions; they are the prey of devils, and hence they get nothing for their portion but what the Lord is pleased to give them. Those whom he leaves to perish in their corruption the devil gets; and hence the salvation of the elect is declared to be a spoil or a prey taken from the devil. "I will," says God the Father to his Son, "divide him a portion with the great;" i. e., Christ shall have some of the subjects of every king, prince, and potentate; "and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;" i. e., the devil shall not run away with all the human race. Christ shall have a part of them; all whom he conquers, subdues, and takes out of the devil's hands by his sword and by his bow; and thus he casts out the strong man armed and divides the spoil.

Well, having shown what it is for the iniquity of a person's heels to compass him about, and that such a day is an evil day, I come now,

III. To show that, though it be an evil day when the iniquity of a person's heels compasses him about, yet there is no just ground to be afraid, and that every believer, with David, may say, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?"

There is no just cause for fear on this account. It shall never prove the ruin of any chosen vessel. The few Canaanites in the mountains were never driven out, but were left to try and prove Israel. And so is the corruption of our nature. God is pleased to suffer this, and cause it to work together for our good and his glory; and this is necessary for our growth in grace, knowledge, and understanding. Were the sun to shine all the year round, there would soon be a famine, the earth could bring forth nothing, nor anything exist. Frost, snow, and showers are as useful in their times as the rays of the sun; all these changes are as absolutely necessary to agree with in nature. And so are changes in a sinner's heart for a growth in grace; and these different changes are marks and badges of God's elect, for they that have no changes, fear not God; they are destitute of saving knowledge and experimental understanding; and though corruption is permitted to fight in and war against us, we need not be afraid of it, seeing grace shall reign, and sin shall not have dominion. This can never bring us under the wrath of God: It can never finally exclude us from God's favor; it can never destroy God's covenant; it can never separate us from Christ; it can never bring us into a state of condemnation before God; and therefore, why should we be afraid of it? Paul, in the midst of all its violent workings, could rejoice in Christ's victory over it; says he, "I thank my God, through Jesus Christ, who giveth us the victory." And how did his faith operate upon God's everlasting love? "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 35, 37-39.) And God has been pleased so to secure the final perseverance of the saints, that they never could, never did, nor ever shall fall finally away from grace. It is impossible; for God must cease to be God before any chosen vessel shall fall into the pit of hell.

Only let us see how "everlasting" is interwoven with every branch of saving experience. Have I got the love of God shed abroad in my heart? "I have loved thee," says God, "with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Am I saved from the burden and guilt of sin and the wrath of God? We are "saved in Christ with an everlasting salvation." Am I in a justified state? "He shall make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness." Have I experienced much joy springing from a sense of pardoning love? "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away." Has the Holy Ghost as a comforter operated upon my heart? It is "everlasting consolation." Have I been caused to pass under the rod of correction, and am I brought into the rod of

the covenant? "My covenant," says God, "I will not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." And says David, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." Have I got light first to see that of all sinners I am the chief, and that in the Lord Jesus Christ I am a sinner saved? "Arise, shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Have I got that precious faith that purifies the heart, that works by love to God, his word, his people, and his way? "Simon, I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not;" and the end of faith is the salvation of the soul. Have I got the experience of that "peace that passeth all understanding," which is the fruit and effect of justification by Christ's righteousness? "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; the end of that man is peace. The righteous perish, and no man layeth it to heart." Merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken from the evil to come; they shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in that uprightness which they had of Christ Jesus. Am I brought to a heart-felt union with the Lord Jesus Christ, so that he is the only foundation of my hope? "Upon this rock I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Have I got life in my soul? Do I "hunger and thirst after righteousness?" Is Christ crucified its only satisfying food? And is his blessed word my meditation and delight? "I give unto them (my sheep) eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands." Have I a good hope of spending an eternity with Christ in glory? Well, I shall not be disappointed of my hope, nor have my expectation cut off. "Where I am," says Christ, "there shall also my servant be." Am I blessed with the invaluable gift of the Holy Ghost as a Spirit of adoption, love, power, and a sound mind? "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up to eternal life." "This spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." O what strong consolation is here to every heir of promise who has fled from the wrath of God, revealed in a broken law, to the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Refuge! Well may every justified soul say, (putting all these everlasting blessings together, though compassed about by a body of sin and death,) with David, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?" What liars must those be that preach up falling from grace? How dishonorable to God, how destructive to the peace, happiness, and comfort of souls? How contrary to the whole word of God! There can be no such thing as everlasting love, everlasting salvation, everlasting righteousness, &c., if after all we may finally perish and be damned at last. And if one single soul for whom Christ died perished, then must all; for if his satisfaction was not sufficient for all, it was sufficient for none. If the redemption-price paid was not sufficient for the redemption of all the sheep given to Christ from everlasting, it was not sufficient for one; but that his satisfaction and the redemption-price paid was

sufficient to procure the salvation of all his elect, is clear, because on the third day he rose from the dead, and after 40 days ascended into the Holy of Holies, there to appear in the presence of God for us, as our Head, Representative, and Forerunner. And this is an invincible proof that the law was magnified and fulfilled; that justice was satisfied; that an offended God was appeased; that sin was done away, the devil and his works destroyed, and the kingdom of heaven secured to all believers, as is excellently set forth in some part of the Church of England's service, speaking of Christ, when he had overcome the sharpness of death, he "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers;" and says he, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." Now this blessed will of God must be fulfilled, so that a believer cannot perish; for who has resisted the will of God so as to defeat him in his purposes? Yet the cursed errors of the Arminians naturally declare this. But then, if the free will and power of an Arminian,—the power of sin and Satan, can defeat the designs of God, then he is not almighty, consequently, there is no God, because there can be but one Supreme, one Almighty, one Omniscient, one First Cause of all things. O what a destructive scheme is this if preached to the extent of its natural tendency! It is Atheism; it is Deism; it is devilism, and there it ends; for none but the devil himself is the author of such a system as this.

"Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?" Had he said, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the unpardoned sin of my conscience and the iniquity of my heart compass me about?" we might well tell him he had much cause to be afraid, because this separates between God and the soul. But the iniquity of our heels does not. The former is attended with the sting of guilt and the sting of death, but not the latter. Therefore, however it distresses us, there is no cause to fear it. It is not a criterion and mark of a reprobate, but of a believer in Christ Jesus; for the Shulamite, or Church of Christ, is, ever was, and ever will be, a company of two armies while militant. The "law in the members" will ever war against the "law of the mind." "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh," and "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit, and that which is born of the flesh is flesh." But wherefore should I fear this, though it be an evil day? It shall not ever continue. A bright day succeeds it, and some go into the Lord's presence to get satisfaction, and out of it to be exercised with the iniquity of our heels, to get an appetite; and this makes a great part of the path of tribulation, through which every soul must and shall walk that gains salvation to the kingdom. There is no

escaping it. And so it is declared of all in glory, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" and now they sing his praises. Though the old man was crucified with Christ, nevertheless he is not yet dead in us. Crucifixion is a lingering death, and this leprosy will never be purged out of the house till death come; then that will put an end to sin in the believer. The soul, when it quits the tabernacle, is immediately ranked among the "spirits of just men made perfect" in heaven; and though the body is appointed to see corruption, yet in the time appointed it shall be raised up in incorruption; it shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ; and when this is done, and the soul once more takes possession of it, then there shall be no more sin, no more warfare, the world, the flesh, or the devil; for immortality and eternal life shall be all in all. Seeing this is to be the case, "Wherefore should we fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of our heels shall compass us about?" There is no cause for it whatever; though after our first love is over, and all our corruptions appear again, we are greatly afraid, and think some strange thing has happened to us, and are ready to cast off all our confidence. Yet after a little chequer-work, a little more experience of changes, and comparing what the word of God says about these things, we then begin to see it the way of the saints, the way to the kingdom; and by this exercise we become acquainted with Satan's decrees; get to be skilful in the word of righteousness, dexterous at handling the sword of the Spirit, and become expert and useful soldiers in the field of action under Christ's banner, the Captain of our salvation.

And thus I have endeavored to open up and set before you this "parable" of the Psalmist, and this his "dark saying," which he opened out upon his harp; and as far as consistent with the Lord's mind and will, may his blessing attend it. And may he pardon and forgive all that is amiss, for Christ's sake. Amen.

I thank you kindly for the extract you sent me, as it is a report of a good work of grace begun,—no small matter of joy to me. What is said is well spoken, and to hear him complain of the plague of his heart is a very good sign; but if he expects to get quite rid of this and to meet with an even path, that has no rough places in it, I hope in God he will be mistaken, because there is no such way that leads to glory revealed in the Bible; and if he live a thousand years twice told, and all the time his path shines more and more, yet he will then see himself worse than now, and there will still be in existence the plague of the heart. Answer the letter according to the ability God has given you. Be particular in your inquiries about how he was brought to the knowledge of the truth; where he is favored, in this metropolis, of sitting under the sound of the everlasting gospel; if he can give you a "reason of the hope" that is in him; and an account of how this was wrought. Let me have the account when convenient, for which I shall be thankful; for every friend of the Bridegroom must rejoice greatly when any are brought

to peace and know his life-giving voice from that of all strangers. I am more particularly concerned to know about these things, seeing he and I used sometimes in company together work for the devil, in his service and drudgery. Pure gospel, in our day, is a rare thing. It is not a sound set of notions in our head only. No; the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" therefore, where the gospel is, there is salvation. The gospel is the ministration of the Spirit; therefore, where the gospel is, there is the Holy Spirit. The gospel is the ministration of righteousness; therefore, where the gospel is, there justification unto life has taken place. Now where these things are, there is the pure gospel; and where these things are not, there is not the pure gospel; and if a preacher never was thus acquainted with the gospel, he never did nor ever can preach the gospel, because he knows nothing about it. Now, if he is brought under the preaching and into the enjoyment of the experience of such a pure gospel as this, then he is a son, and blessed with the same blessing of eternal life as his father Abraham was.

Respecting myself, I am, blessed be God, very well, passing along my journey according to the two principles of motion in me; but then I have this precious promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Hitherto I have found the Lord both faithful and true to his promise; and having obtained help, power, and strength of him, I have been enabled to continue to this day; and as he is a God that rests in his love and never changes in his purposes or swerves from the promises that he has made, so I hope and expect, according to his promise, that he will never leave me nor forsake me; that at the end of my race, though heart and flesh both fail, even then he will be the strength of my heart and my Portion for ever; and that when death comes, through the might of his power every enemy shall be as still as a stone until I pass over Jordan into the promised land to the heavenly country.

Mr. H. has been again very ill, and laid aside from preaching some time, but blessed be God a little more strength is communicated, and he preached on Sunday, in Hertfordshire. I verily believe the time of his departure is at hand; but he has "fought a good fight," and I am sure he will "finish his course with joy," and that he will "receive a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give him in that day." O that we may thus finish our race, that our end may be peace, that no saving blessing may be wanting, but that we may be found of the number of the wise virgins; and that when even death comes, our lamps may be trimmed, our lights burning brightly, fed and supplied by the oil and unction of the Holy Ghost; then we shall quit this tabernacle with loud hosannas to the King of kings, and for ever join in with those who never fail to sing the wonders of redeeming love. That this may be one delightful theme both while in time and to all eternity, is and shall be the prayer of,

Dear William, your servant for Christ's sake,

London, May 1st, 1800.

CHRISTOPHER GOULDING.

A LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON TO MISS MORTON.

Dear Madam,—By the contents of your last, you are still in your “grave clothes,” and your “head bound about with a napkin;” but ere it be long, Jesus will say of you as he once did of Lazarus, “Loose her, and let her go.”

As your convictions are still alive, and attended with prayer to God, it is clear that they are both from the Spirit of God, for “the hypocrite will not always call upon God,” nor will he cry even when God binds him. I am persuaded your present sorrow is a sorrowing unto repentance, “a godly sorrow,” that I trust will end in that repentance “that needeth not to be repented of.” If I saw nothing of this about you, I could have no ground of hope for you; for if God rebuke and chasten all whom he loves, and “scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,” what ground of hope could I have for you, who are an apostate, if you should go without chastisement? I must conclude from Scripture that you are “a bastard,” and not a child; “for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?” Your present sorrow is the ground of my joy with respect to you; for although I am sensibly touched with your present distress, yet I rejoice in the prospect of a future deliverance. God will not bring to the birth and not cause to bring forth. This being the faithful promise, I say as Paul did, “For if I make you sorry, who is he then that maketh me glad, but the same which is made sorry by me?” I am fully persuaded that God will deliver you with an outstretched arm; but there is a time for every purpose, and the times and seasons are in God’s hands. It is enough for us that he has promised: “They shall not be ashamed that wait for him.” God has not dealt with you after your sin, nor rewarded you according to your iniquities. “Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sin?”

I found myself greatly disgusted at that musical instrument that I saw in your apartment; and by its being open, I judged that you had been playing on it. It is one of the devil’s rattles, intended to keep a crying conscience quiet. He was one of the cursed race of Cain and the offspring of polygamy, that first invented those musical traps. Jubal was “the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.” And Job says, they are the children of the wicked that “take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ.” I know you have your answer ready from the Psalms, “Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the psaltery and harp; praise him with the timbrel and dances; praise him with the stringed instruments and organs.” Get you first David’s faith and David’s God, and then talk of David’s joys and music. I believe King David’s music to be typical of the melody of gospel times, under the government of Zion’s everlasting King, “when joy and gladness should be found in the church, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.” God commanded the use of “trumpets, rams’ horns, and golden bells.” The first was to alarm the nation in times of danger, to gather the military forces for war,

to proclaim a jubilee for slaves, and to call the tribes to their festivals. The golden bells intermixed with pomegranates to be hung on the skirt of Aaron's vestment; the pomegranates typified the sweetness of divine love, and the golden bells prefigured the songs of rapturous souls when their hearts are influenced and enlarged by the Holy Ghost. The Jews were more taken with music than with their God, and therefore he gave them their fill of it, from a royal band in the plains of Dura, when they were invited to a strange dedication, and commanded, at the sound of the cornet, flute, &c., to worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion; that put far away the evil day; that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph." You are sensible, Madam, that our spiritual Joseph has been grieved and afflicted in his cause and in his members by your apostasy. His command to you is, "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols." God has called you to lamentation for your folly. Obey his voice, "lest thy harp be turned into everlasting mourning, and thy organ into the voice of them that weep."

I am obliged to come to you with a rod, whether I am inclined to it or not, you are so unstable. I have written sharply that I may know whether you are obedient in all things. Fear not; the Lord will shortly visit you with his great salvation; then you will find a better melody than that of bell wires, and the tender care and kind providence of God will appear in a thousand shapes and forms.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." I shall only add my prayers, my hearty Amen, and refer you to a rapturous text, appointed to be read in future: "Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places." And subscribe myself,

Your willing servant to command in all godliness,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

Faith in God, as to the accomplishing of the great promise, in sending his Son Jesus Christ to save us from our sins, is the great fundamental principle of our interest in, and profession of the gospel. There is nothing in the gospel that God himself, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy apostles, more insist upon than this—that God has fulfilled his promise in sending his Son into the world. On this one thing depends all religion, the truth of the Bible, and all our salvation. If it be not evident that God has accomplished his promise, the whole Bible may pass for a cunningly-devised fable; for it is all built upon this supposition, that God gave and has accomplished it; the first being the foundation of the Old Testament, and the latter of the New.—*Owen*.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM A LADY IN ANSWER TO ONE FROM MR. J. KEYT.

Beloved Friend in the Lord, and highly favored of him who ascended up on high, and received gifts for men, yea, the rebellious also, or I could have no mercy,—He has graciously given you the pen of a ready writer and heavenly wisdom willing to speak a word in season to them that are weary. I beg your acceptance of many thanks for yours of yesterday, as for all your truly Christian-like spirit of brotherly kindness and concern about our better part. Under such anxiety of true hearty friendship, so very rare, you are rewarded sweetly in your own bosom by being favored with the Spirit of grace and supplication, promised to the household of David, with enlargement of heart to plead for others, dear to Jesus the Lord. He alone knowing all of them, and all things, and being very tender and mindful of such as are the most weak and tried in various ways, by his almighty, all-conquering grace and love, makes them willing to suffer whatever he appoints in this vale of tears and feeble mortal bodies; so that Christ Jesus, and he crucified, may be exalted and alone extolled, that all glory may be given to God and the Lamb as the only true and living God of all salvation unto the ends of the earth. Amen.

Your blessed petitions, dear brother, are a true copy of my own of late, having been highly favored with nearness and access before the throne of grace, when my soul and body were bowed in holy fear and sweet reverential awe before the sacred Majesty and most holy revelation of the love of the adorable Trinity, with liberty to plead, "Abba, Father," that my soul might be drawn to Christ, his only begotten Son, more and more, and be conformed to his blessed image; that I might value Jesus more by communing with his blessed Spirit of all grace. When I got a sweet glimpse of his lovely soul-cheering face, the beauty of the Lord, then I could venture to call him "my Lord and my God," seeing and feeling all the adorable perfections of Deity shining in his works and Person. My soul exclaimed in ecstasy of wonder and admiration, "Thou art the King of glory," &c. But he ascended in a cloud; and now I hope and desire to sit at his dear feet as a little child, to learn of him my daily, yea, hourly lessons of living by faith on his infinite fulness and freeness of grace to the chief of sinners.

The envious serpent is still carping and disputing with my helpless soul in self, and corruptions still striving for mastery, but grace must and will have the dominion. Glory be to God above, whose sovereign right it is to give and to call into exercise the holy troop which he plants in our hearts for our good and his own glory.

We are both tolerable at present in body, though weak and infirm. I feel my time will not be long here. So weary am I of sin and self and everything under the sun, so filled with anæres is this evil world, and Satan with his children so vexatious, and murders at times being so prevalent, that I have been like Aseph of late, envious at the prosperity of the ungodly. "Verily," says he, "I have cleansed my

heart in vain," &c., whilst he was plagued all the day long; so blind and stupid is that awful, cursed sin of unbelief; I never felt it so horrible before,—God-dishonoring, soul-distressing, hateful, a bar to all that is good, and as such, the devil's darling, by which he seduces the whole world.

I must conclude, being weary from fever to-day, the intermitting complaint being still upon me. I have written very badly, but hope you will be able to make it out.

Ever thine in Jesus, affectionately,

Greenwich, July 22nd, 1835.

M. D.

MERCY SHALL BE BUILT UP FOR EVER.

My dear Friend,—When I wrote the few lines in the first note, I felt such soul-union to you that I was obliged to write to you and tell you how precious the dear Lord was to my poor soul. But the enemy dared me to send it; and as the post had gone out, I could not that day. The next day I was so much tried and cast down in my poor soul, that I could not send the few lines. I entreated the dear Lord, if it were his will, that I might be permitted to write to you. I have many times, when the Lord has favored me, felt such a drawing toward you that I must write to you. O I do hope it is of the Lord!

I have been much exercised in mind. Many things have tried me, in myself and in others, particularly of that man whom Mr. G. spoke of,—how far one might go and after all miss the precious prize which numbers never seek and others seek in vain. O my very dear friend, how my poor soul goes begging and crying at times for his keeping power: "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." I tremble at the thought of being left to myself and the enemy of souls. Ah! I know something of his dreadful power, and so does my dear friend, and I trust also of the preciousness of that dear Friend of sinners who overcame death and him that had the power of death, for our poor perishing souls.

I have been very low in my mind from Sept. 12th, on which I dated the first note, till Oct. 31st, when I was begging of the dear Lord once more to stoop so low as to look upon a poor guilty worm in a way of mercy; for I feared after all I was deceived. I have not been so long without some sweet intimation of his precious love to my poor soul since the dear Lord blessed me in my illness. Bless his dear and precious name, he delights in mercy: "Mercy shall be built up for ever."

"Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair."

While begging, these words dropt into my heart: "He saved them for his name sake;" and "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and are safe." O his dear and precious name was above every name to my poor soul; it was "as ointment poured forth!" Bless his name.

On Nov. 2nd, our dear pastor spoke so sweetly of the consolations in Christ, that I felt sure I knew them feelingly in my poor soul, and I am sure there is none out of him. I feel a poor miserable, unhappy creature, if I cannot realise something of his sweet presence. O may the dear Lord keep me mourning over myself or over him.

I have had a sweet time, I hope, this week. When our dear minister came on Thursday I did not know how to speak to him for tears, which I tried to refrain from, for the enemy said, "Now he only looks upon you as a hypocrite; therefore he will not stay with you long;" and he did stay but a few minutes. But the dear Lord knows that the desire of my heart is to his dear and precious name, and to esteem his dear servants for his truth's sake and all his dear people. They are the "excellent of the earth" to me.

My much-loved friend, that your poor soul may be wet with the dew of heaven, is the prayer of a poor worm,

E. S.

When you pray, let your words be few, your thoughts and feelings many, and above all, let them be deep. The less you speak, the better you pray. Few words and many thoughts bespeak the Christian. Many words and few thoughts bespeak the Pagan. Merely apparent and corporeal prayer is that murmuring of the lips, that outward babbling, performed without attention, which strikes the eyes and ears of men; but prayer in spirit and in truth, is the inward longing, the motion, and the sighs, which proceed from the depths of the heart. The former is the prayer of hypocrites and all who trust in themselves; the latter is the prayer of the children of God, who walk in his fear.—*Luther*.

O the pains which God has been at to save me, and the pains which I have been at to destroy myself! But he has partly gained, and I hope that he will completely gain the victory. I find reading tires me, walking tires me, riding tires me, but, were I once with Jesus above, fellowship with him will never tire; so shall we be for ever with the Lord. If doubting, disputing, and trampling on his kindness, could have made him change his love, it had never been continued to me. Though I have not been left to commit gross crimes, yet he knows the outrageous wickedness of my heart, such wickedness as would have provoked any but a God of infinite love to have cast me into hell. Yet, lo! instead of casting me there, he takes me into his bosom, and tells me, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And O how the Lord has borne and carried me! He has indeed given me my stripes, but never except when I richly deserved them. I was young when left by my parents, yet their instructions, accompanied with God's dealings, made such an impression on my heart, as, I hope, will continue with me to all eternity. I have served several masters, but none so kind as Christ. I have dealt with many honest men, but no creditor like Christ. Had I ten thousand hearts, they should all be given to Christ, and had I ten thousand bodies, they should all be employed in laboring for his honor.—*John Brown*.

CORRUPTION ESCAPED AND PROMISES GIVEN.

BY JOHN BUSK.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."—2. Peter i. 4.

In the beginning of this chapter, I cannot but remark (though much is spoken against it in our day, and they that preach so are called narrow contracted spirits,) yet I say I cannot but remark how narrow the apostle is, in verse 1, when he says to them, "Simon, Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ, to them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Thus it is plain that though he was a servant and an apostle, yet he was so only to them that have obtained like precious faith. "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you," (or "grow in grace," as it mentions elsewhere,) "through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue."

We may remark several things in these verses.

I. *His name*: "Simon Peter." It was the same man that denied his Lord and Master. This may be an encouragement to some who are greatly tried and tempted by Satan. I say it was the same Simon Peter.

2. *His station*: "A servant and an apostle." No meaner a title than his master, for he took upon him the form of a servant; thus the ministers of Christ are his servants. And an apostle is much the same, for it means a messenger sent to preach the gospel.

3. *The characters he was sent to*. It was to them that have obtained, not to them that are to obtain it, but to them who have obtained the same faith as he had, and through the same medium. "The righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." And thus he goes on, as I have already mentioned; till he comes to the words of our text, which are these, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." Now,

I. We will take a little notice of the *corruption that the people of God escape*.

II. *What it is to be a partaker of the divine nature*.

III. *Take notice of the promises*.

IV. *The Gift*: "Whereby are given unto us," &c.

I. We will notice *the corruption that the children of God escape*. Now it does not mean corruption in the strictest sense, because the people of God have to wrestle with principalities and powers against the rulers of this world, and against spiritual wickednesses in high places; and Paul knew what this meant when he said, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" For the people of God often fall into those corruptions; as a good

man once observed, "I am always afraid of the devil's flint and steel, because I carry tinder about me;" meaning his corrupt heart. God sometimes permits his people to be tempted, to humble them; for we are naturally so proud and so lifted up, that we should think we were independent beings. For instance, we will suppose a child of God to be left for a few weeks without any crosses or trials; temporal things go well; his business turns out profitable; everything seems, according to reason, on his side; he begins to think, "Well, I think I am not the worst in the world," and if the enemy can, he will endeavor to persuade him that God loves him because things go smoothly. But he is a liar, and was so from the beginning; for our Lord says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But when the Lord is pleased to afflict his people, and that to a great degree, it is not in a way of punishment, but it is for wise ends. In the first place, it is to humble them, as I have mentioned before. I have known the truth of what I have been asserting, for when things have gone well for a while, I have first neglected prayer, next the means, then reading the word of God and meditating upon it. And times which before I have set apart for this work, I neglected; thinking to myself I might make a good deal of money at my business, and I should be as well off. Thus the devil has got me to such a pitch, that at last God has been pleased to let my corruptions rise, and the enemy to work on my depravity in such a manner, and conscience so to fulfil its office, that I have been glad, being brought down, to cry unto the Lord, humbly begging him to subdue my corrupt nature, to restrain my covetousness, and to grant that I might love his ways more. From that I have been for looking at the Bible, to see if there were any in my case, and have wished to hear the gospel, hoping to find something for me, or else I have not been satisfied. People may talk as long as they like about their duties, and about the moral law as a rule of life; I deny it all, and will venture to assert that God himself has the whole ruling of a Christian's life. But it not only humbles them, but it teaches them their own weakness, and the continual need they stand in of the Lord's help. We are ready to think we can do great things. How strong Peter thought himself, when he said, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I." But not long afterwards, he denied him with oaths and curses. And I make no doubt but Peter was one of those who rule their life by the law, till God showed him his own wickedness, and where his strength lay. It is for want of trials and temptations that many who, I really believe, are God's children, are so much for doing, and talking about what they ought to do, and ought to be, instead of entirely depending on the Lord Jesus Christ, who himself has declared that without him we can do nothing. The Lord had taught Paul his own weakness, and where his strength lay; for he says, "Unto me who am less than the least;" (there is his weakness;) "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" (there is his strength;) and it is the work of the Holy Ghost to teach this; for he says, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." Thus God's afflictions are of service, both to humble us and to teach us our own weakness and where our strength

is. This however is not the corruption spoken of in the text; for it is plain that the people of God do not escape anything of what I have been mentioning. But it is necessary to mention what they do not, as well as what they do. Now, then, sin has not dominion over them; though they may be tempted at times, and their corruptions be very strong, yet it is not so strong as to make them commit murder. This they escape; they also escape the corruption of cursing and swearing; I mean making a practice of it. I say, they do not take a delight in offending their Lord; no, they escape this, for they hate sin; and the reason of their escaping these sins, is in consequence of a work of grace that God has begun on their hearts. Not but their natures are exactly the same, but it is the nature of grace in the heart to subdue the corruption of our nature to a great degree; for when Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans, he says to them, "For I say through the grace," (mark that,) "through the grace given unto me, for a man not to think of himself more highly than he ought." (Rom. xii. 3.) Now, in consequence of this grace being given unto us, instead of thinking highly, we think soberly, or lowly, having low thoughts of ourselves. But again, when Paul was caught up to the third heaven, immediately after there was a messenger from Satan to buffet him. And what does God say when he besought him three times to remove it? Why he says, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" it is sufficient to support you under every trial and temptation you may meet with while passing through this vale of tears; for the Christian has to go through very heavy trials and very heavy temptations. And Peter was acquainted experimentally with what I am now speaking of, when he said, "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory unto the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 7.) And in the verse preceding he calls it, "manifold temptations," and James calls it "divers temptations." Now, this is all of use, both for exalting the Saviour and debasing the sinner. But furthermore they escape base principles; though they may, and do, have much error in practice, yet they escape base or corrupt principles. Let them do whatever they may be enabled to do, Jesus Christ is the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

II. But having showed a few of the corruptions they escape, I proceed in the next place to show, *What it is to be a partaker of the divine nature.* Now, I think that to describe what the divine nature is without describing what man is, would be wrong. But then you will say, what is man? Why, man in his natural state is born in this world under the wrath of God and the curse of a broken law; hence it is that Solomon says, "There is a way which seemeth right, but the end thereof is the way of death." Now every man born, from Adam to the last, is an enemy born to God by wicked works; for the apostle says, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed," &c. And of himself he says, "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious;" and the Scripture further says, "God hath

included all under sin." But for all the Scripture is full of it, yet man is empty of the knowledge of it naturally; hence it is we hear so many crying up what a good heart they have got; and God says, "The imagination of man's heart is evil, only evil, and that continually." Now, which is to be believed? Why, "Let God be true, and every man a liar." But to describe a being made a partaker of the divine nature, I observe,

1. God is pleased to shine into a man's heart to quicken him to feel what he is by nature. This is done sometimes, by bringing home the law of God to his heart. Paul was brought in this manner; for he says, "I had not known sin except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." But furthermore, we do not pretend to limit the Holy One of Israel, so as to say, he is always the same in this respect. No; but let it be observed, that there is not one soul brought to Jesus Christ, before he is made sensible, in some measure, of his lost and ruined estate by nature. No; for my Bible tells me, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son," (mark that,) "every son whom he receiveth." Now, if we are without chastening, of which all are partakers, "then are we bastards, and not sons." And again, "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him." "Every man, therefore, that has heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto me." But then, say you, "we hear many ministers invite all men to come to Christ, whether they feel their need or no." I do not doubt but you do; but if you are enabled to examine into their preaching, you will find that all they have themselves, is in their head; but as to an experimental knowledge of the truth, they are ignorant about it. But, say you, "they talk about faith and love, and that we are wretched sinners." I know they do. But come to insist upon the spirituality of the law, and declare to them that man is entirely helpless, however they may chatter about it, it is only what they have picked out of books; they know nothing of the power; for the Scripture says, "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" and, "Where the treasure is, there the heart will be also." And for me to be cast, tried, and condemned at the bar of my own conscience, and God's holy law, and to have a revelation of God's electing love in predestinating me to eternal life, to have the pardon of all my sins brought home to my heart, and not to speak of it, you may as well tell me it is dark night when the sun shines. For Christ says himself, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

But having shown and insisted upon, that all those ordained to eternal life, in one way or another, must be taught of God the Father, I proceed to show,

2. That after he has taught them, they set to work as hard as they can. Some begin to try to keep the Lord's Day holy, and then they will strive and strive to keep from everything that they think is wrong. I have met with some of these myself; they would not go into an eating house to have refreshment on the Lord's Day upon any occasion whatever; and they have told me that they were always falling. It is very true what the hymn says,

"The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'"

But this is not all; they will be very honest in their dealings; like Zaccheus, "If I have wronged any one by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." And thus they go on. Some will say, "Well, if I am honest, just, and upright, and God a merciful God, surely I shall get to heaven." Now, a man in a natural state may think of these things in a trifling way, but he will never work and labor, and strive and weary himself out, till God the Spirit has shined into his heart. Well, another scheme, and that is, "Jesus Christ died for sinners; and surely his death, and a due attention to the law as a rule of life, if this will not do, I do not know what will." Now I have been greatly harassed on this ground; for I used to think that God would make me so externally holy, that I should never feel the dreadful working of my corruptions any more. But all this will not do. Well, says God, "Have you got any other scheme?" Why, says the poor soul, "I will pray a good deal;" and thus he will pray and pray, but God does not answer his prayers, but leaves him to work out all his strength. Well, after he is wearied out, what with grappling with a broken law, and his resolutions and corruptions rising, and all his sins staring him in the face, then comes in a blessed text of Scripture; "A certain man had two debtors, the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay," mark that, nothing to pay, "he frankly forgave them both." Now, you see how soon God can do it all for us; but he is determined to have it all of grace, and none of works. Thus the Lord, after letting us try all our strength, is pleased to bring us "by a way which we know not," &c. And this brings me to show you the way; for that is another part of the divine nature.

Jesus Christ is the Way, agreeable to the answer he himself made to Thomas. And what question does Thomas ask? Why, he says. How can we know the way? "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way;" and he adds, "the truth, and the life." Now the Father draws his children to his Son; for Christ says, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me, draw him," &c. You know that literally, the father gives his daughter, or the bride, to the bridegroom; and just so it is spiritually; for we read in Matthew's gospel, that a certain king made a marriage for his son. And Christ says, in John xvii.,—seven times, I say, he mentions the Father's giving the church to him; and in Rev. xix. 7, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." But then, say you, "What has all this to do with us? How are we to know that we are belonging to him, that he is our Husband? I answer, If you are, as before observed, convinced of your lost estate by nature, after this you will feel the Father drawing you to his Son. Now, for instance, you are complaining of the dreadful sins you have committed against God, and groaning under the burden of them; well, God is pleased to work

faith in your hearts, and lead you to Christ. And what does faith do? Why, faith lays hold of him, and claims him as your own; and faith always works by love; and this is fleeing "for refuge to lay hold," (here faith is represented as a hand,) "of the hope set before us." As the Father says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Thus, you see the Father draws us to Christ, and having faith given us, we lay hold on him; and ever after, if a cloud comes between him and us, do we set ourselves down contented? No. Hear what the church says, "By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not." Then she says, "I will rise now, and go about the city in the broadways, I will ask the watchmen;" and afterwards, "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him." I observe here, that we must pass by the ministers to come to Christ. But what did she do then? Why, held him, and would not let him go. O when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, how do we see our union to the Lord Jesus Christ! Then it is, when the Holy Ghost shines upon his own work, that we know what Christ means when he says, "Believe ye not that I am in you, and you in me?" This is religion in the true sense. In short, all religion centres here; for what does Paul say? "Though I bestow all my goods, and though I have all faith, and have not charity," or love as a fruit of this union to the Saviour, "I am nothing." And furthermore, we also, as another part of the divine nature, know our election of God. What does Paul say? "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God." We know that whatever spiritual blessing we have in time is in consequence of our being predestinated to it; and Paul tells us this in Rom. viii. 30: "Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

III. We have the *promises* of Christ to support us. This is mentioned in the text; they are called "exceeding great and precious." Why are they so named? Because we are exceeding great sinners; our sins extend to such an amazing length, height, and depth. But when a promise is brought home in season to our souls, this is being a partaker of the divine nature. I remember having the following promises brought home to my heart: "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me;" "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and the words, though not a promise, "Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us;" and several more also, so that when I speak of these things, I speak of what I have tasted and handled of the word of life. Now, this is the case. And do you know anything of what I have been speaking? Why, no, say you, "It seems very strange to me. I always thought that if I depended upon Christ, and endeavored to attend to the law as near as I could, that is, to keep it as well as I was able, not to depend upon it, that I should go to heaven; but as for experiencing forgiveness of sins, and feeling a union to the Lord Jesus Christ, this I am quite ignorant of." Then if you are, as God liveth, you are at present

an enemy to God; and all you have is what you have learned by preachers, or out of the "Assembly's Catechism." This will not do when the bridegroom comes. Though you may go out to meet him with the wise virgins, yet he will say, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you."

I come now, having included my third particular with the second, to speak a little of,

IV. *The Gift*; and on this I shall be very brief. Here boasting is excluded. "By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." God is determined to have all the glory; and when we know what I have been speaking upon, we are as determined to give it him. Now, we are not to suppose that the promises here made are made to sinners from an absolute God; no, for if this were the case, what would become of his justice, to give all his promises to a certain number of people, and condemn the rest; and in the next place, what would become of his truth, when he says, "The soul that sinneth shall die," and, "Cursed is every one," &c. Now this would be at the expense of his justice and truth, and God will never display his mercy in this manner. "But," say you, "how do you know that?" Why, the Scriptures tell me that, "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other," &c.; and if they meet together, it plainly appears that they all harmonise together. This is plain. And furthermore, by what I have remarked on this head, it plainly appears that there must be a mediator; for if God can be just, and yet justify the ungodly, it is by one standing in their law-place. This is plain as it respects the laws of our land. You know if I owe a hundred pounds, and am put in prison for it, and a friend of mine steps in and pays the money down, I am set free. Thus it was with the elect of God; the Father from all eternity set his love upon them, and before all worlds, or before the fall of man, secured them in Christ, Christ being willing to become Surety for them after they fell in Adam. The first promise was made to Adam, as the head of all the elect natural; though he that made the promise was the Head of them spiritually; as you read, "The first Adam was made a living soul; the second a quickening Spirit." And thus you see how this gift came about, as this first promise was given to Adam and all the elect that should proceed from his loins. And a glorious promise this is, because it contains all the other promises; for if you get the seed of the woman, or Christ, there is every promise in the word of God on your side. Hence says the Scripture, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." This is a promise given us. But what is the medium of our access to it? Paul tells us: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest," that is, heaven, "by the blood of Jesus." Thus you see it is through Jesus we get this kingdom that is promised.

But again, eternal life is promised. But this comes through Christ. The gift of God is eternal life; but it is through Jesus Christ our Lord; that is the way. And so again as it respects our justification:

"The free gift came upon all men unto justification of life;" but the first part of the verse says, "it is by the righteousness of one." And that One, in Rom. v. 17, is Jesus Christ. And I might go on to many more gifts; but every one is through Jesus Christ. And now, if you have him, you have all I have been speaking about: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," &c. But then, say you, "What is it to have Christ?" Why, to have Christ, or a proof that you have him, is by these five things: 1. Faith: "For Christ dwells in the heart by faith," 2. A good hope of eternal happiness: "Christ in you the hope of glory," 3. Being passed from death unto life: "And he that hath the Son, hath life." 4. Love to the people of God: "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;" and, as before said, "life is in the Son." 5. Hating sin and loving righteousness. What says Paul? "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead, because of sin; but the Spirit is life, because of righteousness." And now, do you know anything of this gift, and of those gifts that are in him that I have been speaking of? Why, no, say you; You may as well speak Hebrew to me; for I always thought that if I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ in a common way, as is generally talked of, and had a decent life of morality, I should do very well. But I never felt anything of this union to Christ, or of a knowledge of the gift of the promise." Then, to be faithful, I must tell you that your religion is not worth a straw, and that it is God's work to make you sensibly acquainted with what I have been speaking about. But, if you say, "I do know something of the power," then give God the glory, for the work is all his. And may he enable you so to do; for it well becometh the just to be thankful.

May God add his blessing.

Why are you afraid of trouble? Do you suppose you can get to heaven without it? Why? Are you better than your forefathers were? In what way? Is your heart better? Is your conduct better? Are you more spiritually-minded? If you are not tried, how can you expect to come forth as gold.—*W. T.*

A heart rightly broken, truly contrite, is to God an excellent thing; for such a heart is set before all sacrifice, and yet sacrifices were the ordinances of God, and things that he commanded; but lo, a broken spirit is above them all; a contrite heart goes beyond them, yea, beyond them when all put together. Thou wilt not have the one, thou wilt not despise the other.—*Bunyan.*

To sin, presuming on repentance and a future call, is such a devilish motive, and carries such a cloven foot, as shows the case to be awfully bad indeed. This was not Peter's case, nor yet David's. The most alarming thunder in the book of God is levelled at such horrible presumption. If any "bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart, to add drunkenness to thirst, (that is, sin to sin) the Lord will not spare him; but then the anger of the Lord and his jealousy shall smoke against that man, and all the curses that are written in this book shall lie, upon him." (Deut. xxix. 19, 20.)—*Berridge.*

HEAVEN WILL MAKE AMENDS FOR ALL.

My dear Friend,—Since I wrote to you last we have been called to wade through deeper and deeper afflictions still. Kind friends have tried to sympathise and condole with us, but God only can comfort the heart in real trouble.

Death has snatched from our embrace our only son, after 11 days' illness. He was between 200 and 300 miles distance from us. Mrs. C. saw him alive, but I did not. He died the 20th of November last. Little did I think, the last time I saw him, I should see him no more until in his coffin. My heart is ready to break. Were I assured of meeting him above, my soul could rejoice, notwithstanding my disappointed hopes. But I must leave it. I desire to bow to Divine sovereignty. O, who can describe the feelings of a tender Christian parent, in such a case?

"I hop'd to see him called by grace,
And made a witness, Lord, for thee;
But now my child's in death's embrace;
My pray'rs in vain, Lord, can it be?

"Is he with that dear Friend I love,
Or banish'd from him to despair?
O could I, could I fully prove
That we shall meet in glory there!

"I cannot give thee up, and still,
Amidst my sorrows while I weep,
Would bow, my Lord, to thy dear will,
And rest and feed among thy sheep.

"Thy sov'reign right I own, and sing;
Thy presence, (ah, how sweet!) I crave;
Death in my conscience has no sting;
O where's thy victory, boasting grave?

"Myself and mine I'd give to thee,
And be devoted to thy praise;
I'd thy salvation live to see;
I'd live and die in thine embrace."

These are the very feelings of my soul, and have flowed into my mind as fast as my pen could move.

In addition to our sorrows, we heard by a friend from Coventry, on Sabbath last, that my dearly respected friend and aged brother in Christ, Mr. Moss, of Desford, was dead and buried, which sudden and solemn news quite surprised me, as I had not heard of his being so much worse than usual as to be dangerous. I had been expecting the favor of a reply to my last for some time. But now he is gone, (if what I hear is true, as I believe it is;) his spirit is fled; his cares and sorrows are over; sin will grieve his soul no more for ever; a body of infirmities, sown in corruption, is laid to moulder in the grave, waiting there to rise in incorruption, in the likeness of Jesus, the Christ of God, his God and Friend, whom he loved and served, and whom I have heard him so sweetly speak and sing of on earth, and in whom, the nearer he seemed to be drawing towards the grave, the more he delighted.

What a blessed report! May not we say of him, "He was like a shock of corn fully ripe for the garner? a brand pluck from the fire?"

a sinner saved by grace? a trophy of sovereign love and mercy? a star foreordained and prepared in Zion's furnace, by Zion's heavenly Refiner, to deck his Saviour's crown in his kingdom; and amidst his unveiled glories to sing his praise and dwell with him for ever?" Yes, yes. The sound now thrills through my soul, while I mourn our loss, with exceeding joy. But why should we mourn our loss? Our loss is his gain. And we have a precious Christ left us still, who is better and more precious far to us than friends or mines of gold, and life itself. O to feel him so, how blessed! Still, when so dear a friend is taken away from us, we cannot help but mourn; and the dear Lord allows us to do so, because he knows the feelings of our infirmities, "He remembereth that we are but dust." Blessed be his dear name for that; for what with men is often counted hypocritical, he takes well at our hands and comforts our hearts in return.

Oft have I contemplated with the sweetest pleasure, when the last breath of a child of God is drawn, his sweet and sudden exchange, and the rapturous glories that burst upon him that instant, until I have scarcely known where I was, or what I have been doing. O the blessedness of having an interest in Christ! "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works (the effects of divine grace, as a witness for God and to the honor of his name) do follow."

"Rest, brother, rest, sweet thy repose;
From all thy cares and sorrows rest;
Here to obtain salvation, chose,
Call'd, seal'd, and here made manifest.

"Rest in the grave, (there Jesus lay,
And left a long, a sweet perfume,)
Until the resurrection day;
Thy spirit sings of Christ at home.

"Rest on the bosom of his love,
And try to praise in highest strains;
Amidst the wond'ring choir above,
Thy God and Saviour, there he reigns.

"O what immortal joys thou felt,
Soon as thy dying breath was flown!
No more to sin, released from guilt,
Perfect in love before the throne.

"Ah! who can wish my friend's return?
Still let me weep, Lord, o'er his grave;
Here on the brink I sing and mourn,
And Jesus' lovely presence crave.

"No more we converse hold below,
Concerning Jesus and his blood;
The last grand secret, O to know,
As thou dost now, beyond the flood!

"As fathers bow their heads and die,
The children round thine altars weep;
Repair the breach, and sanctify,
Our brother Moss has fallen asleep.

"Farewell, dear aged saint, farewell,
Thy theme I've sung on earth with joy;
And hope to sing the same, and dwell
With Christ my Lord, enthroned on high.

"The war is o'er, the vict'ry's won,
His laurels see on Canaan's shore;
Through trials here to glory gone,
Farewell till there, Lord, I adore."

O could I sing these sweet accents over my dear deceased child with so sweet a confidence! It would outweigh the loss of his bodily presence, and rejoice my heart with joy unspeakable.

My dear aged sister in Christ, his widow, (of whom I have heard a good report; therefore I thus speak,) grieve not as they do who are without this blessed hope, "Thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of hosts is his name." Accept our kind love and sympathy in the bowels of our precious Christ Jesus. The Lord support you; may he provide, and his presence make up every loss. And you, my young friend and afflicted sister in Jesus, come, let us look down upon his last remains, and sing (if we can) with the blessed apostle, "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, are working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," &c.; and look upwards, and rejoice in hope. O the blessedness of being enabled to do so! How it has reconciled my mind to every loss, care, and trial; how it has humbled, and crumbled, and broken my heart, in solemn silence in the dust; how it has loosened me from the world, and bound my soul to Jesus; how it has lightened my every cross and removed my fears of death; how sweetly it has mingled the honey of the word with the bitters that fill my cup of gall, and made me loathe the worldling's pleasures; and how it has taught me to "count" and sum up the matter with Paul, and behold "victory through the blood of the Lamb" sure at last!

"O sweet effects of grace within,
How sweet to feel its power;
And when death puts an end to sin,
Our troubles will be o'er!"

May the dear Lord comfort our hearts in the sweet assurance, sanctify our every bereavement, pain, affliction, cross, and trial, to our good, support and comfort us under them, and give us a triumphant deliverance out of them at last.

Mrs. C. and our only daughter are both very poorly; so I prove the trial of faith and the necessity of constant prayer and watching are still going on, but hope in the end faith will come forth as gold that is tried in the fire. And when will that be? In the strictest sense of the word when there is no dross, no sin, no corruption left; that very instant, in the twinkling of an eye, faith will be turned into sight and into full fruition above.

Ah, my dear sister, I cannot tell you how sweetly the thought comforts my heart. May it so comfort yours also amidst your many afflictions and sorrows, and make our souls still expand with love to our dear covenant God more and more, in all patience and holy submission at his dear sacred feet. Many weights hold us down; the ties of nature draw us back; the world tries to allure us; the troubles of the wilderness grieve us; sin and our own hearts annoy us; the smiles of worldlings harm us; afflictions and trials distress us; and the scoffings of mortals vex us. But heaven will make amends

for all. The Lord comfort our hearts with these words, and help us to bear up and press forward with joy.

Let us hear from you soon. Our dear old pastor has been confined to the house for several weeks. We begin to think his labors are done. The Lord appear for us, and bless him in his latter days. He has been a faithful witness for God, and will enter into the joy of his Lord when his last breath is drawn.

Mrs. C. and our daughter are rather better to-day, but very poorly. I feel about as usual, through mercy,—a living miracle ; (they who knew me 60 years ago will say so ;) a miracle of grace from the year 1813, and an heir of glory, sealed, and panting for home, on the brink of the grave.

“ Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercy in your song.”

Accept our united and sincere love in Christ Jesus, and believe me, my dear friend and sister, and companion in the furnace of affliction,
Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, April 21st, 1854.

G. T. C.

MY TREASURE IS THY PRECIOUS BLOOD.

My dear Brother,—I write these few lines to you to let you know how the Lord has been graciously pleased to visit my poor soul.

On Monday I was reading your letter in the “ Standard,” and it was laid with such weight on my mind that I had never known anything about the matter. O how it made me cry to the Lord for him to teach me how empty and vain everything appeared in the world compared to eternity, and what an aching void I felt that the world could not fill. At tea time on Tuesday I took the “ Standard” again, and I cried and prayed. “ Do, Lord,” I said, “ show me that I am not deceived. Do give me one sweet promise that I can rely on. Hast thou ‘ forgotten to be gracious ? ’ wilt thou be ‘ favorable no more ? ’ ” And I hope the Lord answered with these words, “ Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.” O it seemed too much for me to believe ! “ O,” I said, “ dear Lord, make it more plain ; Lord, I am a poor sinful wretch, prone to everything that is evil.” When these words came, “ I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.” My feelings were better felt than described. After they had a little abated, I came down stairs. When our dear pastor called to see me, I could not conceal my feelings, and answered him in such a confused way, that I should think he could make nothing out of what I said. But when I got by myself it seemed renewed, in some measure. I had hardly any rest all night for thinking and pondering over what I had been experiencing ; and the next

morning I was obliged to leave the breakfast and go and give vent to my feelings; and, as you say, it is like a spring, first up and then down! O the sweet feelings I have had to-day! I asked myself this question, Have I any doubt of my interest in Christ? No, I could have none.

These words were so sweet to me:

"O what is honor, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace?
How poor are all the goods of earth,
To such a gift as this!"

And again,

"My treasure is thy precious blood;
Fix there, my heart, and for the rest,
Under thy forming hands, my God,
Give me that frame which thou think'st best."

O my dear friend, we know that these favors do not lead to licentiousness. I have been afraid of entering into conversation with any one about the world, for fear of my mind being drawn from the Lord. If the Lord intends to favor me thus I do not know, but my soul is at this present time like a watered garden. Truly I can say, "The Lord has known my soul in adversity. I was brought low, and he helped me."

Dear friend, I have made it a matter of prayer to the Lord about sending this letter, and I trust I have no other end in view than the strengthening and encouragement of your poor soul. Your letter was not penned in vain.

May the Lord bless you and keep you, is the prayer of
Yours in the Lord,

May 9th, 1845.

J. W.

Real religion lies in communion with God; it is a secret between God, Father, Son, and Spirit, and the sinner's own conscience. It consists in being made nigh to God by the blood of Christ; in being reconciled to him by the power of the gospel, called the ministry of reconciliation; and in finding access to him by faith, and under the influence of the Spirit of grace.—*Huntington*.

These words were once sweetly impressed on my heart, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." O how it delighted me to see God taking advantage of my great sinfulness, to show his great grace! O the sovereignty of God! I think he has used more means to subdue the enmity of my heart, and its rebellion, than he has used for a hundred beside. How astonishing, that God's Son should get gall and vinegar to drink when his thirst was great, and yet I should have wine when my thirst is by no means excessive! I long to drink of the new wine of my Father's kingdom, which will neither hurt head or heart. O that I had all the world around me, that I might tell them of Christ! Had I ten thousand tongues, and ten thousand hearts, and were I employing them all in the commendation of Christ, I could not do for his honor as he has deserved, considering his kindness to such a sinner.—*John Brown*.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—If a candidate is proposed to a gospel church for baptism, and for certain reasons is not accepted by the church, is it consistent for a member or members to stalk it abroad to the worldlings, causing believers' baptism to be mentioned by them with a sneer?

I consider, for my part, that in the church as a body, these things ought to be kept secret, whether the candidate be approved or not.

By giving your reply in the "Standard" you will oblige,

Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

There can be no doubt, at least there is none in our mind, that the conduct above mentioned is highly unbecoming and very reprehensible. Peculiar delicacy seems necessary where a candidate for baptism has for some cause not been accepted. His mind has been already deeply wounded by being rejected, or at least recommended to wait a little longer. It is most unkind, then, not to say unchristian, to add to his trouble by spreading abroad in the congregation the reasons of his non-acceptance, and thus stamping him perhaps for life with the open stigma of being a hypocrite. No one can tell how Satan may work on his mind, he being so cruel an adversary, what despairing feelings he may produce, or to what lengths he may drive the poor soul. If he be a child of God, the candidate has no need that his trouble should be aggravated; and if not, there is no cause of triumph, but rather of sorrow, that the church should be compelled to reject him.

As we believe that no right-thinking person can have a moment's hesitation on the subject, we should consider further words on the matter a mere waste of time, did not the circumstance afford us an opportunity of dropping a few remarks on some points nearly connected with it, and giving a friendly word of caution and admonition to the churches.

Members of churches should bear in mind that a church is a family, and that family matters should never be spoken of out of the family. It is not because a church is or need be ashamed of its transactions, that the strictest silence is necessary; but because the world and those who are without have no right to know what takes place in the bosom of the church. The world, we know, would only abuse such knowledge and make a handle of it against the church; and even in those who fear God, but are at present merely members of the congregation and not in church fellowship, there often is a jealous principle at work which would lead them to fall much into the same spirit. All such bit-by-bit information, and all such mere scraps of intelligence as may be picked up in this way, must necessarily be imperfect, the parties themselves being not present; and we all know what an ill use may be made of tags and rags of conversation, and such mere pieces and fragments of church news as may be caught up from flying whispers.

Suppose there be a dispute in the church upon some point, is the world to pronounce its judgment on a matter of which it knows really nothing beyond a few words which may have been incautiously dropped? Is the world to be our judge? Is its voice to be heard in church meetings and to be our sovereign umpire and arbiter? Cannot we govern ourselves, and need we submit our matters to the judgment of those who are not bound up with us in the same yoke of church fellowship? If every member of a Christian church at once indignantly disclaim the right of the world to judge in these matters, may we not at once say, "Why, then, give it the opportunity? You justly deny the right of the world to judge church matters; and yet every time you mention anything that takes place in the church to any one of those who are without, you make that person a judge of the circumstance mentioned before him."

This, then, is the point that we wish to bring before members of churches, for we often do things incautiously and unthinkingly which we would not do wilfully and considerately. They must never allow themselves on any occasion to drop a word, or even a hint, of church matters to any person not in church fellowship with them. Husbands and wives are here exposed to peculiar trials, and sometimes strong temptations, when one is a member of the church and the other is not. "My dear, it is a church matter," would be a short and should be a satisfactory answer to any attempt to learn what is going on in the church. But "my dear" will not always be content with such short and simple answers; and where the querist is the weaker vessel, she may be as uneasy to learn the secret as Eve or Delilah. And even where this tender tie does not bring its peculiar temptations, there may be a Christian friend in the congregation with whom union is felt, and to whom, as to a dear friend, church matters may be unwarily communicated. Parents, again, may incautiously drop words before children, or masters and mistresses before servants, from which some idea, necessarily very imperfect, may be gathered of what is going on; and what is deficient in length or breadth may be largely pieced on to by surmise and suspicion. We therefore desire to impress it by way of caution on the minds of those members of churches who may read these remarks, that they should carefully avoid the slightest whisper about church matters except to members of the same church. All church matters should be considered church property, and that as the church meets with closed doors, so it should part with closed lips.

One word, however, more. We cannot forbear to add, that, in our judgment, no candidate should be allowed to come forward without such a previous thorough examination by the minister and appointed visitors as shall leave little doubt of his acceptance by the church, and that it is better for a candidate to be put back a hundred times by them than be rejected once by the church.

Dear Sir,—I was present at a church meeting, convened to consult each other on the propriety of further inviting a minister who had supplied the pulpit for five months previously. There were

16 members present. A proposition was put from the chair that the said minister should be invited for three months longer. Eight voted for the motion (including the chairman) and eight against the motion. The chairman then gave his second, and what he considers his right, a casting vote, and thus the motion was carried; and the minister stands on such an invitation. Has a chairman such a right?

An answer in your next publication would oblige,

Yours in the Gospel of Christ,

A. B.

ANSWER.

Being in total ignorance both of the parties and the circumstances mentioned in the above inquiry beyond what is above stated, our Answer will at least have the advantage of impartiality, if it lack every other requisite.

Assuming, then, that the circumstances are correctly given, (for we must bear in mind that there are generally two sides to a question,) we may view the matter under two lights,—the letter and the spirit.

We are, of course, ignorant of the rules of the church; but as long as voting is practised,—and it is hard to see how it can be always dispensed with,—it is a case which should be provided for beforehand, and the church should know whether, where voices are equal, the chairman has a casting vote in addition to his own. If the church have such a rule, the chairman might, without violating church order, avail himself of it; and if there were no such rule, the analogy of other meetings, in which the chairman has usually a casting vote, might be alleged as a sufficient vindication of his conduct.

But law is one thing and gospel another. A man may act according to the strict letter, and so far be decidedly right, and yet may in so doing violate the spirit, and so be decidedly wrong. "All things are lawful for me," says the apostle, "but all things are not expedient." It is not well in churches which desire to walk in the fear of the Lord, that there should be any of this trial of strength, this close voting, this carrying matters by dint of a small majority. When such an important matter as inviting a minister for three months longer, after five months probation, with probably a view to a final settlement, was brought before the church, it was not well, we think, so to decide the matter. Even allowing the chairman had a right to the casting vote, it was rather a stretch of authority to avail himself of it. What would be the probable effect of this forced decision on the minds of the minority? Most likely to render them permanently discontented, prejudice them against the minister so forced on them, and alienate their affections from their fellow members. The victory would be dearly gained at such a price, and the chairman, if a gracious man, might have preferably accepted defeat. How uncomfortable a position, too, for the minister,—to be carried, as it were, thus into the pulpit, much as a successful candidate at an election for a member of Parliament. We can hardly think he would thank the chairman for his casting vote; but would rather say, "O let me go, rather than be a source of strife. How can I preach peace when I have been the cause of war, and

recommend brotherly love and union when I only occupy the pulpit by the casting vote of the chairman, which I see has caused such division?"

But leaving this part of the subject, which is much of a private nature, we wish to drop a few hints which may be of more general importance. Our own view is, that there should be as little voting as possible in a church, there being no more fruitful source of strife and contention, and no more certain means of splitting it into parties.

For peace sake, therefore, it is eminently desirable that candidates should not be brought before the church concerning whose reception there may be a question, that ministers should not be invited to supply the pulpit who are not fully and generally received, and that matters should not be brought forward concerning which there is likely to be dispute. This, what we may perhaps call "preliminary wisdom," is indispensably necessary in those with whom mainly rests the government of the church, as the pastor and deacons, in order that a church may enjoy that choice blessing, inward harmony, union, and peace. There is a general complaint of strife and division in the churches, and we fear there is too much ground for the belief that the complaint is true. But we believe that much of this lamentable spirit may be traced up to the pastor and officers of the church. If they are not blessed with meekness and wisdom; if they are guided and actuated by a narrow or party spirit; if they seek not the profit of the church, but some miserable petty ends of their own; if they court the rich and respectable and despise the poor and needy; if they will not bend their will to the will of the church, but will attempt to rule with a rod of iron, imitating therein the false shepherds, (Ezek. xxxiv. 4,) they must be prepared for the almost certain consequences,—strife and ill-will. "He that ruleth over men," it was said to the sweet Psalmist of Israel by the Rock of Israel, "must be just, ruling in the fear of the Lord;" and where this is not the case, disunion must follow.

It does but ill become a Christian at any time to resent reproofs and admonitions; and least of all does it become him when the rebukes of his heavenly Father are upon him. He ought rather to seek admonitions at such a time as this, and voluntarily offer his wounds to be searched by a faithful and skilful hand.—*Doddridge*.

Christ often hears when he does not answer; yea, his not answering is an answer, and speaks thus, "Pray on, go on, and cry;" for the Lord holds his door fast bolted, not to keep out, but that you may knock and knock. Prayer is to God, worship; to us, often, it is but a servant upon mere necessity sent on a business. The father will cause his child to say over again what he once heard him say, because he delights to hear him speak; so God hears and lays by him an answer for Ephraim; "I have heard Ephraim bemoaning himself;" (Jer. xxxi. 18;) but Ephraim heard not, knew not, that God told all Ephraim's prayer over again behind his back.—*Rutherford*.

POETRY.

ON CHRIST'S LOVE.

No tongue can tell the extent of Jesus' love,
 Though some are blest the sacred flame to feel.
 It calls the mind, and heart, and soul above,
 And is of grace the sweetest, firmest seal.

Its height and depth no saint can comprehend;
 Yet in its arms doth it embrace them all.
 Nor can all hell the least from Jesus rend,
 For in her mantle she wraps great and small.

Love bows its ear unto our feeble moan,
 As all our woes before the throne we lay;
 And though we there can only sigh and groan,
 Yet love will turn the darkest night to day.

Lord, grant this love may in my bosom burn,
 And let me view it gushing from thy side;
 And while I weep and love, adore and mourn,
 Lord Jesus, tell me thou for me hast died!

Then will my guilty fears all fly away,
 And death will lose its terror and its gloom;
 And in this wilderness, Lord, while I stay
 In thy dear bosom let me still find room.

And then at last, when thou for me shalt call,
 How gladly will I my last breath resign,
 To join with angels, saints, and martyrs all,
 With songs and hallelujahs all divine.

London.

J. W.

The same spirit of faith which teaches a man to cry earnestly, teaches him to wait patiently; for as it assures him the mercy is in the Lord's hand, so it assures him it will be given forth in the Lord's time.—*John Mason.*

Christians are sometimes foolishly apt to think that God will accommodate his unchangeable properties to their individual cases, in his dealings with them. They often have an inward thought secretly fostered in their hearts, that such are the peculiar circumstances of their case that God will wink at much in them and from them that his revealed will condemns, and this by the compromise of what they know to be his Divine attributes; but by a secret self-love and inward heart-tendency to Antinomianism, being blinded at such a time to a clear and spiritual view of what God is, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; being blinded to this by the mists raised in their minds and judgments by Satan, they so flatter themselves that in some particular measure they are such favorites with and so beloved by God, that come what may, except by gross and open sin they cannot greatly move him to displeasure. Believer, beware of this! and act always as under the power of the word and the eye of God, unchangeable, and unchanging from that word, and not as under a false estimate of God's regard, a delusion gendered in the corrupt heart by hankering after sin and the indulgence of self-love.

INDEX.

Attendance (Late) at Public Worship	51
A Voice from across the Atlantic	41
A Word of Counsel and Warning	81
A Bruised Reed shall he not Break	210
A Good Word maketh the Soul Glad	226
 Best Rivalry (The).	 78
Copy of a Letter by a Lady in Answer to one by Mr. J. Keyt	370
Correspondence between Mr. Boston and Mr. Davidson	304
Corruption Escaped and Promises Given, by Rusk.	378
Counsel and Warning	81
 Departed One (Fragments of a)	 182, 307
Editors' Address	7
Remarks, 27, 121, 216, 279, 104, 111, 186, 247, 249, 269, 276, 306	
Review: Rutherford's Letters	62, 98, 126
An Exposition of the Old and New Testaments	
By John Gill, D.D.	156
Apocalyptic Sketches, and Signs of the Times	
By Dr. Cumming. The Coming Struggle	159, 190, 224, 254, 316, 344
The Little Gleaner	286
 Fight the Good Fight of Faith	 114
Fragments of a Departed One	182, 307
 Good Fight of Faith	 115
Great in the Sight of the Lord.	146
 Heaven will make Amends for all	 381
His Loving-Kindness, O how great	113
Holding Faith in a Good Conscience.	301
Hope still in God	334
 INQUIRIES, with EDITORS' ANSWERS	 27, 121, 216, 279 386
In the World ye shall have Tribulation	44
Imputation and Impartation	199
 Jesus All in All	 22
 Letters by the late W. Gadsby	 17, 278
J. Keyt	20, 148
J. Jenkins, Welsh Ambassador	117, 211, 278
A. Ward	93, 182, 307
Dr. Lindsley	202, 238
Stephen Offer	248, 302

INDEX.

Letters by the late Mr. Goulding	183, 327, 350
Letter by the late Edward Goldsmith	46
_____ Mrs. Boorne	47
_____ J. M'Kenzie	112
_____ W. Abbott	176
_____ E. Parsons	212
_____ G. Broadbridge	214
_____ Torial Joss	268
_____ T. Boston	304
_____ H. Davidson	304
Letter by Mr. Huntington to Miss Morton.	368
Letter from a Father to his Seeking Daughter	16
Late Attendance at Public Worship	51
Lay Hands suddenly on no Man	274
Last Days of Macgowan	222
Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant Depart in Peace	141
Macgowan's Last Days	222
Marks of Grace	24
Mercy shall be Built up for ever	371
My Treasure is thy precious Blood	384
Not unto Us.	171
OBITUARY:	
Mrs. Susannah Kilham	30, 53
Mrs. Ward	89
Matilda Baker	123
Fanny Battley	150
Elizabeth —	187
Thomas Kelsey	250
Elizabeth Topp	281, 308, 336
Rutherford's Marks of Grace	24
Sermon by W. Huntington	71, 103
_____ J. Kershaw	135, 167
_____ Erskine	231, 263
_____ Rusk	373
Secret (The) of the Lord	270
Sermon by the late W. Smith, of Bedworth	295
The People against whom the Lord has Indignation	18
The best Rivalry	78
The Trial of Faith	85
Trial (The) of Faith	85
To the Praise of the Glory of his Grace	119
Thy Will be Done	173
Though he Fall, he shall not be utterly Cast Down	179
The Secret of the Lord	270
The Lord is Good	305
The Spirit of Adoption	140
Watching unto Prayer	145
Where is the Lord God of Elijah	39

INDEX.

What think ye of Christ	231, 263
Worthy is the Lamb	142

POETRY.

And that Rock was Christ	262
An Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Boorne	178
An Acrostic	166
A Sure Promise	102
God's Faithfulness	70
Have ye Counted the Cost	37
Jesus Reappearing	358
Letter to a Friend	293
Lines written by Mr. Huntington in a Bible	166
No Night.	230
On Christ's Love	390
Our Light Affliction	102
Prayer for Resignation.	134
The Harbor of the Saint's Repose.	358
The Omnipotent Governor	326

LONDON:

J GADSBY, PRINTER, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

WORKS

Published by J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London. May be had by ordering of any Bookseller who receives parcels from London.

MY WANDERINGS. Being TRAVELS IN THE EAST in 1846-47, 1850-51, 1852-53. By JOHN GADSBY. This Work contains some account of Malta; Greece; Constantinople; the Seven Churches of Asia; Egypt and its great River the Nile, (Sihor, Jer. ii. 18,) its Temples, Monuments, Mummy Pits, and Cities; the Red Sea; Ethiopia, or Nubia; the great Desert and its Camels; Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Ishmaelites; Beersheba, Hebron, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jericho, Joppa, Cesarea, and other parts of the "Holy Land;" (Zech. ii. 12;) Sicily, Italy, Gibraltar, France, &c.; Manners and Customs of the People; Religions, Superstitions, Ceremonies, &c.; Scripture Prophecies and their Fulfilment; Illustrations of the Old and New Testaments, with Engravings on Wood; Attacks of the Arabs; Storms at Sea; Spiritual and Providential Mercies, &c. &c.

"As we have been greatly interested in the perusal of this narrative thus far, we shall anxiously watch its progress, and hope, in future numbers, to give occasional extracts."—*Gospel Magazine*, Nov., 1853.

An EXCELLENT MAP, showing the LANDS of the BIBLE and the COUNTRIES ADJACENT, with an EXTENDED PLAN of the HOLY LAND, is in course of preparation, and will be ready on Jan. 1st, 1855. The Map has been engraved on Steel expressly for this Work, and is believed to be the best ever published. Price 4d. Plain, or 8d. Colored.

The "Wanderings" will be completed in 18 Numbers, and is expected to be ready for sale on Jan. 1st, 1855.

Nos. 1 and 2 contain 24 pages each; Nos. 3 to 14 and No. 17 contain 32 pages each, and Nos. 15, 16, and 18, contain 48 pages each, with Copious Index; making 576 pages in all.

The Work may still be had in Numbers, price 3d. each.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 have been Reprinted and greatly Improved. The Author particularly requests his friends to procure them, or at least the first two Numbers, before they have the work bound. N.B.—*Ask for the Stereotype Edition.*

Price of the Work complete, with Colored Map included, 5s. in cloth; 6s. well-bound in half-calf lettered.

The WORKS of the late W. GADSBY, Manchester, with PORTRAIT. In Two Volumes. Price 6s. in cloth; 8s. half calf lettered; or, with the *Memoirs* prefixed, 9s.

Vol. I. contains: 1, The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Conduct; 2, The Present State of Religion, or, What are the People mis-called Antinomians? 3, The Perfect Law of Liberty, or the Glory of God revealed in the Gospel; 4, Controversy on the Law, including Replies to Stevens, Gawthorn, Bogue, and Bennett; 5, What is Faith?

Vol. II. contains: 1, An Address to the Regenerated Church of Christ; 2, An Everlasting Task for Arminians; 3, Lines in Praise of Free Will; 4, A Few Hints to them that are Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called; 5, A Catechism; 6, A Dialogue between a Parent and Child; 7, A Christmas-Box for Children, being a Hint to the Professing World, in Three Dialogues; 8, A New Year's Gift for the Seed-Royal; 9, The Lamentation of a New-Born Soul, being a Dialogue between Three Inmates, a Female Visitor, and the Matron, in a Female Penitentiary; 10, An Address to Youth; 11, Musical Festivals and their Patronising Clergy Dissected by the Knife of God's Truth; 12, A Few Thoughts for the Consideration of the Evangelical Clergy; 13, The Unity of the Church, being a Letter to Mr. C. W. Ethelston; 14, Christ the Believer's Break-water; 15, A Dream; 16, The Nature and Design of the Marriage Union; 17, The Glory of God's Grace; 18, Zion, the City of our Solemnities; 19, The Long-suffering of God; 20, The Publican's Prayer; 21, Thoughts on Sunday Schools; 22, Select Hymns, &c.

